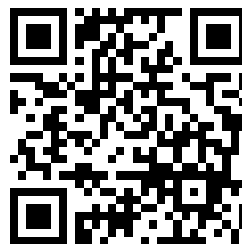

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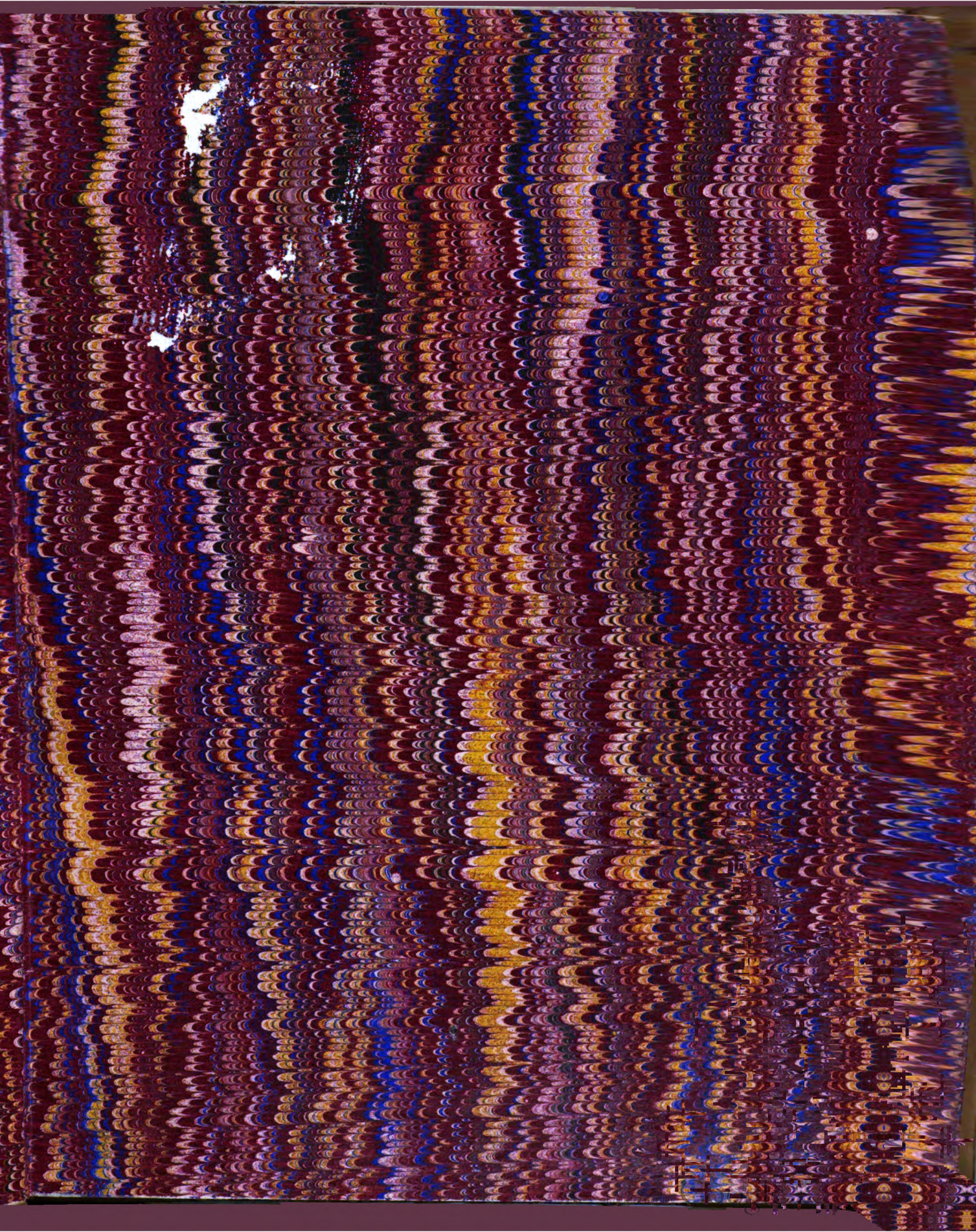
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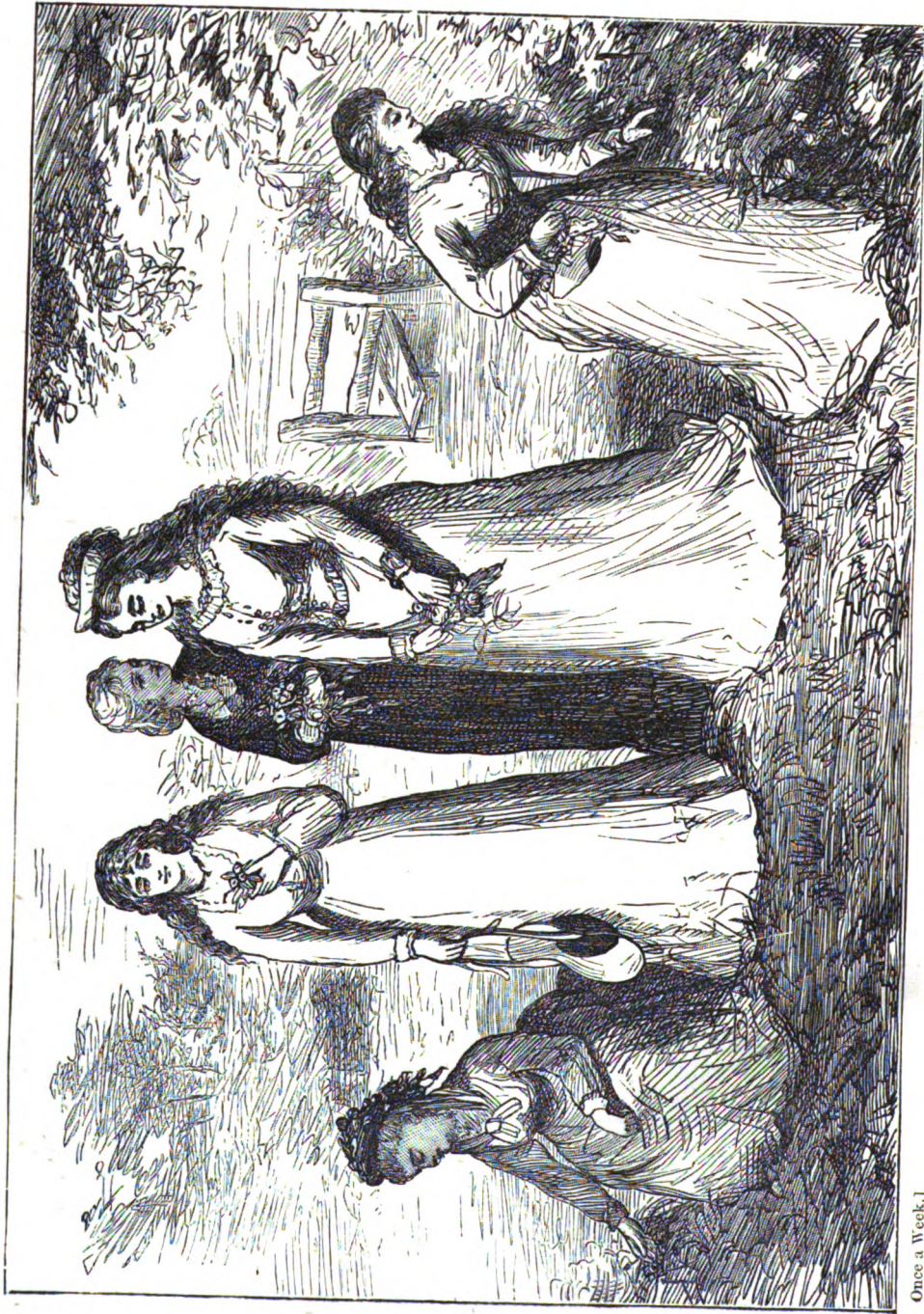


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Once a Week.]

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DOWN IN THE MEADOWS.

[September, 1875]

ONCE A WEEK

FOURTH SERIES

VOLUME II.

MARCH, 1875, TO AUGUST, 1875.

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CONTENTS.

Vol. II. begins with the number for March 6th, 1875.

	PAGE		PAGE
"A Broth of a Buoy."—Captain Boyton	155	Firth, Mark.—A Sheffield Blade	191
Alexandra Palace, The	165	Fishing in the Shade	308
An Old Joker	238	From Flushing to Sheerness	302
An Oriental Comic Song	41		
"Baby May"	268	Gaikwar's Gems, The	258
Bennett, W. C.	105	Goose Livers for Pies	96
Bessemer, Mr.	143	Great Actor, The	199
Boyton, Captain	144	Grumbler, The	194, 207, 237, 279
Boy O'Connor, The	223		
Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will. 4, 16, 32, 46, 59, 74, 87, 102, 116, 128, 139, 152, 162, 174, 187, 200, 211, 224, 236, 248, 259, 271, 283, 293.		Honour is Satisfied	315
Bursting of Boilers, The	255	Holloway, Professor.—"Take a Pill"	263
Byron, H. J.—Comedy	311	Hullaloo	262
Carlos	250	In Essex	69
Casual Observer, The	309	In Scilly	264
Catching a Salmon	45	Israfiddlestrings	274
Crawshay, Mr.—Iron	227		
Croydon Sewage Farm, The	210	Jack Hamilton's Luck. 3, 23, 37, 52, 66, 80, 93, 109, 121, 133, 147, 158, 169, 181, 192, 205, 217, 230, 241, 252, 265, 276, 288, 300, 305, 317.	
Delane, Mr.—The Editor of <i>The Times</i>	299	Lee, Henry.—"All Alive, O!"	131
		Literary Low Life in London	295
English Ship, The, "Three Bells"	286	Longfellow.—"We may make our lives sublime"	287
Few Words on Fat, A	31	Maiden of the Sea, The	324
		Mark Twain	314

	PAGE		PAGE
Miscellanea. 20, 23, 32, 48, 54, 58, 66, 68, 84, 93, 96, 111, 127, 129, 144, 146, 148, 156, 165, 177, 188, 190, 204, 228, 230, 248, 250, 259, 268, 274, 278, 283, 285, 286, 294, 302, 307, 310, 315—i to xxxvi.		Smith's Story	82
Much Canvassed	91	Sothorn.—"That'th Tham"	215
Nares, Captain.—"Au Revoir"	179	Sou'-West	273
Nature's Face	291	Street Lights	40
North Pole, The	247	Tale of a Comic Song	64
November Legend, A	10	Tallerman, Daniel.—"Roast and Boiled"	119
"Our Seamen"	310	Telescope Fish, The	87
Our Water House	312, 320	Tent-Pegging	213
Oxford, John.—Dramatic Criticism	321	Theatrical Wants	34, 48
Parker, Dr.—Brotherly Love	275	Things New and Old. 9, 40, 54, 69, 97, 111, 124, 136, 160, 172, 183, 195, 208, 220, 232, 244, 255, 268, 280, 292, 303, 316.	
Parted	130	Tillett, Mr. J. H.—"Never say Die"	167
Pengelly's Peril	25	"Time brings Roses"	9
Pleasure Trip in Rome, A	234	Titus Salt, Sir.—Alpaca	239
Posting the Letters	294	Treasure Hunters, The; or, The Search for the Moun- tain Mine. 1, 15, 29, 43, 57, 71, 85, 99, 113, 125, 137, 149, 161, 173, 185, 197, 209, 221, 233, 245, 257, 269, 281.	
Readings by Starlight, The. 7, 21, 36, 50, 64, 78, 90, 107, 118, 130, 145, 156, 166, 178, 189, 202, 214, 228.		"'Twas never Merry World"	23
Real Dark Horse, The	296	Two Fishing Ditties	58
Roman Drinking Song, A	39	Tyrolese Legend, A	310
Salvini, Signor.—"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature"	203	Venetian Serenade, A	270
Sea Monster, A	286	Vineyards	291
Seeking for Rest	54	Vintage, The	302
Seyyid of Zanzibar, The.—A Friendly Visitor	251	Vive Bessemer	172
Skating on Wheels	252	Waterside Sketches	177
		"Will" and "Shall"	219
		"Wine that maketh Glad"	283

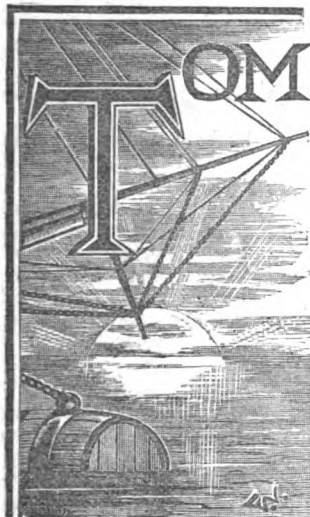
ONCE A WEEK.

FOURTH SERIES.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,
The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER I.—AMONG STRANGERS.



Y way of thinking, they're a yaller-lookin' lot, yer honour, anyhow, thim chaps hangin' about the wharf. It must be the sun, an' thim out in it all day. Dhries thim up like a stalk ov whate; an' murther, it *is* hot!"

"Do you think we've got all the traps, Larry?"

"Ivery one ov thim, sor, for I counted thim up twicet, an' they're all locked up in the landlord's store, an' here's the key. Bud he's a dirty lookin' spalpeen, that same landlord, sor, an' I

wouldn't stay in his place longer 'an I could help."

"I won't stay in the city any longer than I can help, Larry, for I'm about sick of this doing nothing but get over miles of water. Only let me get the business settled, and we'll soon be off and get to work."

The speakers were Larry Carey, a quaint-looking Irishman, with screwed-up face that might have belonged to a man of any age between twenty-five and fifty; and Frank Adams, Englishman—a broad-shouldered Saxon fellow, six feet high, strong as a giant, and, in spite of the heat, dressed in velveteen jacket, cord breeches, and leather leggings, while his head was crowned by a natty brown wide-awake.

"Yeoman-farmer," you said to yourself the moment you saw him; and directly after, "What does he do out of the shires, standing here in the hot sun, and looking over the waters of the wide Pacific?"

"Ye're right, masher dear; though it's an illigant place, an' ye might spind money here as aisy as pour out wather. Bud they're such a mixed-up lot. There's plinty of respectable gintlemen, bud as for some ov thim as stands about wid the inds ov their throwis tucked into their boots, an' a bit ov a billy-goat's beard at the ind of their chin—good mornin' to ye, be the same token, an' ye may have the whole ov the sidewalk to yerselves."

"Good and bad everywhere, Larry," said Adams, thoughtfully, for he was gazing across the beautiful

bay at the bright blue waters, dotted with boats, and thinking it was wondrous fair.

"Thin, save us! there's thim yaller-lookin' Chinees, wid their pigtails, an' their squinny eyes put in crooked, an' looking for all the world as if they were descended from the bastes ov the field. Why, yer honour, we had a breed ov pigs in our place at Ballyslanner, wid such a Christian kind ov countenances ov their own that they might have been first cousins by their mother's side, pigtails an' all. I'd get out ov the place, though, masher dear, for the manners ov some ov the natives isn't illigant at all."

"What makes you say that?" said Adams, turning round sharply.

"Oh, nothin' much, masher dear; only whin ye left us to go on to the lodgin'-place—the Chishapake Hotel there—while you wint back to the staymer, two or three dirty-lookin' rapparees, wid great wide flappin' hats an' long hair, comes pushin' by me, an' wan ov thim sez somethin' to the misthress, an' the others ups and spakes to Miss Mary, an' they was that freckened that they shrank back to me, an' I thought there was goin' to be a bit ov a wig-dustin', for I showed thim that same piece ov timber, an' I sez, sez I, 'That's headache wood,' I sez—'saplin', I sez, 'an' it grows on black-thorn bushes in the County Cork,' I sez; an' they looked at it, curus like, an' thin they looked at me, an' wan ov thim spit about seven times; an' by thin we'd reached the hotel, an' the ladies wint in, an' that's all."

"Thank you; you're a good fellow, Larry," said Adams, warmly; "and you're right—we won't stay long."

"I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry if I was you, stranger," said a voice, toned with rather a drawl.

Frank Adams turned sharply round to confront a man of nearly his own height, as strongly built, but less exuberant of muscle: a firm, quiet-looking face he had—one that betrayed nothing—but there was a frank glance in his clear grey eyes; and, if he were a friend, the very kind of a man one would like to have for an ally in a time of trouble.

"I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry if I was you, stranger," he said; and he rolled a cigar a little further into one corner of his mouth, where, being nearly smoked out, it began to singe the thick, close beard with which his face was half covered.

"Perhaps not," said Adams, gruffly; "but then, you see, I know my own affairs best."

"Now, that's where you're mistaken, stranger: you don't. And that's how it is you Britishers come to grief. You come over to this country, thinking you know everything, and a bit more; bring your own old ideas; set to work on 'em without taking a bit of advice, go wrong in six months, and then swear that the United States is one big windbag, and not worth a red cent."

"Well," said Adams, more gruffly still, "we do mind our own business."

"And set your backs up as soon as a stranger speaks to you."

"Yes," said Adams, "if he is impertinent and prying."

"Jist wan word, yer honour," whispered Larry, "an' I'll rowl him over like a rabbit."

"Prying?" said the other, in the same dry way, and apparently determined not to be offended. "I'm not prying. There, come along, Britisher, here's a bar close by; smooth down your feathers, and come and have a drink."

"Thank you," said Adams, "I don't drink in the middle of the day, nor yet with men I don't know."

"Good for your health, and bad for your manners. But don't be pesky. Here, try a cigar."

Adams felt the hot blood rising in his cheeks, and was disposed to be angry; but the new-comer was so calm and imperturbable, as he held out a handful of good Havanas, that, in spite of himself, the young Englishman took one, and also accepted a light.

"That's better," said the other; "that is the best quality in *nicotine*—it makes men friends. Fine place this, aint it?"

"I shall be very glad to get away," said Adams, narrowly inspecting his companion.

"So shall I," said the other; "but I don't mean to be in a hurry; and don't you. Ah, you're taking stock of me, are you? You're wondering whether I'm real grit, or a loafer. I know all about you."

"Indeed!" said Adams, colouring in spite of himself, for the other had thoroughly divined his thoughts.

"Yes, stranger; you came ashore from the *Eagle* this morning. You're a British farmer, you are, as failed at home, and have come out here to make a pile. You've brought tools and seeds and that Irishman, and you're going to take up land and farm. That's what you're going to do."

"Humph!" ejaculated the young man; "perhaps, then, you can tell me my name!"

"To be sure I can—it's Frank Adams."

The owner of the name started, and seemed half inclined to throw away the cigar, and with it the companionship of this stranger.

"Don't be riled," said the other, coolly. "My name's Dawson—Caleb Dawson, State of Virginia."

"Well, then, Mr. Dawson, I must be going; so good day."

"All right, Adams, I'll walk with you. I'm going your way."

The Englishman stopped short, and faced round angrily; but the other was so calm and cool that, instead of speaking, he burst out laughing.

"That's right," said the other; "no call to be riled. It's only my way. I like to see you Britishers laugh, though—you do it as if you meant it. We can't laugh like that over here."

"Too smart, I suppose," said Adams.

"Well, I don't know," said the other. "I think it's because we've been too busy—haven't had time. We had our country to make, and our institutions. We've had a hard job, sir, and we had to take off our coats. You come in for all yours ready-made."

"Now, look here," said Adams, stopping short after they had gone a few yards, "I'm a stranger here, and you know it. I don't want to quarrel to hurt you, or for you to hurt me; so out with it at once. What have you fixed yourself on me for?"

"New-comer—green from the old country—going to fleece you of all your dollars, squeeze you like an orange, and then go and look out for another."

"Thin, be the powers—" burst in Larry.

"Be quiet!" said Adams, firmly. Then, turning to the American—"I thought as much; but you've mistaken your man. I'm well armed; I have my wits about me, and—"

"Exactly!" said the other, laughing, and showing a good set of teeth; "but that's not my game—that's what you thought I meant; and if you haven't cut your eye-teeth, that's how you will be served. But come along, Adams; I'm up at your hotel. I saw you this morning, and I liked the look of you. Thought I'd give you a word of warning; for, look here, mate, it would be a cruel thing to take those two sweet women right away into the country without being prepared to—"

Adams stopped short again at the mention of the women.

"I don't make you out," he said, aloud; "you're either playing a deep game, or, for some reason of your own, you want to be very friendly."

"Why, man, what a fuss you Britishers do make about things! You think that out here you're going to get letters of introduction, and the character of every man vouched before you speak to him. We haven't time for it. I told you I saw you and liked your looks. Sorry you don't like mine. Never mind, here we are, and the dinner bell's going; so look alive, or the board will be cleared."

That same afternoon, while Larry Carey was sitting outside the hotel in the sun, carving his name with a new knife upon the thin end of his blackthorn twig, who should come up and seat himself close by but the American who had introduced himself as Caleb Dawson.

"Well, Pat," he said, "and what do you think of the country?"

"The country's well enough, sor, for thim as likes it," he said, dryly.

"Ah! it's a noble land," said Dawson, smoking slowly, and sending up soft wreaths of vapour in the sunshine. "Many an Irishman has made his fortune here."

"It's a habit me counthrymen have got, sor, all the world over."

"And you must do the same, Pat," said Dawson.

"Plase the pigs, an' it's meself that will do that same."

"To be sure you will," said Dawson, "and your master too."

"Now look here, Misther Yankee Doodle," said Larry, laying his stick across his knees, and resting his hands upon the ends; "do I look like a pump at all?"

"Like a what?"

"Like a pump, I said, as plain as I could spake. Because if ye want to know anything at all about the masher, ye'd better go an' ask him himself; for I'm as dhry as a bone, an' ye won't pump me."

"Dry are you, Pat?" said Dawson, laughing; "then we'll make you wet. Here, waiter!" he shouted.

"I'd rather be dhry, thank ye kindly," said Larry, rising; "an' good day to ye!"

"Get out!" said Dawson. "Call yourself a real Irishman, and won't take a glass of whiskey with a friend!—one that your master drank with only an hour ago."

"An' did the mather drink wid ye, then?" said Larry, hesitating.

"To be sure he did."

"Did yer honour say whiskey?"

"To be sure."

"Rale whiskey?"

"As good a drop as ever was taken from a still."

"Well," said Larry, reseating himself, "there can't be any harm in that, so long as it's rale."

And the whiskey being brought, Larry took a couple of glasses with a hearty smack of enjoyment.

"He wants to pump me," he said to himself; "but niver a word he'll draw from me."

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.—IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE MOST INTERESTING PERSON I KNOW.

I WAS born in the April—no, not on the 1st, dear witting!—in the April of 1810.

My father was a Leicestershire squire, so was my mother; at least, her family connections and seat across country would have qualified her for one if her sex had not interfered. As an only child who came late in their married life, I ought to have been welcome; but if we are to believe tradition, this was not the case. My mother loved dancing almost as much as hunting; and by coming in the spring, I just managed to spoil both for her. I was like a February frost or a late Lent—that was the light in which she regarded me.

I flatter myself that if she had ever known me properly, she would have excepted me from the sweeping conclusion that all children were "troublesome brats," and would have honoured me with her affection and esteem; but she never had the chance, poor thing, for when I was two years old she caught a fever at Florence, and not even her robust constitution could resist the treatment of Italian doctors. If English people will go abroad, they must expect their purses to be bled; but they should keep the leeches off their veins. She lies in foreign soil, and of course I do not remember her.

My recollections go very far back, however, and are at once vivid and vague, just as you sometimes see in an old picture, where some of the colours have flown, while others are bright and clear, that a figure, a tree, or a patch of sky will remain the same as when the artist painted it, while all the other features in the landscape have retired into misty gloom.

I can remember a large hall, with a rocking-horse in it; a broad, uncarpeted staircase; firm banisters, which were grand for shooting down upon; rambling corridors in which I played at hide and seek with the maid servants; numerous large dogs who considered me as belonging to their species—at least, so far as frolic was concerned. I have also a distinct recollection of rollicking dinner parties, where no ladies were present, and the guests wore red coats and top boots, and I was had in to dessert, and gorged with fruit. I can call to mind, on one occasion, a mischievous or injudicious fox-hunter, of gigantic proportions, and

with a face as scarlet as his coat (all men whom I saw in those days were burly and florid), giving me a plum of tempting exterior but filthy flavour, which made me very sick, an episode which excited roars of Gargantuan laughter. Talk of the courage of the man who ate the first oyster, what was it to that of him who eats his second olive? My nurse has faded—I rather think because I had several, who were all of the same type. They could not have been unkind to me, or they would have impressed me more strongly. They (or she) carried me to bed pickaback, and let the yellow soap get into my eyes and mouth when they washed me, and rubbed me painfully hard in the drying process—indeed, I believe that I had no trials but those connected with ghosts and cleanliness; for I cannot recall any lessons, and think I learned nothing but mischief and riding.

Oh, my pony!—my treacherous memory is faithful to you, at any rate. Your soft nose, your long tail, your shaggy mane, your knowing eyes—I can see them all so plainly, that if I were an artist I could paint an exact likeness of you.

How proud I was on the morning when I was first allowed to ride out without a leading rein.

There is only one figure equally clear—my father's. He was a good-humoured, broad-shouldered, hearty man, with brown, curly hair, and mutton chop whiskers. He had been an officer in the navy in his youth, until the consecutive death of two elder brothers brought him the family estates; and in obedience to that mysterious law which ordains that the same man shall not have sea legs and the faculty of adhering closely to the back of a horse, he was a loose and careless rider, famous in the county alike for the boldness with which he charged all obstacles, and the number of falls he got in the course of the hunting season.

He was kind to me, and I loved him, and cherish his memory; though his reckless extravagance gave the *coup de grace* to a property at which every proprietor for several successive generations had struck a blow. But he was cut off early and suddenly.

One summer's evening—I remember it as clearly as if it had happened last week—he dined alone—a very rare event with him—and had me in to eat my tea at his table and keep him company.

"Why, Jack," said he, in the course of our chat, "what a man you are growing. You must be rising eight, and ought to go to school soon."

"Yes, I should like to go to school," I replied, in my ignorance.

"There will be a smash some day—in my time or yours, my poor lad; but you cannot understand that. You will have to work for your bread, and won't be able to take it easy and enjoy yourself, like your lazy, good-for-nothing old father. What will you be, Jack?"

"I'll be," said I, after a moment's reflection—"I'll be a whipper-in—that is, if I am clever enough."

My father roared—he had such a laugh.

"A whipper-in!—that's a good 'un. And if he is clever enough!—haw! haw! haw! Are you so fond of the saddle, then, lad?"

"Yes," I replied, eagerly, "and I can leap over a furze bush without losing my stirrups—not a very high one; and I still show a little daylight, Baldwin says. Come out riding, and I'll show you."

"All right, my laddie; I'll come. Just let me finish

my glass of wine first. You can ring the bell and order your pony, and—yes, Vixen to be saddled.”

I obeyed with alacrity, and in a short time we were at the front door, to which the animals had been brought round.

“The mare is very fresh, sir,” said the groom, as my father rolled into the saddle.

“All right,” he replied, “I’ll soon take it out of her.”

And we were hardly out of the courtyard before he started off at a sharp canter, which the little pony had some ado to keep up with.

What a merry ride that was! Across the park—from which all the best timber had been removed, but that did not damp the spirits of either of us—through the glades, on to the common, where we jumped over the furze bushes: shouting with laughter when a rabbit popped out and made my pony shy, with a suddenness which nearly unseated me; shouting with laughter when the little beast hopped over a prickly obstacle, which the powerful mare turned aside from; shouting with laughter at everything and nothing, the man as full of glee as the child.

But as we rode homewards in the dusk, my father’s sharp eyes caught a glimpse of stealthy figures gliding through a neighbouring copse, and his mirth turned to anger.

“The rascals are after the pheasants’ eggs!” he cried. “I’ll give it you, you villains!”

And turning his horse’s head towards the sparsely planted wood, he dashed towards it, I following as well as I could.

There was a ditch and a rotten hedge between him and the wood, through which the trespassers could be seen retreating rapidly. The mare refused the leap; my father turned her again towards it, and urged her with voice, whip, and spur; she plunged, swerved, reared, and finally sprang at the obstacle; struck the top, stumbled, blundered over, and reappeared to my frightened eyes on the wood side—without her rider.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XIX.—AS TIME WENT BY.

JENNY was troubled enough in her mind about her uncle, and would gladly have again called in medical advice; but at the slightest hint of such a proceeding, the old irascibility of Mr. Huntley’s nature began to appear, and it was only by a great effort that he seemed able to control himself, and keep from bursting into a frightful fit of passion.

So Jenny sat and watched him, thinking of her suspicions, and before long became aware that her uncle watched her, too, and she shuddered as she thought of the meeting in her cousin’s bed-room.

There was some one else, too, in the house with her suspicions, and a watchful eye upon all that took place—to wit, Fanny, who, ignorant of the loss of the money, still had her thoughts concerning the story told her by Jack Filmer.

“Perhaps, after all, it was true,” she said to herself; “but I’m not going to humble myself to him, even if it was. I’ll teach him to write to me again like that.”

Here Fanny shook her plumes, and ruffled herself viciously for a few moments before subsiding and telling herself that she’d wait and see all about it, for it

would all come out some day, she was sure. In the meantime, though, if ever she encountered Jack it was to give her head a twitch and her dress a whisk, and respond to his appealing look with a cold nod, nothing more, sending Jack home very miserable; or, if at home, back to his chemicals and glass-plate polishing, ready for the customers who now frequently came. In fact, there had grown quite a fashion at Bubbley Parva to have likenesses taken, and the bookseller and stationer was particularly friendly with Jack Filmer, inasmuch as the latter had brought him quite a trade in *carte de visite* albums. Altogether business was very profitable with Jack, who was saving money, and spending no small sum thereof in furniture, and making his place comfortable.

“A man might want to get married one of these days,” said Jack smilingly to himself; “and if he didn’t, it seems nice to have a decent place about one.”

Then, too, Mr. Burge had been paid back the money he had advanced Jack for commencing business; and though matters had not turned out as the lawyer had expected, he had not given up hope, and he used to smile and chuckle as he glanced at the Manor House, longing for a fresh encounter with his old client.

But Mr. Burge used to be disappointed week after week, inasmuch as Mr. Huntley avoided all encounters. In fact, the subject of the house and Jack Filmer had become small in comparison with the greater troubles that afflicted him. For, in spite of his irascibility, the old man possessed a warm heart, and his affection for his nephew was stronger than even he cared to show. He never spoke to Jenny now about his cares; but his life had in a few short weeks changed from one of comparative comfort to a state of incessant worry and toil. Money seemed to be to him a perfect curse, and day after day was spent in wearisome calculations and correspondence with lawyers, agents, and bankers.

Jenny watched him with troubled eyes, though she did not speak; for on more than one occasion when she had offered to assist him he had peevishly rejected her aid.

Now he was in trouble about A.’s rents, which had not come in as they should; and another time it was about the shares in the Longshire and South Midland, and he would be immersed in calculations till he would rest his weary head upon his hand, and gaze at the papers before him with lack-lustre eyes, till he would start, and turn frowning and suspicious eyes upon her who had interrupted his reverie; for perhaps Jenny had glided quietly up to his side, and laid her soft, cool hand upon his hot brow, when he would sigh and close his secretaire, and for the next few hours seem to be a happy man.

Money came, and money was sent away, Jenny always being the bearer of the letters; and she often sighed and wished her uncle a poorer man, and free from these troubles. To a certain extent she felt that they were self-inflicted; but she could always find an excuse for the old man, and waited hopefully for some change.

Unfortunately, though, the changes that came were for the worse; for time after time she found the old man in his library, suffering from some fresh—real or imaginary—trouble.

He never told her now, but it was plain enough in his agitation, which was at times even pitiful; the result

being that he grew each day more irritable, and gazed at all who came in contact with him as if they were moved by one sole desire—namely, to rob him.

As for Harvey, he troubled Jenny little with his attentions. He told her one day almost insolently that he would look over all the past; that she knew what she had to expect; that it was her uncle's wish, and so on. For days together he was not seen, and during these intervals the poor girl seemed to breathe more freely. Her uncle, too, seemed more at peace, though Jenny used to tremble for the young man's return, knowing that there would surely be a quarrel respecting money matters, and increasing demands upon her uncle's purse.

It was easy enough to calculate upon Harvey's absences from home—the sporting news column of the daily papers contained the key to all his movements; and had he been wanted on an emergency, a glance at the paper would have shown, according to the time of year, whether it was the Newmarket Spring Meeting or the great autumn race of Doncaster: where the race was, there might Harvey Parker have been found.

It is said that some men are born under a lucky planet. Harvey Parker was evidently not one of these. He used to say that the fates combined against him; for so sure as he picked out a horse that had every prospect of winning—that had won a good character by its previous performances—that owned the best sire and dam in the kingdom—so sure as Harvey, in full confidence, what he called put the pot on, did that horse catch a violent cold, strain a joint, run foul, or get scratched, leaving its backer with a heavy deficit instead of the good round sum that should have made him independent of his uncle for a year to come.

The Manor House became at last anything but a pleasant home. Harvey would be sitting, perhaps, with them at dinner, when a note would be brought by one of the servants—a communication over which, in spite of every effort, he would set his teeth and turn pale; for he knew that his uncle was watching him earnestly. After a time he would make some excuse and leave the room, and the old man would sigh and look pleadingly at Jenny; but no words would be spoken.

Jenny knew well enough from experience what would follow. The first thing would be a visit from Harvey as soon as she was alone, and endless cajolery ending in a request for a sum of money. If she had any, the whole sum was eagerly placed in her cousin's hands; if she had none, she had to bear her cousin's abuse till, wound up by passion, he would venture into his uncle's presence, and then there would be a frightful quarrel.

One morning Mr. Huntley was in great trouble over his bank book, which had come down by post that morning from town, with some twenty or thirty cancelled cheques in the pocket.

"Here are two cheques, Jenny, for twenty and thirty pounds," he said, in a querulous, troubled voice. "I can't make it out. Am I going mad? Have I lost my memory, Jenny? I can't recollect anything about writing those two cheques."

He passed them over to his niece, who examined them, her hand shaking visibly the while.

"They seem to be in your handwriting, uncle," said Jenny.

"Yes, yes, I know they do; but I have no recollection

of writing them. Oh, Jenny, Jenny, I begin to think sometimes that it is quite time I went out of the world."

For response, Jenny's arms were round his neck, holding him tightly, as if she feared that it was possible that his words might result in his slipping suddenly away from her.

The soft, gentle caresses seemed to have their effect upon the old man, who put away the cheques with a sigh, and then sat thinking for a few minutes, gazing the while at Jenny, who was now seated with her work on a stool at his feet.

CHAPTER XX.—HARVEY HAS ANOTHER VISITOR.

"NOW, look here, Mr. Parker, I'm not going to be put off like this much longer."

"What's the use of talking like that?" said Harvey, in surly tones, as he turned sharply upon his visitor, a gentleman to whom he was giving an audience in the harness-room of the Manor House stables.

"What's the good? Why, do you suppose I'm always going to be played with?"

"No," said Harvey; "but I suppose you've made use of that same remark to me a score of times."

"And it seems as if I'm to make use of it a score of times more."

"Well, I can't pay you; so, there," exclaimed Harvey, sulkily. "You know I was good to make no end on the Laybury meeting, only things went so cross with me. I've done nothing but lose lately. Things must come right some time. You've no occasion to find fault. Look at the money you've drawn of me, time after time. You're too bad, Drake—you are, 'pon my soul. You know well enough that your money's safe, and that I'm good for any amount when the old man goes; and yet you come worrying me for your paltry two hundred, just as if I were going to leave the country."

"Have you most done?" said Drake.

"Most done what?" retorted Harvey.

"Preaching—lecturing—palavering—whatever you like to call it. Do you suppose no one loses money but you? Why, look here, man, I'm no end wrong myself; and what's more, I've got different people to deal with to what you have. It isn't everybody that would show the patience that I do, and let you go on month after month, always behind, and never clearing up."

"Why, you've had——"

"There, let me finish," said Drake. "I've listened to all you had to say. Now listen to me. I'm pushed for money, and I must have some. You'll say you can't get it. I say to that, 'Bosh!' You must. You can get it; and if you stick out and say you can't, or won't, or whatever you like to call it, I'll go in and see the old man myself."

"No, you won't, Drake."

"Won't I, though; but I will, and soon too. I can show him some paper of yours as will make him ready enough to write me a cheque or two."

"You'll never be such a scoundrel," exclaimed Harvey, between his teeth.

"Just you keep a civil tongue in your head, Master Harvey Parker, or else perhaps I shall make you," was the fierce retort. "Don't you call people by ugly names. You haven't got such very clean hands that you can afford to show them; and I know it."

"Clean or dirty," exclaimed Harvey, "I'm not going to be threatened."

"You may call it threatening if you like; but I tell you this, I want two hundred pounds—money you owe me—by this time to-morrow night; and I mean to have it."

"Well, I'll try what I can do," said Harvey—"at least, by to-morrow night's post. I can't send it sooner."

"Who wants you to send?" said Drake. "You don't suppose that I'm going back to London without the stiff, do you? I shall wait. I'm very comfortable where I am, at the Greyhound."

Harvey stood aghast for a few moments, and then exclaimed, angrily—

"Haven't I told you that I would send it to you, man? What more do you want?"

"The money itself" was the reply. "You've fooled me too many times for me to have the least trust in you, Master Harvey. Once get rid of me, and I should hear no more of you till I wrote and wrote again. I'll stay at the Greyhound till I get what I came after; and I don't see why I shouldn't go in at once to the old man."

Harvey involuntarily started to the door, for his visitor made as if to go out; and the next moment the two men were gazing in each other's eyes, their hands crooked as if for a struggle.



"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Drake. "I thought I could bring you to your senses."

And he smiled an evil, cruel-looking smile at his companion.

There was a strange, wolfish look, too, in his eye, that seemed to tell of his being anything but a pleasant adversary to encounter, or even to make an enemy. Harvey seemed to read it, for he cooled down; and



there was something much like a shudder passing through him as he said—

"Don't try to go in and see him, Drake. Come up to-morrow night, and I'll do what I can."

"Look here," said the man, in a low, hoarse voice; "doing what you can won't do now, it won't pay. I've been patient enough, till people wouldn't be patient with me. I'm not going to break down in my payments, and then have all the clothes torn off my back and be called a 'welcher' next time I go on a race-course. I've got a character to keep up, Master Harvey Parker; and what's more, I mean to keep it up too."

"Well, there; you've told me that times enough," exclaimed Harvey, impatiently.

"And I'm going to tell you again. You've too many ways of getting rid of your money, sir; and I'm not going to stand it. Ah! you may frown, and look fierce, and as if you'd like to make an end of me; but I'm not afraid. Gents who don't keep their word, and don't pay their debts of honour, must expect to be spoken to rough."

"I don't care," cried Harvey, breaking out into a fit of passion. "I will not submit to it."

"Yes, you will, sir—yes; you will. I'm master now. Look here, you've made me pretty well your slave, and often enough twitted me with a little transaction or two of mine, and then talked about the police, and threatened me if I didn't get off the premises, when

I've been down here hanging about like a thief for what was no more than my own. Now, if you had been civil, perhaps I should have said nothing about it; but then you can't be civil."

"I'll be civil enough, in spite of your talk, to call in the police after all," cried Harvey, passionately. "Better let you do your worst than submit to this."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't," said the other, sneeringly. "You would show up so badly before the old man. He might cut you off with a shilling."

"Let him, then," cried Harvey; "I should be no worse off."

And he strode close up to Drake.

"You young fool!" cried the latter, setting his teeth, and closing with Harvey, who, stirred up by the angry feelings within, seemed to be about to set his visitor at defiance, and to try and turn him out of the room. A brief struggle ensued, which resulted in Harvey being forced back into a rough wooden chair, standing in one corner, and held there by his visitor.

THE READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

Seeing a Tragedy.



"A CRY OF 'FIRE!' RANG THROUGH THE HOUSE." (Page 8.)

THERE'S the same sawdusty, orange-peely, gasy smell; the same apparently endless stairs to climb, sir; the same wired-round gaslights; the same pushing and crushing; men laughing; women laughing or crying; the same policeman telling people not to push, or to "be easy there," and giving other little bits of

advice, as he stands behind the strong barrier opposite where the pigeon-hole is, and the man takes the shillings and gives you metal checks in exchange. You bought a playbill at the door, and a few oranges to suck and squeeze; and now you have reached the top of the stairs, you find that the fruit is sufficiently

squeezed already. But it don't matter, sir, you're one of the first up, and you can get a seat close to the iron rail in front of the gallery, and do what lots more won't do—see the performance.

Now, though it is only at a theatre, it don't seem to me fair that the seats should be so arranged that quite half the people can't see the stage at all without cricking their necks, and straining their eyes out of their heads; for if people go into the gallery, where their means takes them, they have a right to see the performance which they paid to look at.

But there it all is, just as it was some thirty years ago, when I took a little one with me to see the grand Christmas piece at a theatre hundreds of miles away from here—for theatres seem to me to be all much of a muchness, while the people in one are about the same as the people in another. A piece of some kind was being performed; but after listening for a few minutes, my memory took me back to the old scene when I went to see a comedy which turned out to be the most fearful tragedy I ever looked upon.

It was an exceedingly full night at the theatre, and though we reached the doors in pretty good time, we were after a great many more, and had to go slowly up the great corkscrew staircase, crowded with good-tempered people, laughing and pushing their way up. Twice over I felt disposed to give it up; but I thought the child would be so disappointed, and I kept on, taking her upon my back at last, when the crowding was worst, and at last getting past the pay barrier, and hurrying up the endless steps.

There was a regular sea of heads before me when I stood at last looking for a favourable spot; and soon finding that taking a seat meant seeing nothing of the performance, I continued to wedge my way along between two rows of seats occupied by people loud in their protestations that there was no room, till I found a standing-place in front of one of the stout supports of the upper gallery—a pillar that I have always thought of since as the saving of my life.

I am not going to discuss whether theatres are good or bad places, but I know that night the greatest enjoyment I had was in watching my little girl's animated countenance, as her eyes rested now upon the handsome chandelier, now upon the boxes full of well-dressed people, then half-dancing with delight at the strains from the orchestra; while her delight bordered almost upon excitement when the curtain drew up and a showy piece was performed.

Hundreds must have been turned from the doors that night, for, excepting in the principal parts of the house, there was not standing room, while the heat was frightful. In our poor part of the house we had been wedged in till there was not a vacant spot to be seen, while between the acts the men and women, with their baskets of apples and oranges, came forcing their way through, and always terribly angry with me, as I stood leaning against my pillar, for being in their way.

All at once I turned all of a cold shiver, and then the blood seemed to run back to my heart, while my hands were wet with perspiration; for quite plainly I had smelt that unmistakable odour of burning wood. I looked about me; all was as it should be—people were eating, drinking, and laughing; the curtain was down, and the orchestra sending out its lively strains.

"Fancy," I thought to myself; and I leaned back

against my pillar once more, resting my hands upon my child's shoulders, as we stood there, exactly opposite the centre of the stage, and consequently as far from the doors as possible, while the recollection of that tremendous corkscrew staircase made me shudder again; and, fancy or no fancy, I took hold of the child's arm, meaning to force myself through the crowd, and get out. Once I nearly started, but hesitated, thinking how disappointed she would be to leave when the best part of the performance was to come; twice I was going, and so hesitated for about five minutes—just long enough to have enabled me to reach the staircase and begin running down. Just five minutes; and then, smelling the fire once more, I grasped the child's arm, said "Come along," and had made two steps, when I saw that I was too late, and dashed back to where I had stood a minute before, by the pillar.

I won't call it presence of mind, for fear of being considered vain; but I felt sure that, if I wished to save my child's life, my place was by that pillar in the centre, for I knew the people would rush right and left towards the doors at the first alarm.

And now, what made me start back? Why, the sight of several people hurrying towards the door; of one here and another there starting up and looking anxiously round, as if aware of coming danger; of people whispering together, and anxious faces beginning to show amongst those which smiled. Then came a dead pause; the band had ceased playing, and the musicians were hurrying out through the door beneath the stage, upsetting their music-stands as they went. Still, people did not move, but seemed wondering, till right at the top above the curtain there was a faint flash of light, and a tiny wreath of faint blue smoke, when a shriek, which rang through the whole place, was heard—the most horrible, despairing cry I ever heard—a cry which acted like a shock to every soul present, and unlocked their voices; for, before the eye had seen another flash, the whole audience was afoot, shrieking, yelling, and swaying backwards and forwards in a way most horrible, and never to be forgotten. Box doors crashed, as men flung them open and the hurrying crowd in the passage dashed them to again, making the people shriek more than ever, as they fancied themselves fastened in.

First one and then another man rushed from behind the curtain upon the stage, moving his arms and speaking; but they might as well have shouted to a storm, as the cry of "Fire!" rang through the house, and people tore towards the doors. Self, self, self seemed to be the only thought, as men clambered into the upper gallery, or dropped down into ours. Scores climbed down into the boxes; hundreds dashed frantically along, trampling others under foot, and even clambering over the heads of the dense, wedged-in throng, trying to reach the doors; but all hindering one another.

It would have been a madman's act; but I wanted to run too, and be one of the surging crowd—to be in action at a time when one's blood ran cold to hear the horrible groans and shrieks of the frightened mob, wedged into a mass, from which now and then a horrid cry rose from a poor wretch beaten down and trampled under foot. I closed my eyes for a moment, but I could see plainly enough the horrors that were going on upon that staircase; and yet I had to fight hard

against not only self, but the mob who swayed backwards and forwards past me, some making for one door, some for the other, perhaps only to return again shrieking with horror; while more than one, in climbing over the rails in front of the gallery, fell headlong into the pit.

As soon as I had been able to collect myself a little, I had caught hold of my child, and laid her at full length beneath the nearest seat; and there she lay, too terrified to move, while people leaped from seat to seat, over and over her, and I all the time clung desperately to that pillar where I had stood all the evening. More than once I was nearly dragged away; but it acted as a break to the violence of the onslaughts, and whichever way the crowd came I sheltered myself behind it.

I felt that it was madness to try and get out; though, had I been alone, I should have tried to reach the pit by climbing from tier to tier; but with a child it was impossible. My best plan seemed to be to follow the example of a grey-haired old man who was holding on by the railings in front of the gallery, and calmly, to all appearance, watching the progress of the fire; though I shuddered as I saw the progress it was making: the curtain was dropping in fiery flakes upon the stage; scenery and woodwork were falling, crashing down; while from over the chandelier in the centre of the ceiling a red glowing light kept playing, towards which the smoke from the stage floated in wreaths.

Crash! crash! crash! wings and flies kept falling upon the stage, now from back to front one blaze, from which the sparks, like a golden whirlwind, rushed up amidst the smoke; while the roar became fiercer and fiercer as the currents of air rushed towards the body of flame, and fanned it into fresh fury. The glow now fell upon my face, and I turned to fly, for there seemed greater danger in staying than in attempting to escape; for the gallery was now nearly empty, though the cries, shouts, and groans from the staircase were still awful.

I had already leaped over two or three benches, when I remembered the child, and dashed back to drag out the little trembling thing, pale and half stifled with the crawling smoke which spread through the place. The next moment I had her on my back, and hurried to the right-hand door; but here the struggling and turmoil were fearful, and I turned and made my way to the other, climbing over the broken-down barrier at the back of the gallery, beneath which lay two women groaning.

I looked back: there were the flames, now crawling round the pillars on each side of the stage, and licking and playing amongst the curtains of the private boxes. The audience had all gone from the other parts of the house, but men were darting out of the orchestra door, bringing with them loads of anything valuable they could rescue from the flames.

In front of the gallery still sat the old man leaning over the railings, and with a half-dread upon me that something was wrong, I hurried back and shook him heavily, when I started back in horror as he fell across the benches, turning up the most hideously-distorted face I ever saw, as he lay evidently in a fit from fright.

The flames were coming nearer and nearer, and the smoke grew more and more stifling. The anxiety to be out of this horrible place was intense, but I could not go and leave a fellow-creature helpless in such a place; so once more making my way to the open door,

I set down the child close by the women, leaped back from bench to bench, and somehow contrived to bear the old man and drag him to the top of the staircase, where I staggered against the wall, overcome with dread, for the child was gone. "Had she been taken down the stairs?" I asked the women, and shook them roughly to get an answer; but they were quite insensible. It was too much to bear, and I dashed down the staircase, up which still came the sounds of yelling and struggling, as the people fought their way towards safety; but every here and there the crippled and wounded of the fight were left behind, to crawl slowly downwards, their countenances distorted and blanched with horror.

Round and round, ever downwards, I dashed, till I came upon a party of men coming up, headed by a body of policemen—for the staircase was at length open; and in reply to my hurried inquiries, I learnt that they had met a man carrying a child, and the next moment I was down in the entrance, catching the little one out of the arms of the man who had turned back to bring her down.

And now, as I stood there faint and exhausted, I saw first one and then another brought down, crushed and bleeding, till I staggered off, the child taking me home, farther and farther from the lurid light behind, towards which people were hurrying from all directions; for I was giddy and confused, but none the less thankful for my escape.

I visited the smoking ruins the next day, and learned how that every one had been brought out of the place, though the list of dead, dying, and wounded was something awful. But there, these horrors are common: they create a little excitement at the time, but people forget them when some new catastrophe occurs. It may be from having a good memory, but night or day, it is all the same—I can always close my eyes and see again the horrors of that real tragedy.

"Time brings Roses."

(GERMAN PROVERB.)

"THORNS and thistles in my path."

"And who sowed them?" Bufo proses.

Out my proverb! sword-like, flash—

"Time brings roses!"

"Only wormwood for my drink."

"Well, you brewed it," Bufo glozes.

Proverb, be my sword and shield—

"Time brings roses!"

"'Twas a house of cards I built—

Care, Hope's mortgage, now forecloses."

Proverb, once more cheer my heart—

"Time brings roses!"

WALTER THORNBURY.

Things New and Old.

Horrible—most Horrible.

The gentle guardians of Lambeth—some of them, and of course the wisest—have been horrified. The directors of the Crystal Palace actually—we groan as we write it—gave the children of the Norwood pauper schools a treat—let them see Mr. Blanchard's panto-

mime; and, worse still, treated the poor little Oliver Twists and Twistesses as if they were anybody else's children—actually gave them half-crown reserved seats. Oh, Mr. Wilkinson, thou general manager, thou hast much to answer for! Only, naturally, the Lambeth guardians found fault. They saw horrible careers for all the children who had been furnished with this treat. At the very least, they anticipated that the master and matron's pickle bottles would be broken up and placed in their beds; that the babies encountered would be sat upon; that the visitors would have hot poker *d la* clown; and that the girls would dream of being fairies instead of being satisfied with their own pleasant lot. This is very dreadful, and next to sending children to a theatre. But pauper children, of all creatures in the world! If such things go on we shall actually grow Christian-like, and genial, and good-hearted—in short, be thoroughly humane; and when paupers have to be dealt with, such a state of affairs would be unbearable. Ah, well, there are guardians and guardians; and to the latter we say, in the words of Artemus Ward, "This is rote sarcastic!"

An Incongruous Feast.

Mr. Henry Lee, of the Brighton Aquarium, has been giving a conger eel feast to his friends, who one and all got over that hitherto unconquerable prejudice against this snaky fish. Among the dishes prepared by the *chef* were, Potage à la she stoops to conger, Croquettes incongruous, and Anguille à la Hong-conger en chine. During the dinner the excellent band of the aquarium played "To conger or to die," the favourite Scotch air, "My daddy is a congered carle," and when Mr. Lee entered the room, "See the congering hero comes."

The Modest Youth.

In a fresh book of Scottish peasant life is a fine comic sketch of an interview between a taciturn peasant lover and Kirsty, his sweetheart, who is only waiting for him to speak. It is in fine contrast with the confident, rushing way in which that sort of thing is done in this country.

"The young clacher stands by the cottage gable in the fading light, declaring, 'It's a gran' nicht!' Ever so often he says it, yet he feels its grandeur not at all, for the presence of something grander or better, I suppose—the maiden, Kirsty Grant. Does he whisper soft somethings of her betterness, I wonder, while thus he lingers? Not at all. His only communication is the important fact, 'It's a gran' nicht.' He would linger, blessed in her presence, but the closing day warns him to be gone. It will be midnight before he can reach his village home, miles away. Yet was it sweet to linger.

"'It's a vera gran' nicht, but I maun haist awa'. Mither 'll be wunnerin',' said he.

"'Deed, ye'll hae tae draw yer feet gae fast tae win hame afore the Sabbath; sae e'en be steppin',' she answered, coolly.

"'It's gran', said he; 'I wish ilka Saiturday nicht was lik' this ane.'

"'Wi' ye, Saiturday nicht shud maist be lik' Sunday morn, if ye bevil it richt,' she said, with a toss of her head, for she rightly guessed that somewhat of the lad's pleasure was referable to herself. 'I maun shut up the coo.'

"'Good nicht,' said he.

"'Good nicht,' said she, disappearing in the byre.

"He stepped away into the muirland, making for home.

"'Isn't she smairt?' said he to himself—'man, isn't she smairt? Said she, 'Saiturday nicht shud aye be wi' ye lik' Sunday morn, if ye beveled it richt!' Was it na a hint for me? Man, I wish I daur spaik oot till her.'"

A November Legend.

RAIN? Yes, there was rain, though it would not come down honestly, but went floating about, trying to get at people's lungs and bronchials through their noses and ears, if they persisted in keeping their mouths shut; and it was difficult to do this, because breathing was not free in such a fog. Fog? Oh, yes; to say that a spoon would have stood upright in it is an exaggeration, if you mean a real and not an allegorical spoon; but it was pretty dense, though not enough for links and accidents at a foot pace. Was there mud? Yes, hypothetical inquirer, there was mud; and it was deepest near the Mansion House, where damp Werther Peterkin stood feebly agitating a damper umbrella. The omnibuses passed, and did not resemble each other; some were going Peterkin's way, and some were not. Those that were not, had room in them; those that were, were full inside. Not so Peterkin. He could not eat; he had not eaten since eight a.m., and now it was four p.m. Nature, abhorring a vacuum, had supplied the place of food with fog, thus adding to the depression of his spirits, which was painting the lily: he was dull enough before.

"It is fate!" he murmured, in a deep bass, as another conductor shook his head.

Why did not Mr. Peterkin walk on?

Dear me, I have got the most inquisitive reader—but I like him; his questions are pertinent. The fact is, then, that the idea never occurred to that damp young man. We are the creatures of habit, and Werther Peterkin was accustomed to ride home in an omnibus every day. Not being an absolute idiot, however, he might, on ordinary occasions, have conceived the idea of being an omnibus unto himself, and saving threepence. But his mind was dazed on that afternoon; he hardly had a single reasoning faculty in working order. The famous argument in favour of that existence which no one ever yet doubted, "*Cogito ergo sum*"—"I think, therefore I am"—would have had no effect on Peterkin that afternoon. "I don't think, therefore I'm not," would have been a syllogism better suited to his case.

To descend from metaphysics to fact: he stood, and still feebly and instinctively waved his saturated umbrella whenever an omnibus of the right colour passed him.

Such perseverance outstayed fate, and won. A correct vehicle stopped at last at his summons, and admitted him into its interior. Such a damp interior! The one vacant place wet, of course, at the farther end; some of the passengers male, others female, but all were wet; and each endeavoured to hold a wet umbrella in front, so that it might drain into the straw without touching its proprietor's knees. The passage

in the centre was thus rendered difficult to penetrate, and the new-comer inflicted sore damage on gingham and steel frame as he waded through a watery grove to the narrow chink between a stout man and a stouter woman, which was the threepennyworth of moist seat assigned to him. The human figure not being wedge-shaped, he sank down into his place but slowly; and as his weight forced him gradually into position, his neighbours oozed. The man, being cross, made himself as angular as possible, which was not very; the woman, being good-humoured, made what room she could, which was not much.

She was of a conversational turn, and when all was tight, and the human keystone well home, made an observation remarkable for its veracity—

"It's very damp," she said.

"So is the grave," replied Werther Peterkin, in a deep tone.

"Bless my soul, young man, what a turn you give me!" cried the stout woman, speaking in metaphor this time.

He could not have turned her without simultaneously upsetting the omnibus; which, as he was not a medium, would have been difficult for him.

Werther Peterkin was something in the City, but he had the soul of a poet. Think not that he wrote material verses—no; his thoughts were too deep for words, and as dull science has not yet discovered any other method of communication between mind and mind, he was unappreciated. But he was gloomy, he was grand. Pitiless misfortune pelted him with her arrows. Ever to aspire, never to succeed, such seemed to be his fate. He felt that he ought to have been born rich, handsome, powerful; and that he mysteriously filled some one else's position by mistake. He strove to rectify the error: he endeavoured to become rich at a leap. He was no dull plodder, content to work for a competence in middle age, and wealth at seventy, just in time to buy an ingrate with. No, he aspired to flash upon the world in the zenith of his manhood, rich, luxurious, prodigal.

He tried betting with commission agents. His theory was of beautiful simplicity: ten pounds on the winner of the Two Thousand at five to one, fifty pounds; sixty pounds on the winner of the Derby at five to one, three hundred pounds; three hundred on the Oaks at five to one, one thousand five hundred pounds; one thousand five hundred on the Leger at five to one, seven thousand five hundred pounds. Not a bad return on a ten pound capital; and yet most moderately calculated upon a low average of five to one, with sixty pounds deducted for commission, and based simply upon the great three-year-old races of the year, the winners of which are so easy to select. You will hardly believe that he failed, and in a persistent way with which blind chance could have had nothing to do. The finger of destiny was apparent throughout. The horse he backed for the Two Thousand must certainly have won, only he threw out a thorough pin, and was scratched (naturally). The champion for the Derby had all his field beaten at Tattenham Corner, but the jockey broke a stirrup-leather. The filly he stood for the Oaks could have given a stone to any of the other competitors if she would have tried; but she happened not to be in the humour for racing that morning, and her rider, considering her such a very absolute cer-

tainty, had left his whip and spurs at home. Werther had had enough of it by the Leger, and then the horse which he had intended to back won. Thinking that perhaps Fate was getting out of breath, he made fresh attempts, of a more desultory character. He tried "Cheatem's Winning Modus," which was not altogether deceptive, for, as money was lost, some one must have won—but it was not Peterkin. He tried "Welcher's Long Shots;" but though Welcher's extraordinary talents for putting this and that together had raised five-and-thirty commoners to the position of millionaires, and had saved the estates of ten noblemen who were on the verge of ruin through betting according to their own unassisted judgment (see advertisement), he missed when he fired for Peterkin, who finally retired from the turf without ever having been on it. He cared nothing for racing—he was no gambler at heart, only he wanted to be rich without delay or labour.

After all, betting on horse-racing was a petty, peddling sort of occupation—immoral, too. Now, speculation in stocks and shares has something large about it; the financier learns to think, if he does not actually deal, in millions. And, then, to make a fortune by operating for a rise or fall is so eminently respectable, legal, and religious. That is business, honest labour, harassing affairs—not gambling, as it is when you bet on a horse instead of a railway.

What an escape! I was so afraid that inquisitive reader would have asked, Why?

Peterkin, then, had bought and sold, and been a bull and a bear; and Destiny stood aloof for awhile, giving him fair play, so that he won a little. But that morning a terrific blow had fallen on his head, confusing, bewildering, crushing him. He wanted air, and could get nothing but fog; so that he hardly knew where he was or who he was. One has felt like that in a dream. This was what was the matter.

The man he believed in and followed was confident of a general rise in securities; so Peterkin had invested largely in Mobs, Bobs, Charlotte Elizabeths, and Sangarees—especially Sangarees; if Sangarees went up three per cent. his fortune was secured. Now, the first news which had greeted him that morning was that Mobs were shaky; next he learned that Bobs were affected by them; then came the cruel news that the Charlotte Elizabeth miners were not in the vein, and threatened to emigrate in a body if they were not allowed to regulate their own hours of labour and rate of wages, whereby Charlotte Elizabeths were at a discount, and shareholders were put where the miners ought to have been—in a hole. While he was yet staggering under this triple attack, down came the whole overwhelming charge of misfortune. The principal bank in Mohurprigem had stopped payment, and Sangarees were down to ten degrees of discount, Peterkin having bought them at five per cent. premium. He was simply ruined, body and boots, and Jemima would never be his.

For he loved, and was loved—at least, he was not certain about the passive verb, though Jemima told him he was a suspicious, self-tormenting idiot, and she was a great deal fonder of him than he deserved. But she was an extravagant young beauty, was Jemima—very fond of pleasure, with a great variety of tastes, all of which she expected to be gratified. One of her

theories was, that if she was not to have life made smooth and pleasant for her, she might just as well have been plain.

Another: that if she could not increase her comforts and enjoyments by marriage, she had rather remain single. Quite a materialist was Jemima.

Werther Peterkin would have ardently desired to get rich in a preposterous hurry under any circumstances, for that was his nature; but probably he would never have taken violent and desperate measures for the fulfilment of his wishes if it had not been for his passion for Jemima, and his taking all her rhodomontade literally.

"No lady can walk in London, of course; but I had sooner walk than ride in a one-horse thing, or in a hired thing"—sentiments which caused the love-lorn Peterkin to groan—and plunge. "Must have my coachy-poachy," she said, when playful.

"Coachy-poachy," thought Peterkin, as, wedged in his scanty allowance of seat, he leant his hands on the pommel of his umbrella, and gazed gloomily on the ceiling of the omnibus.

The expression which came over his face as he thus reflected alarmed his neighbours, who preferred their travelling companions sane. Following the direction of his eyes, first one, then another, then all the insiders gazed also on the ceiling, and read, COUGH NO MORE!

"Yah!" said a weazle-looking little man to his friend, "he's not mad. It's a plant, don't you see? He's hired to draw people's attention to the 'vertisement.'"

As if to confirm this suspicion, Peterkin presently muttered—

"No more!" and shook his head slowly.

"Poor young man!" said the good-humoured woman who was stout.

She needed her compassion for herself; but she knew not—how should she?—that a phenomenon was approaching, to wit, a runaway dray. That is a thing not often seen; and it is just as well, or there would be more deaths in the streets than there are at present. But drays are heavy; the animals that draw them, though strong, are phlegmatic; and for six horses who had not done anything but jog since their colt and fillyhood, suddenly and in concert to take fright at a cracker, near Hyde Park Corner, and start off at a gallop towards Piccadilly, scattering the barrels far and wide, was, I repeat, a phenomenon.

On they came, with a terrible clatter, their twenty-four hoofs striking fire from the pavement; consternation in their van, frothing porter in their rear; for the barrels, dashed with violence against the stones, burst, and three beggars—had the presence of mind to get drunk gratis. On they came, like a battery of artillery, scattering all before them, till, just past Apsley House, the off-wheels of the dray smote the off-wheels of the omnibus with a terrific crash, and they were all off wheels in very earnest. All the horses came down; the dray swirled away; and amid the crash of woodwork, the shiver of glass, the oaths of men and the screams of women, the omnibus fell over on its side.

"It's all my fault; I'm a Jonah!" exclaimed Peterkin, but his voice was drowned in the din.

The passengers, thanks to careful packing, were not much injured; but there was serious danger of their being smothered. There were many ready hands to

assist in extricating them, a process which much resembled forking figs out of a drum, only these figs were alive.

The drayman, who had stuck to his car to the last, was picked up insensible, and attended to St. George's Hospital by five policemen—four to carry him, and one to gather his name and address, with a view to future prosecution for furious driving.

The shock, the peril, had no effect on the mind of Peterkin; his heart was far away in Mohurprigem, brooding over falling Sangarees. The physical effect of being stifled was, indeed, exceedingly distressing; and he struggled, kicked, elbowed, and, I fear, bit, in his endeavours to breathe; but it was all done mechanically; and when he was set on his feet again, uninjured, he made no inquiries, tendered no thanks; he wandered into Hyde Park, and pursued his way home instinctively.

Across the park was his shortest route, but the solitude likewise suited him; it was a relief to get out of the crowded streets. The fog had lifted, but a drizzling rain was still falling. The sun had set, the lamps were being lighted; but it was not yet dark, and he could see that he was alone. Between Hyde Park in the afternoon in the height of the season and Hyde Park on a wet November evening, what a contrast! Peterkin paused under a tree, and soliloquized.

"Sweet is solitude," he said, still in the hollow voice. "Sweet is silence, peace, forgetfulness; in a word, sweet is the cemetery. I would fain be found hanging by the neck from a bough of this tree to-morrow morning. Poor tree! emblem of myself, you have lost all your leaves prematurely. They should have clung to your branches for some time yet; but frosts and storms have stripped you, as they have me. Stay, there is one leaf still sticking to a twig; true, and one tie alone holds me to life. Oh, Jemima!"

As he spoke, the leaf alluded to became detached, and flickered tremulously down to his feet.

The omen was not nice, and he hurried on till he reached the park gate. Crossing the road unheedingly, a hansom cab nearly ran him down. He raised his eyes, and saw the fares. One was a good-looking young man, with a black moustache, the other was the Tie.

"Jemima!" he groaned, and clung to a lamp-post.

"Tight already?" exclaimed a voice. "Come, young man, if you can't move on, you must go to the station."

So he moved on to his lodgings in a dream. He was in the dream, understand, not the lodgings, which were at the top of a house, and consisted of two rooms, selected by Peterkin in the summer because they were large and airy. In November these advantages were less advantageous—at least, two winds were always having games at draughts in the sitting apartment, huffing the lodger if not one another, and other breezes generally came to look on. If you had a fire there, you were obliged to consume your own smoke, for it could not get up the chimney—one of the winds was always coming down that. In this fireless, breezy room, Werther Peterkin sat down to brood. If you have ever experienced the iciness of wind blowing through a damp cloth, you can understand how he shivered, sitting in his wet clothes amongst the playful breezes. But he heeded not. He had a general sense

of misery, but his mind could not condescend to particulars. Besides, he had made it up to stop shivering presently, however cold he might be. The only question remaining was the means.

When you can do a thing but once in your life, you might as well do it respectfully; and the method was worthy of consideration.

Hanging had occurred to him just now, under that tree; but it was an ignoble ending. Besides, in early life, some of his relatives, whom he loved not, had uttered prophecies which he would be loth to fulfil.

The razor? He had nicked himself occasionally in shaving, and did not like it; he had seen a poor sheep killed, and the remembrance made him shudder. Then, without an anatomical education, you could not, he had heard, do it effectually.

The dagger? "Stabs himself, and dies!" reads so well and easy in stage directions—looks so easy, too, on the stage, and so graceful. But his knives were all rounded off at the point; he might just as well try to make his quietus with a paper cutter.

The pistol? Best thought yet. Scatter the brains which had proved themselves useless. He possessed no firearms. True, but the shops were open. It might indeed be too late to procure a ten and sixpenny licence, and he was too scrupulously obedient to the law to think of going out shooting without one.

The river? He was a remarkably strong swimmer; and it would be a fearful struggle.

The whispering gallery of St. Paul's? Ugh! he had a horror of heights. He had less dread almost of being burned alive than of that horrible leap—in an interior, too!

Poison? Ah! why did he not think of it before? He had heard that the effect of prussic acid was immediate—painless.

He seized his hat, strode downstairs, and hastened to the nearest chemist's shop, where he threw five shillings on the counter, and demanded the article he required.

"I am very sorry, sir," said the shopman, politely, "but we are not allowed to sell prussic acid without a medical prescription."

Peterkin took up his half-crowns and departed.

"I must dissemble," he observed, as he hurried on to where he saw other coloured globes in the distance. "Let me think of an excuse. Ah, I have it! I am troubled with rats, and want poison for them," he said aloud to the second chemist, who was a sharp-eyed little man, with a laugh in the corners of his mouth.

"Certainly, sir, any particular poison?"

"I wish to be humane; prussic acid, they tell me—"

"An excellent poison, sir; but you could not administer it without first catching your rats."

"Advise me."

"Well, then, sir, we recommend our arsenic as a good sound article for general use. It may be administered in figs, in bread and butter, in any viand which the vermin seem most partial to."

"Give me arsenic."

The chemist carefully weighed out a white powder, labelled it "Poison," and handed it across the scent bottles and pomade.

"Pray be very cautious, sir; do not leave it about, and be sure that no child or other human being can get at it."

"Good," said Werther Peterkin; and returned to his lodging.

Two hours afterwards there was a rapping at the door, which was presently opened, and a voice cried—"Peterkin, are you there?"

"Who is it?" replied a feeble voice from the bedroom.

"I, Robert Capel. Have you gone to bed already, man? Where are the matches? Never mind, I have some in my pocket. That's it. Oh, here's a candle; now we can see what we are about. Bless me, are you ill, man?"

"Yes."

"So Miss Jinks said. I met her at St. James's Hall, where she was dining with her brother, a fellow in the merchant service, who has just returned from China. She fancied she saw you from her cab in the street, and that you looked bad; so she sent me to see after you."

"Jemima sent you? Too late!"

"Not a bit of it. I know what is the row with you. Those Sangarees I advised you to buy. Don't groan; they are all right. That report floating about to-day was all a *canard*, got up by some rascal who wanted to buy. It was deuced well done; I felt queer myself at first. But it has all been found out, and the shares will rush up like wildfire to-morrow."

"Too late!" groaned Peterkin, rolling over on the bed where he lay.

"What do you mean?" cried Capel. Then, seeing a glass and chemical-looking paper lying near it, he added, "You have never been such a fool!—good heaven! Why, there is 'Poison' printed here! Speak, man, what have you been swallowing?"

"Arsenic."

"Much?"

"About a tooth-powder box full."

"How long ago?"

"Half an hour."

"Madman! But there may be time yet. Rouse up, man, and come to the hospital; that will be quicker work than sending for a doctor. Come."

Stupid with terror for the consequences of his folly, Peterkin obeyed blindly. In one minute they were in a hansom, in five at the hospital. Capel had kept the paper which had contained the arsenic, and which bore an address; and when he had deposited his friend, he went off to the chemist, eager to learn the strength of the dose, and the chances of recovery.

Meanwhile, poor Peterkin suffered severely for his rash act. Tortures of the mind were his, likewise tortures of the body.

There are scenes over which it is desirable to draw a veil. There are miseries which ought only to be described to unprofessional readers by a row of asterisks, and the application of the stomach pump is one of these.

* * * * *

"But," observed the house surgeon, "I cannot trace any signs of mineral poison."

"That," said the chemist, who entered the ward at the moment, "is perhaps accounted for by the fact that, seeing the gentleman was in an excited state when he came into my shop and demanded arsenic, I put him up a little plaster of Paris."



GONE! IN A HANSOM. (Page 12.)

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER II.—LARRY'S "SAYCRESY."

DAWSON sat for some time chatting pleasantly, and at last adroitly turned the conversation to the Carey family, dwelling most upon the representative before him.

That was sufficient. Larry's tongue began to run, and before long Dawson sat smoking silently, as the Irishman sat gesticulating with his blackthorn, and talking as hard as he could.

"You've been in England, of course?" said Dawson. "Try another glass, Pat. It's good whiskey."

"Thru for ye, sor, it is," said Larry. "It was a great blessin' to posterity that the man who found it out didn't go an' die an' take the saycret wid him. Bud it's a bad habit takin' much. Jist one more glass, an' thin it may be the very best that iver chated a gauger, an' niver a drop should pass me lips. Bud, be the same token, ye were sayin' had I been in England? Why, ov coorse I have, or how could I have met the masther?"

"He might have come over to Ireland."

"Bud he knew better," said Larry, laying a finger on one side of his nose. "Oireland, sor, nowadays isn't what Oireland used to be, an' it'll take a long time mendin'; but I'll tell ye how it was.

"Well, ye see, Mither Dawson, sor, it was jist this: I knew the masther over in England, where I wint across to wan year a-harvestin', an' worked for him all through. An' before it was quite over, oh, wirra! the great big pain I had in all me bones, an' the shivers that came on me, an' the hot aches! An' they got worse an' worse, till at last wan mornin' I lays me down on some sthraw in the big barn, an' I sez to meself, I sez, 'Larry Carey,' I sez, 'it's a great fayver ye've got intirely, an' ye're goin' dead as a herrin', ye are, an' ye'll never see ould Oireland again. Where would ye like to be berrid?'

"Yer honour, Mither Dawson, sor, if I'd been a wild rattlesnake ov the plains out here, wid a sting in me tail, they couldn't ha' behaved worse to me than they did. First wan dirty spalpeen an' thin another, comin' an' lookin' at me, an' thin goin' away spittin' as if I was poison. For I was only a poor rayer, all in rags, come over for the sayson, an' the farm people didn't like us at all, at all.

"Well, yer honour, the masther come to know ov it, an' he come out in the barn, an' he sez, sez he, 'Larry, me lad,' he sez, 'are ye as bad as that?'

"'Troth, yer honour,' I sez, 'an' I'm worse,' I sez, 'an' I fale very infectious,' I sez. An' thin I heerd wan ov the men say somethin' to him about sendin' ov me off to the union.

"'If they'd let me die where I am I'd thank thim,' I sez to meself; an' thin I lay with me head all burnin' red hot, an' meself thinkin' I was back in Cork boilin' the praties, whin the masther comes in, an' the mistress and Miss Mary wid him, an' instead of packin' me off like a dog, I heerd the masther say, 'Poor fellow, he's worked well, an' we must do the best we can for him.'

"An' they did, yer honour—nursed me, they did,

through it all, an' had the docther to me, as shook his fist in ould Death's face, he did, an' wouldn't let him have me; an' didn't I get better an' stronger than iver; for wouldn't it have been a dirty action not to whin the mistress and Miss Mary was that kind to me, an' fed me up so that nothin' iver was like it?

"Last ov all, while I was hangin' about the farm doin' ov odd jobs, I gets to know that the masther was in throuble over some dirty money business, an' the farm was to be sold; an' murther! to see how the poor boy was down, an' the pretty little mistress and his sister lookin' pale as milk.

"I meets him one day in the yard, an' he sez, pleasant like, 'Why, Larry,' he sez, 'you here still?'

"'An' where would I be,' sez I, 'at all, wid the docther's bill not paid?'

"'Back in Oireland,' he sez.

"'Bother Oireland intirely,' I sez, 'unless yer honour will take a nate bog farm somewhere, an' I'll go back wid ye.'

"He stopped an' looked at me in a thoughtful way; an' he claps me on the shoulder, an' he sez, in a way as made the water come in me eyes—

"'Larry,' he sez, 'you're a good fellow, bud you must go. I'm masther here no longer. I've been chated, an' imposed upon, an' robbed.'

"'An' is it chated?' I sez, takin' a tighter grip on the fork I had in me fist. 'Will yer honour tell me the name of the chate? Is it one ov thim lawyer villins?'

"He laughed, an' shook his head; an' he sez—

"'Larry,' he sez, 'I've no work for ye, an' can't pay ye, so ye must go. As for me,' he sez, 'I'm goin' across the say to Americky, where there's deep rich land, different to this cowl'd clay, an' a man may get a reward for his labour. Larry,' he sez, 'I'm goin' to California.'

"'Hurroo!' I sez; 'where the goold grows?'

"'Goold?' he sez; 'yes, Larry; the rich, ripe, yellow goold grown by man—corn, me man—corn, wavin' corn, growin' in soil that will repay ye bounteously for yer toil.'

"'Hurroo!' I sez again; 'I'll buy a new raypin'—hook this very day.'

"'What d'ye mane?' sez he.

"'Mane,' sez I, 'masther dear? Why, that I'll go wid you an' the ladies to the very ind ov the world, as close as ye can widout fallin' off.'

"'Nonsense, man,' he sez, laughin'; bud there was a tear in each ov his eyes. 'I'm as poor as you are now, Larry, an' can only scrape enough for our passages an' a start.'

"'Poor?' sez I; 'an' who d'ye call poor? I'm as well off as any gintleman among ye. Haven't I got tin pun tin, harvest money, widout countin' the four-penny bits? An' who's to pervent me goin' if I like?'

"'Nonsense, me man!' he says, 'ye mustn't think ov it.'

"'Bud I do think ov it, yer honor,' I sez. 'Who'll ye get to rape yer corn whin it grows? D'ye think there'll be plinty ov boys from the ould country comin' an' askin' for a job? Wanst for all, yer honor,' I sez, 'I shall go wid ye, an' if I don't I shall follow ye.'

"An', to make a long story short, I talked to the mistress an' Miss Mary—Gbd bless her!—an' we was too much for the masther; an' he consinted, an' we

come—come across this say, an' that say, and t'other say; an' here I am, Larry Carey, at yer sarvice."

"Why, what a tarnation fool you must have been, Paddy!" said Dawson, drawing his words. "But have another drink, man: I like such fools as you. Shake hands."

The Irishman stood up and slapped his hand heartily into that of the American, the two joining in a firm grip.

"And now I must be off, Pat; so good-bye, my lad; but we will meet again."

"An' if we do, yer honour, will ye be kind enough to remember that I'm wan ov the Careys of County Cork; an' me name's not Paddy, bud Larry?"

"I will, Larry," said the other, and he strode away.

"There now!" said Larry, scratching his head as soon as he was alone; "an' I've been an' towld him all about it, when the masther said 'be saycret.' Bud never mind, he's the right sort, an' it won't be any harm. Bud if he isn't—whoo!"

Larry gave his stick a flourish in the air, and delivered a smart blow that would have had serious results if it had come in contact with an enemy's head. Then he walked off and entered the Chesapeake Hotel.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXI.—DRAKE'S SUSPICIONS.

"LOOK here, you young fool," cried Drake, savagely, "I've got you tight, and now you shall have it. Just look here. Do you remember a couple of cheques that you paid me last month?"

"I remember a good many," exclaimed Harvey, who still struggled to free himself.

"Yes, but two—the last two," said Drake. "I took them to the bank myself. Are you listening? They looked very hard at those two cheques, and they looked very hard at me; and one cashier said something to another cashier; and I saw some one move towards the door, as if to stop me if I tried to leave. You hear all this, don't you?"

Harvey did not speak, but he ceased struggling, and sat glaring up in his adversary's face.

"Then there was a chief sort of clerk came out, and he asked me to step into a side room, and I did, for I'd nothing to be afraid of.

"Those two cheques," he said; 'of whom did you obtain them?'

"Of Mr. Harvey Parker, nephew of Mr. Huntley, of Bubbley Parva," I says.

"This seemed to stagger them a little, and there was a bit of whispering went on. Then the chief man smiled and begged my pardon, and asked for my address, and took it down, and then paid me the money; and then what do you think they did afterwards? Put a man on to see me home—to see if I'd gammoned them about the address."

"Well," said Harvey, "and what's all this to me?"

"I'll tell you," said Drake, putting his face closer to Harvey's. "I had my suspicions all along about those two cheques, and so I took them to the bank myself."

"Suspicions?"

"Yes, suspicions; and I have them suspicions now. You've got a very easy face to read, Master Harvey—one of them red and white tell-tale boy's faces, and you were all in a shake when you paid me them cheques, and you changed about in your colour, same as you've changed about since I've been holding you down here. It's a dangerous game to play, my lad, very; for though you weren't found out this time, the most clever hands gets bowled out at last; and close cut hair, and Portland, and grey togs, all stamped, aint nice."

"What do you mean? are you mad? What are you talking about?" cried Harvey.

"About them two cheques," said his visitor, watching him with his eyes within six inches of the other's face.

"Well, and you've had the money for them," cried Harvey, hoarsely, as he once more struggled to rise.

"What more do you want?"

"Only to tell you something," said Drake, with a malignant grin upon his countenance. "You called me a nasty hard name once, and threatened me—there, easy now."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that them two cheques were forgeries."

"Hush!"

"That settles it!" said Drake, laughing. "There, get up, sir; we understand each other now. The old man didn't find it out, or if he did he wouldn't speak—he couldn't do it for shame; but, Lord bless you, the police haven't got any shame in them, have they?"

"There! I will not submit to this," cried Harvey, trying to recover himself.

"It's all right, sir," laughed Drake. "I'm not going to split upon you. Good night. I'll be at the Greyhound till you call. Mind, two hundred to-morrow night."

"No, stop a minute," cried Harvey, fiercely; and he caught Drake by the collar and dragged him back, the latter laughing the while. "You are labouring under some mistake. I don't know what could have put this into your head."

"All right," said Drake, smiling.

"You are not attending to what I say," said Harvey, fiercely.

"Oh, yes, I am," said Drake, with the same mocking smile. "Go on; say what you like, I'll listen."

"I tell you, then, that those cheques were quite right. You had the proof of it—the bank cashed them. Don't you believe me, man?"

"It's getting late now, Master Harvey Parker, and I am going away; but I'll just give you a word or two of advice before I go. Are you listening?"

"Yes," cried Harvey. "Go on, what is it?"

"Don't try it on too often; but when you do—do it stiff! Good night."

Harvey sank back into the chair as the door closed upon his visitor, his forehead damp with perspiration, and his fingers convulsively clutching the arms. Then he seemed to make a strong effort, and leaped to his feet, putting out the candle, and closing and locking the door. He tottered, though slightly, as he crossed the yard, and walked to the side gates to find one ajar, and he looked out and down the street, as if expecting to see the departing figure of his visitor; but all was dark and still, and he stole back, glancing suspiciously from

side to side, as if to see whether he was watched, till he stood once more in the drawing-room, where Jenny was about to hand a cup of tea to her uncle.

CHAPTER XXII.—HARVEY A WOOR.

"THAT'S the only way out of it all," thought Harvey, as he stood watching the gentle girl. "She don't care much for me, but we can soon settle that. Then I'll square all off, and only use just so much a year for a little bit of turf work—so much and no more."

Marriage certainly would be, as he thought, a nice and easy way out of all difficulties. It had long been a settled family matter, and but for a few unpleasantnesses all might have been arranged by this time. With the money that the old man would settle upon them, he could clear himself and begin afresh.

Then came an ugly fancy or two about Drake, which made him wince till, as if to drive away all unpleasant thoughts, he turned to his uncle and began to converse, but only to find the old man cold and abstracted. Jenny proved no better, and at last he threw himself back in his chair, frowning and fretful. It seemed as if the plan that would set all matters right would not be so easy of achievement.

Poor Jenny, she sat there with fluttering heart, hardly daring to glance towards Harvey; for if ever she did so it was to find him gazing at her fixedly, and it seemed to her as if he must be able to read her very heart. The tea passed over, and Fanny was summoned to remove the tray, and then Jenny's heart fluttered more and more. Her uncle had stated that he should retire early that night, and Harvey, contrary to his usual custom, seemed as if he had made up his mind to stay in. There was something in his manner, too, which troubled her, and she dreaded being left with him when her uncle retired.

There was a reason for all this. Harvey had been the subject of conversation for quite an hour before he came in, and that conversation had greatly agitated Jenny. It had been commenced by Mr. Huntley, and had been upon the question of the future—on the future of his nephew and niece; and, as if inviting confidence, the old man had spoken out openly his annoyance respecting Harvey and his pursuits, ending by saying that had he known all he had learnt of late he would never have sanctioned the engagement; ending by drawing Jenny to him, and kissing her fondly as he saw her tearful eyes and quivering lips.

"You have got something to say to me, my pet, have you not?" he whispered, caressing her soft hair the while.

"Oh, uncle, darling," sobbed Jenny, "I can never, never marry Harvey, now."

He did not reply, but drew her more closely to him, his trembling hand still fondling her curls while she clung to him, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"There—there," he whispered at last. "I'm not angry. It's upsetting all my plans, though, and yet it's not your fault. He's to be pitied, though, Jenny—to be pitied. But I don't wonder at it—I don't wonder at it."

"And you're not very, very angry with me?" cried Jenny, looking pleadingly in his face.

"No, no, no," he said, peevishly. "Why, what an ogre you must take me for; and yet this all troubles me terribly, Jenny—terribly. Harvey is going wrong,

and I want to stop him. You might stop him, perhaps, but I cannot risk your happiness to try him. He ought to be told of your feelings and of mine towards him. Yes, to be sure, you shall tell him, and I'll tell him. It will frighten him terribly to see what he has lost, and it will bring about a change; and if it does, my darling, don't you think you might—that you could forgive him?"

"Oh, uncle darling," sobbed Jenny, "I could forgive him everything, but I could never love him so as to be his wife."

"Hush—hush," whispered the old man, caressing her, for her agitation was almost hysterical. "We won't say any more about that, only you must tell him—and I'll tell him too—tell him that my will is altered, Jenny, and he has only his present allowance continued for life; but if he changes and sets to work to become a worthy man he shall have half, Jenny, half of what I'm worth. Now, there, wipe your eyes, and ring for tea, only promise me that you'll tell him what you told me."

"Yes—yes—I will," sobbed Jenny, still clinging to him; "but you—you're not very, very angry with me?"

"My darling," said the old man, "I only want to see you happy, that's all."

He kissed her again and again, she seeming to cling child-like to him as she responded to his caresses, till her sobs grew less painful, and she smiled upon him through her tears.

"Oh," he said, laughingly, "now there's the sun out again. Ring for tea."

Jenny obeyed, and, as has been said, Harvey came in as she was handing the old man his cup.

Jenny had cause for her nervous trepidation. Partly from weariness, partly that there might be an opportunity for her to fulfil her promise, Mr. Huntley rose, and saying, coldly, "I want to see you in the library in the morning, Harvey," he left the room.

Poor Jenny! she trembled as if she had been guilty of some crime as she recalled her promise, and found herself in the position she had dreaded. In a few moments she recovered herself. She was at bay, and with the feeling that she must speak, came new courage for the task.

"What's the matter with the old man now?" said Harvey; and Jenny gave quite a start. "What has upset him?"

"Your behaviour, Harvey," said Jenny, quietly, and with a firmness that surprised him.

"My behaviour," he said, sharply. "Oh, I see; some one has been telling him I've been a naughty boy, or something of that kind. I believe there's a lot of tattling going on in this place, and that every word of mine is carried to the old fellow by some spiteful fool."

"I think not, Harvey," said Jenny, quietly. "Poor uncle has no need to be told: he sees enough to trouble him very, very much. Oh, Harvey, why don't you try to please him? For your own sake do—pray do. You cannot think how happy it would make him—and me."

In her earnestness she laid her hand upon his arm, and turned her face towards him as he sat near her, to which he replied by catching the hand in his, and retaining it tightly, although she tried more than once to draw it away.

"Well, I will, Jenny," he said; "and now there's a

chance to talk to you quietly about things, I do mean to get out of this wretched, uncomfortable way of living, and I'm going to reform, and become domestic, and all sorts. We'll make a sort of agreement, eh, that all the past is to be forgotten? I know you've got plenty to forgive in me, and I've got something to forgive in you. No, no, don't get up, I've not done speaking yet. Look here, Jenny, now what's to prevent that from coming off at once? No, no, don't speak, only listen to what I say. I'm confiding in you openly, you know—frankly, and all that sort of thing. Now, look here, I'm in a corner, and I must have, say, two hundred pounds by to-morrow night. It's to pay a debt that troubles me very much; and that once paid, I don't care, and I shall be as steady as an old cart-horse. You'll make me quiet and steady, Jenny; and now, look here, get me this money. You've only to ask him, and he'll let you have it without a word. If he wants to know what for, I suppose you must tell him; but you can manage him, and that off my mind, all will be as smooth as possible, and I'll ask him to let that come off at once. He wants it to be, and he'll be glad enough to see it over and us settled. You'll get it for me—two hundred—won't you?"

"No," said Jenny, firmly, as she rose to her feet, though he still retained her hand.

"No!" he exclaimed, scowling.

"No, Harvey, you've robbed poor uncle quite enough, and I could never be the means of getting him to let you have more money to waste."

"Robbing! Waste!" exclaimed Harvey, completely taken aback.

"And now," continued Jenny, flushed with excitement as she withdrew her hand, and trembling at the sound of her own voice, "it is very right I should tell you, Harvey, that what you have just now hinted at can never be."

"Nonsense, Jenny, don't talk romantic stuff," he said, trying to regain her hand. "Don't be silly and prudish—you are not a child now. What could be better? You profess to love uncle very much—very, very much you would call it. Well, you want to make him happy. It is a settled thing that we are to be married some day, and our fortune is arranged. Very well, it's to make him happy, so let's have it over."

"Do you think, then, that uncle wishes it?" said Jenny, facing him—her eyes meeting his boldly.

"Yes, of course; you know he does."

"I know that he does not," said Jenny, quietly, and she essayed to leave the room.

"No, you're not going off like that, madam," he exclaimed, angrily. "As to what you say about him, it's all bosh. He does wish it; and, what's more, I shall insist upon its taking place soon."

"Harvey, you hurt my arm. I wish to leave the room," exclaimed Jenny, whose courage was fast failing.

"And I wish you to stay," he exclaimed, "and you shall stay. Now, look here, Jenny," he exclaimed, fiercely; "I'm not going to be played with. I want that money by to-morrow night, and I will have it. You have only to ask for it to get it in an instant. There, you need not struggle. I'm the stronger, and you shall hear me out. I know what you think about our engagement; but don't you for a moment imagine that I'm going to give way to that cursed hound,

Madron. He shall answer to me for all this—a deceitful scoundrel, taking a mean advantage of his introduction here. He shall smart for it, mind, if you irritate me. But I can't talk of that now. I want this money, and must have it, and by to-morrow night. There, you need not struggle; I'll let you go in a moment. I only want to tell you this, and you can take it to bed with you, and sleep upon it, and dream about it, too, if you like. Mind this—if I go to the bad, it is your doing—your fault, and you are cursing your uncle's life as well as mine."

"Harvey!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Oh, yes, you may exclaim," he retorted; "but it's true enough; and I tell you again, if I go to the bad it's to gratify your selfishness, though you profess so much love for the old man. There, now you may go. I have no more to say; but if I do go very much to the bad, it will be the death of him, and you can dance round his coffin, and say—there, I did it, I did it!"

He flung her hand from him as he said the last words, with a bitter, sneering laugh, and she stood for a few moments gazing at him in a horrified manner. Then, recovering herself, she tottered from the room, and, how she never knew, reached her bed-room, to throw herself, sobbing hysterically, upon her knees, till her tears somewhat relieved her, and she rose to sit thinking long into the night, pondering upon the threats she had heard, and praying at last for help and guidance in what was to her indeed a sore strait.

CHAPTER XXIII.—NO SMOOTHER.

"OH, hang it all!" exclaimed Jack Filmer, letting fall a glass plate and smashing it to atoms. "As if it wasn't enough that she cuts me dead every time she sees me, she's carrying on like that right under my nose."

Jack stood gazing hard through his window at Fanny, who happened to be taking in the bread for cook. Jack she had seen at his door when she opened the gate, and he had taken off his showy velvet cap to her respectfully, but she had taken not the slightest notice of him, only commencing to chat merrily with the baker, laughing at something he said, and raising such a flutter of indignation in Jack Filmer's breast that he strode angrily back into his shop, seized a plate to polish it fiercely, and then, as the conversation grew more confidential across the road, in an excess of fury he uttered the above forcible, by some considered reprehensible, and upon analysis certainly objectionable ejaculation, "Hang it!"

"I wonder how many plates this makes I've broke through her," said Jack the next moment, in a much softer and more humble tone. Then he sighed, and began to pick up the sharp pieces, giving a quick glance across the road at Fanny and the baker about every five seconds.

"I don't know," he mandered, "whether it aint just as well as it is, for I never thought I could be such a fool. She'd turn me round her little finger, she would, and do just what she liked with me."

Here he cut his finger with a piece of the glass, and stood ruefully looking across at Fanny, as he bound it up with his handkerchief.

"See here, what you've done, you cruel girl," he said, apostrophising her as he looked through the window, and then he wiped a weak, miserable tear out of

one watery eye—"see here, what you've done—here's a bad cut on my hand, all through your cruel behaviour. Just as if I could help being jealous, seeing what I see! And now, when I'm busy doing the next portrait, I shall get some cyanide of potass into the cut, and it'll kill me dead and cold; and perhaps when you see the inquest, and find I'm in my coffin, you'll come and drop a tear on poor Jack Filmer's grave, and be sorry for him whose 'art you broke—and— Ah, he's gone at last. Cuss him, how I do hate that baker!"

Jack forgot all about poisoned wounds and graveyards, and tears falling to his memory, as he saw Fanny's bright little figure still at the gate; the red, gilt-lettered baker's book in her hand, and a couple of loaves under one arm. The weak, maundering thoughts were gone in an instant, and he ran to the door to look imploringly across at Fanny. But though he coughed twice, once gently, the next time more loudly and beseechingly, it was a singular thing that Fanny could not see him. She looked up street and down street, at the bright blue sky, and across at the opposite houses; but somehow she could not see Jack Filmer, but remained tormenting him for a few minutes before she went in, humming a tune merrily the while.

"I don't care!" exclaimed Jack, with his lip quivering, as he returned to his work. "I don't care. Let her talk to the baker, and marry him if she likes, a dumpling-headed dough dabber. I don't mind a bit. I won't worry myself any more. I was jealous, and I couldn't help it, and she ought to have forgiven me long enough before this; but if she don't know what's right, and gives me up—a good chance for her—and don't know on which side her bread's— Hang the bread!" he cried, angrily, apostrophising the fishy-eyed specimen portraits that hung about his studio; "can't I say anything without that baker getting into my head?"

Jack's eyes wandered round his place angrily, and as they fell upon one portrait they softened, and he stood still and sighed gently; walked across the room, took the portrait down; peeped over his shoulder to see that no one was looking, and then he kissed it and replaced it on the wall.

"Ah, Fanny," he said, softly, "I'm afraid I'm a great fool!"

Time glided on, and Jack thought it very hard. One day he gave Fanny up for ever, the next he was her devoted slave; but there were no signs of relenting at the Manor House. Messages were sent by cook, who had tried hard to mediate, taking so much interest in Jack's case, and pitying him so demonstratively, that Jack was afraid of her, and at last kept quite aloof, thinking that perhaps their intimacy only tended to widen the breach; for though Jack had been over many times, Fanny never condescended to come into the kitchen when he was there.

"That's a good likeness," said Jack one afternoon when he had been busily printing the portrait of Mr. Burge's cook. "Them two's pretty thick together. Bound to say, cook over the way would be glad to see her friend's likenesses. I'll take 'em over."

Jack of course did not look upon this as an excuse to get a glimpse of Fanny; and forgetting all previous resolutions, he wrapped the cartes in paper, slipped

them in his pocket, and then, after two or three peeps in a piece of looking glass, he took observations.

There was nobody visible at the opposite windows, and Mr. Huntley's library blinds were down. No fear, then, there. Mr. Parker was out, he knew; and as for Miss Jenny, if she saw him she was not the lady to go and make mischief—she was too gentle and kind. Why, did she not smile quite pleasant and laughingly, and nod—"Ah, long ago now, though!" Jack sighed—when she saw him talking to Fanny in the yard?

All was safe, for of course he would not have gone over to make unpleasantness; though, for the matter of that, he did not think Mr. Huntley—"Old Huntley," Jack very disrespectfully called him—bore any malice against him now.

So Jack stepped over, tapped at the side door, was bidden by a voice that made his heart leap to come in, and the next moment, to his great delight, he was face to face and alone with Fanny.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Filmer?" she said, quite calmly, in reply to Jack's salutation, which was decidedly effusive. "You wanted to see cook, I suppose?"

"Ye-e-e-es!" stammered Jack, though the next moment he would have liked to bite his tongue off with vexation, for before he could retract and declare manfully that it was in the hope of seeing her that he had come, Fanny had whisked herself out of the kitchen, and was gone.

"Heigho," sighed Jack, "there aint a bit of doubt about it—I am a fool."

He looked a very melancholy fool, if he were one, as he stood leaning against the kitchen dresser till the buxom cook, who had, as she called it, been up "to clean herself," came bustling into the kitchen.

"Why, if it aint you, Mr. Filmer," she cried, smiling; "and if that Fanny didn't say it was a gentleman wanted to see me; and when I asked who it was, all she would say was, 'You know well enough!' Why don't you two make it up again?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jack, carelessly. "I didn't come about that—only to show you these."

Jack showed his photographs, and listened with calm reticence to the praises and declarations that they were much better than cook's own, which Mr. Filmer had done. Upon which, of course, Jack invited her to come across and be taken again; and this was followed up by the cook insisting upon Jack stopping to have "jist a cup o' tea."

"No, thanky," said Jack; "I don't care to stay."

"Nonsense, now," said cook; "you'll stay and have a cup with us; and you and Fanny make it up again. I'm sure you've both made yourselves miserable long enough."

"No," Jack said, he wouldn't stop.

But somehow he allowed himself to be pushed into a chair, where he stayed while cook made that pleasant home-music of clattering cups and saucers, cut bread and butter, washed water-cresses, and brewed a strong cup of tea.

Then, after sundry nods and shakes of the head at Jack, expressive of a great deal of knowledge, she gave a final shake of the head, and went off to fetch Fanny down.

Poor Jack, he little thought as he sat there, troubled at heart about his silly little love quarrel, how soon stern reality of a dreadful tinge was to overtake them

all; and how he, in his little, humble way, was to act no minor part in a real tragedy of life or death. He could not think of this then, only of his recent trouble; and he sat in the kitchen, tapping the table with his



fingers, waiting for the coming of Fanny with the cook.

"Shall I be cold and distant?" said Jack to himself; "or shall I be just easy and quiet, as if nothing was wrong; or shall I look sad and unhappy?"

Jack decided that the latter, which was the truthful rôle, would be the best to adopt; so he sat, wait—wait—wait—but no Fanny.

"Surely she'll come," he said, in dismay; "surely she aint got thinking—thinking that—that—that I've come over to see cook!"

"Oh, my—gracious!" he gasped, jumping up. "Why, she took it in that way when I came and pretended it was not to see her at all, and I was such—such—yes, I am such a fool that I said 'yes' to it, and now she won't come. There, I may as well go back," he said, dreamily; "it's no good staying: bread and butter would choke me, and water-cresses without her make me bad. I'll go back again, and try and forget all about it."

Jack did no such thing, for cook at that juncture entered the kitchen looking exceedingly cook-like—in other words, cross.

"She says she won't come," said the lady, spitefully.

"She says you're only come to see me, and we'd better tea together, and is as cross as can be."

Jack groaned.

"But never mind, Mr. Filmer; I dare say we can be happy without her. Let her laugh and be spiteful to herself."

But poor Fanny was not laughing, but sobbing very bitterly to herself in her little bed-room; while the dreary meal went on in the kitchen till about the end of the first cup, when the library bell rang sharply, and Jack gave quite a jump.

"It's only master's bell," said cook, "and she'll hear it and go."



Cook was right, for they soon heard footsteps coming down; and then Fanny entered the kitchen, red of eye, but very pale of cheek; and her voice trembled as she tried to say, in a cold, unconcerned manner—

"If you please, Mr. Filmer, master wants to see you in the library."

For Sufferers.

The following cure for the gout is taken from an old work:—1st. The person must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years who has never had a wish to change her position. 2nd. He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. 3rd. He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous. 4th. He must send it to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient. 5th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. 6th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

My Master.

I HAVE a master—a very tyrant, whose cry makes me shiver as well in the hottest July day as in the present freezing-time, when one's person blisters on one side while it goose-skinizes upon the other. A dwarf is my master—a very Tom Thumb; but with a mind, an intellect that seems to require a cork in it to keep it within bounds, though I firmly believe that if

because he preferred sleeping in that way to reclining comfortably in his bed? But it was so; and the more I resented the disturbance of my ordinary routine, the less peace I obtained.

And strange tastes had my tyrant: not content with demanding meals at all kinds of outrageous and unholy hours, his ravenous appetite taught him to display how much of the old Adam there was in his nature, and to fancy that everything pleasant to the eye was good for food, to the great endangering of his gastric organization—paint, wax, buttons, hooks and eyes, and half-pence frequently finding a home in his inner man.

Whoever expected they would digest? No one, of course. But who suffered? I did. For my master shrieked and screamed and kicked, threatened to go



a fitting cork were found, the wire to hold that cork down has not yet been made.

I have a wife, too, yet she pities me not a whit, but eggs on the cruel little tyrant till my life grows sore; and the end must be—like Mr. O'Gallagher's in "Percival Keene"—"a blow up." A revolution must come of it, for flesh and blood can only bear a certain amount of provocation before tearing the former and spilling the latter.

What had I done that I should be yelled and shouted at; seized by the hair and dragged; have fingers thrust into my eyes; nails plunged into my cheek; fetched out of bed in the bitter cold winter nights to procure lights, or to heat food over lamps, or to walk my master up and down the room for an hour,

into convulsions, and disordered the whole house for any number of hours. And yet I was expected to pity him—to be proud of him—to admire the lace frock, wet with his idiotic drivellings, and to listen to endless complaints respecting Mary Ann's loose allegiance and endless indifference as to my master's well-being.

I don't wonder at it—not a bit. "Here he comes," said my wife, when she need not have spoken, for my master was announcing his proximate arrival by shrieking and yelling lustily a street off; and then there was a pleasant crescendo, ending in fortissimo on the steps; and the maiden vainly endeavouring to quiet the kicking and struggling little entity. But he has waxed larger now.

If at any time a little bit of grit has crept into my

mechanism, or a little oil is required to prevent some spindle or cog from grating harshly, I am given to understand that I am cross, or put out, or crabby, and the grit is not removed, neither is there any of the oil of gladness poured upon the chafing parts. But in bygone times, when my master raged, which was about once per hour, there was a rush of willing slaves to assuage his wrath: one bearing a coral and bells to whistle and jingle shrilly, and another rushing forward with a patent feeding-bottle—a horrible-looking instrument, like a juvenile hookah, whose snake-like tube with aspic head was presented to my master; but he spat out the mouthpiece, fighting savagely, to the great endangerment of the said glass vessel. Long biscuits he dashed in crumbs upon the carpets; his fist he thrust into his mouth with boa-constrictor-like ideas, when he discovered his want of elasticity, and choked. The little woolly toy goat, which baa-ed dolefully, had no effect; mamma's watch—a present—was dashed away; the little Dresden ornament from the chimneypiece was sent flying into the fender, and my master raged furiously. But was he cross? Perish the idea! Nothing of the kind—"a beauty!" It was a pin; or his teeth; or his gums; or his feet were cold; or the wind. It was a pain of some kind or another. Temper? Oh, no. But, as before said, he has waxed larger.

"That's my master, that is; and he's a tyrant!" And who could help looking grim when many encomiums were passed upon his little snub features? Marriageable young ladies fluttered about one's room, and kissed, and cooed, and shook their tormenting curls in the little wretch's face, to be rewarded by a snatch made at one of their bright ringlets, or a wet, well-sucked fist dabbed upon their downy, damask cheeks; while a sputtering, bubbling noise was all that was heard. A wretched little Sultan! What did he care for the attentions? He was used to slaves, and he flung himself about from one to another with an utter disregard of feelings. But his artfulness was fearful—a more disgusting piece of juvenile wickedness could not be witnessed. Let it be a black-robed matron who approached, and he would howl; let it be a sharp-nosed spinster, and he would shriek furiously; but let the soft lineaments and warm hue of eighteen or twenty come, and his Highness grew condescending.

"Spoilt!" For shame! How can I say so? Oh, very easily! Wasn't I spoilt in the same way when I was little? Perhaps I was. I can't recollect. But I know that I am not spoiled now in that sense; though in the hands of a spoiler who robs me of the dearest thing I know—rest. It would be very nice to be spoiled like my master, no doubt; but one gets no chance of trying the experiment. We can't all be Tom Moores, to have eyes brightening or dimming as we lisp sweet lines to the dulcet tones of the piano; we can't all have noble features or eagle eyes, or silky moustachios, or ample drooping whiskers, or short, crisp, curly beards—that must tickle so at Christmas time when mistletoe is in vogue. Some of us must have Cyclopean, one-eyed features, and be unworthy of notice.

Yes, I can't help pitying Mary Ann, especially at soap-and-water times, when the nursery floor is splashed with suds, and the whole house is splashed with cries and screams, that come sputtering upstairs, down-

stairs, everywhere. Yes; I can't help pitying Mary Ann, too, at powder times, or at any of those seasons when it is deemed needful to administer preparations of other than a nutritious character. Mary Ann says, "he's so masterful;" and I must agree with her, for he really is. And though, with a resigned air, I have abdicated my throne, I am not allowed to go my way in peace, but am reserved for a slave. But Mary Ann deserves a word, for she has been a faithful bearer of the small burden, never giving way to the attraction of small heads for table corners, or the angles of doorposts, but using my master tenderly and well, while he has howled and shrieked at her for her pains.

But one has a memory, and that memory is a storehouse wherein repose the pictures of the past. Speak the word, touch the spring, and the particular picture we require is full in view. I touch the spring with trembling hand, when once more I see the scenes of many weary days—days when a little flushed face tossed wearily here and there; when two little eyes were unnaturally bright and dilated, and gazed wildly, recognizing none of the anxious countenances round; days when steps passed lightly up and down, when eyes rained tears of pity to see so tiny a form racked with pain—the little head heavy with dull agonies, of which the cracked white lips could not tell. No temper now—no passionate scream; but the gentle, sobbing, heartrending moan, and for ever the weary, tossing head, never ceasing, hour after hour the same; while elders hung around to bemoan their utter helplessness to afford that aid which every moan so appealingly asked. The doctor, of serious mien, touching with light hand the tiny wrist, beneath whose transparent skin the pulse throbbed heavily; the doctor's boy, with oil-cloth covered basket, containing the neatly tied up packet of powders—each a tiny pinch of dust to lay upon the little fevered tongue. While watching by the cot side, kneeling that one might be nearer, each hardly drawn breath of that panting breast jarred within one's own, and told how that a wondrous Power had woven heartstrings together, knit them firmly and tightly, and that in very truth this was a part of one's self that fluttered here—a tiny flame trembling and flickering in the socket.

The same scene; and night, with the wintry wind howling down the street; the fire tinkling as the cinders dropped musically upon the hearth; and the clock upon the chimneypiece beating off the seconds loudly in the stillness of the night. The same scene; and the lamp shaded from the little flushed face, now still, and only a sigh at times to tell of life. Two anxious watchers, daring not to sleep, but ever bending forward to gaze closely at the watched one, lest at any future time an upbraiding voice should whisper, "The gentle spirit stole away, and you knew it not." One night—two nights—three nights—till weary nature would hearken not, and sleep overcame one and the other by turns, to make them start again and again from a dream-fraught, fevered slumber, to ask, "Is all well?" And watching again to wonder whether the oil of that tiny lamp should again flow unchecked to the flame, so that the dried wick might again expand, and shed its brightening rays around; while all still trembled in the balance.

A change! and the heart as if a strong hand clutched it to check its throbs. A change! for what?—for the

better; and every hour light coming back to the now dim eyes.

And now days and days of thankfulness and hope, when the silent suffering or the gentle moans were changed for the child's peevish fretfulness. Man in miniature upon the sick couch—fretful, dissatisfied, and asking for novelty; sleeping by day, restless and sleepless by night. A weary time? No—a blessed, thankful time; when every fretful fancy was smiled upon, and humble, thankful hearts offered their sacrifice for the granted mercy.

My master! my tyrant! The little limb who snatches at my papers, kicks at my inkstand, and jobs my pens upon the floor or table—who roars and screams at not being allowed to enter my den when seemeth him good—who insists upon turning me into a beast of burden, to the detriment of my trouser knees and the toes of my boots—who seats himself upon my shoulders, like an Old Man of the Mountain; disorders my hair with one hand, and with the other, armed with a hard toy, hammers my skull furiously. My master! my tyrant! A very ruffian—a golden-haired savage, who took the house by storm, and maintains his sway. The last to sleep at night—the first to wake in the morning—a monarch who will accept no divided allegiance.

My master! a little tyrant, who resents every attempt at coercion; whose will seems to him law; whose little mind cannot comprehend the words "Must not." One who offends against law and order for ever: whose sole aim seems to be his own gratification. One whose little passions are a study in themselves; for, but in miniature, they are the untutored ways of man himself—the erring child for ever wandering from the beaten path—for ever following this or that myth which takes his fancy; for ever rebellious, angry, struggling against the guiding hands of reason; the child for ever needing the pardon of his Father—God.

"'Twas never Merry World."

'Twas never merry world,
Since love was bartered for great bags of gold.
And Romaunt tells us 'twas not so of old,
When Virtue kept long vigil in the land—
And swift to give, spread open every hand.
'Twas *then* a merry world!

'Twas never merry world,
Since stars, and rentals, and a rich domain,
Could make a noble of a boorish swain;
Though tongue be black with lies—or dub an earl.
One whose base bullion cannot change the churl.
'Twas never merry world!

WALTER THORNBURY.

Thirteen at Table.

The popular Frenchman who hires himself out to dine, so as to guard against the unlucky thirteen, is the real original dinner party.

A Wag.

The Rev. Walker Dunlop, of the Secession Church, Dumfries, riding one day in the country, was asked by a fop why his pony's tail wagged so? "Just," said Mr. Dunlop, "what makes your tongue wag—weakness."

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER II.—I AM FITTED IN A GROOVE, AND CARRIED OFF BY A DRAGON.

I RODE close up to the bank, and waited a moment, expecting to see my father get up. But all remaining awfully still, I dismounted, and scrambled over.

There he lay, on the opposite side, chest downwards, with one arm stretched out, the other under him; the head bent downwards and sideways in a way which alarmed me; his whip and his hat scattered. It was evident to me, I think, even then, that he lay just as he had fallen.

But I could not make out why he was so still, and made no effort to get up. I touched him, and called "Papa, are you hurt? Papa!" but he took no notice. It was incomprehensible that he should go to sleep so suddenly. Could he be playing me a trick?

I tried to pull his head into a more natural position. I took his hand in both my own, and raised it. There was no resistance, no yielding; but perfect passiveness. I had a sense of great calamity, though unable to understand what had happened; and I began to cry, and then to call for help.

How long I sat there on the ground, by my inanimate father's side, I have no idea; it may have been five minutes, or an hour, or more, before my cries attracted the notice of a passer-by. All the events of that evening are terribly vivid in my memory up to that time, beyond it everything is misty; and I cannot separate what I remember from what I was told afterwards. I can, however, call to mind a feeling of relief when assistance did come, and the watch with that silent, motionless mystery was over. They told me next day that my father was dead, and that I should never see him again. How could that be, when he was in bed in his own room? But when the funeral took place, and I saw the coffin lowered into the vault, then I felt alone.

I am terribly ignorant about legal matters, and do not know whether the lawyer who managed my affairs was my actual legal guardian or not, or whether I had a guardian. At any rate, he was my fate; and he ordained that I should be placed under the care of a poor cousin of my mother, Mrs. Jane Rimp.

My stupidity about legal matters, and inability to comprehend or retain legal terms, has often caused me a good deal of annoyance, for curious people have sometimes bothered me terribly about the property of my father. How did I come to lose it? Was not such a long minority sufficient with careful nursing to pay off the principal claims? Am I sure that I had fair play? It has been all made clear to me over and over again that the estates could not be retained for me, and that I ought to be very grateful for the clever management which saved me four thousand pounds out of the general wreck; but I cannot explain the details. And any one who is very anxious on the subject, had better apply for information to the firm at Leicester which has succeeded to the business of the late Mr. Palmer. I myself am perfectly satisfied that Mr. Palmer was a strictly honourable gentleman, who did his best for me. He put my four thousand out at five per cent., and he secured me the promise of a living which had been in

the family for I know not how many generations. The present incumbent was fifty and healthy, and I was to have the reversion, which, on the threescore years and ten calculation, would fall in just about the time that I should be ready for it.

The good and precise man of business mapped my life out for me as clearly as a general might the plan of a campaign. At thirteen years of age I was to be placed on the Foundation at Eton, and remain there till I got "King's," and went consequently to Cambridge. Then, in due time I was to take my degree, enter into orders, and either take a curacy or live on my fellowship until the living of Oakham—eight hundred a-year net, good hunting, good shooting, good fishing, sparse population, one of the few good things in the Church—fell vacant.

It was true that this living of Oakham was not absolutely secured to me; but Mr. James Broderip, the Manchester manufacturer, who bought, or seized, or foreclosed—he had advanced large sums to my father, and altogether it was a mysterious transaction, but who, at all events, took possession of our estates—promised that I should have it, provided I proved to be a fit person to exercise the ministerial functions. This was vague; for Mr. Broderip might be High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, and it might be difficult to hit off his notions of "fitness." But people were not so delicate in their ecclesiastical distinctions in those days, and the lines of demarcation were plainer. Besides which, this promise was taken into consideration in the final adjustment of accounts, and Mr. Broderip was held to be a man of scrupulous honour.

The family solicitor arranged all this as cleverly as Napoleon I. did the invasion of Russia; and if events did not take the course he mapped out for them, he has had many another august companion in failure. The stubborn nature of facts is proverbial.

However, although Mr. Palmer was unable to manage that I should walk through life along his particular alley, he took great pains to start me fairly. The immediate and pressing matter was to find me a home, and the only relative who was willing to be troubled with me was the lady whose name I have mentioned. Whether pity, or love for children, or the use of two hundred a-year till her charge should be old enough to go to Eton moved her, I cannot certainly say; but, as she was in straitened circumstances, it is not very uncharitable to suppose that the latter consideration was not without its weight.

So, shortly after the funeral, there appeared unto me a tall, gaunt lady, distressingly straight and upright; with bright eyes, hooked nose, large under-jaw, and exceedingly long fingers; and Mr. Palmer, who accompanied her, told me that I was to go away with her, and live with her, and call her aunt, and be very good and obedient to her. And when he had finished his explanatory exhortation, the apparition said—

"Come and kiss me, child."

Which I dutifully did; but it was not a voluptuous sensation, and I doubt whether Johannes Secundus would have commemorated it in his "Basia." My impression at the moment was, if I remember right, that she was going to bite me.

Beyond that, my first introduction to Aunt Jane is most intimately associated with two events: one agonizing, the parting from my pony; the other delightful,

my first journey. An autobiography is a written confession, with every reader for a priest; so I must own, with confusion of face, that the separation from my favourite did not spoil the pleasure of being launched on the world. Children's griefs soon cry themselves out, and novelty has an intense charm for them, as indeed it has for men and women while the possibility of it exists; and, besides that, my disposition is exceptionally buoyant.

Railways, of course, were unknown in those days, and we travelled by coach—Aunt Jane inside, I on the seat behind the coachman, who knew all about me, and, I suppose, pitied me; for he condescended to my prattle, and we discussed the cattle over his shoulder. It took us at least two days to travel from Leicestershire to Brockford in Surrey, where Aunt Jane lived; but I neither remember stopping at an inn the first night, nor arriving at our destination on the second; so I probably fell asleep on the coach top towards the evening of each day. I have a perfect recollection, however, of being roused on the morning after the arrival at my new home by a rough-armed, tomato-faced girl, who called me Master John, and told me that it was time to get up.

"My name is not John; my name is Jack," I remonstrated.

"No one was never christened Jack yet," replied the tomato. "Jack's only a nickname. 'Sides, missis said you was John. Can you wash and dress yourself? 'cause, if you can't, I'm to do for you."

She intended no fearful threat by this, but only that she was ready to perform the part of nurse if required. But yellow soap in the eyes and mouth, combined with rough toweling, had made me precocious in self-ablution; and when I said that I had long been accustomed to "do for" myself, the red and shining maiden left me, and I looked around.

The room was very small, very bare, and very neat. There was one ornament in it, only one—a shell cat on the mantelpiece—with which I fell in love.

It is my nature to throw out feelers of fraternization directly I find myself in a new place, and they caught hold of the shell cat with horsehair whiskers. The servant was estimable and lovable, but not at first sight; and then she had offended me by an assumption of superior knowledge with reference to my name, a matter with which I surely might be allowed to possess some acquaintance.

As for my aunt, my limited ideas of ornithology permitted me to mistake her for a dragon.

As Mrs. Jane Rimp was my mother's cousin, of course she could not really be my aunt. But "Cousin Jane" would have sounded too familiar.

"Mrs." Rimp was a brevet to which she had a better title; for after a certain term of service, it is right that an honorary rank should be conferred. But she had never been married.

I went down to breakfast and made three reflections: that the prayers were very long; the bread very thick and dry; and the butter scraped carefully off the slices after it had been spread upon them.

I became more convinced than ever that Aunt Jane was a dragon, and intimated that a simple mortal liked more butter.

"Greedy boy!" she replied, severely. "Do you know what butter is the pound?"

"And do you live always in this ugly little room?" I inquired, anxious to turn the conversation into a pleasant channel.

Aunt Jane snorted.

"And there is no hall. Why is there no hall? Why, the whole house would go into our hall at home."

"You are a rude, naughty boy," said the dragon. "This is your home now; and it is quite big enough; and pride goes before a fall. Will you have some more bread and butter?"

"Please; and the butter a little thicker, please."

Aunt Jane not deigning to reply, I said, presently—"I should like to go out riding this morning; do you go out riding?"

"I, child! No. And you will not ride any more now. It is only rich people who ride; poor folks walk. We are poor."

"Oh," said I, quite naïvely. "Then you are not a lady."

"What shocking things you say!" cried the dragon. "I declare you are quite a little savage!"

"But what are we to do if we don't ride?"

"Do? why take nice walks, to be sure, when we have done our lessons."

"Lessons—what's lessons?"

"Bless the child! I do believe he has been totally neglected," cried Aunt Jane. "Can you do a sum?"

"No."

"I dare say you do not even know the multiplication table."

"No."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, a little—big letters."

"Awful! We must make up for lost time."

To effect this, Aunt Jane led my unwilling feet to the foot of Mount Parnassus that very morning. She was not used to children, and I was not anxious to learn, so that we did not get on very well; and, when we went out for our "nice walk," she was cross and I was sulky.

I felt, however, that I could have amused myself very well if I had had a playmate and companion instead of a dragon; for Brockford was a pretty place, with a cheerful green, and a picturesque old church; and there were woods round about, and paths through the meadows intersected by stiles. And I had a *penchant* for stiles, evidently not shared by Aunt Jane, who looked carefully about before she got over one, in horrid fear lest some licentious eye should catch a glimpse of her virgin ankles.

By and by we came to the banks of a river.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, in delight, "what water is that?"

"That is the Thames, child."

"Are there any fish in it?"

"Yes."

"May I go and catch them?"

"If you are good, and learn your lessons, we shall see," replied the diplomatic dragon.

On our way home we met a handsome, benevolent-looking gentleman, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, and wearing pantaloons and gaiters, which set off his well-turned legs to the best advantage. I felt drawn to him at once: perhaps because his hat was covered with crape, and there was an expression of recent suffering on his face. For children are very

sympathetic, especially when not very happy themselves. He stopped and spoke to us, and patted me on the shoulder, and asked all about me. And then he said that he had a little girl named Mary, younger than I was, who had lost her mother, and that I must come and play with her. And there was such a melancholy kindness in his eyes when he said this, that I felt I had a friend in the parish, and was happier.

"Is that the clergyman?" I asked, when he had parted from us.

"Yes, child," replied Aunt Jane. "That is Mr. Glading, our vicar, and a very good man. He would not have asked you to his house if he had known that you were a bad boy who did not like to learn his lessons."

She was determined to improve every occasion.

I expect that I really was terribly idle and unruly, and would not attend to my book at all. And presently I became downright rebellious, and tore a brand-new primer, and vowed I would not learn.

That was one day after I had been about a fortnight at Brockford, and it was impressed upon my memory thus.

Aunt Jane said nothing, but rang the bell.

"Hester," she said, when the tomato-faced answered it, "go round to the grocer's, and bring a new broom." And she sat silent and upright till Hester returned, while I sobbed and sulked in a corner.

The broom arrived, and was brought into the parlour.

"Bring a knife," said Aunt Jane.

My curiosity was excited. Aunt Jane took the broom, and cut the band which bound the bush to the handle. Then she tore out a handful of the birch, and tied it at the thick ends with a piece of string. This operation concluded, she told me to come upstairs; and pushing me before her into her bed-room, she locked the door and closed the window.

Goodness, how I roared, as the tiny shower fell faster and faster! The moment I was released, I flew at my tormentor, and so got a second dose. That tamed me; but I made such a disturbance that Aunt Jane thought it better to put me to bed, when she left the room, and locked the door on the outside.

Two hours afterwards, when Aunt Jane had gone out, Hester came up to my room with a slice of bread and butter and sugar, an apricot, and three bull's-eyes. I thought her tomato quite beautiful, and kissed it.

"Missis is a beast," said she.

"Yes," said I; "she's a dragon."

I was certain of it now.

Pengelly's Peril.

IT was one bright July day in those old, happy, clothes-destroying, lesson-shirking times, that one Fred Pengelly and I lay upon the summit of one of the large cliffs that frown in places upon the Cornish coast—vast granite piles, like castles placed there to protect the far western shores of England. Around us in the crevices grew the blue harebell and many a miniature fern; bright-coloured lichens covered the rocky masses which forced their way through the thin coating of earth, while for our couch we had the soft, short herbage which fed the active

sheep of the district. We were in a lazy mood, for we had about exhausted our stock of amusements. We had been down upon the shore, and hunted in the rock pools for crabs, fish, and sea anemones; but the heat of the sun had induced a languor which had incited me to call upon Fred to join me in a bathe, but he would not; though after the long ramble which followed, Fred had proposed the very same thing, when of course, with boyish obstinacy, I must refuse. So in a sulky humour we had made our way up by a gap, climbing from granite block to granite block, until we were upon the summit of the cliff, where, after the indolent, picturesque fashion of boys, we lolled about and took our ease.

"Look at the old gulls," cried Fred at last, as, far beneath us, lazily sailing along, we could see the soft grey wings hardly moving as they bore the birds round some ragged peak, or far off over the shimmering sea.

"Well, what's the good of looking at them?" was my ill-humoured answer.

"Look at that one's nest on the bit of a ledge there," said Fred, pointing to where a huge mass of rock formed a promontory running out for some distance into the sea, its sides being the breeding places of hundreds of gulls.

"There are no eggs there," I muttered, lazily turning my head in the required direction.

My companion, however, seemed to think otherwise, and began mischievously to amuse himself by throwing little scraps of granite in the pointed-out direction—one and all, however, falling far short of their aim.

The new interest awakened in my schoolfellow seemed to have chased away his languor; and as I lay with my eyes half closed and the sun shaded from them with my cap, I saw him slowly and laboriously clamber out on to the summit of the granite pile, built up, as it were, of course upon course of vast, time-smoothed blocks; and then, after making me a signal, which I was too lazy to answer, by waving his cap, I saw him peeping down, first on one side, then on the other, as if search of gulls' eggs, all of which, however, I knew to be far out of his reach.

Half watchful, half dozing, I lay lazily following his motions till he shouted to me, the cry being almost lost in the great solitude—even the roar of the breaking waves far below reaching my ear with a softened, lulling sound, as in glittering fountains of spray they leaped over the spar-veined rocks, to fall back in silvery cascades to the restless sea.

I gave one hand an idle wave in answer to his cry, and then listlessly watched him tugging and toiling, for some purpose or another, at a large piece of rock. Now he would heave it along for a few feet, then he would stop to rest, and it was only when I saw what he intended to do that I grew interested; then, crawling to the edge of the cliff, I eagerly looked across the gap between us at the great wall of rock, ledge upon ledge of which was grey or black with sea birds.

"Look out!" I fancied I heard him shout.

And then once more he began heaving and toiling at the block of granite, like Sisyphus of old, until he had moved it to the extreme verge, where he stopped, resting half concealed from me by a rugged projection. But only for a few minutes, when he rose, climbed fully into sight, and then kneeled down to drag up the stone.

I could not help feeling interested in his proceedings, from the dangerous position to which he had climbed; but having succeeded in planting there his block of granite, he seemed to be content, and lowered himself down so that I could only see his head and arms.

He remained motionless so long that I had again listlessly half closed my eyes, when once more came his faintly heard shout, and rising upon my elbow, I saw the stone suddenly leave its resting-place, roll forward a few feet, and then begin to leap and bound from rock-point to ledge, resting now for a moment on a shelf, but only to dart the next instant out on to some stony step; and so on, down and down, with a noise like thunder reverberating from the face of the cliffs.

But the stone was not alone in breaking the silence of the place, for the gulls and shags that could hardly, as a rule, be pelted from their ledges, and then only to sail round and utter a few screams before settling again, were now making the air to darken with their wings, as, a very bird-cloud, they rose and fell, and circled round and round till I was half bewildered, and only aroused by the thought of the stone, and where it had fallen.

But the fragment, great as had been the disturbance caused in its descent, had been too insignificant of size to make much commotion where it plunged into the sea—already a mass of foam from the billows racing in from the Atlantic, every ninth wave heaving up against the face of the rock, to fall back a chaos of foam.

At length the birds began to cease uttering their wild, defiant cries, and to settle down upon the ledges and green patches of herbage about the rocks; when, not seeing Fred, I lazily watched the gulls dropping back to their resting-places, but, as if unable to forget the insulting intrusion upon their domain, every now and then bursting forth again into wild, petulant, inharmonious cries, that echoed from rock to rock. From time to time I looked in the direction Fred would take in his return, but troubled myself very little respecting his non-appearance, supposing that he was peering into some crack or chasm as he passed over the rugged path he would have to clamber. But at last, as he did not come, I set off to join him, my curiosity being excited by the supposition that he had made some discovery which I ought to share.

Active almost as a goat in those days, I was not long in scrambling over block after block of granite, leaping the rifts, now descending to climb again some steep escarpment, till at length I reached the spot where Fred had stood to heave off the stone.

Breathless with my exertions, I sat down to fan my heated face with my cap, and began with divided attention to look out at the uninterrupted view before me, as, seated on the summit of the promontory, I had the sea in front, and lashing itself into foam on either side. But my attention was divided, for I was wondering how Fred could have got back without my having seen him. A descent was impossible, for the sides of the point formed a frightful precipice, with only here and there rifts and shelves peopled by the birds; and after peering about for awhile, and then coming to the conclusion that he had hid somewhere in one of the clefts that I had passed on the way, I began slowly to retrace my steps.

All at once I came to a standstill, for a horrible

thought had flashed through my brain, and a shudder ran through me as I stood gazing wildly about.

"Suppose he has tumbled," I thought.

And, with my tongue feeling parched and dry within my mouth, I scrambled hastily back to where I had last seen him.

"Fred!" I shouted, over and over again, till what seemed to be like the faint wail of a sea bird came from far beneath, when, on lying down and peering over the edge of one grey mass which projected out above the sea, I could see Fred's cap lying some thirty feet below, and on shouting again there came up once more the faint cry I had previously heard.

Five and twenty years after, the same strange, cold shudder seems to course through my veins as I recall the scene: the bare, piled-up granite; the shimmering sea reflecting the July sun; the heat radiating from the sun-beaten rocks amidst which I lay; and again ringing in my ears, and thrilling each nerve, the strange, wild, feeble cry from far below, a cry that I knew must have come from my companion.

To be of any service to him was out of the question; but, shouting some words of encouragement, I began to scramble back the way I came, till I could command a view of the sides of the promontory, when, to my horror, about sixty feet down, and apparently clinging to a portion of rock which sank sheer, without break, to the sea, I could plainly make out poor Fred; when, in the hopeless misery of the moment, I sank down crying upon the heated stones.

But I was up again the next moment, climbing and stumbling along until I was once more upon the grassy cliff, when, throwing off jacket and cap, and kicking away my boots, I set off at a sharp run for the village, heedless of the stones cutting my feet, careless of the perspiration streaming down my neck, or my breath tearing and panting from my breast, so long as I could obtain help for Fred; while as often as the thought of his peril came upon me more strongly than usual, I gave a sort of sobbing cry, and dashed on.

It was quite a mile down to the village, which lay in a cove by the shore; but fortunately it was not a busy time, and plenty of the blue-shirted fishermen were idling about in the sun, and ready to get ropes and to start off back with me to my schoolfellow's assistance. I must have given them a very incoherent description of poor Fred's condition, from my agitation; but they learned enough to make them hurry along, rope in hand, till, seeing that I could not keep up, two of the men took me between them, half carrying me along, for I found the ascent hard work after my late exertions, the way being of the most steep and toilsome.

At last we reached the spot from which I had been able to see Fred; and I could not help shuddering as I pointed to the place, making sure that he must have fallen; but no, he was still there, and encouraged by this, the men hurried over the rough blocks, vying one with another in their efforts to get above where the poor boy hung.

"Now, then," cried one of the men as we reached the place, "lower away the rope."

"What's the use?" cried another, in the Cornish, sing-song fashion. "Some one must be let down."

"Ay, lad, but who'll go?" said the first speaker.

There was no want of a volunteer, though; and in a few minutes one of the party—a lithe, active young

fellow—was being lowered down the precipice, and disappeared from our sight, shouting to us again and again as the rope ran over the granite edge of the cliff; while one man lay down, and, peering over, reported progress till his comrade was out of sight.

Suddenly there was a check of the rope, and a shout from below to lower away, but the voice sounded faint and distant. But the end of one rope was now in the lowerers' hands, and a fresh length had to be knotted on, when, being satisfied of its strength, the men once more began to lower away.

At last, when the second length of rope was nearly run out, there came up a faint "Ahoy!" and from the agitation of the cord near the edge it was evident that the man below was busily engaged. A few moments after, he shouted to haul up.

I could not help noticing how faint the voice seemed as it ascended from the vast depth, for thoughts enough floated through my young brain as I anxiously watched yard after yard of the rope hauled in—two men now lying at the edge, ready to help their companion with the burden he was bringing to the top—a burden that, with my tears falling fast, I felt sure would be lifeless. But my fears were without foundation, for on the last length of the rope being hauled in, poor Fred was hoisted over the edge of the cliff, almost insensible, but alive enough to wince and groan with pain whenever he was touched.

We were all surprised to see Fred come up alone; but it was evident that his rescuer had doubted the rope's power to support two, and, removing it from his own waist, had secured it round the helpless lad, whom he had found resting upon the ledge to which he had fallen after over-balancing himself as he climbed from rock to rock; while, had it not been for one of his arms getting wedged tightly even to its breaking in one of the crevices so frequent between the granite blocks, he must have slipped off and been dashed to pieces.

But now there was a fresh incident: the rope, upon being lowered down, remained without weight; it was not seized. More was lowered down, but with the same result. Then it was agitated so that it might swing to and fro, in the supposition that the man below could not reach it; but though it was kept swinging for some time, still it was not seized, and a feeling that all was not right made the men glance at one another as they shouted again and again, to obtain no answer.

"Here, haul in, and I'll go down, lads," sang one of the fishermen present.

And upon the end of the rope being drawn up, he made it fast under his arms; and after a word or two of warning on both sides, and a cursory examination of the fraying strands, he disappeared over the sides, when, crawling to the edge—curiosity vanquishing sympathy for my rescued schoolfellow—I saw this man pass the projection below, the ledge upon which I had seen Fred's cap lying.

Then followed an anxious five minutes before we heard a shout to haul up quickly, when the rope swiftly rose till I saw the heads of the two men rise above the ledge, and directly after they swung over it, each clasping the other tightly round the waist; but it was not without difficulty that they were helped up over the edge, the first man who had gone down being pale and nerveless, and apparently quite unable to help himself.

Upon recovering somewhat, he told how that upon going down he had had great difficulty in drawing the poor lad's arm from the crevice in which it was so tightly wedged, he having barely standing room; but,

that he was able to save himself from falling. It was this escape from a deadly peril which prostrated him; for as he snatched at the ledge side and saved himself, the glance he had of the depth below, with the rifts



"AN ACTIVE YOUNG FELLOW WAS LOWERED DOWN THE PRECIPICE." (Page 27.)

succeeding at last, he secured the lad to the rope, and during the hauling up guided his charge till a sudden jerk threw him nearly off his balance, one foot slipping over the edge, so that it was only by a violent effort

and chasms yawning as it were to receive him, unnerved him so that he lay weakly clinging to the ledge, not daring to move until his comrade descended to his assistance.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER III.—IN DIFFICULTIES.

SUCH a change from life at the old farm in an English county, where all was regularity and quiet peace, to this in a San Francisco hotel, new of the newest, with French customs and English language, and such an influx of migratory beings that the place was a scene of hurry and confusion from morning till night, and our English arrivals had hard matter to hold their own. They had, however, secured one room, so as to ensure some privacy, and it was in this place that Frank Adams's wife and sister were seated looking out at the busy street scene.

"It does seem a long way to have come," said Mary, tossing back her thick brown hair, and looking, with her sun-tanned face and dark eyes, such a model as an artist would have chosen for his painting of Juno, while her companion, her brother's wife, looked slight, pale, and careworn by her side—"it does seem a long way to have come. But never mind, Frank will make a home for us somewhere, and— Why, Annie, you are crying."

"It's nothing," said Mrs. Adams—"only weakness. I've no business to cry; and I dare not when Frank is here, for fear of making him low-spirited and—"

"Of course not, you silly little thing," said Mary Adams, smiling, as she passed her arm round her sister, though a tear was in her eye. "It won't do, Annie; you and I must look strong, for that is all we can do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Adams, drying her eyes, "we must look strong; but oh, Mary, he ought never to have married me. I'm a weak, foolish thing, and shall never be anything but a burden to him. It is partly through me that he has had to take this long journey, and I, in my weakness, shall be a clog to keep him back."

"He doesn't care for you a bit," said Mary Adams.

"Oh, Mary!" ejaculated the other.

And her soft, sweet little English face was raised pitifully, as if in appeal.

"Any one would think so to hear you talk," said Mary Adams, drawing her sister to her breast and kissing her white forehead. "Why, you little goose, you know he worships the very ground you walk on, and with you and your love to nerve his arm, he will do wonders yet. But you must not let him see you fret."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Adams, drying her tears, and then forcing a smile as she stood up, looking quite a girl in appearance. "He does not dream of it; and it is only for his sake that I do trouble."

"And you don't regret leaving England?" said Mary.

"Only for his sake," said Mrs. Adams.

"And he only regrets it for yours," said Mary.

And a sad shade crossed her face, one which Mrs. Adams saw; and this acted better than any words, for there was a silent demand made upon her for sympathy, and this in her turn she began to administer.

"There," she said, "my selfish fit is over, and I'm forgetting every one else. Do you feel to regret leaving home, Mary?"

There was a sad shake of the head.

"Not at all?" Mrs. Adams said, with a meaning look.

There was silence for a moment or two, and then, with averted head, Mary Adams spoke.

"Don't hint at that any more, dear," she said, and her voice had become hard and changed. "No, I have no regrets. I think I loved him very dearly; but a man who could forsake us when we became poor should have no further thought. No, my darling," she said, shaking off the sad fit, "I've had my love dream, and I am going to be your old-maid sister to the end of the chapter, if you'll both have me, for I've come to a settled belief now."

"And what's that?" said Mrs. Adams, pleased at the bright look which had come over her sister's face.

"Why, that there are only two men in the world who are good for anything, and I can never have either."

"One's Frank," said Mrs. Adams, merrily.

"Of course," said Mary, laughing; "and, Annie," she added, seriously, "he is as brave and true-hearted a man as ever stepped."

Mrs. Adams did not reply in words, only in looks, and they were looks of pride and happiness, as she thought of the man to whom she had given her heart but a short two years since.

"You don't ask who the other is," said Mary, smiling.

"No—I don't know," said Mrs. Adams, smiling.

"Oh yes, I do—you mean poor Larry. Well, you can't have him."

They sat on, silent and thoughtful for a while, till the old, sad feeling of strangeness began to creep back; and dreading from her sister's looks a repetition of the tears, and their consequent effect upon the brother they were to comfort and sustain, Mary Adams jumped up.

"Come," she said, "put on your hat, and let us go and have a look through the place."

Mrs. Adams shook her head despondently.

"Frank might come back; and he would not like us to go alone."

"Nonsense. I will take care of you; and Frank would like you to go if the walk is to do you good. Come, we will go. A look through the strange place will do us both good."

"We could make Larry follow us."

"To be sure," said Mary—"to act as body-guard with his stick."

"And we must not be long," said Mrs. Adams.

"No, half an hour or so. Just a ramble and back again," said Mary.

And hats and scarves being mounted, they made their way down into the hall in search of Larry.

But no Larry was to be found. In fact, just at that moment Larry was a mile away in hot controversy with a yellow-skinned Chinaman about the price charged for some washing; and finding that there was no one to attend to their wants, Mary drew her sister's hand through her arm, and seeming not to notice the attention drawn to their bonny, fresh English faces in the crowded place, walked straight out into the busy way as if she were to the manner born, and took the direction of the harbour.

"We may meet Frank," she said. "Perhaps he would go down to the shipping office."

"Did you notice that tall American who was leaning against the door, smoking?" said Mrs. Adams, in an undertone.

"What, that rude fellow who would hardly move to let us pass till I spoke to him?" said Mary, calmly.

"Don't be unjust," said Mrs. Adams. "He quite leaped aside when you spoke, and raised his hat."

"I did not see it," said Mary, coldly. "I only thought it very barbarous and rude to stand blocking up the door in that manner. We are rustic enough at home; but these people, with all their advance, are in some things horribly rude. But why do you lay such stress upon this meeting?"

"Because it is the same man that stared so hard at you yesterday," said Mrs. Adams.

"Nonsense," said Mary, reddening slightly. "But there, does not that prove what I say—that these people are very rude?"

"I've seen folk at home who profess to be very polished stare very hard sometimes at a pretty girl."

"Ah," said Mary, laughing, "but then they had the excuse of the woman's beauty. There is no excuse for anybody who stares at me."

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Adams, drily, as she directed a sidelong glance at the handsome, composed face of Mary, who walked on with a free, elastic step, the observed of all the loiterers near.

They went on, with something novel to take their attention at every step; the bright sky overhead, the shining waters of the bay, and the irregularity of the terrace-built city giving them, at almost every turn, a panorama of so varied and picturesque a character that more than once they paused in genuine admiration of the scene. The shops, too, with their rich contents, the brightly painted saloons, the stately stores, and, mingled with these, the roughly boarded huts and shanties run up according to their owners' means, all added to the quaintness and novelty of the scene, while on the busy sidewalks hurried or loitered as mingled a populace as could be seen in any quarter of the world.

"Mary," said Mrs. Adams at last, in a whisper, "had we not better turn back? I did not like to say anything, but—"

"But what?" said Mary, turning, for her sister had paused.

"That man!"

"What man?" said Mary.

"That man who was at the hotel door. He has been following us the whole time."

"You will believe now what I said about these people being rude," said Mary, whose face seemed flushed more than the walking would have warranted. "Don't turn round," she said, hastily; "do as I have done from starting—completely ignore his presence."

"Then you knew he was following us?"

"Yes. But look here, this turning seems to lead in the direction we want to go. Walk steadily on, and trust to me."

"I wish we had not come," said Mrs. Adams, excitedly.

"You silly child!" said her sister, laughing. "What is there to mind, out here in the open day?"

"There are so many rough men about," said Mrs. Adams; "and we are so strange."

"Never mind; women have their wits, even if they are strange," said Mary.

And they walked on, turning down a narrow, crooked way, to find themselves, before they were aware of it, in what might have been a street in Pekin from its inhabitants, many of whom came out to stare at the strangers, who, however, walked steadily on.

"Had we not better turn back?" said Mrs. Adams.

"The very worst thing we could do," was the reply. "I dare say we shall come into a better part directly."

For the next few minutes they forgot their dilemma in the curious aspect of the people and their houses, for they had wandered right into a part of the Chinese quarter of the city. As Mary said, there was nothing to alarm them, for the busy populace seemed simple and inoffensive to a degree; and after a while Mrs. Adams felt disposed to laugh at her nervous trepidation.

The disposition to smile, though, passed off as they walked on, only to find that they had thoroughly lost their way, and had now penetrated into what appeared to be the lowest parts of the city. Drinking bars were at every few yards, thronged with a rough medley, composed of miners in red shirts and rough boots, and sailors of different nations. Some were smoking and others drinking; gambling was going on in one place, in another there was evidently a fight; and, amidst the uproar, to make matters worse, just as they were hurrying by there was a shot fired, followed by a loud yell and a rush of feet.

Mary drew her sister's arm more tightly through her own, and glanced anxiously down at the pale, frightened face, in dread lest she should be overcome. In such a lawless place it would have been terrible, and she blamed herself again and again for having ventured out, while at the same time she whispered words of encouragement.

"What an awful place!" Mrs. Adams whispered.

"It's the American edition of Wapping," said Mary, encouragingly. "Don't you remember seeing something of it when we went down to the docks? Keep a good heart, and walk on."

A good heart was needed, for Mary had awakened to the fact that their presence had been noticed by a group of half a dozen men loafing outside a bar on the other side, a couple of whom now crossed over, saying nothing, but effectually barring the way.

For a moment Mary thought of turning back, in obedience to her sister's wishes; but feeling that this would be a declaration of weakness and timidity, she walked boldly on, the men, after exchanging glances, still blocking the way, while their companions came slouching up, laughing and turning one to the other, and effectually cutting off all retreat behind.

Some women would have looked despairingly round, and then fainted, or else shrieked for help. Mary Adams did neither. She was trembling in every limb, and she felt her heart beat painfully as she looked right ahead in the hope of seeing help in the shape of a policeman, or some one to whom she could appeal; but there were only a couple of women standing at a door across the narrow street, and from these she turned instinctively away to glance down at the soft, sweet face at her side.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered; and, recovering herself for the task, she did not hesitate for a moment, but, on reaching the man who stopped the way on her side, she said, quietly, and with a pleasant smile, "We are two English strangers, and have lost our way. Will you kindly direct us to the Chesapeake Hotel?"

The man was taken aback, and stared at her. Then he stared at her companion, spat, and gave his clothes a hitch as if to settle himself before responding.

"Oh, you're tew English strangers, air you? Well, I was an English stranger once, but I'm an American now tew hum. How air yew, my dear?"

He held out a very dirty hand as he spoke, and, in spite of herself, Mary Adams shrank back, trembling at the ruffian's aspect.

"You're two English strangers, are you?" said the other, who was evidently an American from somewhere down South.

"Yes. Will you show us the way?" said Mary, eagerly catching at straws.

"Then all I've got to say is that English strangers is uncommon nice-looking."

There was a hearty laugh at this sally, and Mary glanced from one to the other, seeking a face in which she could place faith, but only to read in every livid visage the worst passions—vice and villainy: they were the scum of many nations, attracted by the mining riches of the country, and come back from the mountains to scatter broadcast the gold they had found.

"Will you allow us to pass, if you please?" she said now, with some dignity.

And again whispering encouragement to her sister, she stepped into the roadway, but only to find her passage stayed by an ill-looking scoundrel in a great, slouched felt hat, his trousers tucked inside his boots, and a belt round his waist in which were stuck a revolver and a knife.

"Don't shove me, young woman," he said, roughly; "this here aint the worn-out old country."

A Few Words on Fat.

IT is related of Theodore Hook—"He lived beyond his means; he multiplied his bad habits; he reversed the conventional hours, and turned night into day. From being a stout man, he became so thin that he swathed himself in wrappers to give his form the resemblance of that bulk which had sometimes provoked the laughter of his friends. At last reduced to a skeleton." I must confess it killed him, but you must have sufficient discretion to stop at the proper point.

Daily exercise is useful. I always get waked up to the necessity of long tramps about the fourth of July. One feels damp decidedly, and apoplectic, after a five-mile stretch in the sun; but the scales tell the same big story, and there is a rapid relapse into indolence and indifference to personal appearance.

I have now come to that head of my discourse which treats of corpulence as a source of amusement and wit. Who can help laughing at that unfortunate who enters the following grievance?—"I am a fat man, and require room. I had to travel by diligence from Mâcon to Châlons. I sent the rascally garçon from the hotel to book two places for me. When I came to the office, I found they had booked one seat for me inside, and one out!"

I actually know of a lady who got wedged between the table and bench while dining on shipboard, and the carpenter had to be sent for to saw her out. Mortifying in the extreme, but equally ludicrous.

Royalty has peculiar privileges. The King of Würtemberg, when at the Congress of Vienna, had a semi-circular piece cut from the table, in order that he might enjoy his dinner in comfort.

Even the austerity of Queen Elizabeth could relax into a joke on the fat Sir Nicholas Bacon, whom she was classically pleased to define as a *vir præpinguis*, observing, "right merrilie," Sir Nicholas's soul lodged well.

When Edward IV. invaded France in 1475, he took care to take with him some of the most corpulent aldermen of London, that the fatigues of war might the sooner induce them to call out for peace.

Stout people are apt to be over-sensitive. They all feel like the gentleman Madame de Sévigné mentions, who said to a condoling friend—

"Sir, do not remind me of my fat, and I will say nothing to you of your lean."

Mrs. Mathews, in her fascinating story of her husband's life, tells us how his facetiousness on this topic was unkindly received. "I remember," she says, "once staying in a country mansion with a good-humoured, laughing, fat young woman, who speedily became very sociable with my husband; and on taking leave of her one night, Mr. Mathews gaily adopted the phrase of the friends in Mr. Canning's 'Rovers,' and exclaimed, 'Good night, my slight acquaintance.' The lady, thinking this a slur upon her corpulency, went into hysterics, and afterwards sent her brother to demand an apology for the insult."

I wonder that Hawthorne was not sued for slander, or challenged, or even murdered by the portly husbands of these portly dames. But it was an Irish widow whom Sydney Smith depicted in such a convulsing style. "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed, bursting out laughing—"going to marry her—impossible! You mean part of her; he could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but of trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. One man marry her! It is monstrous! You might people a colony with her, or give an assembly with her, or take your morning's walk round her—always providing there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way, and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act, and disperse her. In short, you might do anything with her but marry her."

Think of poor Daniel Lambert, whose bulk increased with such horrifying rapidity. He was moderate in all things, and no reason can be given for his sudden increase in size. He literally had "greatness thrust upon him." He abhorred the idea of exhibiting himself, but it was impossible to repress the curiosity of people who would look at him. All sorts of excuses were planned to get a peep at him in his own house. He was interested in game-cocks, and a curiosity hunter came to his door one day, with the announcement that he had called to see Mr. Lambert about some very fine cocks. "Tell the gentleman that I am a shy cock," was the shrewd reply. But at last he found that he must submit to be a close prisoner, or endure inconvenience without profit.

So, yielding to fate or fat, he went to London, not, as so many other great men have done, on foot, but in an immense vehicle made for the purpose. There he lived in regal style, visited by "folks of high degree." Many paid again and again for the privilege of beholding the largest man in England. Foreigners gazed with wonder at a spectacle unequalled in any other country.

He was a witty as well as a weighty man; and whenever his visitors became impertinent, he rebuked them in a way which proved there was no "fatty degeneration" about the brain. To a woman who asked him how much cloth it took to make him a coat, he replied—"Madam, if you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then learn exactly."

The Yankee's Horse.

A Yankee who was travelling through Kentucky had a fine horse, and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveller saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation, he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down.

"There are some rabbits here," said the rider; "I know by his ears."

The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, searched around, and, sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised; but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, 300 dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he were a hippopotamus.

"How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible.

The Yankee, who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied, coolly—

"Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits!"

Hard to Impress.

A distinguished member of the Legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, and showed no disposition to "let up," although the audience waxed thinner. Finally, the presiding officer got excited, and, repairing to a friend of the speaker's, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak. Whereupon the friend answered—

"He didn't exactly know; when he got on that branch of the subject, he generally spoke a couple of hours."

"That will never do; I've got a few remarks to make myself," said the president. "How shall I stave him off?"

"Well, I don't know. In the first place, I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn't stop, I'd stick a pin in it."

The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned

to the "brother" who had prescribed "the pin style of treatment," and said—

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all; I stuck a pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care; I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever."

"Very likely," said the wag; "that leg is cork."

Nothing has been seen of that president since.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXIV.—JACK'S INTERVIEW.

MR. JACK FILMER was certainly taken aback upon hearing Fanny's words. He said afterwards, when talking to a mutual friend upon the subject, that he trembled like a hashpan—of course, meaning an aspen. Anyhow, Jack's first impulse almost led him to exclaim—"What for? I aint done nothing, have I?" For, in spite of years creeping on apace, old schoolboy habits and expressions will cling to a man; and even the stoutest of us, after committing some grave error, begin to calculate what will be the amount of punishment.

For a few seconds Jack Filmer stood staring where he had risen, and it was with quite a sob of sympathy that Fanny repeated her words—

"Please, Mr. Filmer, master wants to see you in the library."

"All right," said Jack at last, taking his courage, as the French say, by two hands; "I aint ashamed—I'll come." And he wagged his head from side to side, as he addressed himself confidentially to the jack-towel hanging behind the door. "But what's he want of me?" he continued, addressing Fanny.

"I don't know," said Fanny, in rather more friendly tones.

And had Jack's faculties not been taken up just then by imagining a fierce encounter with Mr. Huntley, he would have seen that a step might be gained towards a reconciliation with her whom he termed the idol of his affections.

"I'm ready," said Jack, wagging his head again. "I don't care. It don't matter to me what becomes of me."

"Oh, Mr. Filmer, please don't do nothing rash!" exclaimed cook.

"I sha'n't meddle with him if he don't meddle with me," said Jack, melodramatically.

And then, giving his head a finishing wag, he strode towards the door as if going to execution.

Fanny led the way; and there was no need for it whatever, for Jack's boots were quite clean, but there were no less than four mats to cross in his passage to the library door, and upon each of these mats must Jack Filmer pause to have a good rub. This gave him time, though, to screw up his courage a little more, and a little more; and at last, when Fanny opened the awful portal, Jack didn't look quite so abject an object, and he managed to enter the room, make a bow and scrape, and then to stand with tolerable firmness before the grey, fierce-looking old gentleman.

The door closed with a loud snap, and Jack's heart gave a leap; but he did not flinch outwardly as he and Mr. Huntley remained for a few moments looking hard at one another.

"Sit down," said Mr. Huntley at last, in a tone that made his visitor jump.

"No, thanky," said Jack, sturdily, "I'll stand."

"I saw you come in some time ago," said Mr. Huntley.

"Well," muttered Jack, screwing himself about, "I didn't mean any harm. I only came over to—"

"You've taken a good deal of notice of my house, young man."

"Well, how could I help that?" exclaimed Jack, with appeal in his tones. "Look here, sir, I never meant no harm, never once; and I never meant to annoy you no way. All I wanted was to get a honest living."

"But look here," said Mr. Huntley, holding up a finger, sternly; "you have been in the habit of slinking about the house after dark, and I've missed things."

"Oh! come now," cried Jack, in a voice half indignant, half expostulating, "this is too bad. Why, I never took nothing that wasn't my own in my life, 'cept apples, and that's more than ten years ago. All boys take apples. Why, sir," he exclaimed, excitedly, "apples always was things as tempted people to take 'em—look at Adam and Eve."

"And you mean to tell me that you never did anything worse than steal apples?"

"Didn't steal 'em," said Jack, stoutly. "They used to hang over the hedge in Badley's garden, and I used to throw stones up into the tree."

"And steal all that you knocked down," said Mr. Huntley, drily.

"Didn't steal 'em," said Jack again.

"What did you do, then?" said Mr. Huntley.

"Well, I—I—"

"Speak out, sir!"

"Well, I used to pick 'em up and—"

"Steal them," said Mr. Huntley.

"I didn't," cried Jack; "I didn't steal 'em."

"Then what did you do?" said his inquisitor.

"I ate 'em," said Jack.

"Ah!" said Mr. Huntley, trying hard to repress a smile.

And then there was silence for a few moments, while he fixed his eye stedfastly upon Jack, who shuffled about from foot to foot, and looked decidedly uncomfortable; for it never seemed to occur to him that his questioner was assuming a right to torture him.

"Now, sir!" said Mr. Huntley again, with an electric effect upon Jack, who started visibly. "Do you mean to tell me that you never were guilty of any other dishonest act?"

Jack shuffled about for a moment or two, and cast his eyes round the room, examined the skirting board, and then looked up, till he found that a black Wedgwood bust of Socrates was gazing sternly down at him from the top of the book-shelves, and fixing him with great blank eyes.

"Did you hear what I said, sir?" Mr. Huntley demanded.

"Yes," said Jack, with his eyes still on Socrates, who was evidently reading him through and through, and waiting to trap him.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I—I always meant to pay Bill Harrison for the fiddle."

"Oh! you always meant to pay for it, did you?" said Mr. Huntley, sharply.

"Yes," said Jack, with his eyes still on Socrates, "I always meant to pay for the fiddle."

"But you took it all the same," said Mr. Huntley.

"No, no!" cried Jack, "I didn't take it; he gave it to me, and I was to pay five shillings a month for it."

"And you didn't pay it," said Mr. Huntley.

"Well, no, I didn't pay it," said Jack, slowly; "but I always meant to," he exclaimed, brightening up.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Huntley, "and pray what became of the fiddle?"

"Pawned it," said Jack, glumly.

"Just as bad as stealing the thing out and out," said Mr. Huntley, holding up a warning finger at Jack, who, what with the Wedgwood face and the one of flesh, felt most uncomfortable, and ready to give his all to be once more safely outside.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Huntley; "as I said before, I've seen you slinking about this place a great deal, and I won't have it. If things are missed here, you will be suspected, and—"

"I aint the only one as comes slinking about the place," exclaimed Jack.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley, whose face was working, though he tried hard to appear cool.

"I mean as that black-looking 'orsey man's about the place quite as much as I am."

"What black-looking horsey man?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley.

"Why, him as comes to see Mr. Parker," said Jack, steadily. "And that aint all."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," exclaimed Jack, indignantly, as he made an effort, and shook defiantly off the stony glare of Socrates, and boldly met the eye of Mr. Huntley—"why, what's your nephew mean by going out and coming back in the night, and going away again in the dark, all on the sly like? I've seen him do it, although he little thought I was looking. Why don't you suspect him, and have him over the coals for it, and not—"

"Hush!"

Jack started, and was silent—his flow of indignant, honest remonstrance stayed—so harsh, angry, and abrupt was that warning "Hush!"

As he looked, Mr. Huntley turned half round in his chair. He had learned all he wished, and his face worked, and the veins stood out upon his forehead, whilst his knotted hands clutched the chair, and he battled hard with the emotion that threatened to bring on another fit.

He was the victor though, at last; and he turned once more to Jack, who was looking aghast, and half disposed to run for help.

"Look here, young man," he said. "Whatever may have been your past, I am not going to call it in question. You have had this interview with me, let it be a business matter between us. Look here," he continued "you will not say a word of this to a soul. And here is a sovereign for you."

"I don't want your sovereign," said Jack, sturdily. "I can hold my tongue without being paid for it."

And he turned towards the door.

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Huntley. "I may trust you not to talk about this?"

"I see," said Jack, nodding his head; "it aint me, then, after all."



"How dare you, sir!" cried the old gentleman, angrily. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing at all," said Jack, sulkily.

"Then now go," said Mr. Huntley; "and not a word of all this to a soul."

Jack went slowly towards the door, without speaking.

"Do you hear what I say?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley, irritably.

"Yes, I hear," said Jack.

"Very well, then; you will not say a word of this to anybody."

"I sha'n't promise nothing," said Jack.

"You scoundrel, come here!" raged the old man, and with an activity that was wondrous, he staggered over to Jack, and pinned him by the shoulders to the wall. "Promise, this instant."

"I sha'n't," said Jack.

"Here, look here," exclaimed the old man, fumbling in his pockets—"here are two sovereigns—three. This is a family matter, that I cannot have tattled about the place. I don't want people to know anything—that I think anything. There, five pounds. Take the money—it will be useful. That—there—now, Mr. Filmer, we are friends."

As he spoke, he forced five pounds into Jack Filmer's hand, which closed tightly on the golden coins, sending a thrill of pleasure through his veins as he thought of what it would buy for Fanny. And then his old misery came upon him. His hand unclosed, and the coins lay for a moment in his palm; the next he was playing with them like a street boy, and pitching them one by one on the table, till they all lay inside one diamond of

the pattern of the table cover, to the utter astonishment of Mr. Huntley.

"You don't think no harm of me, then?" said Jack.

"No, no—not the least," said Mr. Huntley.

"Shake hands on it, then," said Jack.

Mr. Huntley did so.

"Now, then," said Jack, declaiming, and waving one hand, "I don't want to be paid to hold my tongue. I can hold it without. Just say as you trust me, and I'll never say a word to nobody."

"I trust you, my man—I trust you," exclaimed Mr. Huntley; "but take the money—it will be of use."

"Sha'n't," said Jack, sticking his hat on, very much upon one side of his head. And the next moment, with his hands deep down in his pockets, he was striding noisily and swaggeringly across the hall, down the passage, and into the kitchen, whose door he banged heavily, to the intense astonishment of cook and Fanny, who, in spite of the latter's self-command, were waiting his coming with breathless expectancy.

Jack gave a short, sharp nod to one, the same to the other; and continued his course over the well-sanded, white flags, still without a word; opened the door, ignored the tea table and the cake kept hot for him on the fender, and then went whistling softly through the yard to the outer gate, which he closed after him with a regular good independent bang, which echoed till he had reached his own dwelling.



"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed cook, as soon as she could recover her breath; and she turned to Fanny.

But Fanny was gliding out of the kitchen, on her way to her own room, perhaps to have a "good cry."

Theatrical Wants.

SOME OF THE PARTIES WHO THOUGHT THEMSELVES FITTED FOR THE POSTS.

No. 1.—"Wanted, a good singing chambermaid." Our Mary Hann thinks this just the thing for her.

No. 2.—"Wanted, a good 'heavy man.'" Mr. Lambert hopes twenty stone will do.

No. 3.—"Wanted, a low comedian." Mr. Sykes knows nuffin of no comedy, but he 'opes he's low enough.

No. 4.—"Wanted, a juvenile lead." Master Harry will apply.

No. 5.—"Wanted, a whole company." Mr. Hamilton Desmond, who feels a host in himself, thinks this will suit him.



THEATRICAL WANTS. (Page 34.)

THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Night of Peril.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

NOW we come to the serpentine. That last black, jagged rock you learned people call trap or basalt, sir; and this, that we come to now, serpentine. We have it here in great variety as to colour; but mostly it is of a deep blood-red, or a dark green, with white veins of steatite or soapstone running through it. That yonder's the quarry where I work. And now I'll show you the spot where I fell from; and when we get on to that point which runs out towards those rocks—there, where the water is all silvery foam—I can show you again the mouth of the cave; for it's almost underneath our feet now; while here—you see this chink, just as if the rock had been split at some time—you could lower yourself down through it, and get into the cave; but I never yet saw a man bold enough to do it. I came up it, and that was enough for me. Now, listen at the roaring of the sea as it runs up the cave. It's all dark below there, or you might see the water rushing, and bubbling, and foaming in. Perhaps you're strong-nerved, and can stand it—I can't. It makes me shudder.

Five years ago I came down here as foreman, for we were busy at that time quarrying this serpentine rock for ornamental masonry; and my duty then was to investigate a bit here and there along the face of the rock for good veins of the stone. What we want, you see, are richly-marked, showy pieces that will cut and polish well; some being firm and good, but when quarried out not having the requisite qualities for our work. Many a time I've been all along the face of this precipice, climbing from ledge to ledge, holding on to a rope fastened round my waist, and chipping the rock here and there. Now I'd swing ever so far to reach a ledge, then I'd be lowered down, then drawn up; for I always took care to have three stout and true men up above at the end of the rope; while, for further security, they'd drive a strong pin into the rock to twist the rope round.

Fine veins I've marked down, too, at different times; and, from being used to the work, our men will go on chipping and working away as coolly as can be when the waves come thundering in, and then, striking the face of the rock, fly up in a storm of spray, while the noise is deafening. Of course they can't do that when the wind reaches them; but when sheltered they'll take no more notice of the waves than if they were so much smooth grass just beneath them, instead of perhaps a hundred feet below.

Now, lie down here, and crawl just up to the edge and look over. There, that's a fine sight, isn't it? There's no fear, for you can't fall, even if you turn giddy. Now, you might drop a plumb-line from here right into those silvery breakers just beneath us, and the length of that line would be two hundred and thirty feet. Fine sight this, isn't it? There's the Lizard, with its lights; there to the left's Black Head; and in front of you, rock after rock fighting against the long rolling

waves that never cease their attacks, but as one is broken and falls back into the ocean in hundreds of little waterfalls, another comes tearing in to try and wear down the rock. When the sea is very calm, even from this height you may look down into the beautiful clear water and see the rocks beneath, covered in places where they are sheltered by richly-coloured seaweeds. But now watch carefully where I drop this big piece of rock. There's a ledge down there, about a hundred feet above the sea—a spot where I stood twice: the first time by daylight, with a rope round my body; the second time by moonlight, and without the rope. Now watch, and when the stone strikes it will be on the shelf I mean; for I think I can hit the spot, though, looking down, one ledge is so confused with the other that I don't think I could point it out so that you could understand. Mind, too, when the stone splits up into pieces, and you will see the birds fly out in all directions.

There, I thought I could do it. That's the ledge, and there they go, gulls and shag; but they don't mind; and after screaming like that for a few minutes, and having a circle round, they'll settle down again as if they had not been disturbed.

Well, that was the ledge I stood on one day, after slowly clambering down, with a rope round me, in search of a good, well-marked vein. Now, as a matter of course, we should not have set men to work there, for it was too awkward a spot; but after swinging here, pulling there, and gradually making my way along the face of the cliff, I saw that ledge overhanging the mouth of the cave; and shouting to the men above to hold on tightly, I felt so strong a desire to stand there, that I went on and on—now ascending a little way, now climbing down. Twice I was about to give it up; but after breathing a bit I had another try, for I had a regular climbing fit upon me. And at last there I stood; and then sat with my legs dangling over the precipice till I felt rested; and then, half-drawn, half-climbing, I made my way up. And thoroughly satisfied that we should do no good in that direction, I went back to my lodgings, with the intention of exploring in another direction the next day.

I went to bed very tired that night, and well recollect lying down; but my next sensation was that of cold, and a deep roaring noise seemed ringing in my ears. I tried to think of what it could be, for I was too sleepy to feel startled; and, stretching out my hands, they fell upon the cold, bare rock. I was thoroughly awake the next moment, though I could not believe it; and I closed and opened my eyes again and again, because it all seemed so utterly impossible. I felt that I must be asleep, and that this was a vivid dream—the consequence of the excitement and exertion of the previous day. So convinced was I that it was a dream, that I began to wonder to myself how long it would last; while ever came, as it were, right beneath me, that deep, heavy, rolling roar of the waves, as they tumbled in over the rocks, dashed into the caves, and then poured out again.

At last I slowly opened my eyes, battling all the while with my thoughts to make them take the direction I wanted. But all in vain; for as I looked there was the moon shining full upon me; the cool night breeze was blowing; and there, right below me, just as we are looking upon them now, only five times as

rough, were the foam-topped waves rushing and beating in.

I tried again to think that it was a dream; but a cold shiver ran through me—a shudder of fear and dread—and there I was digging my nails into the crevices of the rock, whose grey moss crumbled under my fingers; while, with a horrible dread seeming to turn me into stone itself, I drew up my legs, and cowered close to the rock, ready even to seize anything with my teeth if it would have made me more safe.

That fit of horrible fear only lasted a few minutes, and then I seemed to recover my nerve; and, standing up, I began to wonder how I had come there, and to try and recall the ledges I had climbed along the day before. I had recognized the ledge again, from its peculiar shape, and the steep rock at the end which stopped further travelling in one direction; while for a moment I fancied that a trick had been played me, and that I had been lowered down by a rope. Under the influence of that thought, I shouted two or three times; but my voice seemed lost, and the cold chill of fear began to creep over me again, so that I felt that if I wished to save my life I must fight for it. So, thoroughly awakened to my danger, and now feeling that from the excitement of what I had gone through I must have climbed down in my sleep, I cheered myself on with the idea that if I could climb down I could climb up again; and then I cautiously made my way to the end of the ledge, when a thought struck me, and I again sat down.

Was it possible that I had climbed up?

That wanted a little thinking out; and shivering there in my shirt and trousers, with my bare feet bleeding, and making the rock feel slippery, I sat on thinking; while the more I thought, the more possible it seemed that I had climbed up from the ledge of rock that ran along to the cave beneath me.

Trifling as this may seem, it acted as a stimulant to me; for I could see pretty clearly in the moonlight, and it struck me that every foot I lowered myself would make my position less perilous, while if I climbed up the distance would have been greater to fall. Not a thing to study much in such great heights, where a fall of one or two hundred feet can make but little difference to the unfortunate; but it cheered me then, and, rousing up, I began to look where I had better begin.

The ledge beneath me, as I looked down, did not seem far—for, as you can see, these cliffs appear to be built up of great regular courses of stone; and I began to let myself down over the side—first my legs; then I was hanging over to my chest; then, with my fingers only clinging to the rough rock, I was resting with my toes upon a point; but feeling my hands giving way, I lowered myself yet more and more, still feeling about with my feet, which could now find no rest.

As I looked down, the distance had only seemed a few feet; but the moonlight was deceptive, and I found that the next ledge was beyond my reach. I could not look down to see if I could drop, and it was only by an effort that I kept the cold chill of fear from seizing upon me again. A moment's thought reassured me; and dangerous as it seemed right up there, on the face of such a precipice, I closed my eyes and dropped.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER III.—A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MY CHILDHOOD, AND MARY THE FRIEND OF IT.

EXPERIENCE is a great schoolmistress, and I did better, especially as the second chastisement I received was still more effective.

Aunt Jane tried to impress upon me that the application of the birch hurt her, the flogger, more than it did me, the floggee; but she never fell in with my suggestion that the ends of justice would in that case be better satisfied if we reversed the order of proceeding. I do believe, though, that she would rather not have had to punish me, though she was a Tartar.

One day I found Hester crying.

"Has she been whipping you?" I inquired.

"No, indeed," replied Hester. "I wish she'd try—I'd scratch her eyes out first, and have the law of her afterwards. But she'd like!"

From which I received the impression that the infliction of corporal punishment was a joy to dragons.

Future experience at Eton taught me that Aunt Jane was unskilful in rods, and that she might have inflicted triple the smart with a quarter the labour if, instead of tying together such a big bunch of birch, she had—

But no, there may be other dragons who will read this.

One bright morning, while I was trying to master the eternal fact that twice seven make fourteen, the Rev. Walter Glading called, and took me off to spend the day at the vicarage.

He was so kind, and talked so cheerfully, and made me laugh so as we walked hand in hand through the village, that in pointing out something to him I made a slip of the tongue and called him "Papa," and felt my face burn directly afterwards.

"God bless you, my poor boy!" he said, looking down upon me with ineffable sweetness; and then he took out his handkerchief, and pressed it to his eyes.

Presently we came to a door in a high paling, which the vicar opened with a latchkey, and I entered a bright, cheerful garden. A thick shrubbery, with dark walks in the midst, ran round a smooth green lawn, gay with beds of flowers and standard rose trees. At the farther end was a glass conservatory, through which you passed into the house.

A little girl of five, with flaxen hair and large blue eyes, and dressed in a white frock trimmed with black ribbon, came running towards us, but stopped short when she saw me, and put her finger in her mouth.

"Come, Mary," said the vicar, "you must do the honours to your guest. This is John—"

"Jack," I interrupted, bashfully.

John was associated with the dragon, Jack with my father, and I was determined to stick to the latter.

"Jack, is it? This is Jack Hamilton, who has come to dine with us, and ought to be received in a hospitable manner, not in solemn silence."

"How do do?" said Mary, offering me a small hand, which I took, and wondered at, and replied shyly.

"Do you like cherry pie?" she asked presently, with an effort. "Because I do, and we've got it for dinner."

"Don't I just!" I replied. "I should think I did!"

The ice was broken, and we got on rapidly; so that the vicar presently left us, and went in to his sermon.

There was a swing in the garden, and we swung; there was a skipping rope, and we skipped; there were dark nooks in the shrubbery, and we played hide and seek. And we ran about, and screamed with laughter, and were in Paradise—(I wonder whether Adam and Eve played hide and seek before the Fall? that's a new speculation)—till dinner; and then we played all the afternoon till tea. And I went home wearied but not sated, and thought life was a better affair than I had begun to fancy. If there were dragons in the world, were there not also fairies?

The shell cat had no nose, or it would have been put out of joint.

There were only four gentlemen's houses in Brockford, besides the vicar's and the doctor's, who was an old bachelor. Of these, one was inhabited by a couple who had no family; another contained plenty of young people, but the youngest was twelve or thirteen; and the other two were shut up during the greater part of the year, and only used during the finest of the summer months, when the days were long and the river pleasant.

So that Mary Glading had no little girls to play with, and I was equally badly off for small boys of my own age, and we were consequently all in all to one another. For the vicar's compassion for my friendless condition was permanent, and he encouraged me to come to his house daily; and as Aunt Jane revered him greatly, and made his will her law, she never opposed my constant visits, and I wandered in and out of the vicarage like a tame cat.

As time passed on, the intimacy between Mary and myself increased and strengthened, till we were just like brother and sister; for at the expiration of a couple of years or so I had outgrown the dragon's instruction and discipline. The correction of a boy of ten or eleven was not to be undertaken by virgin hands, even if he had not been addicted to strenuous resistance, which he was; and besides, it was desirable that he should be introduced to the Latin tongue, with which Aunt Jane had no acquaintance.

Now the dragon was a conscientious dragon, and wished to employ the fifty pounds which she received quarterly from Mr. Palmer, for the furtherance of my interests. So when it became evident that I ought to commence some course of study to prepare me for Eton, she intimated that fact to the solicitor who managed my affairs; and when he recommended a preparatory school or a tutor, she consulted Mr. Glading, who agreed to undertake my education himself. So every morning, at nine o'clock, I went to the vicarage, and passed some hours at the desk appropriated to me in the good clergyman's study.

Mr. Glading was patient, mild, firm, and an excellent scholar. I had a real affection for him, and nothing gave me more pleasure than to win his approbation, while I feared nothing so much as his censure, so I made good progress, and got really well grounded, and that without the irksomeness and distress which ordinarily attend unfortunate little boys throughout their lessons. I do not believe that my grammar or my exercise book was ever blistered by a tear. My proper spell at work in the morning was from nine till twelve;

but sometimes, before the latter hour arrived, a light form would hover about the window for awhile, and then the door would open softly, and a pair of bright eyes, peering through a halo of flaxen curls, would shine in at the door.

"Well, miss, what do you want?"

"Please, papa, isn't it nearly twelve?" in a plaintive voice.

"Half an hour yet."

"Oh, can't Jack come out to play?" in a more plaintive voice.

The vicar shook his head; but I always got out, on the principle that when once disturbed I should do no more good.

The little gipsy had her own lessons; but she was so quick and bright that she seemed to learn them by magic. She could do what she liked with her father, who let her wander pretty nearly as she willed without the attendance of a nurse; and we used to ramble about together as freely as the children of the poor, gathering wild flowers in the spring, nutting in the autumn, angling in the river. Happy? aye, happy as the birds, in spite of lessons. But the birds have lessons—they learn to sing.

I should have been in danger of becoming too much of a milksop if it had not been that my infantile training had given me a taste for manly exercises and association, which impelled me to seek at times for rougher companionship. Mary was my only friend, but I made acquaintance with the village boys, much to Aunt Jane's horror. The first time she discovered me playing at cricket with the butcher's, baker's, and sexton's sons, she scolded me furiously, predicting all sorts of calamities from my love of low company; and when I proved contumacious, she appealed to Mr. Glading. But the vicar thought that it was better I should learn cricket of the village boys than not acquire the art at all, and had a theory that worldliness and social vanity come readily enough to us without being fostered. So I took wasps' nests with Tom Wiggins, and learned to swim of Joe Boxall, and was taught how to handle an oar by Billy Sculls, the waterman. But I paid the latter for the hire of his boat, so that came into another category.

For when I reached the age of eleven, Aunt Jane avoided the constant worry I kept up for sixpences by making me a regular small allowance, and this I did not always make so good a use of as in hiring a boat or buying a present against Mary's birthday; for example, I bought a secondhand pocket pistol for eighteenpence, and did some mischief with it in the glass-breaking way.

But none of my rustic acquaintanceships became confidential, and Mary remained my only friend. With her I built castles, and read story-books, and wondered about the outer world.

She was my confidante in the matter of the pistol, which was a secret purchase, and was present when it was first fired off, standing some twenty yards behind, with her ears closely stopped; and she shared my wonder and delight at the bullet-hole in the tree which had served me for a target. She learned to stand fire with open ears eventually, and wandered with me through the woods when I stole along, seeking to get pot-shots at the small birds, an amusement which pleased me and did not hurt them.

I have alluded to that pistol because it was connected with the one heroic episode of my childhood.

In the thickest part of a wood which stood a bare half-mile from the village, there rose a grassy knoll which in summer was sheltered alike from the sun and passing showers by three wide-spreading oak trees. We called this, which was our favourite haunt, our drawing-room; and often when I was delayed in the afternoon by the preparation of the morrow's lessons, she would go there alone with the Arabian Nights or Robinson Crusoe, and sit and read till I could join her.

It was on such an occasion, one evening in my twelfth summer, that I put my completed exercise in the blotting case, transferred the pistol from the drawer where it lay cunningly concealed to my jacket pocket, and hastened off to the place of rendezvous, full of deadly intentions with regard to a certain woodpecker, who had a scornful habit of affording me the most tempting shots, and whom I fondly hoped to promote to a glass case in Mary's chamber. She could never forget me when I went to school if she had a stuffed bird of my own killing for a memento.

You see, I was ignorant in those days, and presumptuously put a limit to the extent of female fickleness.

In a corner of waste ground which I passed on my way, I spied the low canvas hut of a gipsy family, and remembered that there was a fair at a neighbouring village some four miles off; and I fell to wondering were the shows good, and reflecting upon the advisability of playing truant on the morrow, and going to see.

When I came to the knoll, Mary was not there. She often took a ramble on those occasions; and knowing the direction she was most likely to strike, I set out to look for her.

While wandering along, I saw a little bird of unknown and bright plumage in a neighbouring bush, and tried to get a shot at it; but as my range was of the shortest—I never fired at a greater distance than four yards—this was not an easy thing to do. The quarry would stand a proximity of about twenty feet, but on a nearer approach fluttered off to another bush. I followed; and this proceeding being often repeated, I was gradually led on to a spot where the wood was penetrated—I do not know how else to describe it—by a tangled, desolate lane, reputed (from its loneliness, I suppose) to be haunted. Here the bird got tired of my persecution, and flew right away; and I was just about to retrace my steps when I heard a child crying somewhere farther down the lane; and advancing to see what was the matter, I came presently upon Mary, without shoes, frock, handkerchief, or hat, in the hands of a gipsy woman.

"Jack! Jack!" cried Mary when she saw me.

"What are you doing with my sister? Let her go this moment," said I, running up.

"Keep off, you young varmint, or I'll brain ye!" shrieked the hag, releasing Mary, but gathering the clothes of which she had despoiled her under her arm. "My man's just by, and he'll just kill you if he finds you here; so just you run, I advise you."

"I don't care" cried I; "I have got a pistol here, and it's loaded"—so it was, with three pebbles and two tin tacks—"and if he comes I'll shoot him; and if

you don't drop my sister's clothes, I'll shoot you, I will!"

She abused me volubly; but as I cocked my pistol, and held it within a couple of yards of her face, she thought it better to comply with my request.

At the same time, a ruse came into my head.

"Don't cry, darling," said I to Mary. "The others are only just round the corner."

That did the trick completely, and the old woman made off as fast as she could, leaving her spoils behind her.

We never mentioned this little episode, for fear Mr. Glading should be alarmed, and put some restraint upon Mary's wanderings; but I was very proud of my presence of mind, I can tell you; and Mary considered me quite a chivalrous individual.

But my lease of Eden was rapidly expiring, and before the next summer I was driven forth into the outer world of thorns and briars—worse off than papa Adam, for my Eve could not go with me.

In other words, I went to Eton, in accordance with Mr. Palmer's programme.

Mary sobbed as if her little heart would break; the vicar had tears in his eyes when he gave me his blessing; and Hester had a cry too.

Aunt Jane bore the parting beautifully.

A Roman Drinking Song.

Drink ye to the goddess fair—

Eat, drink, and love—

Who twineth cornstalks in her hair:

Eat, drink, and love.

Should Ceres all her gifts deny,

Soon Cupid in our hearts would die;

To Ceres then fill up, and cry—

Eat, drink, and love.

To Bacchus next your glasses fill—

Eat, drink, and love.

Bid him all our care to kill—

Eat, drink, and love.

For while the bliss-fraught juices flow,

While tongue can taste and heart can glow,

To Bacchus songs of praise we owe—

Eat, drink, and love.

But, ah! the sweetest toast I call—

Eat, drink, and love—

Is she who sways the souls of all:

Eat, drink, and love.

Venus! it is to thee we raise

Our loudest, merriest psalm of praise;

Oh, be thou with us all our days—

Eat, drink, and love.

While fortune sends us food and wine—

Eat, drink, and love—

At life's misfortunes ne'er repine:

Eat, drink, and love.

But should the cup of wine run dry,

Should beauty from our wrinkles fly—

Let cowards live—like men we'll die:

Eat, drink, and love.

LEWIS HOUGH.

Street Lights.

IN the reign of Louis XIV., one of the most magnificent spectacles was supposed to be the general lighting of the streets of Paris. The world was invited to witness the novel scene. It was believed to be the highest achievement of modern civilization—neither the Greeks nor the Romans seem to have thought of the wonderful invention. Yet the lights of the great city consisted only of dim lanterns and torches, dispersed at distant intervals, and, compared with the bright glare of modern gas, would have seemed only a dusky gloom. Whether the Greeks and Romans lighted their cities at night is still in doubt. It is probable that Rome, except in the rare instances of festive illuminations, was left in darkness. Its people, when they went out at night, carried lanterns or torches, or else wandered, in moonless nights, exposed to robbers and stumbling over obstacles. Antioch, in the fourth century the splendid capital of the East, seems to have set the example of suspending lamps through its principal streets, or around its public buildings. Constantine ordered Constantinople to be illuminated on every Easter-eve with lamps and wax candles. All Egypt was lighted up with tapers floating on vessels of oil at the feast of Isis; and Rome received Cicero, after the flight of Catiline, with a display of lanterns and torches. Yet the practice of lighting up a whole city at night seems, in fact, a modern invention.

Paris and London dispute the priority of the useful custom. At the opening of the sixteenth century, when the streets of Paris were often infested with robbers and incendiaries, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning, after nine in the evening, before the windows of their houses; in 1558 vases filled with pitch and other combustible matter were kept blazing at distant intervals through the streets. A short time afterwards lanterns were provided at the public cost. They were at first only employed during the winter months, but were soon kept constantly burning. Reverberating lamps were next invented, and were usually surrounded by throngs of curious Parisians. In 1777, the road between Paris and Versailles, for nearly nine miles in length, was lighted; and in the present century the French metropolis has steadily improved its street lamps, until the introduction of gas made the streets of Paris as brilliant by night as by day. Its light was never quenched until, in its recent humiliation, its glittering boulevards and sparkling parks were hidden in unwonted gloom.

London claims to have lighted its streets with lanterns as early as 1414, but the tradition seems doubtful. About 1668 the citizens were ordered to place lamps in front of their houses every night during the winter; but as late as 1736 the rule was imperfectly obeyed. Robbers filled its narrow streets, and life and property were never secure in the darkness. Glass lamps were next introduced, at the public expense; their number was rapidly increased, and towards the close of the last century the citizens of London were accustomed to boast of their magnificent system of street lights, which far surpassed that of Paris. The roads running from the city for seven or eight miles were lined with crystal lamps. At the crossing of several of them the effect was thought magnificent; and what would now

be a dim and dismal array of smoking lights seemed then one of the wonders of the time. Novelists and poets celebrated the nightly illumination of the overgrown capital. Vienna, Berlin, and other European cities followed the example of Paris or London, and New York and Philadelphia early adopted the custom. Rome alone, still clinging to the usages of the Middle Ages, refused to light its streets; the Popes steadily opposed the heretical invention, and preferred darkness to light.

At length came a wonderful advance. For three centuries civilization had prided itself upon its lamps or lanterns; it was now to shine in novel brilliancy. The Chinese, who seem to have originated without perfecting most modern inventions, had long been accustomed to sink tubes into beds of coal, and carry its natural gas into their houses, and even their streets, for the purposes of illumination. They also used it for manufactures and cooking. But they had never discovered the art of making gas. In 1792, Mr. William Murdoch first used gas for lighting his offices and house in Redruth, Cornwall. The Birmingham manufacturers at once adopted the invention. The unparalleled splendour of the light at once attracted public attention. The peace of 1802, transitory as a sudden illumination, was celebrated by the lighting of the factory of Watts and Boulton, at Birmingham, with a flame that seemed to rival the brightness of the stars. The invention spread over the world. London, ashamed of its once boasted array of endless lamps, now glittered with hundreds of miles of gas-lights. Paris again called the whole world to witness its tasteful illumination. The cities of the New World lighted up every corner of their busy streets. Even Rome yielded to the useful invention.

Things New and Old.

A Chinese Dinner Party.

A dinner party in China is a most methodical affair as regards precedence amongst guests, the number of courses, and their general order and arrangement. We shall endeavour to give a detailed and accurate account of such a banquet as might be offered to half a dozen friends by a native in easy circumstances. In the first place, no ladies would be present, but men only would occupy seats at the square, four-legged, "eight fairy" table. Before each there will be found a pair of chopsticks, a wine cup, a small saucer for soy, a two-pronged fork, a spoon, a tiny plate divided into separate compartments for melon seeds and almonds, and a pile of small pieces of paper for cleaning these various articles as required. Arranged upon the table, in four equidistant rows, are sixteen small dishes, or saucers, which contain four kinds of fresh fruits, four kinds of dried fruits, four kinds of candied fruits, and four miscellaneous, such as preserved eggs, slices of ham, a sort of sardine, pickled cabbage, &c. These four are in the middle, the other twelve being arranged alternately round them. Wine is produced the first thing, and poured into the small porcelain cup by the giver of the feast himself. It is polite to make a bow and place one hand at the side of the cup while this operation is being performed. The host then gives the signal to drink, and the cups are emptied instantaneously, being

often turned bottom upwards as a proof that there are no heeltaps. Many Chinamen, however, cannot stand even a small quantity of wine; and it is no uncommon thing when the feast is giving at an eating-house, to hire one of the theatrical singing boys to perform vicariously such heavy drinking as may be required by custom or exacted by forfeit. The sixteen small dishes above mentioned remain there during the whole dinner, and may be eaten of promiscuously between courses. Now we come to the dinner, which may consist of eight large and eight small courses, six large and six small, eight large and four small, or six large and four small, according to the means or fancy of the giver, each bowl of food constituting a course being placed in the middle of the table, and dipped into by the guests with chopsticks or spoon as circumstances may require.

Doing a Trade.

"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you today?" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Wall, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops—worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em at two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going."

"Wall, now, I declare I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them are strops—we'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander.

The Yankee deposited the like sum, when the merchant offered him a couple of cents for his strops.

"They're yourn," said the Yankee, as he pocketed the stakes. But he added, with apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened as he replied—

"You're not so bad a chap, after all. Here are the strops; give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the couple of cents. "A trade's a trade, and now you're wide awake in earnest. I guess the next time you trade you'll do a little better than buy razor strops."

And away he went with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

Knowing What's What.

Not very long ago, a man considerably under the influence of drink entered one of the city omnibuses in Glasgow. On being seated, he soon became troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, and it was proposed to eject him. This would have been done instantly, but a genial and kind-hearted reverend doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behaviour for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled upon the other occupants of the 'bus, and muttered some words of contempt; but shook hands cordially with the doctor, and said—

"Good day, my friend; I see ye ken what it is to be drunk."

A Touching Appeal.

When Leitch Ritchie was travelling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?"

"Sure, it's begging I am, yer honour."

"You didn't say a word."

"Ov coorse not, yer honour; but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers! and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eyes! Man alive! isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues?"

Taking Room.

There was something of a "set back" administered to the young man on an excursion boat who, in making his way through the crowd, ventured to remark that "hoops took up a great deal of room." "Not so much as whiskey," replied a pert young miss in the assemblage.

An Oriental Comic Song.

ONCE on a time, in Ispahan,
There reigned a very remarkable man,
Who crammed every day in his gaping maw
A whole stuffed lamb, besides a pilaw,
Curiously made of peacocks' gizzards,
Scorpions, snails, and tails of lizards.
Oh! wasn't this a deal too bad
Of Rama Brama Amerazad?

He fried an elephant cut in steaks,
He potted two hundred black-ringed snakes;
He stewed a zebra, boiled a boar,
Liked the last, and polished off four;
Scalloped a sea-cow, fried a whale,
Framed a dish from a tiger's tail.
Oh! wasn't this a deal too bad
Of Rama Brama Amerazad?

A regular shark at calves and cows,
He cleared the meadow and gutted the house;
All the week ate fowls in flocks,
Till the farmers tore their hair in shocks.
Ispahan was filled with sheep
Night and day; till never a sleep
The people got—a deal too bad
Of Rama Brama Amerazad.

It was getting serious. Rama now
Looked at men with a thoughtful brow.
If a fat pacha came to dine,
He eyed him gloomily over his wine.
He pinched fat children; worse and worse,
He even pinched the monthly nurse.
He'd soon turn cannibal—oh! that bad,
Naughty Rama Amerazad!

At last the rabble grew red-hot mad,
So rapidly Rama went to the bad.
They stormed the palace and killed the King,
In a pot he soon was simmering.
They baked him then in a mighty pie;
And didn't they gobble him—oh, my eye!
A very good end for one so bad
As Rama Brama Amerazad.



"HE'D SOON TURN CANNIBAL." (Page 41.)

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER IV.—TIMELY SUCCOUR.

THERE was another shout of laughter from the miners, and the fellow went on:

"Look here, my dear, I don't bear no malice. We're all gentlemen here. Come and have a drink, and then you can go home."

"What shall we do, Mary?" whispered Mrs. Adams. "Oh, pray scream."

"Hush," was the reply, as Mary seemed to gather courage from their desperate position; and she passed her arm round her sister, and faced the scoundrels.

"My sister here is delicate, and suffering from the long voyage," she said; "and I ask you, as a gentleman, to let us go on. If one of you will kindly show us the way to the hotel, my brother will, I am sure, be most grateful to you."

"What d'ye say, lads, eh?" said one who had not spoken before. "Let's 'scort the ladies home, and make the brother stand drinks round."

"You hold your tongue," said the man whom Mary had first addressed. "It's all right—I'll show them the way. You come along o'me, my dears, and never mind them. Here, stand aside."

"They must come and have a drink first," said the great ruffian of the revolver.

"You go on—they're under my protection," said the other, and he gave his companions a significant look which silenced them, while he turned to Mary. "Here, hook on, both of you, and I'll see you there all right."

Mary looked at him, and could read villainy in his every feature. But there was no time for hesitation: the man might mean well, and it seemed their only chance. Let him lead them into a more frequented street, and she would appeal to the first gentleman they met—only let them get out of this dreadful place.

"My sister is weak and frightened," she said, in response to his last remark. "We will walk by your side, please."

"Oh, just as you like," said the man, gruffly. "Well, come along—this way."

Mary hesitated for a moment, and then walked on by the fellow's side. She glanced back once, for now she recalled the fact that some one from the hotel had followed them; but he was not in sight, and to her horror she saw that their guide's companions were following close behind.

For a moment she thought of offering the fellows their watches and what money they had, but she refrained; and they went on, down first one and then two or three other turnings, each more repulsive than those they had quitted.

"He is cheating us," Mary whispered to herself.

But she said nothing to her companion, only kept her eyes busily engaged watching for a means of escape.

"It's only a little way farther," said the fellow.

And then he stopped short with an oath, for a tall, swarthy man stopped right in front, and addressed Mary.

"Do you know," he said, "where these men are taking you?"

"Here, you, stand aside, will you, or—"

These words were accompanied with a menacing look and a touch of the revolver; but the new-comer, whose presence had been welcomed by a faint cry of joy from Mrs. Adams, looked at Mary for an answer.

"They were to show us the way back to the hotel," she said, trembling now so that she could hardly utter a word.

"And they were taking you right away from it, into the worst slums of the whole city. You come with me."

As he spoke, he drew Mrs. Adams's arm through his, and taking no further notice of the men by whom they were surrounded than if they had not been there, he said a few encouraging words to Mary, and took a step forward.

"Not yet," said the fellow who had led, savagely.

And giving a signal to his companions, he threw himself on the new-comer.

It was seven to one, but the stranger did not flinch. His right arm was disengaged, and with one blow he sent the fellow staggering half across the road, where he suddenly collapsed, and fell in a heap.

That gave him a moment's respite, and in that brief moment he had swung the sisters into a doorway, where he stood at bay, and set at liberty a knife and revolver with which he was armed.

The next minute, crack! crack! crack! shot after shot was fired, and two men fell; while the new-comer felt a stinging hot pain run along the wrist of the hand which held his pistol, forcing him to drop it, as with a yell his enemies closed with him, trying hard to force him down, as, savage with pain and desperate with the death that threatened him, he got the foremost by the throat. In the struggle that ensued, numbers proved to the stronger side of but little avail, for they could not fire or strike for fear of injuring their companions.

Their opportunity came, though, at last; for after a desperate fight the fellow engaged with the new-comer fell heavily, dragging his adversary with him, and with a savage growl, more like that of a pack of wolves leaping on their prey than the utterance of men, the rowdies dashed at the prostrate man. A bowie-knife was lifted for a deadly stroke, and the gallant young American's fate would have been sealed, had not a man sprung forward and, with all the nervous force of a muscular arm delivering a blow right from the shoulder, sent the knife-armed ruffian headlong to the ground, where he lay groaning, with a broken jaw.

This diversion enabled the American to rise, when the fight began more fiercely than ever. Pistols were cast aside, and the two men were hemmed in by a ring of ruffians thirsting for their blood, only waiting for the slightest show of indecision for a spring upon their prey.

It was a desperate position for the two strangers, who had at the same moment recognised each other, and, in spite of their peril, each had had time to admire the brute courage the other displayed.

"Will you have the knife?" said Dawson, for it was he; and he spoke without taking his eyes from the men who faced him.

"Not while I've two fists," said Frank Adams. "Take that, you bloodthirsty dog! Ha!"

As he spoke, one of the scoundrels struck at him with his knife, but was met by such a blow between the eyes that he dropped at once; but the effort threw Adams

off his guard, and before he could recover himself another had sprung upon him. There was a sensation as of hot lead searing his shoulder; and as he uttered one sharp ejaculation he closed with his adversary, who was reinforced by a couple more.

Frank Adams was a man of tremendous strength, but he was far overmatched. He glanced to the right, to see the American hard pressed. There was no help there; and for a moment despairing thoughts flashed through his brain. His wife left unprotected in this wild city—himself killed in a street fight—misfortune pursuing him to the end. He was beaten; but Englishmen never know it. He had come to the rescue of a man in a sore strait, and the bull-dog in him made him fight to the end—an end which seemed to have come; for all at once, just as he had nearly struggled free, two fresh hands grasped him by the throat; a mist swam before his eyes; strange sounds rung in his ears; and all seemed to be a perfect blank.

CHAPTER V.—THE "THRAVELS" OF LARRY CAREY,
"GENTLEMAN."

"THE poor haythen!" said Larry Carey, contemptuously, as he stood in the Chinese quarter of the city of San Francisco, and watched the various avocations of the people. "What a blessin' it would be for them if some howly father out ov the ould counthry would come an' take them in hand, wid a pair of scissors to snip off their tails, an' thin thransport them to where they might have a cabin an' a bit ov bog land, an' a pig, an' a few praties. Ah, they're a poor, benighted lot, thin! Only to think ov them bein' so low in the scale ov humanity, as Father Murphy called it, that the men are only washerwomen!"

Larry looked with utter disgust on one or two of the quiet, peaceable people, for the most part busy and industrious, and seemingly prosperous withal, as he sought for one Si Lin, who had charge of the garments sent from the Chesapeake Hotel.

There was a certain amount of interest, too, taken by the Asiatics in Larry, as he strolled slowly down the narrow street, with his stick under his arm, his legs very far forward, and his body held back, and a general depreciatory aspect in the whole of his visage, as he rubbed his ill-shaven chin with one hand.

"Howly Bridget!" he said, stopping short in front of an open-sided wooden house, where a very smoothly shaven Chinaman was sitting in loose blue cotton garments, with an earthen pot before him full of boiled rice, of which he was partaking with a couple of chopsticks. "Howly Bridget! now look at that! Why, the haythen baste, to sit playin' at tit, tat, toe wid his victuals in that way, instid ov atin' it Christian-like wid a spoon! Rice, too, poor thing! I wondher what he'd say to a pratie?"

Larry stood looking, and the Chinaman went on eating in perfect composure, after giving one glance at the barbarian outside. Finally, Larry gave his head a contemptuous toss, and went on for a few yards.

"Well," he said, stopping once more—this time in front of a tailor's shop—"I don't know that I've much to say to that. There must be man tailors, I suppose. I wondher whether the haythen jist there wid the needle can tell me where the man washerwoman will be livin'. Arrah, now—"

The Chinaman let his hands fall in his lap, and

looked over a great pair of goggle, wide-rimmed spectacles in Larry's face.

"If ye plaze," said Larry—"ugh! I'll be civil to the baste, an' show what a gentlemanly nation the Oirish is—if ye plaze, misther tailor, can ye tell me where the washerwoman-man lives?"

The Chinaman held his head a little on one side, and peered inquiringly in his questioner's face.

"I said could ye have the goodness to tell me where the washerwoman-man lives?" said Larry.

And this time he placed one hand by the side of his mouth, and shouted in the other's ear.

The Chinaman peered in his face for a moment, rearranged his specs, and went on with his stitching.

"Poor spacheless baste!" said Larry. "Bud I'll thry him agin. Look here! Hi! Bedad, thin, why don't ye attind? Look here, ye furren pagan, that niver knew any better! Let's thry a bit ov dumb motions. I want to find Si Lin, who does the—"

As he spoke, Larry put down his stick, pretended to roll up his sleeves, and then, seizing the garment upon which the Chinaman was at work, he made believe to soap it, and then went to work rubbing it as if it was part of a batch in a tub.

"D'ye see, ye haythen?" he said. "Si Lin, Si Lin."

"Si Lin, Si Lin?" replied the Chinaman, with a melancholy smile of intelligence stealing across his broad, fat face.

"Thin ye have got a tongue in yer head?" said Larry. "D'ye undherstand me, thin?"

The Chinaman repeated the words "Si Lin," and, in his turn, gave the garment a rub, and then a smooth over with his iron.

"Bedad," said Larry, complacently, "what a boy I am among them! Here I came among the benighted haythens, who don't know a word ov a Christian tongue, an' here I make them undherstand me."

For the Chinaman got up slowly, and came out of his place, tapped Larry on the arm, and led the way to a turning some thirty yards away, where he pointed to a house, nodded, smiled sadly, and said "Si Lin, Si Lin," at the same time holding out his hand.

"Ye're a gentleman!" said Larry, bringing his own down with a clap, and shaking it heartily, to the Chinaman's great discomposure. "I'm obleeged to ye, misther haythen; an' I'll not forgit ye if I want a new shute while I'm stayin' in the town."

But the Chinaman did not seem to see it in that light. For him, time present was better than time future; so as soon as his hand was at liberty he held it out once more, and placed in it a two-cent piece.

"Phew!" whistled Larry, laughing. "How soon they git to undherstand the religion ov money! Well, ye haythen, ye were civil; so there's a bit for ye."

The tailor nodded and smiled once more, as sadly, to use Larry's expression, "as if he had not had any dinner for a week," and returned to his work, while Larry rattled his stick upon the laundryman's door.

Here, without much difficulty, he learned that he had had his journey for nothing, the great Si Lin having taken the washing home to the hotel.

"Bud I don't mind," said Larry, as he sauntered away once more. "It's all improvin' to the undherstandin'; and whin a gentleman is on his thravels, he ought to see all he can. I won't hurry back, thin, bud jist take a look about me. How the devils stare! They

don't see any one from Cork ivery day ov their benighted lives."

So Larry sauntered along, pausing for some time in front of the joss-house, rubbing his chin thoughtfully and thinking of going in; but his attention was taken off by the coming of one of the inhabitants, evidently something of a dandy in his way, from the careful cut and quality of his blue clothes; but what took Larry's attention was the fan he held in his hand, flirting it busily to cool his noble brow.

"Now is it a man ye are, or a woman?" said Larry, aloud, as he gazed at the dandy, who, without condescending to give more than a passing look, went on. "Only to think ov it," he continued. "Well, it's a very melancholy sight to see men dressed in petticoats, an' usin' fans, an' doin' the washin'; bud there, what can ye expect ov the poor benighted things? Hallo! what have we got here?"

He stopped in front of a provision shop, and again began rubbing his rough chin; for there was something in that took his attention greatly.

"That's pork—there's no doubt about that; though it's a thousand pities to kill a little baste of a suckin' pig like that, whin it would grow into fine bacon; bud that other wan there aint pig; it's—it's—Bedad, I won't believe it at all—no, even wid me own eyes. An' yet there it is—there's no mistake. Murther! think ov that, now. Bud they can't mane to ate it at all!"

Larry went closer to the open window, and glared in for a few moments; then he walked sharply away, spitting several times, as if to rid himself of a nasty taste in the mouth, while he muttered again and again—

"Oh, the nasty haythens!—to think ov their atin' a dog!"

Larry's next halt was in front of a barber's shop, where the owner was busy operating upon the head of a customer, and here he paused, rubbing his chin softly the while.

"I've a good mind to," he said at last.

And he stopped, hesitating, till the barber had finished his task, and looked up at him with a bland smile of invitation.

"I'll risk it," said Larry, going in; "bud bad luck to the haythen if he gets thryin' any ov his enchantments on me wid his rayshers. I'll have me stick handy to talk to him in a kay he niver heerd."

Larry took the seat placed for him, and bared his throat, muttering to himself the while, as his eyes rolled round the shop and took in the preparations of its owner.

"Sure, it's a great risk to run," he said, "thrustin' yerself wid such a barbarian. How do I know they aint cannibals, an' glad ov a chance to git howl ov a shtrange thraveller? Here, look here, misther shaver," he said aloud, as he put his stick between his knees; "ye see that?"

The Chinaman nodded in a mildly surprised way, and then set to work with soap and razor, operating so ably upon Larry's stubble that he drew forth a series of admiring exclamations, such as "Illigant!" "Lovely!" and the like.

"Oh, it's a very fortune ye'd make, misther, if ye'd go to Oireland. I niver had such a shave before in me life. Arrah, now, an' what are ye after?"

He shrank back as he spoke, for the barber was

armed with a pair of strong tweezers, with which he made motions as if to attack the bushy eyebrows of his client.

"Git out, ye mad haythen!" said Larry, getting up. "Why, ye'll be wantin' to shave me head nixt, an' send me away wid a plaited tail."

"It's gittin' time I was back," said Larry at last, as he wandered once more through the narrow streets; "so I'll go back another way. It's wondherfully instructive, though, this furren thravel. How I can open some ov their eyes at home about Chinees! Bud it's a savage, haythen sort ov a place this; an' I'll be glad whin the masther gits away."

He sauntered on, leaving the Chinese quarter behind, and getting into a thickly populated and not over-reputable part, standing for a few moments undecided before choosing a way.

Growing tired, he went slowly on, telling himself that he should sooner or later come to some landmark that he knew, and conning over in his mind the various scenes he had encountered.

"Bud it's a baste ov a place," he grumbled, "widout a single redaymin' fayture, an' I don't wondher at it. Bud, howly Bridget! what's that?"

For, turning a corner, he suddenly came upon a scene of excitement in the shape of a desperate encounter, and in an instant the Irishman's blood was up.

"Howly Bridget!" he exclaimed, tightening his grasp upon his stick—"a fight, and seven men against two! It's a Christian counthry, after all, an' they aint quite haythens! Here's luck! The saints stand bechuckst me an' harm. Clear the way there! Faugh a bal-lagh!"

Catching a Salmon.

I CRAVE leave to introduce to the infinite advantage of the reader a remarkable account of a gallant fight with the regal fish, related by Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming in a brother angler's recently published volume, St. John's "Natural History and Sport in Norway." About eight o'clock on a summer morning the former threw in a fly in the Findhorn, near Relugas, at a pool called Rannock, which can only be reached from a small ledge about two feet square and twenty-five above the surface of the water. His tackle was luckily new and strong, and the fly was almost immediately seized by what appeared to be a seven-teen-pound salmon.

"I just let him feel," says Sir Alexander, "I was at the other end of the gear, and knew instinctively that the good steel was well into something firm. At first he seemed not quite to realize the situation; and, after a few sulky and dangerous shakes of the head, took to sailing up and down the pool, once or twice approaching the rapids below, but turning by gentle persuasion. These tactics he continued for nearly an hour, my man waiting for him on the gravel below, and out of my sight. By this time the effects of the last night's rain became fully apparent. The still, dark pool below my feet had turned into a seething pot, without a quiet corner for the fish to rest in, and the water had risen nearly twenty-four inches above its size when I hooked him. The upshot was, he shot down the narrows, and went rolling, heels over head, down the foaming 'Meux

and Co.'s Entire' (this being the usual colour of our summer floods). To stop him was impossible—I held on above the rapid till I thought my good Forrest rod would have gone at the hand, and certainly the fine single gut I had on earlier would have parted with half the strain.

"All I could do was to give him what line he required until he found a resting-place behind some rock; this he did after rattling off some fifty yards of line. Waiting some minutes till he seemed quiet, I threw off some ten yards more line, and turning the top of the rod up stream, I darted it down to my man on the gravel below, having cautioned him not to alarm the fish by letting the line get taut. To scramble up the rocks, and down again to the gravel bed, to resume possession of my rod, was two or three minutes' work; and just as I seized hold of it, the fish, having ventured from his shelter, was, in spite of his efforts, hurried down at racing pace, taking more line than I liked, while I followed, crawling and leaping along some impossible-looking country, such as I would not have faced in cold blood.

"By this time he had nearly reached the ess or fall, and all seemed lost. I do not think he really intended going over; for when he felt himself within the influence of the strong, smooth water, he tried his best to return, but in vain—over he went like a shot, and long ere I could get round some high rocks and down to the lower part of the fall I had eighty or ninety yards of line out, and to follow him farther on this side of the water was not possible, owing to the steep rock rising beside the stream.

To add to the embarrassment of my position, I found, on raising the point of my rod, that in going over the fall the fish had passed beneath some arch deep under water, thus making my case very hopeless. But, determined not to give it up yet, I sent my man up to the house of Relugas, where he found an old three-pronged dung-fork and a garden line, with which we managed to construct a grapnel, and at the second throw in I got hold of the line below the sunken arch; then, fastening it to my right hand, I made my man throw the whole line off the reel and through the rings, and having drawn the remainder of the line through the sunken arch and clear of the impediment, I formed a coil, and with my left hand pitched the end of it up to him, when he passed it through the rings again from the top of the rod, fixed it to the axle of the reel, and handed me down the rod to where I stood. From the long line out and the heavy water, I could not tell whether the fish was on or not, but the line looked greatly chafed all along.

"I now tried the only plan to end the business. Leaving my man holding the rod, I went to a bridge some distance up the river, and having crossed to the other side and come opposite to him, he pitched the rod over to me. I felt that if he was still on, I was sure of him; and reeling steadily up the eighty yards which were out, I followed down to the big round pool below, where to my great surprise I became aware that he was still on. He made but a feeble resistance, and after a fight of two hours and forty minutes, we got the clip into as gallant a fish as ever left the sea—weight nineteen and a half pounds and new run. The last hour and a half was in a roaring white flood. The fly was, as you may imagine, well 'chawed up.'"

Bubbly Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXV.—NOCTURNAL.

BELIEF in his own importance has a great deal to do with the carriage of the male being. The effect of Jack's interview with Mr. Huntley was to make him look quite two inches taller; and he held his head up, worked harder, and whistled more loudly than he had done for months. For a time he seemed less lovelorn, and gave his sighing apparatus quite a rest; all the same, though, he used to stare very hard across the road at the Manor House. It was observable on the other side that when the baker stopped to leave the bread, he had no chats with Fanny, from which Jack took great comfort, but all the same, reconciliation seemed as far off as over; and to an outsider, Fanny and Jack Filmer would have appeared the greatest strangers in the world.

But business prospered with Jack; people came far and near to be "took," and were taken time after time. Jack's stocking, as he called his money store, grew heavier; and but for one thing he would have been a happy man.

Busy as Jack Filmer was, though, he could find time of an evening to keep an eye upon the premises opposite; and after his interview with Mr. Huntley, he used to be drawn, as it were, by two cords to watch the Manor House, and these two cords were love and curiosity.

It was no new thing to Jack to watch that house by night; the habit had so grown upon him that he would not have felt comfortable if he had not heaved a few sighs at the windows, and told himself that he was cruelly ill-used.

"Just as if a man would be half a man at all if his hackles didn't rise when he thought some one else meant somebody," said Jack, vaguely, as he stepped out one dark night, about ten—"just to look round, you know, and blow off the smell of the chemicals."

Jack walked up the street a few yards, and then down the street a few yards. There were the lights, just as he expected—one in the drawing-room and another in the library—and by passing another gate, he could see the light from the kitchen reflected on the tall brick wall of the next house. So Jack sighed, and walked on a little farther.

Some one was singing a song in the parlour of the Fox, so Jack stopped for a few moments to listen, gave utterance to the pithy criticism "Muff!" and strolled back.

The lights were in precisely the same place; but there was something else—to wit, a vagabond cat, prowling about the front, and giving utterance at intervals to a dolorous "meyow."

The road had been freshly macadamized; so Jack stooped, picked up a piece of granite, and was about to throw it at the unfortunate cat. But in the act of turning himself into a catapult he paused, sighed, and evidently feeling that his own troubles and those of the cat were akin, he dropped the stone, and contented himself with saying "Soh!" and the cat fled.

"Ah," muttered Jack, "some one might just as well shy stones or say 'Soh!' at me; for I aint a morsel better than that there cat. But who's this?"

He shrank up into a doorway, and stood watching,

as a figure came slowly along the dark street, with a bright, starry spark glowing and growing dim at about the height of a man's lips.

The figure came slowly on, half paused in front of the Manor House, walked on, paused again, and so on for quite ten minutes, the cigar glowing brightly the while. Then, all at once, Jack saw a spark form a curve in the air, strike upon the pavement, where it emitted a few other sparks, and then all was darkness; though not so black but that Jack could faintly distinguish the figure as it came towards him, passed, and then went back along the street, till the "pit-pat" of his footsteps alone told of the stroller's whereabouts.

"The poor doctor's got it 'most as bad as I've got it myself," said Jack, gloomily. "Ah, it's a puzzler, this complaint is. He aint got nothing in his bottles of nastiness as'll do it the least bit of good in the world—not the least. I'm sorry for him, though, poor chap, that I am; for he's as nice a fellow as ever stepped in shoe leather."

An hour passed, part of which the watcher had passed in his own room. But a restless spirit seemed to draw him out once more, and this time it was to see lights dotted here and there in the upper rooms—rooms that he well knew—and to one of the windows, rather high up, he kissed his hand several times, nobody being, of course, a bit the wiser.

Another hour glided by, and still Jack Filmer stood looking up at the house; the lights had gone out one by one, till all was in darkness; and at last, in spite of love's flame, the watcher began to feel rather chilly, and after another sigh or two he slowly entered his door, closed it, and went up in the dark to bed, upon whose edge he sat down, and thrust off his boots.

His window was wide open, and a chair by it; and as Jack walked across the room in his stocking feet, it struck him that it would have been a much more sensible plan for him to have sat at that window, watched the house, and smoked an evening pipe at the same time.

"I aint any heart for a pipe now," he muttered.

He smoked, though.

The fact of Tom Madron smoking seemed to determine Jack upon having a pipe, late as it was; and grumbling to himself the while, he sought, filled, and lit his pipe, and then sat down at the window to smoke and muse, as he stared hard at the opposite windows.

One pipe he got, and two, and then a third. The effect was soothing. Matters looked brighter in the future, and as time glided on he heard the town clock faintly chime and strike two.

"Well, I'll have a nap now," said Jack to himself. "Perhaps she'll come round, after all; and as for the baker—well, she hasn't spoken to him lately. Hallo!" he ejaculated, as he paused in the act of laying down his pipe.

He was on the alert in a moment; for a figure, just distinguishable, came slowly up the street, walking close in the shadow of the houses, and, as it seemed to Jack, coming with extreme caution.

Jack drew back a little, and stood breathlessly watching the coming figure, till he saw it more strongly against the well-whitened coping from which sprang the front railings.

"It's nothing—he's gone by," muttered Jack, with a feeling half disappointment, half relief, as the new-

comer went slowly on past the gate and by the next house.

He was about to close the window, and forget all his troubles in sleep, when once more he was upon the alert, his heart beating violently, and his breath seeming to come thick and fast; for he had become aware that the figure he had been watching had turned, was coming back, and the next minute the great gate creaked very softly, and upon Jack fixing his eyes stedfastly upon the place, it was to satisfy himself that the figure, whoever it might be, had passed through and gone down the yard.

"It aint the policeman, I'll swear," muttered Jack. "It's him again. He went off to town this morning, and has come back."

Jack stood for a few moments irresolute; and then, in his stocking feet, he glided downstairs, softly unfastened his door, and then stood hesitating again. But not for long. He had soon passed out, and keeping close to the wall, crept for quite a hundred yards along the street, away towards the country, where he crossed the road, and, pursuing the same tactics, came softly back, till he reached the yard gates of the Manor House, and all so softly that his step would not have disturbed a cat.

He stopped, listening and looking up and down, and then between the partly opened gates; but all was dark and silent.

"I don't care—I'll go," he said to himself.

And he passed through the gates, which were open just wide enough to allow the passage of his body. Then, stooping down and keeping close once more to the wall, he softly made his way down the yard.

All still—not a sound.

That whoever it was could have got into the house during the time he had taken to reach where he was seemed impossible, unless a latchkey had been used, and that Jack did not believe in.

"He has been let in," thought Jack, as like a flash one of his old jealous thoughts came to stab him. But he bore the infliction like a man; clenched his fists, set his teeth hard, and gave a half stamp with his foot, as if to crush down the vile thought.

"He aint been let in," he muttered. "He's here somewhere, I know; and I'll find him out yet, if I die for it."

Jack went a few yards farther down the yard, and listened still. Then he started, as a noise fell upon his ear.

"Pooh! only a horse rattling his halter chain."

He listened again, remaining immovable for quite five minutes, and then he was about to try to enter the garden, when he heard a sound which made him fairly back to the side of the wall, where he watched, and could just see in the darkness something darker pass him by. Then something grated as if a piece of wood had touched the stones. The next moment Jack had hard work to keep back a cry, for something hard struck him a violent blow on the side of the head, and at the same moment he heard a muttered imprecation.

"He's carrying a short ladder," thought Jack; "but he needn't swing it round so viciously."

Another minute glided by, and as Jack stood there, with every sense on the stretch, he seemed to follow the bearer of the ladder round to the back of the house, and to feel all that passed.

Yes; that was the feel of the ladder on the gravel—

now it was touching the great wistaria that hung its leaves and purple blossoms all over the house; now a window was opened, and—"could that be from the inside?"

How long did all this take? How long had Jack been waiting with nerves astrain? It might have been an hour, probably it was ten minutes, before he summoned courage enough to creep across the yard, and through the door in the wall into the garden, where, in spite of his shoeless feet, the gravel slightly gritted.



He had hardly reached there, though, before he heard a rustling above his head; leaves were brushed, a ladder creaked as if bearing a heavy weight; there was the sound of heavy beating, gritting gravel—the end of the ladder brushed against him lightly this time; and then Jack was following the ladder-bearer out into the yard.

"He's going to put the ladder away again," thought Jack. "Then I'll follow him out into the road, and as soon as we're there I'll strike a fusee right in his face, and make sure, though I'm sure enough now."

As he thought this, Jack had glided softly and slowly after the ladder-bearer into the yard.

"I'm too much for him this time," thought Jack, "and I'll—"

Jack Filmer got no farther; for at that moment he felt himself seized by the throat from behind, and bent right down forwards—stifling, stunned, unable



even to utter a cry, while a cold thrill of horror ran through his frame as he felt that he was powerless as a child.

Human Nature.

Jean Jacques says that when his wife died every farmer in the neighbourhood offered to console him with one of his daughters; but that a few weeks afterwards, his cow having shared the same fate, no one ever thought of replacing his loss by the offer of another—hereby proving the different value people set upon their cows and children.

In Error.

The following is a laughable blunder made by a shorthand writer in taking the evidence given before a Parliamentary committee:—A highly respectable witness was asked, "Is your father a partner in the Low Moor Works?" and he gave an answer in the affirmative. He must, however, have been slightly annoyed in reading the report of the evidence to find the question and answer permanently recorded in the following form:—"Is your father a pauper in the Low Moor Workhouse?"—"Yes."

More Theatrical Wants.

6.—"Wanted, First and Second Old Men."

7.—"Wanted, a lady of handsome appearance for the Juvenile Lead."—"When I have finished this eyelid, and put on my hair, and touched up my nose, and fitted my teeth in, and put a trifle more colour on my cheeks, I fancy I shall make a sensation."

8.—"Wanted, a good Walking Gent." Tompkins, of Lillie Bridge, hastens to apply.

9.—"Wanted, a gentleman of distinguished appearance for Juvenile Leading Parts." 'Arry is the boy.

10.—"Wanted, a good working Knockabout Nigger." Sambo says "him had nuffin but work, and been knock about all his life, so he ought to soot."

11.—"Wanted, a lady of real ability to take First Parts. She must be a true artist, and capable of satisfying competent critics." No answer to this.



THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Night of Peril.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THEN, all trembling as I was, I laughed; for I had only dropped a few inches, and was upon a broader ledge than before; and without stopping to rest, I searched along for another place to lower myself, and soon found it; when, thoroughly desperate from my position—half drunk, you may say, with excitement—I climbed along here, down there, now with loose stones slipping from beneath me, now nearly falling, but always making my way lower and lower, till I was quite halfway down, when I stopped, regularly beaten, upon a ledge down to which I had slipped. There was the silvered water below me; the black face of the rock overhanging me; and on either side rugged masses that would give me no hold either to climb up, down, or sidewise. To lower myself was impossible, for the rock sloped away; to my left there was a large split, while it seemed perfectly hopeless to try and climb again, and find another way of getting down.

However, I felt that if I stood still I should soon turn giddy with fright, and fall, for the ledge was only a few inches wide where I stood; so, again rousing myself, I made an effort to climb up once more. You may think that it would have been wiser to have stopped where I was, in the hopes of attracting attention in the morning, and getting assistance either from one of the quarrymen or by signalling one of the boats that would be putting out from the cave; but, as I tell you, I dared not keep still, and the only way I could keep off the horrible dread was by trying to escape, and so exerting myself to my full strength. So, seizing a projecting fragment of the rock, just within reach of my hands as I stood, I drew myself up, and got my chin above my hands, seeking all the while for a resting-place for my feet, and at last getting my right foot upon a tiny ledge.

I think I told you that my feet were bare and bleeding—painful, too, they were—but I could not stop to think of that in the struggle I was making for life; but all at once, as I was making an effort to get a little higher, just at the moment when I put forth my whole strength, my bloody foot slipped from the ledge, and I was hanging by my hands to the rough piece of rock, my body swinging to and fro, my nails being torn from their roots, while what I fancied then was the death-sweat stood upon my face, and seemed to be trickling among the roots of my hair.

As a young man I was always active, strong, and full of vigour, ready to join in any athletic sports; proud, too, of my muscles, and the feats I could perform. But in those seconds—drawn out, as it were, into hours—what a poor, frail, weak mortal I felt! The strength upon which I had so much prided myself seemed, as it were, nothing; and the brawny arms, whose corded muscles I had been so fond of rolling up my shirt sleeves to display, I felt were getting weaker and weaker every moment; while beneath me, in an

ever increasing, angry roar, I could hear the waves, as if exulting and longing for their prey.

As an earnest man, perhaps I should have prayed then; but what control have we in great peril over our thoughts? I think I once exclaimed, "God help me!" and then my brain was one wild state of confusion; whilst the great difficulty seemed to me to realize that I was going to die—to fall headlong into the sea. And even in my horror I could picture how the water would fly sparkling up in the moonlight; while falling from such a height I should be killed by striking upon one of the rocks just beneath the water—all below me being a mass of foam. Now, I thought, how long would my arms bear the weight of my body, and why had I not practised them more to such exertion? Then, rousing myself once more, I made an effort, and tried to find a resting-place for my feet. Could I have reached the ledge on which I had been standing, I would have given years of my life; and then a sort of feeling of contempt for myself came upon me, as I thought I was trying to bargain with Death by offering him a few years of my unworthy life in exchange for the whole. But to reach the ledge I found was impossible, since I had leaped sideways from it to gain the piece of rock I hung by, while every effort made me weaker and weaker. I should have shouted, but my mouth and throat were dry; while a horrible pain seized the back of my neck, and I could feel my eyes strained, and as if starting. Once I thought I would loose my hold and end my misery; but I was clinging for life, and I held on.

It could only have been for a minute or two, but the time seemed endless; while the thoughts flashed through my mind in a wild confusion, faster and faster, as I felt my muscles giving way. At last I felt that I must fall, for my arms would bear the dead weight no longer; so, in a last despairing effort, I drew myself up, found for an instant a resting-place for my feet, then one knee was up by my hands, and the next instant I should have been lying panting upon a shelf; but the effort was made too late, and I believe a wild cry tore from my throat as I lost my hold, and could feel the air whistling by my ears as I fell down, down, what seemed an endless distance.

Then came the cold plunge in the water—down into darkness, with the waves thundering in my ears, and the strangling water gushing into my nose. I could not think; but nature seemed to be prompting me to struggle on for my life, and, as I rose uninjured to the surface, I struck out feebly to reach the rocks.

It was a wonder that I was not killed, for all along beneath us the shore is sown, as it were, with rocks of all sizes, covered at high water; but I fell in a deep part—there I think it must have been, where I throw this stone. Seems a long time falling, don't it? Now, there, where you see the splash, and that's just in front of the cave, that runs further in than we've ever found a man to penetrate as yet—for it's always got water for a floor, and a boat can only go in for about thirty yards, when it grows narrow, and any one would have to swim as I did that night, swimming on and on as the tide bore me, and that was right into the black mouth of the cave, while I was too weak to struggle against it—all I could do being to keep afloat.

Now I was floating in; then, as the waves receded, I was drawn back, shivering and shuddering, as I felt

the long brown slimy strands of the seaweed twining about my body like some horrible sea monster. Now I tried to hold by the rocky wall; but it was slippery, and glided by my fingers. But the cold shock of the water had done something to renew my energy, and instead of growing more helpless, I found that I could swim with more vigour after a few seconds; and once, as I floated over it, I managed to get a resting-place upon a smooth piece of rock about a foot under water. But the next minute it was three feet under water, as a wave came rolling in with the rising tide; and I was lifted off and borne many yards farther into the darkness of the cave.

The moonlight penetrated for some distance; but beyond that all looked black and horrible, except where now and then I could see a wave break over a rock, and then there was a flash of light, and the water sparkled with the pale phosphorescent light—foul water, as the fishermen here call it. It was a horrible-looking place for an unnerved man to swim into; but in my weak state I dare not try to face the rough water at the mouth; so, as every wave came and bore me farther in, I swam on into the darkness, with the fear upon me that some dreadful monster would lace its arms round me and drag me under. More than once I shrieked out, for the seaweeds were thick here, and my feet were entangled; but I swam on, till after many trials I found a piece of rock upon which I could climb, and sit with the water washing round me and nearly bearing me off.

And now I drooped, helpless and miserable; my remaining strength seemed to go away, and I hung down my head, and cried like a child. But that fit went off, and rousing up a little I looked about me; but only to see the moonlit, beautifully solemn mouth of the cave, with the silvery water rushing in. It looked beautiful and solemn to me, even then; while the hollow, deep, echoing, musical roar of the waves at the mouth, and, in the lulls, the strange tinkling, mournful splash of the water dripping from the roof, farther in, where it was all dark, sounded dreadful to me.

But the tide was rising, and I found that I must leave the rock I was on, and swim or wade farther in; while now the horrible thought came—would the tide fill the cavern, and should I be drowned at last? The thought was so horrible, that I was very nearly jumping off and trying to swim to the mouth, where, in my weak state, I must have lost my life; for a strong man could not battle with the waves as the tide rises. I had often heard tell of this "Hugo," as they call it here, but no one had ever explored it that I know of; for it is only in the calmest of weather that a boat can come near. However, I sat still for a few more moments, trying to pierce the darkness, and find a resting-place higher up. I dared not lower myself into the water again, for thought after thought kept coming of the strange sea creatures that might make the cave their home; but my indecision was put an end to by a heavy wave that came rolling in, and I was lifted from my seat and borne in again for some distance, and dashed against a stone, to whose slimy sides I clung as the water rushed back. Then I tried to find the bottom with my feet, but all in vain; and striking out, I swam on farther and farther into the darkness, helped on by a wave now and then, and clinging to some projection to keep from being sucked back—for

once down again in the water, the dread seemed to some extent to leave me.

On reaching a rock that I could climb upon, to my great joy I found that I could get beyond the reach of the water; but I had to feel my way, for by a bend of the cave I could now see no moonlit mouth, only a shining reflection upon one of the wet walls of the place; while all around me was a horrible black darkness, made ten times more dreadful by the strange echoing wash and drip of the water in the far recesses.

Perhaps a bolder man would have felt his nerves creep, as it were, sitting, dripping and trembling, upon a slimy piece of rock in that dreadful darkness, conjuring up horrors of a kind that at more calm moments he could not describe; but knowing all the while, by merely stretching out a foot now and then, that the tide was rising higher and higher to sweep him off. Now my feet were under water, then my knees, and soon it rose so high that at every ninth wave—"the death wave," as we call it down here on the coast—I could feel myself lifted a little; and at last, just as it was before, I was swept off, and swimming again in the darkness to find another rock on which I could creep. More than once I touched something, with hand or foot, and snatched it shudderingly back; while at such times the waves bore me backwards and forwards as they ebbed and flowed. As far as I could tell, the bottom was quite beyond my reach, for I let down my feet again and again. But the cave grew much narrower; for now I struck my head against one side, and then against the other, as I laboriously swam along farther and farther, as it were, into the depths of the earth, till once more I came against a part of the rock which I could climb up—this time, by feeling carefully about, till I struck my head against the roof; and then crouched once more shiveringly down, waiting in a half-dazed, swoon-like state for the next time when I should have to make a struggle for life. I felt dull and listless, my senses seemed to be numbed, and it was almost in a dream that I half sat, half lay upon the wet rock, listening to the wash of the waves, and the dull roar echoing from the cave mouth; while close by me there seemed to be strange whispering sounds mingling with the dripping from the roof, which fell always with a little melodious plash in the water.

Sometimes I seemed to doze—a sort of stupor-like sleep from exhaustion—and then I started with a cry, expecting that I was hanging once more to the rock outside, or being swept away by a wave from the rock upon which I was resting; and at last, far in as I was, there came what to me was like hope of life—for, at first very faint and pale, but by degrees stronger, the light of day came down into the thick blackness of that awful hole, cutting it like arrows, and striking upon the waters before it became broken and spread around.

As far as I could see, it came down from the roof eight or ten yards from where I sat, but it was a long time before I could summon courage to lower myself into the water, and swim along till I came beneath the bright rays, when I found that they came down through a rift in the roof some ten feet above me; though, as I again drew myself out of the water on to the rugged side, and then clambered into the rough, long rift, I was so stiff and weak that every movement made me groan with pain.

Now, come here again to where the rift is, and you can look down, and listen to the roar and bubbling of the water. A strange, wild place, but I made my way up it to light and life once more; but I have never found any man here yet with courage to go down, while how much farther the hole penetrates into the bowels of the earth no one knows. There are plenty of such caves along the coast here, made by the water gradually eating out a soft vein of stone from one that is harder; while as to my leaving my bed like that, and climbing to where I had been the day before, it must have been from over-excitement, I suppose. But there, such cases are common, and as a boy I often left my bed, and went by night to places where I could not have gone had I been awake.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER IV.—FLOREAT ETONA.

NO school in England or the world has been described so often or so minutely as Eton, and I do not intend to yield to the temptation of dwelling upon details which are not likely to interest others who may see these memoirs, well remembering what a bore a group of old schoolfellows are at a college wine party or a regimental mess, when they once get upon the interminable topic—so brisk to them, so flat to the outer world.

It is necessary, however, to remind that same outer world that Eton is composed of oppidans, or the sons of rich parents—who live in the houses of the masters, or of “dames,” who are licensed to board and lodge them—and collegers, or more properly “King’s Scholars,” a small minority, who wear distinctive cloth gowns, and live and sleep in one long chamber, and dine together in a hall, and who eventually obtain fellowships at King’s College, Cambridge, if they are at the head of the list when a vacancy occurs before they are superannuated.

I speak in the present tense, but believe that great alterations have been made. King’s College has, to a certain extent, been thrown open; the Long Chamber has been partitioned off into small separate apartments; and other changes have taken place of which I know but little. I write of half a century ago; and as I sit here, pen in hand, that is the present to me.

The collegers naturally belonged to a less wealthy class, and were consequently considered somewhat inferior to themselves by the oppidans. I cannot say that we were despised, exactly; but there was the sort of feeling which exists between the officers of cavalry and infantry regiments. The oppidans thought us better than all the rest of the world outside Eton, but not quite up to their mark; and friendships between members of the two classes were rare; while the spirit of rivalry in all matters of scholarship and sport was strong.

The epithet by which we collegers were distinguished by our aristocratic schoolfellows was Tugs, or Tug-muttons, from a superstition that we were nourished entirely upon tough mutton, and we resented the term with an indignation which often brought on a fistic duel.

There were innumerable superstitions, indeed, about

us and our doings in Long Chamber; one legend being that a boy had once been roasted to death there—a precedent which the inmates were supposed to be quite ready to follow; and little oppidans approached the mysterious corridor in fear and trembling.

Doubtless, there was a good deal of bullying; but there was much kindness and mutual aid and protection too. We were a clan, a minority in the school, and the fifth and sixth form boys had a kindly feeling towards their slaves which was unknown in the tutors’ and dames’ houses. But we delighted in fostering the dread and wonder which attached to our habitation and institutions; and were rather given to dark hints and masonic affectation of concealed mysteries.

It was an advantage to us, I think, that all the masters had been collegers, and were therefore free from that temptation to slight the poor and untitled, in the presence of the rich and handled, which is the besetting meanness of Englishmen; and either in consequence of their belonging, as it were, to our set, or because scholarship, which was an ornament to the wealthy oppidan, was a synonym for bread, butter, beef, beer, and broadcloth for us, I imagine that they took greater pains with our instruction, and were more anxious that we should excel. I am far from intending to insinuate that they neglected their other pupils, which does not at all follow.

I cannot, like so many regretters of their youth, account my school days to be the happiest I have spent. I would sooner be at this end of my pilgrimage than at the other; unless, indeed, my childhood—the time I lived at Brockford—could be made perennial. As for my school days, the system of fagging is incompatible with my ideal of bliss. While Eton possessed the delight of strangeness, I was a slave; and by the time I became a driver, the routine of sports and the odd customs which constitute the charm of the place had become stale matters of course. Not that I met with exceptionally cruel treatment, or that I was unhappy; only my school life tallied pretty well with the rest of my existence—with a fair mixture of good and evil, smiles and tears, fun and earnest, disappointment and fruition in it.

Unhappy! No, indeed. Mr. Glading had grounded me so well, that I took a good place in the school at starting; and I found no difficulty afterwards in keeping up to the mark required in the matter of lessons, and holding my own with boys of my own age. I had fair abilities, good health, a strong, square frame, most punishing knuckles, plenty of good humour, and the gift of making fellows like me. A most enviable quality that. There were some ill-starred little boys who could never pass a fifth form without incurring the risk of a kick, a flick from a towel, or a back-hander on the side of the head; but I never got thrashed unless, by some error of omission or commission, I excited the wrath of the boy who fagged me. Nor was my term of servitude a long one: in a year and a half I rose into the fifth form, and so became in my turn a licensed bully.

In the holidays I went to Brockford, and took possession of my old room at Aunt Jane’s, who looked after my clothes and linen in exemplary fashion, and who, I think, had a sort of kindness for me, as indeed I had for her. The feeling never warmed into affection on either side, but there was no aversion either. I was too lonely in the world to play tricks upon the one

relative I knew; and though she disapproved of my tastes, habits, and slang, she must have appreciated a forbearance which was not extended to all the neighbours; for I was rather given to amusing myself with senseless practical joking, particularly of a supernatural kind, and the village became a favourite haunt of evil spirits during the Christmas holidays.

But the only two human beings for whom I entertained a warm affection were Mr. Glading and Mary. The former I loved and revered; and though I did not follow his wise admonitions when I was away from him, I always honestly intended to do so at the time.

The friendship between Mary and myself was renewed every vacation; but our old intimacy could not be continued. She had a governess now, and could no longer wander about like a fawn. Her life seemed to be devoted to playing the piano and learning French; and when we did get out together, Miss Bantam was always of the party.

A nice, quiet, cheerful little lady was Miss Bantam, certainly; but, I thought, terribly particular. She objected to Mary's climbing trees, or tearing her frock, or getting her feet wet, or handling a scull, or doing anything which seemed to her of a tomboy character; and when her pupil picked up one of my school expressions, even so innocent a word as "jolly," she was shocked beyond measure. She went so far as to demur to her calling me Jack; but Mary was firm upon that point, and Jack I remained.

Poor Miss Bantam! What a bore I thought her at the time, for interfering with the freedom of my old playmate; but I regretted her rule when Mr. Glading was persuaded to send Mary, then fourteen, to school; and I went to Brockford one autumn, and found the life and light of the village gone. That was a terribly dull vacation, and for the first time I was glad enough to escape back to Eton.

It is singular that, distinctly as I can recall many minute events of my early childhood, I have no vivid recollection of those of my schoolfellows whom I did not again meet in after-life. My principal "con" was a fellow-colleger named Edward Langley. How it was we drew together I do not know, for our tastes and characters were very dissimilar, and he was not a popular boy. Perhaps the last fact was the reason; for I have always been inclined to "cotton" to those who are not general favourites. A friend whose society is so sought after that you can never get five minutes' uninterrupted talk with him is as unsatisfactory as a partner who is the belle of the ball, utterly bewildered by the multitude of her engagements.

Then, we went to Eton at the same time, were always in the same form, and our beds in the Long Chamber were side by side—so that we were companions from the first, though it was not till we had both risen to some position in the school that we came to be so familiar as to talk freely over our personal and family affairs—or, rather, before he did so; for I was always a great deal too open and unreserved, and ready to blurt out all my private matters, likes, dislikes, and prospects, to the first comer—a dangerous fault.

Langley was what we called "a sap"—that is, one who stuck hard to his book-work, and seemed to despise play. Cricket and football were unknown pleasures to him, fives a vanity, and boating an occupation fit only for galley slaves. He was even indifferent to

the allurements of the pastrycook's shop; and he who could resist such a temptation as the strawberry mess manufactured in Eton in the summer, or the flaky oyster patties, served piping hot in little tins, in the winter, must have been fit for any anchorite's position.

What did he do with his pocket money? Well, he did not have much, and that he hoarded, and, when he felt certain of concealment and repayment, he lent it out at interest. He did not do this openly or generally; but if a boy whom he knew he could trust was short of cash in the middle of the half, he would, as a great favour, and under strict vows of secrecy, let him have say five shillings, on the condition that he should be paid seven and sixpence at the beginning of the next half. And he managed so well, that this usurious practice was never generally known.

I knew it, and this love of money, apart from the desire to spend it, was a mystery to me, until I got a sort of clue in a conversation we had one summer Sunday afternoon.

We were about sixteen, big boys, and getting up in the school at the time. There was a cricket match coming off in the week, with the officers of a regiment quartered in Windsor; and as I was one of the eleven, I took particular interest in the matter, and drew my companion to see the condition of the ground. After which we strolled through the Datchet fields along the riverside.

"I believe, Langley," I blurted out, suddenly, "that you do not care a rap which side wins this match."

"Oh, yes," he replied, carelessly; "of the two I had sooner we won, of course; but I can't get up any great excitement about it."

"Why do you never play?" I continued.

"I am delicate on the chest, and cannot take any strong exercise, for one thing. Then I know I should never be very good at it, for I tried once, and I can always tell directly whether I shall succeed in anything, and drop it at once if I feel that I shall not."

"As for your delicacy," said I, "I believe that arises from your sapping too hard, and not taking exercise enough; and as your eye is like a hawk's, success would come with practice. Besides, you do not care for any games."

"What is the use of them? There is nothing to be got. If one played for a stake, now, it would be different. You don't suppose I like work better than amusing myself; but there is something to be got by work—scholarships and things. If I were rich, I would play. I shall be rich one day, and then I shall enjoy myself."

"What an avaricious chap you are, Ned!" exclaimed I, after a pause.

"Of course I am," said he. "Money is the only thing that makes life worth having. I have seen enough of poverty to know that."

"You have!"

"Yes, my parents were poor. They made what is called an imprudent marriage. They had been used to luxury, both of them, and were extravagant; and I was brought up in the midst of debt, and miserable shifts, and wretchedness. I have seen my father arrested and dragged off to prison, and my poor mother in actual want. You won't tell any fellow, of course?"

"Of course not."

"My father could not stand it any longer. Misery turned his brain, and he—well, he died; and my poor

mother, who was consumptive, and wanted every care, did not long survive him. A distant relative, who has married and settled in France, sent me here; but he is not well off, and I must relieve him from the burden and shift for myself as soon as I can. If I get King's, it will not be long first; and I have got a scholarship already, which helps."

"Poor old fellow!" said I. "We are pretty well in the same boat, do you know; for I don't seem to have any relations either, and my father smashed up entirely before he died. It is very little I have got, I believe; and, faith, I ought to work as hard and play as little as you do."

"Ah," said Langley, shaking his head, "I expect you have not seen Poverty as naked as I have. But I shall be rich one day, my boy—enormously rich, abominably rich; and the man who stood by me shall find the money spent on me a good investment—he or his heirs shall. If a fellow is not a fool, and wills anything strongly, he can do it; and, by one means or another—I do not quite know how yet, but somehow—I will make a heap of money. And then, if we meet, you shall see whether I know how to enjoy myself. Every luxury, every pleasure that money can buy—and what cannot it?—shall be mine. Why, my thirst for pleasure would be inexhaustible if I once began to drink. But what is the use of paltry sipping?"

"I see," said I. "Well, I am glad you do not hoard just for the sake of having a useless heap of silver, as children do old seals. And I am glad that you have a good reason for not playing any games, instead of being a spooney who could not see any fun in them. But I say, you know, old fellow, take care you don't overdo it."

"What, do you think I look ill?" he asked, turning on me quickly.

"Why, of course I did not mean that you were ill yet; and I am not a doctor," I said, evasively. "But fellows do sometimes go in for making cash too hard, and go dead before they get a chance of spending it, you know. It is like over-training."

In truth, the sparkle of his eye, and a hectic flush on his cheek, combined with the information that his mother had died of consumption, had impressed me with the sudden notion that he did not look like a long-lived man. But he did not press me any closer.

Lamb and Sauce.

A lady who asked her lover if he would like to see the lambs feed was surprised to hear him say he had rather see her eye brows(e).

A Safe Driver.

A railroad engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated.

"You were dismissed," said the superintendent, austere, "for letting your train come twice into collision."

"The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask to be restored."

"How so?"

"Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied: I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again."

He regained his situation.

Seeking for Rest.

ONLY a muddy waif,
Floating along the stream,
Where the sullen ripples the bridge piers chafe,
And heave with a ghastly gleam.
Only a muddy waif—
Soaked, and sodden, and bare—
Seeking to hide in the river's deep
A crime over which might the angels weep,
And think of what shame will dare.

From the moment the hollow plash
Woke echo the arch beneath,
To whisper "Murder!" the waves to lash,
Till the blood-hot word made them hiss and seethe,
Then leap and ring as they seemed to breathe
Out "Murder" in sighings bleak—
The muddy waif, on the river borne,
Here sought for rest ere the coming morn,
And light, should the sin bespeak.

Now by the piles and the slime,
Then in the belching drain;
Now in the ooze where the sleek eels climb,
Then by the rust-red chain;
Now with a clutch of an anchor stock,
Then 'neath some mighty keel;
Now where the rolling deal-rafts rock,
Then 'neath the churning wheel.
Now swiftly on towards the mighty sea,
To hide where the billow heaves,
To be hushed in its breast to eternity;
Where the soft-crooned song of the ocean wild,
Sounds like the mother who soothes her child,
And lovingly watches each blue-veined lid,
And dreams of the eyes that in sleep are hid,
As she softly presses her charge to her breast,
Crooning ever the song of rest,
And love round the helpless weaves.

For this floats the muddy waif—
Soaked, and sodden, and bare;
Seeking to hide in the mighty deep
A crime over which might e'en Nature weep,
And think of what shame will dare.

Things New and Old.

Charles Lever.

The Villa Morelli was an unattractive-looking house from the road, from which it was approached by iron gates and a short drive. But on the other (or garden) side it was one of the most picturesque, irregularly built old houses imaginable; and the flagged garden-terrace at the back commanded a lovely view of the storied hill of San Miniato, with its ancient church and half-ruined fortifications on its top, and of the olive and vine-planted valley which divided the two eminences.

Often of a summer evening, before the arrival of whisters from Florence, I used to find Lever in an easy-chair on this terrace, with coffee before him and a cigar in his mouth, enjoying the cool air of the Ave Maria. Sometimes, finding nobody there, I penetrated into the long series of sitting-rooms that occupied all the ground floor of the building, and on these occasions was sure

to find him in a little study, the last and remotest of the suite, writing.

But he was always glad of a motive for laying the pen aside. And then we used to go and sit on the terrace, and discuss the chances of the coming war—that which was decided at Sadowa; and Lever would give his reasons, strategical and political, for feeling sure that Austria would be victorious. And then, one by one, the whisters would drop in, and the Austrians and Prussians were forgotten in the excitement of battles, the upshot of which our friend was better able to predict.

Lever's outward appearance was exactly such as the mental characteristics which have been attributed to him would lead one to expect. He was, though not a tall, rather a large-made and large-limbed man—not fat, but portly in his person; and there was a kind of expansiveness in the taste and fashion of his garments that seemed to tally with the expansiveness of his character. He used to wear a coat falling freely and widely back, and exhibiting a large expanse of waistcoat. He affected, I think, light colours rather, and often a white waistcoat. He was an especially spruce and speckless-looking man, yet without any appearance of care or precision. He used to show a good deal of linen about his bosom and neck and hands, which always looked as if it had been put on the minute before, and would, if it were to be preserved in the condition one always saw it in, need to be renewed the next minute.

His head was rather large, and sufficiently bald at the top to show that on phrenological principles it was exceedingly well formed—broad and high, though not massive in the forehead; and with that wide, round arch from ear to ear which is held to denote a well developed and well balanced moral organization. The broad face, clean-looking and fresh-coloured, but hardly to be called florid, with its clear eyes brimming over with humour, and its wide mouth well furnished with brilliantly white teeth, was the very picture and most eloquent expression of good nature, good temper, and good humour. The lips were full, but not sensual: there was too much indicative of intellect about them.

The chin, always smoothly shaven, was large, and might have been called a little heavy had it been appended to a less mobile and less well-lighted a face. It had an expressiveness of its own, too, that chin; for it had a way, when he was in a satirical mood, and was about to say a sharp thing, of assuming a look of hardness and squareness about the under-jaw which would have imparted a character of severity to the face if the eyes had not all the time been shooting out fun-
beams on the sly. I wonder how those eyes looked when he was really angered. I never saw him so.

Dinner in China.

I. Sharks' fins with crab sauce—(1) Pigeons' eggs stewed with mushrooms; (2) sliced sea-slugs in chicken broth, with ham. II. Wild duck and Shantung cabbage; (3) fried fish; (4) lumps of pork fat fried in rice flour. III. Stewed lily roots; (5) chicken mashed to pulp, with ham; (6) stewed bamboo shoots. IV. Stewed shell-fish; (7) fried slices of pheasant; (8) mushroom broth. *Remove.*—Two dishes of fried pudding, one sweet and the other salt, with two dishes of steamed puddings, also one sweet and one salt. [These four are put on the table together, and with them is served

a cup of almond tea.] V. Sweetened duck. VI. Strips of boned chicken fried in oil. VII. Boiled fish (of any kind), with soy. VIII. Lumps of parboiled mutton fried in pork fat. These last four large courses are put on the table one by one, and are not taken away. Subsequently a fifth—a bowl of soup—is added, and small basins of rice are served round, over which some of the soup is poured. The meal is then at an end. A *rinse-bouche* is handed to each guest, and a towel dipped in boiling water, but well wrung out. With the last he mops his face all over, and the effect is much the same as half a noggin of Exshaw qualified with a bottle of Schweppé. Pipes and tea are now handed round, though this is not the first appearance of tobacco on the scene. Many Chinamen take a whiff or two at their hubble-bubbles between almost every course. Opium is provided, when dinner is over, for such as are addicted to the fatal luxury; and after a few minutes—spent, perhaps, in arranging the preliminaries of some future banquet—the party, which has probably lasted from three to four hours, is no longer of the present, but in the past.

A Stand.

A Frenchman being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating, at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, with a shrug of the shoulder, "Oh, yes, he's very good stand for de business—by gar, me stand all day, for nobody come to make me move!"

A Tight Squeeze.

A miller in a small town in Vermont was, at intervals, temporarily insane for several days together, and at those times he imagined himself to be in another world—the world that is to come—and the Judge of all the earth. He built a large platform nearly ten feet from the ground, and seated thereon in an arm-chair, with a ponderous Bible in hand, he imagined a large concourse of people to be before him, and proceeded to question them concerning their former occupation, conduct, &c., answering the inquiries himself. At length he came to a miller residing in an adjoining town, and questioned him thus:

"What was your occupation in yonder world?"

"A miller, sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Used it myself, sir."

"You may go to the wrong side of the question," said the pretended judge, unhesitatingly.

Finally, after judging all others, he proceeded to treat himself likewise.

"What was your occupation in yonder world?" he asked of himself.

"A miller, sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Made bread of it, and gave the bread to the poor."

Then he hesitated, scratched his head, and seemed to be engaged in deep thought for several minutes, and finally said—

"Well, you may go to the right side of the question, but—it—is—a tight squeeze."



"THE TIDE WAS RISING." (Page 51.)



[April, 1875.]

SPRING FLOWERS.
"ALL A-GROWING—ALL A-BLOWING."

Once a Week.]

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER VI.—HOW LARRY CLEARED THE WAY.

WITH a wild Irish whoop of delight and a flourish of his stick, Larry charged down upon the contending men.

Crack!

There was a howling curse as the blackthorn came down upon an uplifted bowie-knife-armed hand, numbing the wrist, and sending the blade flying just as it was about to descend upon an unguarded breast.

Crack!

A head gave forth a sonorous, hollow sound, and its owner rolled upon the side-walk.

Crack!

Another man received the twig right across the forehead, and fell over his comrade.

Thud!

The stick fell upon a ruffian's shoulder, making him utter a yell; and then, with another "Hurroo!" and a flourish, Larry dashed at the others, catching one a slight tap on the head, but failing to stay him, for he and his companions were in full flight.

"That's mighty pleasant, anyhow," said Larry, with a profound sigh of satisfaction overspreading his countenance. "What a thrate!"

He gave his stick another flourish, and looked round for an adversary; but the gathering crowd shrank away, and allowed him to pass to where Frank Adams was assisting Caleb Dawson to rise.

"Powers!" ejaculated Larry, in utter astonishment; "why, it's the masther an' the whiskey man! An' are ye hurt at all, at all? Don't spake both of ye; but you, masther dear, have the spalpeens wounded ye?"

"Only a scratch or two, Larry," said Frank.

"Bad luck to thim! I'd have hit twicet as hard if I'd only known it was you, sor! An' yer honour, Mishter Dawson, sor?"

"More frightened than hurt, I hope, Pat," said Dawson, feeling himself all over, after wrapping his handkerchief round his bleeding wrist.

"Freckened!" said Larry; "ye didn't look much freckened, aither ov ye, whin I came up."

"You only came just in time, anyhow," said Dawson, coolly.

"Say, strangers," said a voice, "if I were you I'd make tracks. Take the next turning, and go straight away, or you'll have them chaps back."

The advice was too good to be lightly treated; but there was some one else to think of besides themselves, and Dawson looked anxiously round, trying to identify the doorway into which he had swung Mary Adams and her sister, but failing; for in the fight they had gradually edged away to some distance from the place where the assault was first made.

"Well, hadn't we better make a retreat while we can?" said Adams, looking round to see more than one evil-looking, lowering countenance.

"Don't hurry, masther dear," said Larry, pathetically. "One don't know whin we may have a chance of handlin' the stick agin."

"It must have been here," said Dawson, stopping before a wretched, rickety-looking place.

"What must have been here?" said Adams, curiously. "Why, where they stood for shelter when those scoundrels came on."

"You forget that I was not here at the beginning," said Adams. "Who may they be?"

"Good heavens, man, don't you know?" said Dawson, excitedly. "Why, your wife and sister!"

Adams could hardly have started more if he had had a blow. His hand went to his throat, and he twice essayed to speak, but no words came. Then, seizing Dawson by the arm, he made motions for him to explain.

This the American did in a few sharp, brief sentences, and the two men looked at each other aghast.

There was now a diversion in their favour, for some of the ill-looking scoundrels who had been edging up suddenly began to sidle away, the reason being that the caps of several of the police were seen over the heads of the crowd, and a brief explanation ensued.

"It's no use to go into that now," said their leader, sharply. "We must come again when things have cooled down. Your lives aint safe a minute."

"What, go and leave those helpless women here!" said Dawson. "Not if I know it."

He turned to speak to Adams, but he had already walked to the door, accompanied by Larry, and after a brief parley it was opened.

No, it had not been opened for hours. It was a mistake.

But Adams, who was half mad with anxiety, insisted upon the place being searched, calling in the aid of the police; and a very few minutes sufficed to show that the place was empty.

"Try this house," said Dawson, as soon as they were outside.

And he pointed to another, vainly struggling the while with the confusion of mind consequent upon the encounter in which he had been engaged.

The house he pointed out was also searched, and another, and another after, when the leader of the police, who had, on the strength of having his force augmented, consented at last to the search, now refused to go any farther.

"It's no use, strangers," he said. "We shall have a regular riot in another five minutes, and not get off with our lives. These women are hiding, and will keep in hiding till the row is over. They can't come to no harm; and, look here, I must have my way now. So give in."

Adams made desperate opposition, and would have engaged even in a struggle with the police, but for the words of Dawson, who whispered earnestly in his ear—

"Give in now, or they'll drag us off. It will only be waste of power. I am as anxious as yourself, but the sergeant is right. Let the place cool down again before we come back. Perhaps I can think it out, too, by then, for my head is all muddled with this blow."

He put his hand to the back of his head as he spoke, and Adams for the first time saw that he was bleeding freely. He would still have opposed, for there was a horrible, black feeling of despair in his heart, and it seemed worse than sacrilege to go and, as it were, leave the women to their fate, when suddenly he gave a lurch forward and would have fallen, but one of the policemen caught him, and Larry rushed forward to his help.

"The ugly savages!" exclaimed Larry. "Bad luck

to him, fightin' with knives an' pistols. Look at him how he's bladin'! Whisht, thin, policeman, is it dead he is, or only in a faint?"

"Dead? I reckon it would take a dozen such flicks as that to kill him," said the policeman.

And then, supported on each side and surrounded by the police, the party moved off, Adams recovering in a few minutes, and yielding perforce to circumstances.

Arrived at the station, the aid of a surgeon was called in, and his dictum given that the hurts would heal in a few days.

"And now," said the sergeant, who had begun to take great interest in the case, "you two go back to the Chesapeake, and stay there and rest till evening. Then come back here, and we'll go down in tidy strength. Meanwhile, I'll set a fellow or two to work to make inquiries, and pick up all they can."

"I can't go," said Adams, "and leave them there. It is impossible."

"And suppose they have got back to the hotel while you and the rest of us have been getting ourselves chawed up?" said the sergeant.

Dawson waited to hear no more, but started off at a trot, and was only stopped by Larry, who ran after him.

"Don't be afther cuttin' away from the masther like that," he said. "If ye're so sthrong, he isn't; so come an' give him yer arm."

Dawson smiled, and waited the coming of Adams; then together they hastened on to the hotel.

"It's a forlorn hope," said Adams, with a groan. "Fool that I was ever to leave them!"

"Well," said Dawson, quietly, "I did not like their going; but I followed them all through, as closely as I could, till I missed them for a few minutes; and in those few minutes they were insulted, and—"

"Bedad, it's thim! Hurroo!" cried Larry, pointing to the window of the hotel, where sat Mary and Mrs. Adams, anxiously looking out for those who were absent.

Two Fishing Ditties.

THERE is a story of a Highlander, whose wife was seriously ill, but who, tempted by the fine play in which the river was, had slipped away from her bedside, and walked down to "tak' a cast o' her." He had just risen and hooked a splendid salmon, which was affording him magnificent sport, when a faithful retainer came running towards him, wringing his hands, and crying—

"Laird! laird! the mistress is deein', deein', deein'!"

"Ah, mon! ye dinna say sae! Rin away back, Donald, and tell her just to hing on a bit till a've kilt the fuisse."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, as if to punish his inhumanity, the salmon flung himself fully five feet out of the pool, and looking like a huge bar of silver, splashed back in the water and broke the line.

"Did ye ever see the like o' that? it's just a judgment," was the laird's exclamation, as he hurried back to his wife's bedside in season to receive her dying blessing. Great and sincere was his grief, and many

friends and neighbours called to console him. His old comrade in the Crimea, Major Macallister, mingled his sympathy with praises of the sweet and saint-like character of the departed.

"She was aye a gude wife, laird."

The laird assented with a sad shake of the head.

"But we're a' dust, laird."

"We're that—ay we're that; dinna doot it," was the melancholy response.

"And ye've tint her, laird."

At this the laird brightened up.

"It's varra true, Macallister; but did ye hear o' the big sammon the news o't tint (lost) me i' the morn? Hey, mon, that was a famous fuisse!"

Another incident, illustrative of the all-absorbing interest felt by a veteran angler like the aforesaid Gael when his rod makes a salaam, owing to his fraudulent fly being seized by a salmon, who would say, if he could—

"As flies to wanton boys are we to men—
They kill us for their sport,"

is the hitherto unrecorded case of G. S. C., perhaps the most accomplished angler in the country. When fishing in New Brunswick, a few summers since, he was suddenly startled by his guide shouting to him, at the very moment his fly had been seized by a silvery salmon—

"Vite! monsieur! allez! allez! Un grand ours venant par derriere!"

Not even the danger of death from the too affectionate embrace of bruin could induce him to desert his rod for several seconds, until, finding his quarry was well secured, he turned his head just in time to see a big black bear disappearing among the bushes, doubtless frightened away by the sight of the fisherman no less than by the vociferous exclamations of his *habitant* attendant, who had judiciously climbed a tree—thereby imitating the majestic John Philip Kemble, who, when walking with the great minstrel at Abbotsford, was chased by a wild bull, and in his grand way said: "Methinks, Sir Walter, 'twere well to climb yonder tree;" suiting the action to the word with surprising alacrity, and leaving the lame baronet to escape from the infuriated beast as he best could.

Which and What.

Our schoolboy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to show him what is what, he only finds out which is switch.

A Bargain.

When old Bogus's wife fell ill, he sent for a doctor as sordid and avaricious as himself. Before the doctor saw the patient, he wished to have an understanding with the miserly husband.

"Here's forty dollars," said Bogus, "and you shall have it, whether you cure my wife or kill her."

The woman died, and the doctor called for the fee.

"Did you kill my wife," asked Bogus.

"Certainly not!" replied the indignant doctor.

"Well, you didn't cure her?"

"You know she's dead."

"Very well, then—leave the house in double quick time," said Bogus. "A bargain's a bargain; it was kill or cure, but you did neither."

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXVI.—BEING TEMPTED.

IT was certainly rather a critical position to be placed in, and for a few moments Jack Filmer gave himself up for lost; but before long it became evident to him that his assailant's sole intention was to render him helpless for the time being. He would have called for help, but even in his perilous strait Jack did not wish to do that, but left it for a last resource; but almost as he made the resolve, he felt himself dashed suddenly forward, his head came violently against the wall, and then he lay half stunned upon the pebble paving of the court.

Jack staggered up, though, the next minute, and leaned against the wall, clutching tightly at an old trained pear tree till the place ceased to revolve round him; and then he crept quietly across to his own place, where, after bathing his face for a few minutes, the dizzy sensation of sickness passed off, and he sat thinking, resting his aching head upon his hand.

"Shall I tell the police? Shall I go over to the old man in the morning? or shall I keep quiet?" mused Jack, rocking his aching head softly to and fro. "I know what I'll do to-night," he said—"I'll go to bed."

And so he did.

"That's a nice ornament, that is," said Jack the next morning, as he stood before his glass, surveying a protuberance upon his forehead, which was turning green, and yellow, and blue around a nasty cut.

"Who's to put a hat on over that, I should like to know?" he muttered. "But never mind, I'll keep it all quiet yet; something'll come of it all, see if there don't; and I'm suffering it all for you, Fanny, I am, and— Oh, I say! I musn't let her see me with my head like this: she's sure to think I've been fighting."

The result was that Jack Filmer kept himself very closely within doors for the next fortnight, so as to get his head quite well before the races came off; but all the same, he kept a most careful watch upon the opposite house, more especially of a night, but without seeing anything worthy of note; and his love affairs, like Tom Madron's, remained where they were.

As for Harvey Parker, he seemed to be turning a reformed character, spending most of his time at home—that is, in the refining society of the stable-men, save that two or three times he made advances towards friendliness with Jack Filmer when he was having his evening cigar outside the house—advances that were received with no great favour by the photographer, even though Harvey condescended to admire sundry prints, and talked about coming over some day to be taken.

"I hate him!" growled Jack to himself, each time as soon as he was alone. "I only wish I knew for certain that it was him who gave me that polt on the head. What's he come across here for? Has he got some little game on? Let him look out if he has."

Frowning fiercely, Jack took down from a shelf his bottle of cyanide of potassium, and treating it as a weapon of offence and defence, he placed the deadly drug upon the chimneypiece, and then evidently felt better.

And now the long-looked-for day had arrived—Bubbley Parva races—the holiday of old and young.

It was certainly very hard work to stand there polishing glasses and waiting for customers on a day like that, just such a day as there was not the slightest likelihood of a single customer coming. How could people be expected to come at a time when there was such an attraction on the Heath? Why, as Jack Filmer knew, the whole town had been emptying itself ever since five o'clock that morning, when the gipsies and tramps, and the heterogeneous assembly of seedy-looking individuals, who go from fair to race, and from race to fair, all the year round, had begun to leave their lodgings at the low beershops, so as to get a good pitch somewhere or another on the Heath. And from that early hour of five, it being a gloriously bright day, Jack had seen the people setting in an unbroken current past his place of business.

"I should like to go—very much like to go," thought Jack; "but if I do, she'll think I'm lazy, and always running off to these sort of things, and I don't want her to think that of me."

"It would be very nice, though," he mused again, as merry party after merry party went by, and more than one acquaintance paused to tell him to "shut up that there shop and come on."

But then he recollected that he had a dozen cartes de visité to finish for an old lady, who was his best customer, and he had promised those photographs for that evening.

"Can't print only when it's light," said Jack; "but it does seem hard to have to work on a day like this. Jigger the music! I wish it wouldn't play where I can hear it," he exclaimed, angrily, as the strains of a band came floating into the studio.

"It won't do," said Jack, struggling against temptation, as party after party hurried by with all the paraphernalia of a racecourse. "If I hear much more of it, though, I shall break down."

To guard against this contingency, then, he walked sedately to a drawer, pulled out a little cotton wool, and with it carefully plugged his ears.

"There," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "I sha'n't hear them now, at all events."

But Jack soon found that it would be necessary for his eyes to be closed as well as his ears; and if he closed his eyes he could not work.

The stopped-ear plan did not last five minutes; for he pulled out the cotton wool with an impatient "Pish!" and set resolutely to work, whistling away as he turned over card and glass.

But in spite of his resolution, he was obliged to keep on lifting his eyes from his work, to have a glance at this or that holiday party passing the shop.

"How do, sir, how do?" said Jack, in answer to Tom Madron's salute, as that gentleman cantered by. "Ah!" said Jack, "he's going too; he'll ride round and call upon two or three patients, and then find his way to the course, as safe as wheat. Nice to be a doctor, and ride a tit like that."

Then came another spell of work before Jack raised his eyes again.

"Ah!" he muttered, "there goes Sam Baxley and his girl. Going to make a holiday of it, of course. Why couldn't somebody and me have made a holiday

of it? I couldn't help feeling as I felt, and speaking as I spoke. I never meant any harm."

Jack looked wistfully over at the Manor House windows as he mused, but though they were nearly all wide open, he could see no sign of Fanny; and he sighed as he thought how hard she seemed to be towards him.

"She might have forgiven me by this time," said Jack. "I said I'd cast her off for ever, but then it looked like casting me off; and I didn't think she was going to serve me so."

Here followed another spell of work, the people still streaming by.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Jack, "why there won't be a soul in the place soon; the old doctor going, eh? We shall have old Huntley going off next. Who's this? Oh, I see, the Burges. Nice trade; law pays better than photogripping; 'taint much as they do for half-a-crown, I know. Ah, I thought as much; they're off from over the way. Who's in the carriage? Miss Jenny and Mr. Harvey, and—why, if they aint taking cook in the dickey!"

Jack's heart was all of a throb at the sight of the stoutish dame climbing up to the back seat; not that he was watching her, for his eyes were fixed upon the open door to see what would come next; and it was as he expected, for after a certain amount of delay, Fanny appeared, very coquettish in appearance, and ready to climb unassisted to her place.



Jack looked longingly on, gradually creeping nearer and nearer to the open door, but Fanny never once turned her head, and the next moment the carriage was driven off.

"I don't care," said Jack, fiercely, addressing nobody—"I don't care; I aint the only one as has got a sore heart to-day, I know. There's plenty as bad off as I am. And if the young doctor aint riled about some one in that there trap, my name aint Jack Filmer."

He stood looking after the retreating carriage for awhile, and then broke out again.

"She must ha' seen me, that she must; and not one look. She might ha' forgiven me by this time. Never mind," he continued, cynically, "let 'em go—let everybody go. Races—pleasure—let's look at 'em all when they come back, tired and worn out, and cross with losing. I'd not believe neither, for all the treat the old gentleman has given them over the way, that they're all happy. Strikes me they're not."

"There," he said, going back to his photograph, "just my luck—overprinted, and black as one's hat."

Never mind, I don't care. I don't want to go to no races. I can stop at home and work, and save the money; and perhaps some day them as slighted me will be sorry for it."

For the next hour, Jack worked away viciously. Then he walked to the door, and looked up the street, to see every shop within eyeshot closely shut, and the place absolutely deserted, save that a groom was in sight, leading a spidery horse, clothed in a big-patterned suit of checks, even to the ears.

"Of course," said Jack, "I'm the only poor beggar to be seen at home; everybody else is holiday-keeping."

Then he entered the shop once more, in a dreamy, melancholy fashion, and sat down to rest his head on his hand.

"Who's to work," he muttered, "with everybody else at play? There's that Heath full of people watching the horses, and the games that's going on all over the place. 'Taint like going down to the Darby, of course, and there aint the fun to be seen like there is on the Downs; but bread and cheese is very good when you can't get meat. I wonder whether she's enjoying it," said Jack, as he finished printing the last carte de visite. "I wonder whether she likes it, or whether she wishes she was back at home. I wonder whether she wishes I was there. If I thought she did, wouldn't I soon go. But, there, I don't suppose she thinks about anything but the races."

Here he broke off, looking very dull and despondent for about an hour; and then he jumped up, to go on working again, as if to drown care in the only sensible way. Then he had a look up street and down street, without his eye lighting upon a soul.

"I wish somebody would just lock me in," muttered Jack. "Who on earth is to stand this? I can't much longer. It's more than a human being can stand."

"I'll go," he exclaimed at last, "hang me if I don't."

He ran out, and rattled up his shutters in a very few minutes, and then closed the door, and stood breathless in the shop.

"No, I'll be hanged if I go!" he exclaimed. "If I went, I should only be hanging round that carriage; and I couldn't go and speak to her, and she'd be triumphing over me all the time. I won't go."

Jack kept in that mind for fully half an hour, and then he glanced through the half-open door at the sunshine and the blue sky, and his heart failed once more.

"I aint got a bit of standby in me," he whimpered. "Why don't somebody lock me in? I'd give one of the Bobbies a tizzy to do it, only they are all on the course. And if one was here and did it, I should only get out of the window. I can't help it. I dare say it's weak, and all that sort of thing, but I can't stop here."

It certainly was a hard trial upon such an occasion. Had there been no Fanny in the case, it would have been bad enough; but with the knowledge that she had gone to the race, and was sitting there, certainly being admired, perhaps courted, by half a dozen, attracted by her bright, winning smile, it was more, Jack said, than mortal could bear.

"I can't help it if I am jealous of no one in particular," said Jack, apostrophizing himself in the glass, as he hastily exchanged what he called his "everydays" for his "Sundays." "It's enough to make any man

jealous, and we'll have a wind-up of this to-morrow night, if I don't get a chance to-night; for if it aint time it was settled now, it never will be."

He was not long over his toilet, and at length stood smart and glossy, gave a last glance at himself in his shabby looking-glass, and then he stopped short.

"What an idiot I am!" he exclaimed. "Why, if I'd had any gumption, I should have had a tent on the course. I might have made pounds! I'll get my tools ready, after all."

Saying which, Jack took his camera and a box of dry plates in hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.—TOM MADRON PAYS A VISIT.

"YOU'LL go to the races, Jenny?" said Mr. Huntley, on the morning of that most important event, the Officers' Cup Day at Bubbley Parva.

"Oh, no," said Jenny; "I don't care for them. I'll stay at home to-day."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the old man, peevishly. "Harvey is going to drive the carriage over himself, and you had better go. I would rather you went; and, Jenny, try to keep him with you—try and keep him from betting. I—I don't want him to lose money."

Poor Jenny! she made no further opposition to her uncle's wish; but her colour went and came as she thought of the task entrusted to her. How could she keep Harvey by her side, and how could she prevent him from betting? And besides, some one else might be at the races. He would be sure to go, and he would see them together; and then—

The tears came to Jenny's eyes as these thoughts flitted rapidly through her mind. She trembled, too, as she fancied Tom Madron grieved, and wounded, and jealous—"Not that he need be," she said to herself.

The carriage was ordered, and Harvey fidgeted in and out, as if anxious to go. He made no objection, though, to his uncle's proposition that the two maid servants should go as well; and then eagerly suggested that his uncle should also be of the party.

Jenny eyes seemed to second this, but the old man shook his head; and Harvey, who seemed ill at ease, left the room.

"But you will be so dull while I am away, uncle, dear," said Jenny.

"No, no, not at all," he answered. "I have two or three letters to answer, Jenny, and Lawrence's money to acknowledge—four hundred and fifty pounds, Jenny; and I shall devise some fresh place for that money, for I'm not at all satisfied with Lawrence. Oh, my child, money is a great curse. There, there, go and try and enjoy yourself, and I shall be busy enough till you come back."

The carriage came round in good time, and, as Jack Filmer had seen, the party mounted and were driven off, Harvey finding a capital position near the grand stand, where Jenny's eyes were soon wandering, in spite of herself, in every direction, certainly not in search of the colours of the various horses.

For a time she was successful in keeping Harvey by her side; for he seemed quite pleased at the bright, animated manner in which she conversed with him—constantly asking questions respecting the race, getting

him to adjust the glass they had brought, and looking so flushed, and excited, and bright, that during the interval between two races Harvey stooped and whispered a few words to her, just as her eyes fell upon a horseman slowly passing along some ten yards distant—to wit, Tom Madron, who darted at her so sad and reproachful a glance, that Jenny was hard pressed to stay a hysterical sob, and from that moment became so dull, pale, and abstracted, that Harvey, after an attempt or two at conversation, made some excuse and sauntered away.

"Don't go, Harvey," she exclaimed, stretching her hands out after him imploringly.

But the young man did not hear her, and walked on. The words were heard, though, by one for whom they were not intended—namely, Tom Madron, who, after riding some little distance, had ended by calling himself "a suspicious cur," and turning his horse's head, so as to ride up to the side of the carriage and speak; but Fate so willed it that he should get near enough to hear Jenny's call to Harvey, and to see her anxious, imploring look.

"She's been playing with me," muttered Tom, angrily.

And immediately turning his horse's head, he rode away from the course. The noise and laughter, the merry, excited faces, and scenes of feasting and satisfaction around, jarred upon him as he rode of necessity slowly on, feeling how thoroughly out of place he was there, where every face he saw wore a holiday aspect, since it was too early as yet in the day for the countenances of the losers to be seen.

It was a weary, desolate, sinking feeling that which oppressed him. He was wounded, and his strong desire was now to get to some desolate place where he could hide from the sight of man, and be alone with his thoughts.

"What a romantic fool I am!" he muttered as he impatiently forced his way on, every place of exit being thronged. "I suppose all men are a bit weak, though, when they have this fit on them."

"Desolate place!" he said aloud, with a laugh. "I had better get back into the town; that is desolate enough. What's the fool staring at?" he exclaimed, impatiently, as he encountered the wide-open eyes of a rustic, whose attention had been taken by his muttering aloud.

"Perhaps I'm too hard upon her," thought Tom, as he rode on. "I don't make allowance for her having been brought up with him, and their living together in the house like brother and sister. There, a good gallop will do me good, if I can only find a clear place. I'm blue-moulded, and suspicious, and I believe my liver's a bit touched. I'll prescribe for myself, for a change," he said, laughingly.

And then, touching his cob with his heels, he turned down a lane and cantered off.

"Hallo, what's he doing here?" said Tom, at the end of five minutes, as he saw Harvey Parker hurriedly cross his path. "Looks as if he were making for the town. Saw me, too, evidently, for his pleasant face knotted up as if he were going to bite."

Tom rode on slowly, and then checked his horse into a walk, as he sat thoughtfully trying to arrange his future proceedings.

"Here, why should I go away, and not ride back to

the races? Now he is not there, I might go up to the carriage and have a pleasant chat, without running the risk of any *contretemps* with Master Harvey. I don't know, though—he might be back at any moment.



There, get on, my boy!" he exclaimed to his horse, and he cantered away. "I'll be content and wait, and Othello may go hang. I won't carry an Iago-like conscience, to be always suggesting trouble and annoyance. I believe, really, that we men do more towards making our lives uncomfortable than we give ourselves credit for. Why, where would our profession be if it were not for the way in which men persistently destroy their health?"

And so he went on musing, till the shouting and noise of the racecourse became a low, soft murmur; and as he turned in his saddle for a few moments, on the top of an eminence, the crowd upon the Heath seemed to be like a dark patch amongst the green, and purple, and gold of the heath and gorse.

"Let me see," said Tom, as he once more jogged along—"I'll cut across Bull Hill, and go and see poor old Joe Thompson."

No sooner said than done. The cob responded to the pressure of his heel, and away they went over the springy turf, the horse enjoying the gallop as much as did his master, and clumsily leaping tuft after tuft, as he snorted and snuffed the fresh, scent-laden breeze.

"There, I'm getting better and better every moment," said Tom, whose face now lit up with a smile. "No pill needed now. What a fool I am! God bless her! Nothing like business and common sense to pull a man together when he's down."

So it seemed; for after making one call at the extremity of his district, Tom made another and another, and then stood where two roads forked, and hesitated. To the right, and he would reach the racecourse; to the left, and he would reach the town by the back lanes. Which way should he go?

"H'm," mused Tom; "race—people—buffoonery—no going to the carriage door. Here, let's get home!"

He tried to look cheerful as he came to this determination, but it was a great effort; and before he had

ridden a hundred yards, he turned and began to ride back, having changed his mind.

"There, what a weak-minded boy I am!" he exclaimed; and once more tugging his horse's head round, he rode on for the town, the poor brute shaking its tugged head with a remonstrant air, and apparently expecting a fresh check—one, however, that did not come; and the canter soon settled into a gentle amble as Tom rode thoughtfully on.

"I've a good mind to call on the old gentleman," said Tom at last. "It can't do any harm. He will believe I've come solely to see him, when I tell him that I saw the others were all at the races. No, I won't," he said, after a few moments. "Yes, I will," he shouted, "if it's only to conquer this abominable indecision."

He rode on now briskly, and reached the stables without seeing a soul.

"What a city of the dead, to be sure!" he said, as he led the horse in, and took off bridle and saddle, and shut the tired beast in a horse box.



"Plenty of hay for him to amuse himself with," said Tom.

And then he strode out into the High-street, and walked towards Mr. Huntley's, trying to make up his mind as to what he should say.

"Rather warm," muttered Tom, as, somewhat flushed, he walked up to the gate and rang; but obtaining no response, he walked to the side entrance. "Perhaps he's in the garden," he said, as he walked into the great courtyard to find that the side door was closed;



A TALE OF A COMIC SONG. (Page 64.)

and a ring here produced no response, a second application to the long swinging handle having no better effect.

"He can't be down the garden, or else this door would have been left open. There, what an ass I am: he could carry a key, or there's the French window of the drawing-room. Looks inquisitive my coming like this; but now I'm so far, perhaps he has seen me, and it will look like a tramp to march back."

He stalked down to the garden, and with a casual glance he saw that the French window was closed; Five minutes on the lawn and walk showed him that Mr. Huntley was not in the garden; and he turned back, suffering from a vague feeling of uneasiness.

"I'll ring once more," said Tom, and walking swiftly he did so, and waited, listening attentively.

"He did not go with them, that I saw," exclaimed Tom, uneasily. "Good God! surely the poor old man is not in a fit—left here quite alone!—I—shall I try and get in?"

A Tale of a Comic Song.

I WENT one day to take a quiet walk through Camden Town;

The streets were thronged with busy folks, who wandered up and down.

My heart was sad with unknown care, which time would ne'er reveal—

A hidden grief, the sort of thing which tragic heroes feel!

I met a man—a portly man: I told him of my woes—
His cheeks were red, his eyes were bright, and scarlet was his nose—

I told him of my sleepless nights, my days of wild despair;

My longings for—my wish to be— I knew not what, or where!

He smiled—a grave, reproachful smile. "All this is very wrong;

Take my advice, go home at once, and write a comic song!

But, oh! my son, avoid a pun, of vilest things the worst,

With which the literary world by foolish men is curst."

I laughed—ha! ha! He laughed—ha! ha! We laughed both loud and long,

To think of how I meant to write that *very* comic song.

And all the way as I went home, I laughed with boisterous glee;

"Oh, gracious me!" I said, "that song, how comic it will be."

I wrote a song—a comic song—'twas full of pleasant wit;

I read it to my truest friend—he did not laugh a bit.

I read it to that dearer one, whose image fills my breast,

But not one smile from those bright lips her inward mirth confest.

I read it to my fondest foe—a mean and vulgar cad—
And when I told him it was mine, he seemed most strangely glad.

I read it to a little boy whom I had often tipped,
The boy shed tears—oh, how I wished that boy were soundly whipped!

I sang it to some folks I knew—I who ne'er sang before;

They fled, and fleeing, sobbed "Farewell! farewell for evermore."

I read it to my faithful dog—I had no cause to laugh—
The dog gave forth a fearful howl, and bit me in the calf.

I kicked—I soundly kicked the brute who did me this great wrong;

But I begin to doubt if I can write a comic song.

THE

READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Tailor on Strikes.

WHAT do I think of the strike, sir? Why, I think it's a nuisance, coming now at the busiest part of the season, when one hoped to make up a little before the slack comes with its hard times. That's what I think of the strike, speaking fair as a man can speak, you know—speaking, I may say, as a tailor—regular journeyman tailor—who works for a Bond-street house, and has seen a few of the ins and outs. Perhaps the men were wrong to strike; perhaps they were right. I'm not going to say one way or the other. All I say is, settle it, and let's get set down to work again, for I'm tired of standing; and, being an out-door man, if they don't look sharp, I sha'n't have a bit of fire to heat my iron when I want to press off—heat my goose, I mean. Why do we call our big iron a goose? Well, I'll tell you. Because when you try if it's hot, or presses along a wet seam, it hisses just like a goose does. Friend of mine once by way of a joke ast a chap to dine with him o' Sunday—hot goose for dinner; and when the dishes was on the table, there was something under a cover in the biggest dish, hissing and steaming away like fun. "Take off the covers, Nelly," he says to his wife, and off they comes—first, potatoes; second, Bruzzle sprouts; third, the tin cover off the big dish, and there, standing in water, hot, and cizzling away, was the big goose iron in a little cloud of steam. Rather too bad a joke for a hungry man. Only there was a bit of beef fresh from the bakehouse in the next room waiting to be brought in.

There's some things I like in my trade, and some I don't. One advantage is, that we want so few tools—give us a ha'porth o' needles, a bit o' wax, a sleeve-board, an iron, and a pair o' scissors, and we can travel the country, ready to sit down anywhere—board or floor—and undertake a job. But there's a many drawbacks. You see, we London tailors are not like what they are in the country, ready to take anything; but one will be a trousers hand, another a waistcoat hand, and another always keeps to coats. Some comes out strong in breeches; some always on uniforms; while others again does a'most nothing but liveries. I'm a trousers hand, I am, and though you may think it easy

enough to make a pair of trousers that shall sit well, don't you make no mistakes, because it aint; and if you think different, just look at a pair worn by a gentleman, and then at those on the legs of 254 of the X Y Z division of police. There's a many ins and outs and schemes to get the right sit and fall, easy as it may seem; and so a good many country hands find when they come up here first.

Of course, you know, I've been watching the strike in the papers, though I don't attend the meetings; for, you know, after a bit of snuff, it seems to me that a man's paper's his greatest luxury. Only this morning, in one of them, I see a letter from "A Tailor's Son," as he calls himself, in which he calls upon some leading firm to let the public know what journeymen tailors earn a week, supposing they work six days each week, and he says the public would be surprised.

He may well put in that bit about supposing them to work six days a week; but how long can they? He don't say anything about the outside men—those who work at home, going backwards and forwards to the shop time after time for a job, to get such answers as "Nothing to-day—none cut out," or "Wait." I've known the time when I've gone backwards and forwards, and hung about till I've been sick of it, waiting many a half-day, and then having to work all night, perhaps, to make up for the cutter's neglect—working, perhaps, till one has begun to nod and doze, and then been obliged to bathe one's face, or run up and down the room, to waken up a bit, when on to the board I'd go, to find that I'd been making a blunder all the last hour, and been so sleepy that I'd sewn the wrong seam, and had all to unpick.

This is a thing, too, that hasn't happened once or twice, but scores of times, particularly in the busy season. Plenty of work for you then, and you're often at it night and day, and drop into no end of rows if you don't get done to the time stated on the ticket they give you with the cloth. The pay's good enough, and if one could keep on quietly and steadily day after day at the work it would be all right enough; but if a man don't see his bed for eight-and-forty hours, and works hard all that time, what's he good for the next eight-and-forty? Why, nothing at all. You keep your horse along at a steady trot for a long journey, and you'll do it all right; but just you start at a raging gallop, and see where you'll be, in spite of whipping and spurring, before you get half-way there. Keep me on regular at a fair day's work and I'm right enough, but rob me of my natural night's rest and I'm done; and so is any man, let him boast as he will of his strength.

Now, I said just now that perhaps the men were right, and perhaps the masters were; but being a non-union man, I mean to speak out, and say that over this strike the men are in the wrong, and haven't behaved fairly. You see, if they had been oppressed, or cut down, or imposed upon, or had been working for your keen, cutting, advertising, bad-paying houses, it would have been different; but who did they strike against? Why, the best houses in the trade—Bowater's, and Poole's, and Stohwasser's, and Smallpage's—houses without any nonsense in them. Do your work well, and there's your money; good pay, and extras for seat pieces, and pockets, and buckles, and all on like that. You see, they were like the greedy boy—they wanted

all, and the masters wouldn't give it to them; and now it seems that the union men are having the worst of it, for the masters are getting plenty of hands, good workmen, to fill the empty places, in spite of the pickets and intimidation. The union men seem to have an idea that they are the only good workmen, but they are finding out their mistake; for the shops that were empty are getting pretty full, and soon there will be no room for those who have been blackguarding and abusing the poor fellows who are willing to work. Why am I to be threatened that the town shall be made too hot to hold me if I dare to work for a shop on strike, and be dogged and followed about by the pickets? I'm not a union man, and I want to get an honest living without quarrelling with anybody, if they'll let me; but all the same, I can't afford to go with an empty cupboard, to satisfy others who aint content with the wage they get. It may not be enough for them, but it is enough for me, and I could live respectably upon it; so why should I think otherwise of the strike than as a nuisance?

Nice evil-looking chaps some of the pickets are, and nice looks they've got to spare for you if they think you mean work. I'm ready enough to stand by my fellow-man in a right cause, but I don't like this. You see, there's so much tyranny in these trade unions, as any straightforward man will tell you. Now, say we take a trade, and two lads are apprenticed to it in the country; one's father, seeing his boy's a sharp fellow, and that the trade isn't a very difficult one, thinks seven years too long for him to be bound, and so binds him for five years, which he thinks plenty. Well, that's what my father did—only, you see, he made two mistakes: only binding me for five years, and thinking I was a sharp lad. Now, the other boy is bound for seven years, and serves his time; but because I only served five, even allowing that I turn out first-class work, they won't have me in a union shop, but will take the one who has served his seven years, even if he is as drunken, and lazy, and clumsy a workman as ever breathed. Of course, I'm not a fair judge; but it riles me to find a set of men, whom I could compete with in any branch of my trade, ready to strike if I am taken on, and all because my father made a mistake, and thought I was a sharp boy, and better at a good school from fourteen to sixteen than I should have been at a trade. It wasn't likely that when I was out of my five years' time, and turned twenty-one, I should go and serve two more years; so I have had, as a workman, to put up with all sorts of slights and annoyances; and though you may say it's a case of sour grapes, yet, allowing as I could, I would not join a trade union. Just look at the Sheffield disclosures, and see the villainy coming out there—men's lives made of no more account than a sheep's; and do you suppose you get to know one-half or one-twentieth of the oppression there is amongst workmen? No, of course you don't; and no man does, unless he takes off his coat and works amongst them. Some fellow-workmen are good-hearted enough; but there are so many dirty tricks, and bad actions, and little meannesses, that sometimes I've felt disposed to ask myself whether they were not a set of schoolboys, and not men, who played them; but the answer has come back only too quickly, in the shape of some cruelty or another. Fancy putting pounds of powder under a grindstone, so that the poor fellow at work

shall suffer from the explosion, and be perhaps maimed for life, as soon as the first shower of sparks flies from under the sharp blade of steel he is pressing down. I wonder whether such men call themselves Britons, let alone Christians? But setting aside these brutal acts, look at the petty affairs. Now, there, sir, see those three chaps standing aside that post? No, not them; those others, with the very shiny, greasy-looking hats—there, across the road. Don't you see? One's got a black frock coat buttoned up to his chin, and black moustache, and a pale face, and wants his hair cut very badly; while the other two look seedy and spoiled, as if they'd been kept in a damp place lately. Don't you see? Ah! that's right. That's a picket, that is. Now, why are they to follow me, and watch me, and bully me, if I try to get a job? They like being on strike, they do, because they can draw so much from the society without working, and it suits them. Nice chickens they are; they're the sort of fellows that will spill oil on a black coat, or smudge a pair of light trousers, a man's making, if he has offended them. There's that class of men in every trade, sir; and they'll break the teeth of a carpenter's saw, or nick his chisels' edges; "pie" the sorts in a compositor's "case;" cut a grinder's bands; drop grains of sand in a goldbeater's skin. Ah, they're a nice breed; and you may see them at all times tramping the country, and pretending to be out of work, bringing a dirty card out of their pocket, and living upon their industrious fellow-workmen's contributions. A strike's a fine thing for them—nice easy work, and they make capital pickets.

They abuse such as me, as a matter of course, and talk about "rattin'," and so on; but I couldn't help my poor father making a mistake, and thinking I was a sharp boy. Good work goes for nothing with your fellow-workmen, you know, sir, as a rule. The masters like it, but the men don't; they are rather jealous of it, and very black they look at you if they think you do too much. You see, there's such a tremendous amount of fear among them lest work should grow too scarce; and really how can you wonder, seeing how hard we are pushed in the slack times? But I should like to see a little more good, sound, honest, brotherly feeling existing amongst workmen.

Ah! there's another of 'em joined the picket; he watches me more than any of them. Nice-looking fellow he is, aint he, sir? Never see him do a decent job in my life; but he glories in these sort of jobs. Wonder what his suit of clothes is worth. Journeymen tailors might dress better than any workmen, for they could get their cloth almost at wholesale price, while they might make it up in their spare time; but somehow they always dress worst. And just look at that chap, sir, did you ever see such a head of hair?—looks a'most as if he had slept in it. But what a pity it is, sir, aint it, that we tailors are the only men who shouldn't strike when the iron is hot?

Golden Hair.

A Vermont girl was left in charge of a drug store for a few moments, and distinguished her brief stewardship by emptying the contents of a phial of sulphuric acid on her head in mistake for "golden hair fluid." She is not attending parties this winter.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER V.—I MAKE MY FIRST IRREMEDIAL BLUNDER IN LIFE, AND MY LUCK DOES NOT PULL ME THROUGH IT.

THE other boys whom I remember best were two oppidans, named Charles Broderip and Percival Tempest. Before the reader gets far into these memoirs, he will see that I was in little danger of forgetting either of them. The first was a nephew of Mr. James Broderip, the man now in possession of my father's estates, and who had promised me the living. He gave himself great airs, and tuft-hunted in a way which was rare at Eton, where such snobbishness was certainly not common. He was in my form, and when we were waiting to go in to school one morning, was impertinent to me in some way, I forget what. I retaliated pretty smartly, when he turned his back, and said he would not bandy words with a fellow like me.

"Hear him!" cried I. "What airs the beggar gives himself, because his father charged mine too much for his breeches!"

It was a random shot, aimed from my knowledge that his family had been engaged in business at Manchester; but it so happened that his father had actually been a large clothier there, and the shaft went home.

"That's a lie!" cried he, turning round as the boys gathered about us laughing, and at the same time he offered to strike me with a hand trembling with rage, and I think a little with fear.

"All right," said I, putting aside the blow with ease. "After school, in the playing fields."

We met. He showed the white feather and owned himself defeated in about five minutes.

"I beg your pardon for calling you a liar," said he, offering his hand.

"And I retract my stupid jest," replied I, taking it.

Whether he was grateful for that speech of mine, or desired to silence one who knew too much about his origin, of which there was nothing to be ashamed if he had not been such a bragger, I do not certainly know; but he rather courted me after that—asked me several times to breakfast in his room, and so forth; and I grew pretty intimate with him.

Tempest was a very different sort of boy. I think at that age he was the handsomest lad I have ever seen. Both in face and form, he would have served a statuary for a model of Adonis; and his manners were as engaging as his features. Yet for all that I took an inexplicable dislike to him the first time we met. I do not know anything about "love at first sight," which is an experience I have been spared; but hate at first sight I have felt once or twice in my life, and he affected me that way. I had a quarrel and a fight with him, too, arising out of a snowballing encounter between oppidans and collegers; but the result was very different to that of my skirmish with Broderip, for in about half an hour he gave me one of the soundest thrashings it has ever been my luck to receive. That had the peculiar but customary effect of softening my prejudices, and opening my eyes to his merits; and when he won the sculls, I joined the ranks of his ardent admirers, and wondered at my early antipathy; for though muscu-

larity had not as yet been written up as a culte, the boys, at all events, respected it as ardently as they possibly can at present.

He met my advances half-way, and his friendship was the most unfortunate I could have formed—so dangerous, indeed, that I have often felt inclined to consider my first instinctive repugnance as an effort of my good angel to preserve me from the misfortunes his companionship entailed upon me.

He had plenty of pocket money, and I was poor, which was in itself perilous; and his daring spirit led him to take delight in every possible infraction of school discipline and defiance of authority. He smoked, he went to Windsor and played billiards, he drank spirits, he kept immoral appointments, he did a little poaching, and even had the hardihood and address to get out of his dame's on two occasions at night, visit the theatre, and return undiscovered.

I reckon it cowardly folly for man or boy to say that a comrade led him into mischief—a taint of the black drop in Adam which made him throw the blame on the woman. I do not, therefore, lay the blame of my transgressions upon Tempest, who has enough to answer for on his own account; but I do say that it was unlucky for me that, being so pleasant a fellow, he had such vicious inclinations; for I made a hero of him, and imitated him. Boys are often warned against sinning, for fear of what others think of them; but it is a fact, though it shows a strange moral obliquity, that they more often do wrong because of what they think of themselves. If a vice appears to a youth manly, the indulgence in it will add to his self-esteem. It would have seemed to me the height of conceit to affect to be more moral than a boy who could defeat me in battle, row me to a standstill, make a larger score at cricket, and write better verses.

I was proud to be Tempest's companion, and the repository of his secrets—to drink a bowl of punch at Salt Hill, or spend a wet afternoon with him in the forbidden billiard-room. But he had the faculty of escaping detection, while I was constantly being found out.

I got into several severe scrapes, and came to be in bad odour with the masters. My tutor, who took great interest in me, spoke to me very seriously, and warned me that I was now growing into a young man, and ought to be careful not to damage my future prospects, which were in considerable peril if I continued my present courses; but, unhappily, I took his admonitions in the sense that I must be more careful to conceal my peccadilloes.

There was a certain neighbouring farmer named O'Meary, with whom the Eton boys had a feud, originating in his objecting to their carrying their paper chases over his ditches and through his hedges, and whom they exasperated to scalping pitch when he revengefully closed a path across his fields which made a short cut to one of our bathing places. Tempest, Broderip, and myself were implicated in an attempt to tear down the obstructions which barred this passage, and in a consequent struggle, the outraged proprietor was somewhat roughly handled, though not without reprisals in which I received for my share a severe slash across the face from his riding whip.

But he was not the man to let trespass, damage, and assault stop there. He raised a tremendous outcry,

and went next morning to the head master with loud and urgent demands for vengeance.

Now, Mr. O'Meary was not a common farmer, but a man of some property and influence, who farmed his own land for his private pleasure: a litigious, cantankerous man, with an equally cantankerous cousin in Parliament, and not to be soothed down, pooh-poohed, or quieted in any other way than by the satisfaction of his demands, which were that all the boys should be assembled in the Upper School, and he should have an opportunity of picking out the culprits.

We were marshalled accordingly, and Mr. O'Meary commenced his investigation with an air of triumph—which, however, soon gave way to bewilderment. He evidently had not a good memory for faces, and to pick out three boys from such a crowd was a more difficult task than he had reckoned upon, especially as of course we had dispersed and disguised ourselves as much as possible; though we were all present, fearing that a pretence of illness would induce suspicion. If he fixed upon one wrong boy who could prove an alibi, his evidence would be discredited, though he hit on the other two real culprits, and he would lose his vengeance entirely.

"I know I marked one of them," he cried aloud in his vexation, and as he spoke he caught sight of me.

I had one leg upon a bench, and was leaning my cheek on my hand, so as to hide the wheal.

"Just ask that boy to take his hand away from his face, if you please," he said to the master who accompanied him.

I was obliged to do so.

"That is one of them," cried O'Meary, pushing up to me, and putting his face close to mine. "I will swear to him. Look! I told you I had marked him."

"If you fix it on me, I will have my revenge," I muttered between my teeth. "I will be the death of you—remember my words."

"Remember your words, my fine fellow!" he replied, aloud. "Never fear, I'll do that safe enough. Here, sir—the villain threatens my life."

"Were you one of the boys who assaulted Mr. O'Meary, Hamilton?" asked the master.

"Yes, sir."

"Who were the others?"

Of course this last question was a mere matter of form, and could not be answered. Indeed, it was not pressed very closely, and Tempest and Broderip got off scot free.

For me, I was threatened at first with expulsion; but my sentence was finally commuted to a severe flogging and a warning. As for my foolish threat, I pleaded, truly enough, that it was uttered in the anger of the moment, and meant nothing; and it was thought, I believe, but little of at the time, though afterwards it told terribly against me.

For I unhappily took some part, though a very passive one, in a foolish trick which was played upon my enemy in the November following this affair.

O'Meary was a Roman Catholic, and it occurred to some mischievous youth, who either sympathised with me or had a private feud of his own with the stopper of old paths, that it would exasperate him beyond all other annoyances to treat him to a few fireworks, let off in front of his dining-room windows, on the evening of the memorable Fifth.

Now, fireworks were more strictly forbidden than almost anything else at Eton, and the mere buying of them was attended with great difficulty and risk. But Tempest, who entered energetically into the plot, managed, with his usual daring and dexterity, to procure some crackers and rockets, which were entrusted to the care of a friendly cad—a name given to certain doggy, ratty, ferretty, prize-fighty hangers-on, who lived on the Eton boys—who was to produce them at the time and place required.

The evening consecrated to Protestantism and Guys arrived. The conspirators assembled at the place of rendezvous, a little-frequented lane which skirted one side of O'Meary's garden, where their mercenary, the Nobby One, awaited them.

The period between dusk and the hour of "lock-up," when all the boys had to be indoors, was very short, and the proceedings were therefore necessarily hurried and unsatisfactory. One salvo of crackers and rockets in front of O'Meary's windows, and as close to them as possible, was the whole programme.

For my part, I was a mere spectator; for when the time approached, I felt that if any strict inquiry were made into the matter, suspicion would at once fall upon me; while if O'Meary caught the merest glimpse of me, even by the light of a squib, he would be able to swear to my identity.

If I had followed my own impulse, I should not have been present at all; but I was ashamed to back out so far as that. I kept in the lane, however, and did not trespass on O'Meary's land, or let off a single firework; though, as I handed the materials through the hedge to those who did, there was not much difference between the extent of my criminality and theirs.

"This rocket stick is too long and heavy," said Tempest, coming to the gap where Broderip and I stood. "Who has got a knife that will cut? Mine is so con-foundedly blunt."

"Here you are," I replied, handing him mine.

"You are an ass to lend a knife, Hamilton," said Broderip. "It does cut, and never comes again. I never part from mine."

"Ah," I replied; "but mine has my name engraved on the handle, and no fellow has the conscience to prig it then. There's the first rocket off, and so am I."

When all had been hurriedly arranged, there was a fizzing, and a popping, and a banging, and a broad glare, in the midst of which all started off back to college as hard as they could go. It was a case of O'Meary catch the hindmost; though, as that capture was not effected, it was never known who filled that post of honour—not I, however; I made a good use of my start, and got in a long way the first.

The retreat was so precipitate that none of us knew till the following day the mischief that had been done. The salvo of rockets, ill-directed in the timid hurry of the moment, had shot off in all sorts of eccentric lines; and one of them had unluckily gone through a bedroom window, and set fire to the curtains, so that the prompt exertions of the servants had alone saved the house from being burned to the ground.

O'Meary came to the head master furious; but the doctor, while sympathising with the complainant's broken windows, injured feelings, and damaged furniture, was by no means inclined to allow the probability of any Eton boy having had a hand in the mischief.

Fireworks were so strictly forbidden as to be positively unknown in the school. He did not believe that they were obtainable, even if any one were found hardy enough to break the rule, which was of itself almost beyond the bounds of human daring. What proof was there of any youth under his charge being implicated? Mr. O'Meary was not a popular man, and had many neighbours, not to mention his dependants, who would be glad to do him an ill turn.

So the enemy retired discomfited, and we treated him to ironical cheers as he stalked through the town; but on the following day he returned triumphant, bearing in his hand a knife—unmistakably my knife, and with my name engraved on the handle—which had been picked up on his lawn near the very place from which the rockets had been discharged.

O'Meary wanted to fix a charge of arson upon me. It would have been better for me if he could have done so; for in the event of my being sent to trial, the boys who had actually let off the fireworks were prepared to come forward at all risks, and exculpate me. But no neighbouring magistrate would see the matter in any other light than that of a boyish frolic, which had terminated in an accident; so their evidence was not needed in a court of law, and they let matters take their course. If, indeed, they had gone to the head master, and told him all that had happened, and that I had not taken any active part in the proceedings, I believe that they would not have incurred a very severe punishment, while my future prospects would have been materially affected; but it did not seem so to any of us at the time. They thought, and I sadly acquiesced in their decision, that such a course would only get them into trouble without benefiting me; and I accepted the rôle of scapegoat.

I was had up and examined. I owned that the knife was mine, but protested that I had not dropped it where it was found; had not been on O'Meary's premises that evening; had not purchased or let off any firework. And if it had not been for the bad character I had earned of late, and above all for that unlucky threat uttered when O'Meary identified me in the school-room, I might have been believed. As it was, everything went against me, and I was sent away.

Every public schoolman knows the force of that sentence; but to me it was particularly ruinous. In another four or six months I should have succeeded to a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge; taken my fellowship as a matter of course, and been made for life. As it was, the turn in the tide of my fortunes was missed, and I had the assertion of Tempest and the rest that I was "a devilish good fellow" for my only consolation.

Well, "It is an ill wind that blows no one good." Langley got King's in my place, which was very lucky for him; as, if it had not been for my dismissal, he would have been superannuated before the next vacancy.

Animal Food.

"Now, then," said a physician, cheerily, to a patient, "you have got along far enough to indulge in a little animal food, and—"

"No, you don't, doctor," interrupted the patient; "I've suffered enough on your gruel and slops, and I'd starve sooner than begin on hay and oats."

In Essex.

DRY SITUATION; rent thirty pounds;
Taxes a trifle; lawn, paddock, and pounds;
Small lattice windows, high gables, and porch,
Where trees cast their shadows and suns never scorch:
'Twas a bargain, in Essex, for those who, undaunted,
Would dare to inhabit a house that was haunted.

Smith took it: his wife and his daughters all laughed
At each ghostly idea—at each tale of witchcraft;
Heard noises by night, which were rats, when not
mouses—

Or mice, if you like, which infest all old houses;
Found death-watching spiders, hard boards that would
crackle,

But never the ghost of a ghost they could tackle.

A month passed away, and papa was in London,
The faith that they'd knit up so strongly was undone;
For the very first night of his absence they, started—
The house to its very foundation seemed parted;
The candles all guttered—they didn't burn blue—
Have the goodness to mind this is perfectly true.

Like white vestal virgins, the daughters both ran,
In the lightest costume, to mamma, and began—
"Do you hear that loud knocking, sufficient to rouse—?"
"Oh, heavens!" cried Mater, and ran from the house.
Her daughters the rear-guard, the cat in full chase,
And their cries for assistance rang all through the place.

It was cool, it was painful—the night was so damp,
And the moon it peered over the house like a lamp;
The trees all looked awful, the shadows so dark,
And now all was still, save some dog's distant bark.
Then up rose the wind through the trees with a rush,
And Jane dropped her candle, as "Ma" whispered
"Hush!"

A tall, gliding figure, which moved without sound!
The trio all felt they could sink to the ground.
Jane clung to Eliza, Eliza to Jane,
Mamma sighed, "We'll never mock goblins again!"
And then, as they joined in a chorus of sobs,
The figure cried, hoarsely, "Is this Farmer Hobbs'?"

Things New and Old.**Broad Yorkshire.**

There wor once a mason at Guiseley gat it intov his
head 'at he wor just cut aht for a preycher, so he went
to see a Methody parson an' asst him if he couldn't get
him a job as a "local" somewhear; he wor sewer if
they'd nobbut give him a reight chonce he could con-
vert sinners wholesale. Well, after a gooid deal o'
bother t' parson gat a vacant poolpit for him i' some
ahside country place, an' their one fine Sunda morn-
in' t' mason went, reight weel suited wi hizsen. Up
into t' poolpit he mahntid, like one at wor weel used t'
job. All went on quietly eniff whol t' time com' for him
to begin his sarmon, an' their wor a rare congregation
to listen tul him.

"Nah, my friends," he began in a stammerin' soart
of way, "t' text is this, 'I am t' leet o' t' world.'" He
then waited a bit, an' after thumpin' t' poolpit top
toathree times, he gat on a bit farther. "Firstly, my
friends," he says, "firstly, I—I—I am t' leet o' the

world," an' then he com' to another full stop and
thumpt t' poolpit agean a bit. "Yes," he went on
agean, "in t' first place I—I—I—I am t' leet o' t'
world," but he couldn't get a word farther, dew, what he
would.

At t' last, hahivver, theer wor an owd woman ameng
t' congregation sang aht—

"I tell tha what it is, lad, if tha'rt t' leet o' the world,
thah sadly wants snuffin'."

An' t' poor mason hookt it aht o' t' chapel as if he'd
been bitten wi' a mad dog. He wor nivver known to
enter a poolpit at after.

Not my Place.

A dispute having long subsisted in a gentleman's
family between the maid and the coachman, about
fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one
morning called them both before him, that he might
hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly.
The maid pleaded that the coachman was lounging
about the kitchen the greater part of the morning, and
yet was so ill-natured that he would not fetch the cream
for her, notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do
as not to have a moment to spare. The coachman
alleged that it was not his business.

"Very well," said the master; "but pray what do
you call your business?"

"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the
coach," replied he.

"You say right," answered the master, "and I do
not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but
this I insist on, that every morning, before breakfast,
you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the
farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be
part of your business."

The coachman and the maiden soon after came to
terms.

Queen and Subject.

Some years ago, her Majesty was one day standing
on the public road near Balmoral, making a sketch of
the palace from a particular point, when a flock of
sheep were driven along. Her Majesty, intent on her
work, took little notice of the sheep, and merely moved
a little nearer the side of the road.

The boy in charge of the flock, seeing her in the way,
shouted at the top of a stentorian voice—

"Stan' oot o' the road, wuman, an' let the sheep gae
by."

The Queen not moving out of the way so quickly as
the shepherd wished, he again shouted—

"Fat are ye stan'in' there for? Gang oot o' the gate,
and let the sheep by."

One of her Majesty's attendants, who was at a little
distance, hearing his royal mistress thus rudely ad-
dressed, stepped up to the boy, and said to him—

"Do you know to whom you are speaking in that
rude way?"

"Na," said the shepherd, "I neither ken nor care;
but be she fa she likes, she sudna stan' i' the sheep's
road."

"That's the Queen," said the attendant.

The boy looked astonished, and was for the moment
dumb; but after recovering his senses said, with great
simplicity—

"The Queen! Od, fat wy then dinna she pit on claes
sae that folk may ken fa she is?"



"MA WHISPERED 'HUSH!'" (Page 69.)

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER VII.—MAKING A COMPACT.

THERE was not much to explain, only that on being swung into the doorway, where they stood clinging together, the tide of the little war soon ebbed away from where they were, and they were able to escape almost unnoticed from the other end of the street, wandering on till they encountered one of the police, who gave them instructions, after hurrying them along part of their way, and then left them to procure help, with the result that we have seen.

"We can never be sufficiently grateful to you, Mr. Dawson, for your brave defence of two strangers," said Mrs. Adams, pressing his hand warmly.

"Well," said Dawson, in a quiet, nonchalant way, "I don't know that it was much to do. I'm like your man Larry—I like a fight."

As he spoke, he glanced hastily toward Mary Adams; but she did not look in his direction, although he had enunciated his strange declaration to tempt her to speak.

"I am sure my sister is as grateful as I am myself," said Mrs. Adams, glancing in a surprised way at Mary, who now looked up for a moment, and met Dawson's clear, sharp gaze, before which her eyes fell; and she said, quietly,

"I am very grateful to Mr. Dawson."

"Perhaps you'll just begin to talk gratitude too," said Dawson, grimly, as he turned to Adams. "It makes a man feel so comfortable—just as if he were being rubbed down with prairie thistles. Why, what a fuss you all make! Wouldn't any man have done the same? Not much of a man," he added in an undertone, "if he wouldn't."

He rose then with quite Old World politeness, for Mrs. Adams and Mary were leaving the room; and soon after Adams and his new friend were alone.

"Nice place this, aint it?" said Dawson, beginning to smoke.

"Nice place!" said Adams, indignantly. "I shall never rest till I've left it fifty miles behind."

"But I wouldn't be in too great a hurry," said Dawson.

"Hurry—too great a hurry!"

"Well, yes—you have a hurried sort of way at doing things that isn't always convenient. Judging strangers, for instance."

He looked in a droll way at the young farmer as he spoke, and the other held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Dawson," he said, warmly. "I did misjudge you. I came a perfect stranger, and I was suspicious of every one I met."

"Of course, and the best way too," said Dawson, laughing. "I might have been a regular sharper for aught you could tell. But you don't think I'm one now?"

"Dawson," said Adams, warmly, "I shall never forget the service you have done me and mine."

"Well, if you were in debt," replied Dawson, "you soon put it straight; for it was a case of gone 'coon with me if you had not come up, while your friend Pat did more than either of us. But never mind about that

now. Tell me this—how have you got on at the land office?"

"Well," said Adams, "I've nearly made arrangements for a plot, which they tell me is in a very rich district, and I am to go to-morrow morning to settle about it."

"Told you they couldn't give you a final answer because some one else was after the plot?"

"Exactly—that is what they did say," replied Adams.

"That's what they always do say," said Dawson, smiling. "And they said, if you would pay your deposit they would see what they could do?"

"Yes," said Adams, smiling.

"And you paid it?"

"No. I had to get a letter of credit cashed, and I was too late. But I am going on to-morrow."

"Then I am just in time," said Dawson.

"In time!" said Adams, suspiciously.

"Yes, in time to stop you from fooling away a lot of coin. Now, look here, Adams—drop that doubting way of yours at once. I'm a fellow full of failings, but I'm genuine. I never swindled but one man in my life, and him I have served out often, I do own—his name's Dawson, Caleb Dawson his name is—and he always took it very kindly. And now I want to talk to you about your plans. You want to go farming?"

Adams nodded.

"To make money?"

Adams nodded again.

"Then don't try; for the chances are that you will only be preparing the land for some one else. A man wants capital to do any good—more than you've got, so I tell you."

Frank Adams felt disposed to be annoyed; but he was getting accustomed to the other's bluntness; and after the late proofs, he could not but believe that he was genuine.

"What would you do, then?" said Adams.

"Join me," said Dawson, rising.

"Join you?"

"Yes, join me. Look here, Adams—I took a fancy to you as soon as I saw you."

"No, you did not," said Adams, drily.

"But I did, man—I swear I did."

"Look here, Dawson," said the young Englishman—"you Yankees are, I dare say, sharper than we are; but, all the same, we Old Country folk are not quite fools. Do you really think, now, that I can't see through you?"

"Well, there, I'll be honest," said Dawson, with his sunburned face glowing hotly. "You are right, you do see through me; and I don't see why a man shouldn't speak out boldly about such a thing. You mean I took a fancy first to somebody else."

Adams frowned and nodded.

"You are right, I did; for though I don't believe in all that love stuff talked about in books, I no sooner set eyes on her than I felt that she was a woman for whom I could go through fire and water; lay down my life for her if it was needed; be her dog, her slave, if she would only give me a kind look now and then; and— Say, Adams," he said after a pause, "what fools we men are!"

Adams did not answer, but sat looking surly and frowning.

"Well," continued Dawson, "then I saw you; and I

said to myself, 'One man can do a deal, but with a mate like that whom he could trust through thick and thin—in getting money and guarding it, share and share alike—in facing dangers together, in a fight perhaps for life—what a deal more he could do!' And I said to myself, 'I'll see if I can't know him;' and here we are."

Adams nodded again, but he did not speak.

"Now, look here," said Dawson; "I want a friend and companion for what I am going to do. I did mean to start, and do it with my man; but now I ask you to join me."

"And where are you going?" said Adams, quietly.

"Right up into the mountains, far away from the ordinary tracks, to where the mineral riches of the earth are waiting for a bold hand to be stretched out to grasp them, and enrich himself and those who belong to him for life. Come with me, Englishman, and you shall be rich. We'll clasp hands together, and swear to be true through thick and thin, to fight one for the other if needs be, and share all that we drag away from where it has lain hid from the beginning of the world."

"And where may this be?" said Adams, calmly, as compared to the other's excitement.

"Away, I tell you, in the mountains."

"Rather a cruel thing to take those two sweet women far away into so wild a region," said Adams.

Dawson started, and smiled as he thought of his own words.

"Not with us to act as their guards," he said, earnestly. "Adams, man, it would be for their sakes if we did it at all; and the journey there should be like a pleasure trip—we could be travellers, with our mules laden with provisions, and without need to hurry. It is no trifle I offer to you."

"Perhaps not," said Adams; "but it sounds vision-ary and strange."

"More so than to go miles away to till the soil?"

"There's a certainty of getting a return for your labour there," said Adams.

"If the sun does not parch it up, or the floods wash it away, or the locusts devour it as soon as it is green. Man—man, I tell you that this is not your own old land, where the seasons come and go like clockwork, in a quiet, old, effete way. This country is grand, and one where nature does nothing by halves. The sun shines as it never shines with you; and when it rains, it rains in floods. Bah! let your farming go. What could you ever do with your patch but plod along and barely exist?"

"And what should I do with you?" said Adams.

"Look here," said the other, lowering his voice. "If I asked you, Frank Adams, to go on a wild hunt up in those mighty regions, I should say that you were wise to refuse; but I tell you, man, that I have definite information of a valley where the silver crops out of the rock in great veins and blocks—a place where for many years the foot of man has not trod. In fact, it was discovered fifty years since by a band of explorers who, after making sure that they were right, and that this was not some Aladdin's dream, marked down the spot, took bearings and measurements, and then started for civilization, to get mules and packs, and apparatus to smelt and melt down their treasure."

"Well?" said Adams, growing interested, for the other had stopped.

"But one man of that party escaped, the rest being

cut off by the Indians, and he led a life of slavery for full twenty years. Then he escaped, to return to civilization a broken, enfeebled creature, at whom men mocked when he told his tale, and tried to raise a party to explore; and at last, sick at heart and disgusted, he went South."

"And there you met him?"

"He worked on our estate for years, and took a fancy to me, stirring my young blood with adventurous tales; and at last, when he died, bequeathing me his secret, and bidding me search for the place and find it, giving me the old mapped-down bearings, and such instructions again and again that I could walk straight to the spot, lay my finger upon the rock, and say—

"It is here!"

The slow, drawling way, the hesitating pronunciation, the lounging habit, all were gone; and Caleb Dawson stood erect and earnest in his excitement, till, finishing, he bent forward towards his companion, as if to say—

"Now can you refuse?"

And now came out the characteristics of the Englishman, as, leaning back in his chair, he said—

"And suppose this was all a dream?"

"A dream!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Yes, the day-dream of a mad enthusiast who had gone crazy on his one idea."

"The man was as sane as you are this moment. No, stop—more so; for you are hesitating to accept a large fortune which I place before you, saying—

"Here, take this for your share. Let us be friends and brothers together, and grow wealthy upon this discovery."

He stopped short, after speaking eloquently and well, apparently ashamed of his earnestness; for he subsided at once into a regular drawl, and said—

"I reckon you Englishers have as much go in you as a watch without a mainspring."

"It's a habit we have, friend Caleb Dawson, of looking before we leap."

"Good plan enough sometimes, but fatal when an Indian's after you with his scalping-iron. Best to leap then and look afterwards."

"And do you thoroughly believe in all this?" said Adams, after sitting back thoughtfully for a time.

"Believe in it? There, man alive, what am I to say to you? I can't preach. Here I am, and here's my hand. I'm not going to swear; but I say to you as man to man, Frank Adams, this is all as true as truth; I have perfect faith in it. Join with me, and I'll be like a brother to you through thick and thin, right to the very end. There, I can say no more."

Frank Adams sat back watching him in a cool, calm, impassive way, while the other seemed to throb and glow in his excitement, and an onlooker would have thought how hard and unimpressionable the Englishman was—how his spirits must have been crushed and chilled by the cold and damp of his own land; but he was slow and sure; he was reading the man before him, and calculating in his calm, slow way how far one who was almost a stranger could be trusted.

It was a wild scheme, he told himself; but then it was somewhat wild to have come out here to California to seek a living. It would be mad, almost, to enter into such a compact with one he had never seen till within the last few days. But then came the other side. This

man evidently loved his sister—so much that he had risked his life for her sake; and in a wild, lawless land, such as the region they were about to seek, where could he find a better man to stand by his side, and whom he could, if needs be, trust to the death?

He sat back, silent, and with knit brows, while the fire seemed to die out of Caleb Dawson's eyes; and, with a quiet shrug, he too sank back in a chair, drew forth a cigar, and began to smoke, looking dull and disappointed. There was a feeling of annoyance creeping up, too, at what he looked upon as his own foolish ardour; and this was widening into anger that he should have laid himself out so before this cold, stony Englishman.

"Well," he said at last—for Frank Adams remained silent—"every one to his own liking, Mr. Adams. I must ask, though, that you will be silent about—"

"Stop!" said Frank Adams, sharply, and his companion stared, for the young Englishman had risen and come forward. "I do things slowly, Dawson, and never without consideration; but when I do undertake a task, I do it to the bitter end. You have made me a grand offer. Coming from some men, I should have said it was a mad speculation, and one in which only madmen would embark; but I believe you, and I trust you. Your American dash shall go with my slow English ballast, and God prosper us through it all! There's my hand on it, and I'm with you to the end."

Before he had half spoken, Caleb Dawson had sprung up with flushed brow and flashing eyes, seized the young Englishman's hands in his, and pressed them with a long, fervent grasp, looking the while straight in his eyes with a glance that was as full of truth and trust as the Englishman's own. But no words passed his lips till he released the other's hands, sank back in his seat, relit his cigar; and, now that all was settled, putting sentiment aside, he exclaimed, in a matter-of-fact, nasal tone—

"Let's liquor!"

His hand was stretched out to reach the bell, when he stopped short and listened. Then he started up quick, but without a sound.

"What was that?" he said in a whisper; and he cloaked the whisper, so to speak, by moving an object upon the table.

"What was that?" said Frank, glancing wonderingly at his companion.

"That noise," he whispered, beginning to whistle.

"I heard nothing," said Frank.

"But I did," whispered Dawson; and he set his teeth, and held up his finger to command silence.

The next moment he leaned over to Frank, and whispered—

"These walls are like so much pasteboard. The hotel is only wood from top to bottom; and I have been chattering like a magpie about our projects, with some one playing the spy. Adams, old fellow, the game has begun; ours is to be a time of trouble, I'm afraid—brain against brain, hand against hand; so here goes." Then, making a sign to his friend, he whispered, "Answer me aloud, and make the answer long. By the bye, Adams," he said, "before I ring for the waiter, run over your list of packages. Tell me what you brought with you."

Dawson rattled the match box as he spoke, struck a light, and kicked a spittoon along the floor; while,

taking the cue from his companion, and seeing his aim, Frank began to go over the list of agricultural tools he had bought, what seeds he had obtained, and mentioned how they were packed, speaking in a quiet, deliberate way, as he watched his companion's motions.

The room they were in was of panelled pine, and very slight. It was plain enough to both of them now that any one wishing to listen to their conversation might have heard the greater part by holding his ear to a crack, and have seen them merely by thrusting a knife-blade through the panel of the partition or door; and, what was more, they had had the window wide open all the time.

They both asked themselves how they could have been guilty of such folly, now it was too late, and the question arose how far it could be counteracted.

Dawson was right—there could be no doubt about that. The first thing to be done was to find out who was the spy, if spy there was—for he might be merely a prying knave, and no enemy, and if so, their fears were wasted; but, on the other hand, they might have been followed to the hotel by one of the scoundrels with whom they had come in contact, and in such a public place there would be no difficulty in such an emissary finding his way up to the door of their room.

Moving silently, while Frank kept on speaking, Dawson crept along by the partition, carefully avoiding the chairs, so as to get round to the door, for it was from there that a faint creak or two had come; and at the end of a minute Frank became aware that there was more in Dawson's words than he had himself anticipated, for there was a faint rasping sound coming very softly but unmistakably from one panel about breast-high, and Frank knew as well as possible that some one was busy with a gimlet boring a hole cautiously through the door, possibly that the actor might obtain a view of those within.

It was hard work to keep on talking in a calm, unconcerned way at such a time, especially with the knowledge that one is being watched, perhaps by more than one eye, and that the object of the hole made in the door may be to enable the scoundrel without to take a good aim at the person within before taking revenge for injuries received by sending a winged messenger made of lead.

But Frank kept it up admirably, his voice never faltering for a moment; while Dawson, creeping softly closer and closer, now stood watching, till a tiny steel point gradually worked its way through the soft pine wood, forcing out one white splinter, which fell to the floor.

Then farther and farther came the gimlet, till a fair-sized hole was made and a reverse motion was observed, but all going on so quietly that, had not the young man's suspicions been aroused, whoever it was that was busy there would have performed his task uninterruptedly, whatever might have been his aim.

And now, as Dawson stood with one hand outstretched, so as to be within an inch of the handle to drag the door open, the gimlet was withdrawn, and the talking on the part of Adams became a task whose difficulties were extreme; but his voice did not fail, and he kept his eyes fixed in another direction, knowing that he was watched, and feeling at the same time an almost unconquerable desire to turn and see the next proceeding on the part of Dawson.

But the suspense was not of long duration; for as Dawson's hand was just about to close upon the handle, and he had gathered himself up, so that by one rapid motion he could throw open the door and seize the eavesdropper, there was a faint sound without, then a tremendous crash, and a head was dashed right through the panel, which splintered in rays, and catching the intruder round the neck, after the fashion of an eel trap, effectually prevented all retrograde motion.

There was a volley of oaths, the sound of blows, and Frank Adams started forward in amaze as the owner of the distorted countenance strove to get free.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE SCENE IN THE MANOR HOUSE.

TOM MADRON stood listening, for he fancied that he heard a faint rustling noise within the house; and he rang again. The servants were out, he felt sure, for he had seen them furnished with a seat in the carriage; and the place was all shut up in the rear, so far as he could see.

"Surely there cannot be anything wrong," he muttered again; and then he began to take into consideration the advisability of trying to get into the house.

"Perhaps, after all, the old gentleman has gone out," he thought; "and it would look so burglarious to try and get in."

His musings were brought to a full stop by a rustling sound within the door, as of a hand being passed over it; and then distinctly there were a couple of taps, as from trembling fingers.

"There *is* something wrong," cried Tom, excitedly; and in an instant his mind was full of strange thoughts of people seized with fits, of the rough characters lurking about the town, and the old man's unprotected state.

"Is any one there—is anything the matter?" exclaimed Tom; and in response came a faint rustle on the inner side of the door.

He hesitated no longer; but, forgetting the front of the house, he ran round to the back, glanced at window after window, ending by dashing his gloved hand through a pane of the French casement, turning the fastener, and passing through the room to the hall. Here a glance through the open door of the library showed him in an instant the state of affairs. There was an overturned chair, papers were strewn about, a cash-box was on the floor, and the wool mat on the threshold was drawn aside from its place half across the hall, as if some one crawling painfully along had dragged it with him; there were a couple of marks, too, on the floor, which caused him to shudder as he made for the passage which he knew led towards the side door. At the entrance another mat was dragged out of its place, and a fresh mark sent a thrill through the young man's frame.

It was but the work of moments to realize this, and it was sufficient to prepare him for what he felt sure he should see—the helpless figure of the old man, crouching in a heap by the side door, to which he had crawled in search of help.

It was precisely as imagination had painted; and the next moment Tom Madron was trying to lift the heavy, inert mass towards one of the rooms. The old

man was very heavy, though; and he could do no more than half drag him to the hall, where he threw open a window, laid one of the mats beneath the sufferer's head, and then fetched water, kicked in the panel of the cellaret in the dining-room, and brought wine, which he tried to make the old man swallow, but in vain. His eyes were open in a wide, dreadful stare, and his drawn face wore a look of unutterable agony, as he gazed at the young surgeon; but he was beyond human help, and Tom knew it.

"Can you speak, sir?" he exclaimed—"can you write? Tell me, for God's sake, who has done this!"

There was a faint twitching in the muscles of the old man's countenance, and the lower lip quivered as if utterance were about to be effected; the hand, too, which Tom held seemed just feebly to press his own, as the eyes that gazed so wildly into his became more fixed in their awful stare; but no words came: there was only a faint shudder passing through the prostrate figure, and then the intelligence of the look gave place to a wild, far-off glare, and Tom Madron started to his feet, realizing for the first time the position in which he found himself.

He had stood face to face with death often enough—peaceful death, and one that had followed some hideous deed of violence; but now, with this old murdered man by his side, his thoughts had flown to the racecourse, and he pictured the return of Jenny, with her horror and despair; for he knew that she loved her uncle as a second father.

Then came selfish thoughts. What was his position—here, alone, with not a soul within call? His coat sleeves horribly stained; there were marks, too, upon his light grey trousers. But, pooh! that was absurd, and he cast out the thoughts on the instant, as he gazed once more upon the murdered man. Murdered! there could be no doubt about it; those two fearful cuts upon the head could not have been the result of accident.

What should he do next? How should he give the alarm? Where were the ruffians who had done the deed? Were they still in the house?

These thoughts were swept away by the rattle of wheels, and running to the window, to his terror he saw Mr. Huntley's carriage, with Harvey driving.

In another instant it had stopped at the gate, and his resolution was taken, and he ran to the library window, which was open.

"Here, Mr. Parker, quick," he cried, as the young man, who had dismounted, was handing the reins to the coachman.

"Hallo! What? You here!" exclaimed Harvey. "Why, what does this mean?"

In a few hurried words, Tom whispered the awful news.

"For God's sake, drive her away, or send her with the coachman. You go and get the police."

Harvey looked paler as he staggered against the railings, and in a moment Jenny saw that something was wrong. With a faint cry, she sprang from the carriage to the door.

"Open it, quick," she exclaimed—"I'm sure uncle is ill. Oh, Mr. Madron, pray tell me, what is it?" she cried, piteously, as she ran up to the window.

Then her eyes dilated as she caught sight of one of the stains on the young surgeon's clothes, and with a faint

sigh she sank softly to the ground, Harvey recovering himself sufficiently to raise her and bear her to the carriage, which he immediately had driven off.

Tom Madron was left to his ghastly watch and ward until the coming of the police, when, after making his statement, he answered a few questions eagerly and angrily put by Harvey; and then, quite sick at heart, he made the best of his way to his lodgings, where the memory of the poor old man's earnest look, and the striving to utter a sound or two that might place his friends upon a murderer's track, haunted him for hours.

CHAPTER XXIX.—ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

WAS there ever a murder committed that the British public did not assume the right of flocking to the spot in crowds to view the spot? When we say the spot, we do not mean the "damned spot"—the bloody stair—but the road, the street, the house where the crime was committed.

It was so at Bubbley Parva on the night of the race, and it was so on the following morning. From Bubbley Parva itself, and from every village round to which the news of the horror had spread, the people flocked to the end of the High-street, to stand and stare at the blank windows, each seeming, with its drawn-down blind, like a closed eye. Could staring have raised blisters, the woodwork of the old house would have been corrugated with little eminences, as the people glared up and down, with half-open mouth, and talked in whispers—those who knew least telling their neighbours the longest yarns.

The two policemen on duty in front of the place had little to do save look important and keep people from breaking twigs off the few dingy-looking shrubs that stood between the iron railings and the red bricks of the house, but they did their little well.

In a town like Bubbley Parva the question of "moving on" was never once mooted; so the people stayed and stared their fill, it being to many evidently a much greater treat than the race of the previous day.

At last somebody drew attention to the fact that Mr. Jack Filmer's shutters were up still, though it was past nine o'clock.

"And very nice and neighbourly too," said another.

"So it is," said another, "and shows a very good disposition in a young man."

"Dessay, the old man was a very good customer."

"Which he just warn't," said a fresh speaker; "for I've heerd Jack Filmer say as the old man hated him like pisen."

"Then it looks all the better in Mr. Filmer to show a Christian-like spirit," said the former speaker.

"Gammon," said another. "Jack Filmer wouldn't put his shutters up for that. Why, the old man abused him, and hit him, and had no end of a row with him. Threatened to turn him out, he did."

"Jack was too strong on at the race yesterday, and he's sleeping it off this morning," said another.

And then Jack Filmer was forgotten for a while; till one of the speakers said, mysteriously—

"I don't want to say anything agen anybody; but you mark my words, if somebody whose shutters is up aint gone for good."

"Gone for good!" said another, contemptuously; "and what for?"

"How should I know? Only here's an old man robbed

and murdered here, while we were all at the race; and here's somebody who lives opposite to him with his place shut up, and perhaps gone, and nobody knows where."

These observations, and those which followed, were not long in reaching the superintendent of the little police force in the town. He was a stoutish gentleman, whose arms stood tightly out from his body, and who set you to work solving the problem of how he ever managed to get inside his uniform coat, and made you speculate as to whether it was sewn on to him when first made and stopped there till it was worn out. He had been very busy for some hours, and though he had more than once told his confidants that when he had his "hy on a man there was not much charnsh for him," he had so far not got his "hy" upon any man at present, for the sole result as yet of his search into the case had been fatigue and perspiration.

Upon the people's remarks reaching his ears, though, he was all agog. Of course the thing was as plain as a pikestaff. He had always had his doubts about that there Jack Filmer, and now he almost felt confirmed; so, with one of his aides he proceeded to investigate the mystery appertaining to Jack Filmer's residence, and after trying the front door and finding it fastened, and receiving no answer to his repeated summonses, he went to the back, to find that the man he had sent round had found the back door unfastened, and had effected an entrance.

Jack Filmer's establishment was not so large that it took long to search. The rooms were perfectly empty, save for the furniture and effects, and the bed had not been slept in. There were no traces visible of his having lately partaken of a meal, but his photographic apparatus was standing about. The camera, though on its tripod stand, was tilted aside, and leaned against a wall, as if some one had passed against it in a hurry; otherwise everthing was neatly arranged and clean.

"I were sure of it," said the superintendent, panting and swelling so with the importance of the discovery which he arrogated to himself that two of the silver buttons of his uniform were visibly loosened, and only clung to his noble breast by a few strands of thread.

"There don't seem much left behind," said the constable.

"Not there," said the superintendent. "That there young fellow was a hardened London criminal. He belonged to a regular Whitechapel gang, mark my words if he didn't; and he's been waiting for this for long enough."

"Dessay he has," said the constable, smelling a bottle on the chimneypiece, and then putting it down again in a hurry, as he stared hard at the label. "Here's pison, too; jest look. Perhaps he meant to make away with the old gentleman with that, only he never had a chance."

"His charnsh aint much now," said the superintendent, wagging his head. "Take charge of that bottle; and there's another, too, there on the table. He was a desprit offender, depend upon it."

"Why, here's dozens o' bottles," grumbled the constable, as he peered about, "and some on 'em smells offe."

"Never you mind how they smell," said the superintendent, austere; "put 'em all together in that there cupboard, lock the door, and give me the key."

This done, the superintendent peered eagerly about the place, turning over glass plates, looking through the camera, and then, apparently satisfied, coming to a standstill.

"We sha'n't be long putting the bracelets on him, eh, Bob?" he said at last to his follower. "They brag a good deal about Scotland-yard, but after all, I don't see what for."

"Nor I neither," said the man with him.

"Lock up the place, Bob," said the superintendent, importantly. "Poor beggars! how soon they're in for it if they begins to fight agin the law."

In a few minutes the rumour began to spread that Jack Filmer, the photographer, was the murderer, and

photographic establishment, proved to be either the breathing form or the breathless clay of Jack Filmer; pale, and closed of eye, with an ugly cut on the temple, and a strange matted appearance on the side of the head that told of a cruel blow there.

"Wy, what's this?" exclaimed the superintendent, bustling up just at the same time as Tom Madron, who was coming in the other direction.

"We found him in the ditch by the Heath lane," said one of the men with the cart. "He was close up to the course, and hid amongst the bracken in the ditch."

"Ah, and we shouldn't ha' found him," said the other, "only Bill here heerd him groan."



that the police were already hot upon his track—a rumour so exciting that the attention of the crowd was now divided between the two residences, and a man was arrested in the act of cutting a splinter from one of the shutters.

So intent were the people, in fact, that the spring cart of mine host of the Blue Lion, which had been sent up to the racecourse to bring back the remaining bottles and boards used in the previous day's booth, had penetrated far into the congregated people before it was noticed that it came at a very slow rate, and that in that cart there was something particular.

The something in particular was, in fact, lying upon straw, and upon the cart stopping short in front of the

"Yes, I heerd him groan," said the man addressed as Bill; "and 'Wot's that?' says I. 'Drunken gipsy,' says he; but I worn't saddersfied, so I goes on, when I hears another groan; and then I sees the leg of a man a sticking out of the bracken and stuff, and I calls Harry, and we lifts him out."

"Then he aint dead?" says the superintendent.

"He worn't then," said the man.

"Bring him on, then, down to the station," said the superintendent, importantly.

"No, no," said Tom Madron, with the voice of authority, for he was already feeling the man's wrist. "He is alive now; but if you attempt to take him any farther, it is at your own risk."



"COUGHED PAINFULLY AT INTERVALS." (Page 78.)

THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Morning with Misery.

"BURT'S-BUILDINGS? It's the first turning to the left, after you gets down Popper's-court."

"No, 'taint now. You let me tell the gentleman. It's the first turning to the left past old Burkle's, where the lamp hangs as Jem Pikehurst broke; and then you goes—"

"No, you don't, sir—it's up this way, sir. Let me show yer, sir. He means Burt's-court, sir, where they're pulling down. Come along, sir."

"Well, but are you sure that you know?"

"No, sir—he don't, sir; he don't know a bit, sir."

"You hold your mouth, now, come; or you'll just get what you don't like."

"Yah! so 'are you," was the defiant war-whoop uttered, though in retreat; and the next minute I was standing amongst the rags of one of the Inns of Court, in company with a little fallow-skinned boy of about ten, dressed in a great deal of trousers and very little shirt. The weather being warm, this completed his costume, if I except the dirt with which he was largely decorated. I found him, in company, with a similarly costumed boy of his own age, making a light repast off a piece of black, gristly stuff which they called "fungus;" but whose odour announced it to be the composition of glue and treacle used by printers for their ink rollers. My boy—that is to say, the one who became my guide—was at the same time forming designs upon the broken pavement by placing one of his bare feet in the black gutter, full of unutterable abominations, and then printing the foot—heel, sole, and toes—upon various dry spots. Now he would contract his toes, now expand them, and then seem to derive much pleasure from making the foul black mud of the gutter ooze up between them in little gushes, which met and formed a dirty stream upon his instep.

But my appearance upon the scene, in the guise of one likely to possess halfpennies, and able to give them away, produced excitement upon the faces of the two boys, while my inquiry for Burt's-buildings seemed to increase this excitement after the above fashion.

Whose house did I want? Well, I only wanted leading to the place itself; and after divers wanderings in and out, I stood in Burt's-buildings, and looked about, with more than one curious pair of eyes watching me. On my right were a couple of uninhabited tenements—tenements untenable—the grating in front rusty and worn, the walls foul with mud, every window that could be reached by stick or stone broken, every available ledge loaded with an assortment of stones, bones, cabbage stumps, oyster shells, mingled with those of the cockle, periwinkle, and whelk; while the remaining eight of nine houses in the court seemed at first sight in the same predicament; though the second glance told that all their windows were not broken, and further inspection showed that attempts had been made, in a variety of ways, to repair the breaches made by time and the smaller builders of

the place. Paper seemed much in favour in some sashes, wood and pieces of slate in others; one ghastly breach was stopped by an old rusty tea tray, which well covered four broken squares; while rags, straw, and a variety of articles which would have required analyzation to catalogue, showed themselves obtrusively at every turn.

By slow degrees little signs showed that, although the inhabitants presented themselves but little, yet there were dwellers here. At one window a bright red and yellow tulip grew in an old black tea pot, whose nose and handle evidently helped to form the rubbish heap down one of the gratings. At another window there was a small birdcage—such a small cage for the restless linnet within, which breasted the wires incessantly, ever twittering, and bringing thoughts of far-off blue-arched campaigns, where the trees were delicate with their bright golden green, and the emerald turf was spangled with the flowers of spring. Again, at another window, two or three articles of washed clothing had been hung out to dry, and secured by shutting the window down upon them; while the next instant came a whoop and a yell, and a troop of children swept back into the before silent court, from which they had evidently been drawn by some foreign attraction. The babies were there, tied in the customary drabby, washed-out shawl, swaying in the most top-heavy manner. The mothers were there now, at door and window, to shriek out warning or threat; while now appeared the first male inhabitant, in the shape of a close-cropped man, with a bull head and a black pipe, a villainous countenance, and a little dog, which he nursed as he looked out of one of the windows, and stopped at intervals to spit upon one particular broken slab in the court below.

"This here's Burt's-buildings," said my guide; who then spun the penny I gave him into the air, caught at it, struck it upon the edge, when down it fell, and rolled to the grating of an empty house and was gone; but hardly quicker than the little boy had leaped forward and thrown himself down upon his face, to peer between the rusty bars.

Who could have resisted the dismay and misery of that boy's face as he raised it to mine? or have failed to enjoy the sudden change to hope and delight, as the hand which went to a pocket placed another coin in his hand, to send him turning the wheel along the court till he had disappeared; while half a score of the young builders formed themselves into a committee of inspection, and wedged their noses down between the bars in their endeavour to catch a glimpse of the lost coin.

And now I was at Burt's-buildings, for what had I come but to see Misery? And I saw her—gaunt, and foul, and wan—looking at me from every landing, as I slowly ascended step by step the creaking old stairs, which threatened to give way once and for all beneath my weight, as they hung to the wall, while the balustrade seemed to have disappeared a bit at a time for firewood. I saw misery looking out at me from the dark eyes of a woman, who coughed painfully at intervals, as she told me of how she found bread for herself and three children.

"It came hard on me, you see, sir, when my poor master died. We were out of the country, and come up here for work, and very good work he got, till the

accident that laid him up for six weeks. Out-patient of the hospital he was, and they were very kind to him; and though he never took regularly to his bed, he seemed to dwindle away, and he was took. Don't think me hard-hearted because I don't cry about it, sir; I've cried till the tears seem as if they would not come any more, and what one has to do for a bit of bread is so trying at times that one has no time to be fretting.

"You see, sir, children are so thoughtless—and yet you can't wonder at it; but as long as they have their meal's victuals that's all they think about. But then they're very young, you see, and don't know any better. That big one's seven, and she minds the two others while I go out; and I always manage not to be gone more than three hours at a time, though it hinders me a good deal from taking longer beats; for, you see, I'm out nowadays in this pleasant spring weather with flowers. I'd do needlework, so as to be at home with them; but, oh, sir, it's heartbreaking work. It was hard enough, I dare say, before there were sewing machines, but it's dreadful now, and you may work day and night almost to live. Just fancy being paid so many farthings for making a garment that has taken hours, sir, while the poor children have been fretful and miserable, cooped up in this one room—half-a-crown a week I pay for it, because it's one of the most decent, and I like being up at the top of the house, here, for one seems to get a little more fresh air, even if it's smoky. The poor bairns didn't seem to breathe down below there, and grew more white and pasty-looking every day till I got them up here.

"I'm not particular what I sell, as long as it is in season, and people will buy. But it's no matter what one takes to, there's scores about selling the very same thing, and it's quite a fight sometimes for the next penny. Flowers always did, and I suppose always will, sell well, and I do the best I can with mine by sprinkling and keeping them fresh, and setting them out as tasty as I can, so as to catch people's eyes. There's very few people, no matter how hard they are, but what you can make the way to their hearts with a pretty, sweet-smelling blossom or two. I suppose as God made them He's given them that power; and I've had your hard City men, who make money all the day long, stop in front of my basket, with the lines softening out of their faces, and a brightness coming into their eyes that seems to stop for long enough; and if they buy, say, a bunch of violets and a few wallflowers, they'll stop about them, not picking and choosing and beating you down, but pretending to, so that they may hang about the basket, and smell them, and look at their simple beauty.

"I keep at flowers all I can, for it's a good trade for a poor woman like me; and even in that one gets one's regular customers. One simple-looking boy comes and buys rosebuds of me; and I smile to myself—sadly enough though, for it reminds me of old times, when one's eyes were bright, and one's face was smooth and fresh-coloured, and Tom used to say—Well, never mind, sir, I won't bother you with that nonsense. But this customer of mine buys those rosebuds to give to some proud girl, I feel sure—one as will never look at him; and the poor fellow always sighs when he buys his roses. One gentleman buys a bunch regularly to take home to his wife; another for his children; and work-

girls love them dearly, to keep them in water in their rooms. There's one house where I call regular, and somehow I always make up my best bunch for there. You see, it's for a sick girl, who has been lying months and months, and they tell me she'll never get better; while the thought of her seems to remind me of my own trouble, and I feel sorry for her; and after the servant has taken the sweet, fresh bunch, and paid me for it, I seem to picture it all—the poor invalid smiling and brightening up at the sight of the pretty flowers, as she holds out her poor, thin, white hands for them, and perhaps kisses them, and holds them to her poor, pale face. I don't know that she does—I only seem to fancy it is so.

"Rich and poor, sir, all alike, are ready to be customers for a few flowers; and I often feel cut to see the eager looks some poor creatures give at them, and how ready they are to part with almost their last coin to get hold of them. Why, I've known boys who had perhaps a penny to get a bit of bread and butter for their tea come and spend it with me; and once, bad off as I was myself, I could not take the longing little fellow's penny, but gave him the flowers.

"You see, it seems to come into the hearts of all God's creatures, I think, to love the bright country; and when tiny bits of it like are held before them, it sets them longing, and makes them eager to get them. But it's hard work at times to know what to do, for flowers fade and die, sir; and after one has come down to the lavender, and cried that round the streets, it's getting a hard matter to know what to sell. I've come home here o' nights before now, sir, and gone down on my knees by that bit of a bed, and cried and sobbed to be taught what to do next to get a bit of bread for the little ones, whom I've found huddled together fast asleep—after crying, perhaps, for long enough because mother did not come home. And shall I tell you why mother did not come home, sir? Well, it was because she had tramped hour after hour, street after street, to find a customer; and then came home disappointed and heart-sick. Then, perhaps it would be the crying, or perhaps better thoughts came into one's ignorant heart, but I've got up better; and somehow the sun would shine a bit for me the next day, so that I could make a few pence. And one way and another we manage to live, while others starve."

Was it one's heart that had grown heavier with listening to the widow's sorrows? Perhaps so; for certainly the stairs creaked more loudly as I went down, past Misery staring from more than one lair, hollow-eyed and gaunt, as though speaking as the flower-selling widow; and then I stood once more in the court, threaded my way past the children that flocked there, several of whom were fishing with bits of string for the lost coin, and on reaching the *embouchure* encountered young Trousers, who grinned a welcome as I passed, and ceased printing black feet upon the pavement.

"I aint spint that there copper," he shouted after me.

"Haven't you?" I said. "What shall you do with it, my man?"

"Give it to mother," said the grimy young rascal, with an earnestness that there was no mistaking.

And I passed on; but that young dog cost me three-pence that day.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VI.—AUNT JANE'S "COMING MAN" ARRIVES AT LAST—I AM SENT TO A PRIVATE TUTOR'S.

IT is impossible to imagine that the reader has ever disgraced himself, and he will, therefore, be quite unable to appreciate the very uncomfortable feelings I experienced on packing up for the last time. The boys, indeed, felt that I had been hardly used, and that the unpunished guilty had not behaved with the greatest possible generosity; while my silence about the matter was very warmly appreciated.

So that I had no lack of sympathy, and leaving-books flowed in upon me, all of which tended to alleviate my chagrin while I was still in the dear old place.

But when I sat on the coach, alone with my reflections, and watched the—

"Distant spires and antique towers
That crown the watery glade,"

receding in the distance, I experienced sensations which no human being could long bear without an enlargement of the spleen, whatever that may be.

I am inclined to think that railway travelling is an alleviation of mental distress, just as, to balance matters, it has a damping effect upon joyful anticipation; the monotonous noise and the incessant vibration act in a sedative manner on the brain. A man going to be hung would suffer less, a man going to be married would be less exhilarated, if conveyed to the place of execution by train. But the railway to Slough, though one of the first constructed, was as yet in embryo, and I had much leisure and every inducement for calm consideration, keen regret, and unpleasant anticipation during that journey. Fortunately, the coachman was a very mute, and my only travelling companions were commercial, and engaged in their own affairs; so I was not bored by being talked to, which would have made me downright savage. There is nothing so irritating as the conversation of a stranger when you are in the dumps or sea-sick. Some people feel a temptation to cut their throats when the world assumes a black and yellow aspect. I have never experienced that, not having a suicidal temperament, I suppose; but I have often been inclined to cut some one else's. For the first time in my life I was glad that I was an orphan. If there had been a disappointed father and a weeping mother to face when I reached home, I think I might have enlisted, or gone to the docks, or into the dock, or fitted myself in some way for an advertisement that all would be forgiven if I returned to my disconsolate et ceteras.

But my misfortunes or misconduct would not affect any one very seriously but myself, and I had no particular scene to dread at the other end of my journey.

Aunt Jane would shake her head, and deliver a lecture, the text of which would probably be that she had always had a foreboding that I should come to no good. Mr. Glading—well, he would be sorry, and I did feel uncomfortable at the thought of incurring his censure; but still, he was no relation. It was an aggravation, certainly, that I had to carry the news of my own discomfiture. Mr. Palmer had placed me at Eton, and paid all my expenses, and it was with him

that the authorities conferred. They probably thought that I went home to him in the holidays, and knew nothing of my domestic arrangements. I arrived at Brockford at about seven o'clock in the evening, perhaps a little later, for it was quite dark. A drizzling rain was falling, and the light which penetrated through the red curtains of my aunt's parlour looked very inviting and comfortable; for whatever the emotions of the soul, its envelope will get cold and hungry. So, without pause or hesitation, I pulled heartily at the bell.

Hester did not hurry herself, and I was just about to ring again, when she opened the door.

"Lor!" she cried, as the light of her candle fell on my face.

"Well, Hester," said I, "how are you? Don't look scared. I am myself—not a ghost. By which token, I want my luggage—how can I get a man or a boy to fetch it from the office? Or, if you will bring me the old barrow, I will go for it myself."

"Well, I never, Master Hamilton! If you didn't make my heart jump right up into my mouth, appearing sudden and unexpected, like that."

"Well, swallow it again quick, dear, and let me in, for it's raining."

"Lor, come in, and don't trouble about your boxes. Bill Jones will be by here presently, and he will fetch them. But, Master Hamilton, dear, you've never been and run away from school?"

"No, no," I replied, quickly. "Since I have brought all my luggage, how could I? Aunt Jane is in the parlour, I suppose?"

"Stop, stop!" cried Hester. "I forgot. Let me knock and 'nounce you."

She spoke too late—I had turned the handle of the door.

"Don't be alarmed, Aunt Jane," said I, entering. "There is nothing the matter, only—"

I stopped short, both in tongue and feet; for something unexpected met my eyes.

A delicious fragrance of tea cake pervaded the atmosphere, the fire burned brightly and cheerfully, and the best lamp shed its radiance on the best urn and tea-things. Aunt Jane was dressed in her Sunday silk, and a becoming cap, which took a good five years off her general appearance. But it was not this unwonted luxury that arrested me: it was the presence of a stranger—a stout, short, plain gentleman, with protuberant eyes, and large hands and feet—dressed in clerical attire, who had been sitting by the fire with his tea-cup in his hand, and who rose as I entered.

It was not in Aunt Jane's nature to be startled by unexpected events; and she merely said, quite calmly—

"Come in, John, and shut the door. How do you do? This is Mr. Boddle."

Mr. Boddle extended his flapper—it really could hardly be called a hand—and added, smiling—

"From Canada, and happy to make your acquaintance. The fact is, I hope soon—that is, your worthy aunt—I mean—"

"We will enter into further explanations presently," said Aunt Jane, rather hastily. "I am at present most desirous of learning how it is that John has thus left school at a period not set apart for vacation."

"I will tell you all about it when we are alone, aunt," I replied.

"You need not mind Mr. Boddle, he knows all your affairs; indeed, we were speaking of you just before you came in," said my aunt.

"Yes," continued Mr. Boddle. "We were speaking—ah—the fact is, that my station is very far north, in a lonely district, where the everlasting pines are for a considerable portion of the year shrouded with snow. Your worthy relative, whom you must love so much, has consented to enliven those solitudes for me. It is very, very cold out there, and when I am abroad during the day in the prosecution of my duties—"

"Mr. Boddle is a missionary," explained Aunt Jane.

"—the hearth is liable to grow cold; and when I return, weary and hungry, it is long before I can prepare my food."

"I see," said I; "and it's warmer sleeping double than single, isn't it?"

"John!" cried the bashful virgin.

"All right, aunt," said I. "I am sure, I congratulate you with all my heart. It does not sound very comfortable, but there must be capital skating."

"The frosty air is very bracing," said Mr. Boddle.

It struck me that Aunt Jane did not exactly require that; on the contrary, that a trifle of relaxation would better meet the requirements of her constitution. But I kept this opinion to myself.

There are two ways of approaching the subject of your sins and your follies—shamefacedly and repentantly, or in a jocular and brazen fashion. I do not say that this last is the best, but it seemed to me the easiest under the circumstances.

"Well, then," I said, after a rather awkward pause, "since Mr. Boddle is kind enough to feel an interest in my fortunes, I will tell you at once, Aunt Jane, that I have left Eton because they would not keep me there."

"Wretched boy! You have been expelled?"

"Not quite so bad as that; but I have been sent away, which is quite bad enough, for it has spoilt my chance of getting King's."

"And you speak of this disgrace and ruin in that light and hardened way!" cried my aunt. "John, you have been drinking!"

"Not a drop, aunt; and I am vexed enough, I can tell you. But pulling a long face will not mend the matter."

Though Mr. Boddle was somewhat ungainly in person he had a kind heart, and sufficient experience of human nature to see that my pert levity was affected; and he helped me through my story in a very tender and considerate manner, and showed no signs of incredulity as to the correctness of my version when it was told, and softened the asperity of my aunt's comments. As to my future course, all speculation upon that had to remain in abeyance until I had heard from Mr. Palmer; and the only approach to it was a proposition from Mr. Boddle that I should devote myself to missionary enterprise. A singular deduction from my antecedents; but the good man was heart and soul in his work, and when he got upon the one subject, was apt to forget that the chords of his hearer might not be in unison with his own.

It was arranged that he should be married to my aunt soon after Christmas, and the happy pair were to start for their wintry home early in the ensuing spring. It was most amusing to hear them talk of

their plans, for the match was surely the most unromantic one that ever was cemented. The missionary made no pretence at love passages; so, though amusing, their relations were not ridiculous—it was the hard, simple realism of the thing which was so odd. Mr. Boddle wanted a nurse for his sick, a schoolmistress for the Indian children, a housekeeper to attend to his necessary comforts; so he came to England to look for a woman who would become his wife—not for love of him, but for love of his cause—and undertake these manifold duties; and he found Aunt Jane.

It was the very thing for her; a taste for self-sacrifice was part of her disposition, and I believe that many of her asperities were due to her having had no scope for its indulgence. Not but what she may have entertained a strong affection for the man herself. I dare say she did; for who can sound the heart of a woman?

Next morning I called upon Mr. Glading, and made my confession to him too; though in a far different spirit and tone to that which I had assumed on the previous evening. My heart sank as I watched the lines of his face grow graver and graver; and when I had told my story—faithfully, I hope and think—he maintained a long silence, which I, longing for a word from him, broke at last.

"I know and feel that I have been wrong and foolish, but have I not been very unlucky too, sir?"

"Unlucky? No, John. You were contracting habits which, if confirmed, would have proved your ruin; and I cannot consider your removal from the scene of temptation, however it may temporarily seem to mar your prospects, as an evil. You are suffering at present from a bitter disappointment; but if you will only fairly put your shoulder to the wheel, you can gain by your own exertions the position which you expected to take as a matter of course. What have you lost?—a scholarship and a fellowship. Never tell me that you have not got sufficient abilities to win both yet, if you will only work hard and earnestly; and, above all, if you will take warning by the past. Why should you not go to the University, and attain the position in some other college which you would have probably held in King's, if—if your name had not been engraved on the handle of your knife, we will say," he added, with a smile which went to my heart like a sunbeam.

I listened to the advice which he then endeavoured to impress upon me, with a determination to be implicitly guided by it. For the future, I would avoid vying with those whose fortunes were superior to my own. I would eschew idleness and vice, I would work with a will. Alas! alas! I had made such resolutions before when under the vicar's immediate influence.

I asked after Mary, and the vicar's whole figure lighted up with joy as he told me that when she returned from her school, at Christmas, she was not to go back again. He had been terribly lonely at times without her, he said; and his words met with ready credence.

"Then I shall see her again, soon!" I cried. "Will you tell her that I have—have left Eton?"

He promised that he would; and then we spoke of Aunt Jane's approaching marriage, and where I was to find a home when she went Pole-wards. I hinted at a desire that he should offer to prepare me for college; but he said he feared that he was too rusty to perform the task fairly—I should read with a younger man.

But nothing could be decided until I had heard from Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Glading added that I had better write to that gentleman at once, giving my version of the reasons for my abrupt dismissal from Eton, and informing him of the approaching dissolution of the home he had appointed for me.

This I did.

Smith's Story.

MY story is about Smith's wife; and, mind you, Smith's wife isn't my wife, because I'm a bachelor; but unless I'm very much mistaken there is another Smith in town—perhaps two. Smith's wife was a little round woman—not fat, but just pleasantly plump; there was a nice roundness about her eyes, and cheeks, and shoulders, and arms; good full curves to her red lips and pinky shelly ears; and though you would never have thought of calling her handsome, or even pretty, she was decidedly nice. She was a shrewd little body, too, with plenty of firmness; and if it had fallen to your lot to have once heard her say "Oh!" you would never have forgotten it.

Now, pray don't imagine that by the word—exclamation, ejaculation—"Oh!" I mean a half-scream or hysterical cry. Nothing of the kind. "Oh!" with Mrs. Smith expressed as much as five minutes of some people's conversation; for it was accompanied by a look and a curious tightening of the lips, and sometimes meant a very great deal, as Charles Smith, of the Inner Temple, Esquire, very well knew. Ah! he knew it before he had been married one month of the twenty-four to which at the time present his matrimonial life had extended.

But Smith's wife was no Tartar—nothing of the kind again—but a most agreeable little body, passionately fond of her husband, though somewhat troubled by a bonyness that had commenced making its way into her home. It was not a regular skeleton grinning in a cupboard. Oh, no; but just an odd loose bone or two, over which she kept stumbling, in consequence of the great truth discovered by Shakspeare, who advises ladies to "sigh no more" because "men were deceivers ever."

"You won't be late this evening?" Charley Smith's wife said to her dapper little man one morning, as buttoned up in his frock and overcoat he re-entered the breakfast-room for the farewell kiss before leaving Bayswater for the shades off Fleet-street.

"Well, no," he said—"unless there's pressure, my love, and then we mustn't grumble; for pressure means profit, and profit sea-side and silk dresses, eh? There, good-bye."

"But, just a moment, Charley. You will try and be back?"

"To be sure," he cried; for, with the nice, gentle, appealing, loving look, he could say none other. "But there—it's just ten."

"Yes, dear, I know; but do try and be back, Charley. I do so like having you with me of an evening."

And a little, round, plump hand held on by a button-hole, and a little, round cheek was laid against Mr. Smith's shoulder.

"Yes, yes; yes, yes," he said, rather testily. "I like coming home; only business pressure, you know."

"But there's so much pressure now, Charley."

"Good sign, my dear; and—there—I must go."

"But it presses so hard on me, Charley; and it seems as if you were tired of coming back home."

"Why, what stuff, to be sure! Take your finger out of that button-hole, or you'll drag it."

"I did want you so badly last night, Charley; and I like you to enjoy yourself, but not always to stop away of an evening."

"Now, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"Mrs. Lane came in last night, and Mr. Lane called for her about nine, and they stopped and had tea; and Mr. Lane said he saw you go into the Alhambra."

"Me! Alhambra? Pooh! absurd! nonsense! nonsense! mistake altogether. But there, I must go."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Smith; and as her lord hurried away, that tightening of her lips was visible, and the little woman looked dull and sad as she heard the door close.

Smith did not get back to dinner that night, nor yet to tea; in fact, it was half-past one when he returned home in a cab, smelling very strongly of tobacco—probably the weed consumed as a sedative while some abstruse brief was studied. But Mrs. Smith said nothing, not even the next morning, when her husband's head ached badly, beyond the power of concealment. All she did was to make the tea a spoonful stronger, and wait in hopes of a little frankness upon her husband's part.

But she waited in vain, for Smith had promised to give up bachelor life and friends; but only to have a very severe relapse, brought on by his weakness in never being able to say "No!"

"Did you see brother William last night?" said Smith's wife, one morning after Smith had been detained by pressure at his chambers.

"William! No. Did he call on me?"

"No," said Mrs. Smith, quietly; "he said he went into Evans's for a chop, and you were with a couple of friends half-way up the room."

"Now, really," exclaimed Smith, "this is a deal too bad. What did I tell you when I came home last night?"

"When you came home this morning."

"Well, morning if you like. I call it all night while it's dark. Didn't I tell you I was busy at my chambers?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Smith.

"Then how could it be me at Evans's? It's a mistake altogether, as I've told you before. It must have been that fellow from Gray's Inn he saw—Stubbles, I think his name is. Good deal like me—mocks me in dress, too. Been mistaken for me, and I've had lawyers' clerks addressing me for him half a score of times. Resemblance is wonderful when we have on our wigs and gowns."

"I don't think I should be deceived," said Smith's wife, quietly.

"You, my dear—pooh! No, of course not. Not likely," said Mr. Smith, as he reached the door; but he turned for an instant as his wife gave utterance to her favourite ejaculation—

"Oh!"

For the next two or three weeks Smith's wife looked very quiet and serious; those little rounded lips of hers were pressed together until they appeared quite thin; and then there came a morning when she sat over her breakfast reading a cutting from the *Times* of the previous day, which some anonymous friend had clipped out, enclosed in an envelope, and directed to her.

"Who's your letter from?" said Smith, suddenly.

"I don't know," was the quiet reply.

"Don't know? Why, what's that bit of printed paper?"

"It's a piece of police news, and the account of one Harry Stubbles, whose name was afterwards found to be Charles Smith, of the Temple, being drunk and riotous, and assaulting the police."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Smith. "But I won't stand it. Now, isn't it too bad? But I'll have an action against him."

"Against whom?" said Smith's wife, quietly.

"Against whom? Why, Stubbles. To add to all the other annoyance he has given me by taking my name! But, thank goodness, there is law in the land—a scoundrel!"

"But you did not come home the night before last, Charley."

"Come home! No; how could I, pressed as I am just now? But I believe next that you will really think I am the man meant there," he added, in injured tones. "Such abominable falsehoods, when I was detained as I was, and glad to get a nap on a sofa."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Smith, quietly; and no more was said.

Half an hour after, looking exceedingly blank, the master of the house took his departure.

A week elapsed, and there came an evening when a couple of friends dropped in at Smith's chambers, to announce that Tompkins gave his "call" supper that night, and they brought an invitation.

"Can't go, indeed," said Smith. "I haven't spent an evening at home this week."

"Never mind," said one, "what does that matter? Stop at home every night next week to make up for it."

"Really, rather not," said Smith.

"But, Tompkins, you know; such a good sort of fellow," said the other.

"Good, indeed!" said Smith, fiercely, as he blew out his cheeks—"ran off like a cur that night of the row, and left me in the lurch."

"Well, really," said the first speaker, "I think we were rather shabby to you that night; but we showed up well next morning."

"Yes, and one of you let out my name to the police."

"Ah, that was that noodle Duffley: we could not foresee that."

"Nice mess it made," said Smith, who seemed very sore upon the point. "Some one, too, was kind enough to send my wife the police report—a beast!"

"How did you get out of it, Smiffy?"

"Said it was some one else exactly like me," said Smith, with a grin at his own astuteness.

"But would Mrs. Smith believe that?"

"Yes, of course," said Smith.

And, yielding to a little more pressure, he accompanied his friends to Tompkins's, where Prosser his

oysters, Guinness his stout, and the whiskey of Kinahan tended to what was on all hands declared to be the jolliest evening ever spent. There was great disgust evinced, though, when, about eleven o'clock, Smith rose, made a short speech of thickly-uttered words, all joined together, and then, in spite of all remonstrance, went rather unsteadily out on to the landing, closed the door lettered "Mr. Tompkins," stood listening for a few moments to the singing of a chorus, and lastly put on his hat very far back over his ears, smiled, and gave it a tilt forward over his eyes, when it fell with an echoing bang upon the floor, causing its owner the most thorough satisfaction, for he stood and laughed at it heartily for a few seconds, before making a dab at it, and nearly overbalancing himself; but the balustrade offering him something to hold on by, he recovered his hat, and then himself, and contrived to reach the bottom of the stone stairs in safety.

The porter winked to himself as he saw Smith walk in an intensely straight line out into Fleet-street, and the Hansom cabby who drove him to the Metropolitan Station, in Farringdon-street, charged him half-a-crown, which was paid without a word; and then Smith, as if by instinct, made his way down, took his place in a carriage, went fast asleep, woke up at his own station, and then walked straighter than ever to Bolingbroke-road, telling himself four times over that he was "all right;" and then, as if in doubt of the assertion, repeating it again.

He was perfectly sober—perfectly—he asserted as well, and fit for the company of any lady in the land; and this assertion made, he stood still, looked up at a lamp, and laughed at it heartily.

"Double burners—great improvement," said Smith, as he went on, but only to stop and smile at the next lamp-post.

"Like me to see you home, sir?" said a policeman, who had been following him for the last few minutes, fortunately for Smith; two rather heavy-looking men also having had their by no means pleasing eyes upon him.

"You're impudent scoundrel! Take you number, and report you to-morrow," said Smith, thickly. "No, won't, you're jolly good feller, and heresh shickpence—drink my health."

"Thanky, sir," said the policeman, pocketing half-a-sovereign; and then walking a short distance behind its donor, he saw him safely to the door of his abode, where Smith rang, holding on by the bell handle.

Five minutes passed, and he rang again, and then again, when the kitchen window was opened, and a voice ascended the area to cry—

"What is it?"

"Open door, Sarah," said Smith, thickly.

"Who are you? What do you want?" said the same voice.

"Sme, Sarah—master," said Smith, shaking his head to get rid of a misty sensation.

"Get along with you, or I'll call the police," was the response.

The window was shut, and Smith stood staring.

"Come wrong house," he said; and stepping back, he caught sight of two strongly-marked shadows upon the drawing-room blind, evidently those of a lady and gentleman, the lady's head resting upon the gentleman's shoulder.

"Had one glass more than I ought," said Smith. "Just one. Stupid to come to wrong door."

Then, watched by the policeman, he went to the next door, stared at the number, went back two houses and stared at the number there, and then stepped back to encounter the policeman once more face to face.

"Which's Number 9, pleeceman?" he said.

"That's it, sir," said the man, pointing to the house with the shadows on the blind.

"Course it is," said Smith, smiling more than ever, and as if he had just made a great discovery. "Ring again."

He walked up, staring very hard at the shadows, and then stopped short.

"Who th' doosh is that?" he said.

And then he shook his head and walked close up to the door, and this time the bell rang violently.

The kitchen window was opened on the instant.

"Who's there?"

"Me—master," said Smith. "Why don't sh' come and open the door?"

"If you don't go away this minute, I'll call for the police," cried the voice, angrily. "Master's been home these four hours, and is up in the drawing-room with missus."

"Say?" said Smith—"whosh yer master?"

"Why, Mr. Smith, of course, you nasty drunken fellow; and now go away directly, or he'll hear you."

Smith started back a few paces, and gazed up again at the window, just as the blind was pushed aside for a moment, and some one looked out. Then the shadows were seen strongly again upon the blind; the lady's arm was raised and laid affectionately on the shoulder of the gentleman, and face met face in a loving kiss.

It was only a short one, but it had the power of endless bottles of soda water on Smith. He was sober in an instant, and dashed back to the bell; but before he could pull it, the voice came up the area—

"Am I to call the police to you?"

"Here, Sarah, open the door!" cried Smith, hoarsely; "it's me—your master."

"Get along with you, do!" cried Sarah. "Don't I tell you master's upstairs? I'll call him directly if you don't leave the bell alone."

"No—no, don't. Here, let me in—quick. I tell you it is me—your master."

"And I tell you that master's upstairs, and he'll call the police to you directly if you don't go."

"But, Sarah, here," cried Smith, softly; "it is me, indeed—I am Mr. Smith, your master; look at me."

"Well, you do look like him, certainly," said Sarah, peering up, for the lamp shone strongly on his figure. "But you aint him. I know who you are—you're that nasty wretch that's always being took for him, and as made missus so uncomfortable; and she told me about it. It's my belief, if your name's Smith too, as you say it is, that you're twins, and don't know it; but you don't live here, so I tell you."

"But, Sarah," cried Smith, who just then heard a bell ring.

"There!" cried Sarah, "that's them ringing for a candle, they're going to bed; so now be off while your shoes are good."

The window was shut with a bang, the fastening

snapped loudly, and, staggering back, Smith stood for a few moments gasping for breath, and staring at the blind from which the shadows were now gone.

What did it mean? Had he conjured up a *fac-simile* of himself, or was there really his exact likeness in existence, as he had told his wife; and was she really deceived? The thought was maddening. What had he done—what should he do? Shut out of his own house—another there—confusion—lunacy!

He dashed to the door, tore at the bell madly till a light danced in the fanlight, and the catch was drawn back, when, without stopping to see who opened, he flew along the passage and up four stairs at a time to where, candle in hand, stood his wife.

"What is this?" she exclaimed.

"What is this!" he roared. "Stand aside, woman!" And he thrust her against the wall, to dash furiously up to the drawing-room door, which opened as he reached it, and a man confronted him, at whom he hurled himself madly; but only to have his arms pinned to his side.

"Do you often come home like this, Charley?" fell upon his ears.

"What, you, Will?" cried Smith, gazing in his brother-in-law's face, and then turning to see his wife upon the stairs, holding her handkerchief to her mouth.

"Let's go down to supper, late as it is," she said, recovering herself. "Go on first, Will."

And her brother, wondering, and staring from husband to wife, obeyed her command.

"What—where the—where's that woman Sarah?" gasped Smith.

"Hush, dear," said his wife, leaning upon his arm as he gazed upon her mirthful face—"did you ever hear about the man being 'hoist with his own petard'?"

There are times when it may be wise to fly in a passion, and there are times when it is wise to bear in silence: somehow or another, Smith seemed to think that this was a time for the latter. He had been duped, he knew, but his conscience told him it was deserved, and he only whispered a sentence or two at his wife and he went down.

"Does Will know?"

"Nothing. I asked him here to-night, as I have done for many nights past."

"And that wretch of a woman?"

"She only did as she was told," said Smith's wife; "and after twenty years in our family, I think she can be trusted."

"But—"

"Are you people coming to supper?" shouted a voice from the dining-room; and late as it was, a pleasant meal ensued.

What more passed between husband and wife this chronicler knoweth not; but he can declare that Smith disappeared from bachelor parties in the Temple precincts; and also that if there is a happy, round, pleasant-looking little woman in the neighbourhood of Bayswater, it is Smith's wife.

Book-keeping.

Book-keeping may be taught in a lesson of three words—never lend them.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER VIII.—CATCHING A TARTAR.

NOW it happened that while Frank Adams and his companion had been congratulating themselves upon their escape, and making a compact, those with whom they had come in contact had been making a compact of their own. Heavy blows had been struck, a jaw broken, and wounds given; these latter of a trifling nature, but sufficient to raise in them such a desire for revenge that the givers were marked down, and, though ignorant of the terrible fact, their lives were, in certain quarters in the place, not worth many minutes' purchase.

What was more, their every step had been tracked until they had entered the hotel. Some little time after, a man, whom one of his fellow-citizens would have spoken of as "a very ornery cuss," slowly dawdled into the bar, called for a cigar and a drink, and then went slouching about, behaving much after the fashion of a digger who had made a pile of gold, and had now come to knock it down.

Such visitors were too common to excite comment, and after a drink or two more, the new arrival was wandering about the Frisco caravansary as much at home as any other stranger.

Apparently looking for nothing but his own enjoyment, he was soon after to have been seen, if any one had watched him, slouching along the passage upon which the door of Frank Adams's room opened, and here, as if quite by accident, he stopped short, took a great knife from his pocket, which knife opened out a whole armoury of implements, from a toothpick to a corkscrew, and having set the gimlet, began boring softly, evidently from a desire to see whether the wood was hard or soft.

He was not a pleasant-looking ruffian, and a discoloration upon one side of his face did not improve his personal appearance; but that was nobody's business but his own, and he kept on boring away very softly, stopping at intervals with his ear close to the panel.

Then he stopped, listened attentively, and the murmur of conversation seemed to have for him a most gratifying effect, for he paused from his work again and again, before taking it up to proceed with anything like perseverance.

In an ordinary way, to have pierced the thin panel would have been the work of a few seconds, but our friend seemed to enjoy making it a task of many minutes, with rests and refreshings between, as he listened and listened again.

Now about this time Mr. Larry Carey, who had been busy doing nothing, thought he would seek the master and ask for orders.

Larry stepped along jauntily, and whistled "Limerick Races," for he was in capital spirits: that scrimmage, as he termed it, had warmed his heart, and made him think of old days.

"Ah," he said, "the place is the laste taste better 'an I thought for, an' it's likely enough I'll get reconciled to it in time; bud— Who! what's that?"

He drew back suddenly into an open room, for he had

caught sight of the American gentleman busy at work upon the panel of his master's door.

For a moment or two he could hardly believe it; then his mind failed to realize the object; but when he saw the scoundrel's ear placed against the door, he read it at once.

A broad grin overspread his features, and, dancing back into the room on tiptoe, he moistened his hand, took a fresh grip of his stick, and gave it a triumphant flourish round his head.

After this he drew a long breath, went softly to the door, peeped cautiously round the side, and saw the fellow still turning the gimlet, but now in a reverse way, and the minute after he was stooping down low, with his eye to the aperture he had made.

"Och, bud this is heavenly!" sighed Larry, whose face wore an aspect that seemed to say it had been bathed in bliss.

And, slipping off his boots, he went quickly on tiptoe down the passage, and with a kick and a blow, delivered simultaneously, he drove the fellow's head right through the frail panel, as we have seen.

"What d'ye mane, ye dhirty aveshdroppin' staler ov people's words, eh?" exclaimed Larry, and he raised his stick for another blow; but with a desperate effort the pilloried man dragged his head out of the fractured woodwork, and darted to the other side of the table, where, in an instant, he had drawn a revolver, and presented it at Dawson; but as he drew the trigger Larry's stick went whizzing through the air, and striking him full on the arm, destroyed his aim, and the ball went crashing through the partition into the next room.

At the same moment Dawson and Adams sprang forward to seize the scoundrel, but they were too late. With a yell of defiance he dashed to the window, swung himself out, and dropped to the sidewalk—only a matter of a few feet—and was gone.

"That's well rid of him, yer honour," said Larry, picking up his stick, which he cuddled affectionately to his side. "I think he had rather the worst ov the bargain."

He looked from one to the other, but no one spoke, except a waiter and two or three stayers in the hotel, who had been attracted by the noise—rather a common one there, and not always noticed; but finding all was right, they departed.

"I ought to have known better, Adams," said Dawson, who had begun pacing the room with hasty strides. "To think that I should go shouting out my projects for every listener to hear! Well, it is too late now."

"But you mentioned no names of places, even if the fellow did hear," said Adams.

"What of that? If it is as I fear, they will watch us. I feel sure it was one of those rowdies we fought."

"Bedad, an' so it was, sor. I thought I knowed him before. Here, stop a minit."

Larry ran to the window, but came back directly, rubbing his ear.

"Sure, he's gone. Out ov sight entirely he is, or I could have towld him at wanst; for if it was the man I mane, I put me mark on him wid me stick whin we came together down below there, hours ago."

"He had a mark upon his face—I saw it myself," said Adams.

"Had he, now?" said Larry. "Thin it was mine, an'

no doubt ov it. An' now he's got a wan on the back ov his head, good luck to him, an' I hope he likes it."

"It's very, very unlucky," said Dawson, shaking his head. "I'm afraid he heard too much."

"Heerd too much, yer honour!" said Larry. "Why, if his head had been full as an egg, that tap I gave him would have driven it all out, and his sinses wid it."

"The sooner we get away from here the better," said Dawson, after a few moments' thought.

"I'm glad ov it," muttered Larry.

"I'll push on all the preparations I can," said Dawson, "and you must clear off what you have, and be ready for a start at any time. And now another thing, Adams—those women must never leave the place without one of us with them, and I warn you that even then it will be dangerous."

"Are you not magnifying the peril?" said Adams.

"I hope I am," was the reply; "but I fear not. I know this place better than you, and I shall not feel at rest until we have left it fifty miles behind."

A short consultation followed, and then each went to execute the plans decided upon, though little could be done, owing to the lateness of the evening. Still there was something in their future course being settled; and the following day Adams had contrived to dispose of the tools and farm seeds he had brought over to a brother emigrant, and, under Dawson's advice, made such purchases as were deemed necessary for the expedition. There was Dawson's paraphernalia, too, to inspect, Larry looking on with a puzzled air, and caressing his chin with one hand, it not being considered desirable to initiate him in the plans that had been decided upon.

Dawson had already bought mules and a tent, with various other camping-out arrangements; and, under his guidance, Adams was soon equipped.

"It would be as well for Larry here to have a revolver and rifle," said Dawson, as they went over their list of necessities.

"An' is it me ye want to have wan ov the murderin' tools?" said that worthy. "Sure I'd be shootin' meself dead an' somebody else half a dozen times a day. What would I want wid a rifle, whin I've got this?" and he flourished his stick.

"I don't know that I am doing right in going," Adams said; "I'm afraid those poor women will feel the journey very much."

"I'll guarantee that it shall be less toilsome than the one you intended," said Dawson.

And then they returned to the hotel.

For their arrangements were now all made; and, with a couple of hours' preparation, they could at any time set forth on their journey, as there was nothing to do but load the mules, saddle up, and go—the mules and stores being in a stable about a couple of hundred yards from the hotel, all goings and comings having been conducted with the greatest secrecy. When they went, they did so one at a time, and by different routes, meeting at the stable, where Dawson's follower, a tall half-breed who had been accustomed to mules from childhood, always stayed in charge of the animals and the burdens they were to carry.

But, in spite of all their care, three days had elapsed before they could think of making a start, during which the intimacy between Dawson and the English family

had ripened into a warm friendship, though Mary was always quiet and distant—almost cold.

"I'm thinkin'," said Larry, on the fourth morning, "that there's some devil's game on the way."

"Why? What makes you think that?" said Adams, eagerly.

"Why, sor, that illigant boy that I caught listenin' is always hangin' about on the watch."

"But you have been careful. He has not seen you round by the stables?"

"No, yer honour. I dodged him, an' took him down among the Chinese wan time, an' up the town another time; for I could see by the twist ov his eye he was a-spying of me. Bud, yer honour, d'ye think that black boy ov yours, Ike, is to be thrusted?"

"He's true as steel, Larry," said Dawson, laughing.

"Bud, yer honour, ye sometimes cut yerself wid yer own piece of steel."

"You doubt him then, Larry?"

"Oh, no," said Larry, "devil doubt him a bit; only suppose he was to pison the mules, or sell thim to the inimy?"

"No fear, Larry; but out with it. You don't like the lad?"

"Oh," said Larry, "I don't mind him at all; only whiniver he sees me he rowls his eyes about, an' it's a bad sign."

"A bad sign—and why?"

"Ye should niver thrust anything that rowls his eyes," said Larry. "We had an owld cow out there at home as used to rowl her eyes horrible, an' whiniver she rowled her eyes she kicked."

"Come now, Larry," said Dawson, laughing, "own it like a man—you don't like Ikey, and you're a bit jealous of him."

"An' is it jealous ov a poor haythen as is half black? Misther Dawson, sor, I'm ashamed ov ye."

Larry was so indignant that he got up and walked away, while Dawson sat and laughed heartily for a few moments.

"Look here, Adams," he said, "the comical part of the affair is that Ike came to me only this morning, and, in a most mysterious way, warned me against poor Larry, assuring me that he would sell us all for a few dollars. Those two fellows hate one another consumedly, and we shall have to rule them with a rod of iron to keep them in order. But look there!"

They were sitting smoking near the open window, and both involuntarily drew back; for on the far sidewalk they saw slouching along two men whom they at once recognized as of the party with whom they had had the fight. The men stared very hard at the houses as they went by, and their coming seemed to have a depressing effect upon the two adventurers.

"They are watching us, I'm afraid," said Dawson, after a pause; "and I think the sooner we arrange to go the better. I did mean to wait to-morrow over; but, depend upon it, we ought to be off to-night."

"To-night!" said Adams. "Well, perhaps so; but they would most likely get to know from the hotel people."

"Then we will not tell the hotel people. We can leave what we consider fair payment, and a note saying that your boxes are to be kept in the store till your return. Then, when all is quiet—say, one o'clock—

we can get round to the stables, or, better still, meet out on the road."

"Very easy if we are not watched," said Adams; "but if we are?"

"Try and throw them off the scent," was the reply.

Then the arrangements were once more gone over, the plan decided upon, and Dawson went off to where the mules were kept, while Adams prepared his people for the coming journey.

The Telescope Fish.

HA, ha!
Long-tsing-ya.

Bah, bah!

The name of a fish,

'Sure yah—'sure yah.

Long-tsing-ya!

Don't say Pish!

For, if you wish,

I'll tell you its his-to-ree;

Ha, ha!

Long-tsing-ya.

A strange fish, sir,

That's making a stir,

Like a choked pug cur;

With telescope eyes

Of outrageous size;

From far Hang Chow,

This fish, I vow,

Is the strangest thing

For a man to sing

Ever sent from the land of tea.

For the great Chinee,

Washee-washee,

Sends Aquarius Lee,

For tank number three,

All alive—a dish

Of telescope fish.

"Wonders. He, he!"

Says the heathen Chinee—

"Me Washee-washee

King Kee—Queen Kee,"

With his smile that is childlike and bland.

But Aquarius Lee—

"Why, it's bosh!" says he—

"Quite a mons-tros-i-tee;

You don't get over me.

You may do Bluebeard Brough,

But I cut up quite rough

If you tell me such stuff,

That I don't know enough

Nat. history, tough,

To see in false status

Carassius Auratus,

Gold fish of the globe,

With just one extra lobe

To the tail that he waves like a hand."

Says Aquarius Lee—

"Mister Heathen Chinee,

In this counteree,

The land of the free,

We can easily see

Through your telescope fish, and through you;

And your Maloo tea,

Mister Washee-washee,

That pays dutee

Like the best bohea,

You pigeon-English, pig-tailed do!

"But by all means come

To the aqua-ri-um,

On the Brighton strand"—

He says, says he,

This Aquarius Lee—

"Where the private band,

With each music stand,

Down in their hole

Play *La Périchole*,

Giroflé Girofla,

La Fille of Mamma

Angôt, and *Les Prés*

De St. Gervais.

Return tick-et—

Never mind if it's wet,

The Aquarium's as dry as you'd wish.

Fix your glass in your eye,

Empt another if dry—

You'll not be asked why—

The waiter says 'Thanks';

Then you gape at the tanks,

Have a modest stare

At mermaidens there,

With their long back hair;

And, by Jove, have a care,

Or you'll leave your heart there,

Thinking two make a pair—

Your estate needs a heir—

Sigh, 'Ah, woman is fair!'

But you must see the telescope fish."

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXX.—DRAWN BY TROUBLE.

THE superintendent looked as if he felt that he was being bearded; but seeing the man's condition, and that the posting of a constable would save him from all risk of losing a valuable captive, he gave way, and had Filmer's door opened, watching importantly, as the poor fellow was borne in, and laid upon his bed.

"Thought we should soon capture him, sir," he said to Tom, who had already pulled off his coat.

"Capture him?" was the reply.

"Yes, sir, *him*—the murderer."

"The murdered, you mean, my good fellow," said Tom. "Why, the poor man was evidently engaged in a fight up at the racecourse, last night; or else he has been set upon and robbed by some of the unsavoury gangs you had about."

The two buttons now actually dangled by their threads, but the further loosening was caused by indignation at a different theory being set up to that which had taken possession of the superintendent's breast. According to his ideas, Jack Filmer had been so injured in a struggle with Mr. Huntley, that, making his escape, he had only got as far off as the racecourse. But, at all events, Jack had lain there the night through, for his clothes were soaked with the heavy dew; and judging from all appearances, the friendly aid had come too late.

"I heard more'n one row up by the course way last night," said one man, as the superintendent once more mingled with the crowd.

"So did I," "And I," said others. "There was some one calling for help, too: but who was going up there to be mixed up in those rows?"

"I'd a' gone if I'd known it was Jack Filmer in trouble, though; and whoever knocked him about like that deserves hanging."

The news of the fresh discovery was not long in being spread through the place, and Mr. Superintendent began to find that, instead of praise, he was to obtain blame, the magistrates exclaiming that it was very evident that the police were terribly inefficient. Were they otherwise, such outrages could not have been perpetrated. Here was one of the most respected and wealthiest townspeople brutally murdered in broad daylight, and on the same night a man nearly killed in some fight, if it did not prove to be a highway robbery. It was clear that the races must be abolished.

Jack Filmer's case, though, did not prove to have been a robbery, for he was found to have above thirty shillings in his pocket; and his old silver watch—one, by the way, whose mainspring was broken—still kept its place in his fob.

Tom Madron gave it out as his opinion that Jack had received his injuries in something of a fight, but in which it had been a case of nature's weapons opposed to a heavy bludgeon.

For Jack's knuckles were cut and bruised; his hands and knees, too, were marked with mud, as if he had been down more than once; joined to which, there was the fact of the rough displays of pugnacity common upon such occasions after the race was over; and, in short, it was considered an established fact, to Mr. Superintendent's great disgust, that the two outrages were totally distinct in nature, and that the slayer of Mr. Huntley must be sought farther afield.

"Poor fellow," said Tom Madron, as he stood by Jack's bedside. "He little thought how soon he would be lying like this on my hands when I asked him that favour. What fools these men are! To think that he could not go to that race without getting himself pretty well killed."

He started, for there was a faint cry at his elbow; and looking up, there stood Fanny with her eyes red with weeping, and her little hands clasped together.

"Oh, please, don't say so," sobbed Fanny, pleadingly.

"You here!" exclaimed Tom, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, yes," she said. "I could not stop away when I heard, for I've been very, very hard and cruel to him, poor fellow; and, oh! Jack, Jack!" she cried, piteously, as she threw herself by the bedside, and got hold of one of his nitrate of silver-stained hands, "I never, never thought it was coming to this."

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed Tom; "you must not speak to him, quietness is everything to him now; but tell me—over the way—Miss Jenny, how does she bear it?"

"Oh, I can't—I can't think about her now," sobbed Fanny. "Please, please tell me he won't die this time, sir. Don't kill me, too, by saying he will."

"My poor little lassie," said Tom, soothingly, "I hope not; but I must tell you he is badly injured, and

absolute quietness is necessary. Now go away, and leave me to do the best I can for him."

"Me leave him!" cried Fanny; "no, sir, never while he is like this."

"What!" exclaimed Tom, "do you mean to stay?"

"Would you have me leave him," cried Fanny, "and him all alone in the world, and nearly killed?"

"Well," said Tom, "if you do stay to nurse him, it must be done cautiously. No scenes."

"I'll be so quiet, sir," whispered Fanny, stifling a sob.

"A man with a fractured skull is in a most precarious state."

Fanny shivered with horror, while Tom went on—

"He don't seem to have any symptoms of having been engaged in a debauch; but there, I need not torture you with his symptoms. Now mind, you must do exactly what I tell you, or I shall forbid your stay."

"I'll be—I'll do everything you tell me to," whispered Fanny.

With a strong effort she fought down her emotion, and stood pale and silent as the statue of some little heroine of antiquity by his side.

"Only tell me this, sir," she whispered; "is there hope for him?"

"Yes, of course," said Tom, shortly. "And now tell me, how does Miss Jenny bear this?"

"She's mad a'most with grief and horror, sir; and falling out of one fit into another."

Tom stood with his fists doubled, and his veins standing out in his forehead.

"Is Mr. Harvey there still?"

"No, sir, he went to the hotel last night; and Miss Jenny is at Mrs. Burge's, and they've got her to bed, and when I come away she was asleep."

Tom stood by his patient, thoughtful, and wondering what he should do next. He had tried several times to see Jenny, even at the risk of an encounter with Harvey, but his efforts had been in vain; and he asked himself now, in his dread lest she might think for a moment that he had not flown to her side in the hour of her trial, whether he could do anything else—take any further steps to be of assistance to her; and, his thoughts assisting him no whit, he turned once more to his patient, questioning Fanny the while to obtain any little items of information she possessed respecting poor Jenny's position.

"But I never thought it would come to such horrible times as this, sir," sobbed Fanny—very softly, though—as she held one of Jack's hands in hers, "and—and they say, sir, as it was poor Jack as did it."

"Yes, I heard," said Tom, angrily; "and I say that whoever said or thought so must be an idiot."

Here a feeble moan from the patient drew the attention of both to his condition; and while cold and stark the poor old man lay on one side of the road, here on the other lay poor Jack Filmer, in little better plight; for it seemed to those who watched that he was held in the balance, and that any minute might decide what was to be his fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE INQUEST.

THERE was great talk in Bubbley Parva during the next eight and forty hours, during which, by some means or another, the domestic habits of the dead became common property, and the money he was in

the habit of receiving and despatching was largely magnified. The postmaster seemed to know a great deal, and took the government seal off his tongue to converse about registered letters sent and received. Pilkins, too, who was clerk at the bank, told a select circle what a deal of trouble they had had with the old man, who had opened new accounts four times, and closed them at the end of a few months.

"Poor old man!" he said, "if he had been content to leave his money where it was safe, this wouldn't have happened to him."

The popular decision was one soon arrived at; in fact, there was very little difficulty in the case. It was notorious that Mr. Huntley often had large sums of money in the house; upon this day he had been left entirely alone, that he might let the servants have a holiday, and perhaps count over his hoards unobserved. There were scores of rough characters prowling about at such times, and one of them must have gone to the window and seen him—making pretext of having something to sell. The rest was easy enough to make out; and all joined in saying that it was a great pity he should have been left alone, and that the races ought either to be put down, or run without the attendance of such a lot of ruffianism.

Before the inquest came on, the case of Jack Filmer was also thoroughly discussed; but that was soon set aside, it being evident that he had got into some quarrel with one of the rough parties up on the Heath, gambling most likely, and paid the penalty of winning. Burge junior said, with a peculiar wink, that he knew so long as you went on losing they were as civil as could be, but directly you began to win there was a row.

The police held quite a levée to receive reports of losses and damage. Bowker's old grey horse had disappeared out of the little stable, so had Basker's donkey from Rushey Bottom. Mrs. Radley's clothes-line was taken from the board by the wash-house door; five ducks went somehow from Waggsby's; Treebys lost five chickens and an old hen; Barber's two cows were milked dry in the night; Johnston's gate was taken off the hinges, and thrown into the horse pond; half the glass was broken in Warner's hothouse—which, by the way, was a new invention, composed of a couple of frame lights and a few old boxes; the horse trough from the Greyhound was carried into the churchyard; and the fire ladders placed across Lawrence's-lane, so that Jenks's old bay, when he came along with the carrier's cart from Barleybee, stuck his head through between two rounds, and became a fixture. This was not the sum total of the complaints heard by the police; but it was sufficient, without the one great shadow that had fallen upon the quiet little country town, to make the inhabitants agree that it was quite time the races were put down.

Then came the inquest, held at the Greyhound, about the lowest and dingiest public-house in the town; but, then, it was nearest to where the body was found, and old customs cannot be lightly altered. The jury, good men and true, attended and answered to their names to a man, duly feeling their importance, and knowing how they would be looked up to for some time after the termination of the inquiry. To a man they were dressed in the garments held sacred, as a rule, to Sunday and feasts, and took their places in the

newly-sanded room after their visit to the solemn Manor House. The Windsor chairs scooped and gritted as some members shrank back from the foolscap, pens, and blotting-paper placed ready for them upon the table, lest they should be expected to take notes; and then the inquiry went on, the coroner frowning austere as the name of each witness was called.

Poor Jenny had to give evidence of how she left her uncle in good health; and then she fainted, and had to be carried out.

Harvey also gave evidence to the same effect, and also as to what he found and saw upon his return; and then Tom Madron's name was called—a murmur of eagerness, followed by a shuffling of feet, manifesting the interest taken in his evidence by such of the Bubbley Parva people as had squeezed into the small, low, tobacco-haunted room.

Tom gave his evidence clearly and distinctly, and also replied to a few questions without hesitation; but, all the same, he felt that he occupied rather an unpleasant position.

He went to the races? Yes, but did not stay. He did not stay because he cared little for such matters. He did not return straight to Bubbley Parva, but called upon one or two patients before he made for the town. Perhaps it was strange that he should choose such a day for a visit, but he preferred it, partly on account of his being alone.

Then he explained as well as he could—rather a hard matter to make clear to a jury—that he had felt suspicious of something being wrong, that he knew the old man had on more than one occasion had fits, and that upon hearing the noise within he had had no hesitation in breaking in. The latter part of his evidence was of a medical cast, relating to injuries; and this evidence was supplemented by that of another surgeon, leaving no doubt upon the mind of the jury as to the way in which the old man had met his death.

The police followed with their share, to swell the depositions of the inquest. There was not much for them to add: the house had only once been entered by violence, and that was upon the occasion when Mr. Madron had forced his way in. As far as they could learn, the deceased must have had about four hundred pounds in his secretary at the time of his murder, and that was all gone. What evidence had they as to the amount? The superintendent smiled a triumphant smile, as he said, in tragic tones, "The deceased's;" and laid upon the table a letter to a London banker, announcing the enclosure of the first halves of bank notes, value four hundred pounds, and he had evidently been sitting at his desk writing this letter when attacked by his murderers. There were scissors, too, lying on the secretary, and beneath it the half of a twenty pound note, evidently dropped by the murderers in their hurry.

Here evidence of any value came to an end. No one had seen a stranger go to the house, no one had seen a stranger leave. The town at the time had been deserted; rough characters were known to be about. It was a fearful state of things in these nineteenth century days—so it was, moralized the coroner, who saw no reason for attaching suspicion to any one; and the jury, under his instructions, returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

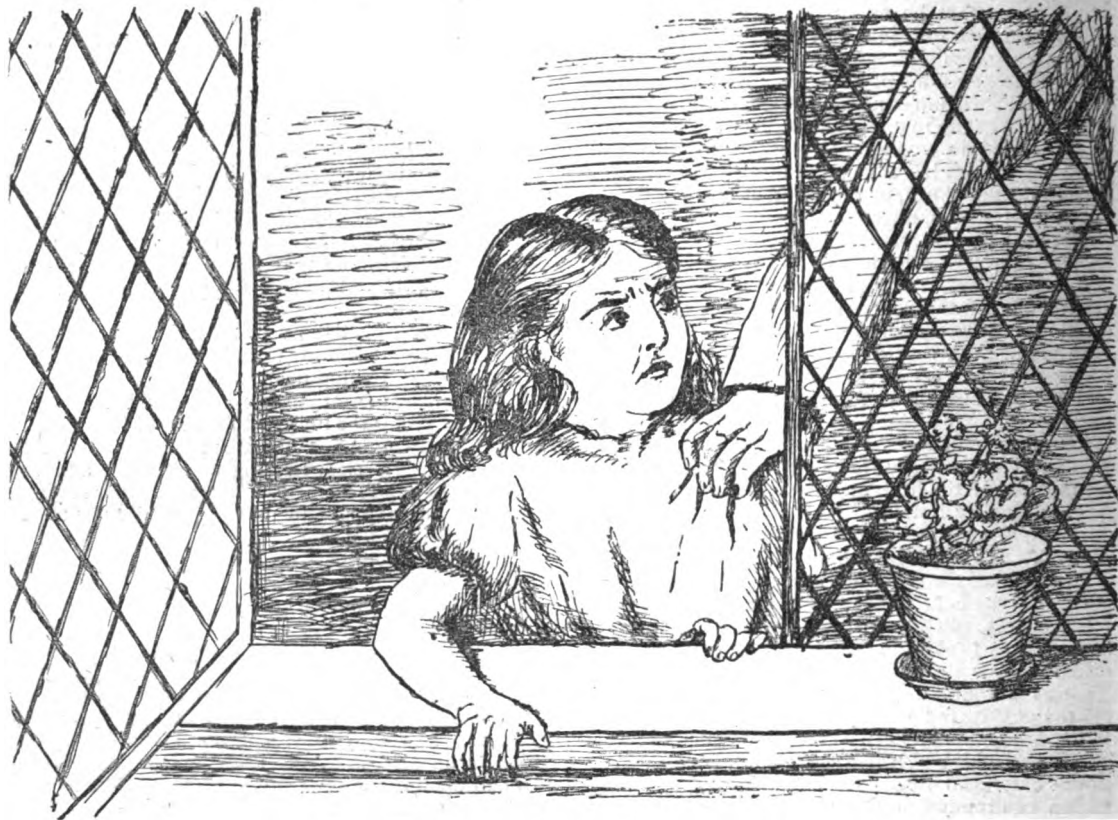
THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Bird in a Cage.

"COME down skywelsh, sir, afore you knew where you was, or what it meant, or anything about it. There was the house up, as may be, lars night, and then, in the morning, it was a tumbled-down heap o' smash, with broken bedsteads, and chairs, and chests of drawers, and all sorts, tumbled together into a mash,

nis Murphy and his missus getting a bit excited over a quartern of gin, and then they must get dancing up in their attic till other people's heads get plastered with bits o' whitewash as falls off the ceilings—only 'tain't whitewash now, because it's turned t'other colour. Then the old house begins to show its sore places, and you can see an elbow showing out here, and a crack there; first-floor winder sill's down on one side, and Mrs. Tibbs out of the second-floor back, when she pays her rent, tells the landlord as her door sticks so that she can't open and shet it; and then, as soon as Mrs. Sykes in the second-floor front knows as her neighbour has spoken, she tells the landlord as her window won't move. Then the first-floors say as there's



with bricks and mortar, and laths and plaster, and beams. It's a mussy as no more wasn't killed; for there was, counting myself, four and twenty people as lived in that house, and many had to run out for their lives. Very common thing in London, sir. People thinks that houses will stand for ever; and when a house aint fit for nothing else but pulling down, some one buys the lease, puts a little whitewash on, and then lets all the rooms out at four or five shillings a week to poor people, while the old house groans and grumbles, and shakes on its pins awful. To-night, perhaps, Braggs, the cobbler in the back room, will have a row with his wife, and they'll be tearing about till the place shivers again. Night afore, perhaps it was Den-

nis Murphy and his missus getting a bit excited over a quartern of gin, and then they must get dancing up in their attic till other people's heads get plastered with bits o' whitewash as falls off the ceilings—only 'tain't whitewash now, because it's turned t'other colour. Then the old house begins to show its sore places, and you can see an elbow showing out here, and a crack there; first-floor winder sill's down on one side, and Mrs. Tibbs out of the second-floor back, when she pays her rent, tells the landlord as her door sticks so that she can't open and shet it; and then, as soon as Mrs. Sykes in the second-floor front knows as her neighbour has spoken, she tells the landlord as her window won't move. Then the first-floors say as there's

"That's a thing as he can promise safe enough, for there's no fear of that coming to pass; for they're all more or less behind, bless you, and he holds 'em as tight as wax. 'Tell you what it is,' he says, one day, 'them as don't like the place had better leave it, and if I have any more complaints I'll raise the rent.'



MUCH CANVASSED.

"That was a quieter directly, you see; for they were all more or less in his power from being behindhand. Houses and lodgings for poor people are dreadful scarce in London, and landlords and tenants knows it; and folks will put up with anything sooner than have to move. And that's just how it was in this house—people grumbled and bore it; till one morning down it came with a rush, and three or four were killed dead, and ever so many cut up all sorts of ways. But, there, that aint nothing new, bless you. We are used to that sort of thing in these courts.

"Remember it all? Yes; it aint a thing as a man would forget in a hurry, for I was in that very house. It was about seven o'clock in the morning, I should say, and fortunately some had got up and gone to work; but working at home on the piece, I wasn't so particular to half an hour; but I was lying there thinking of getting up, when all at once I heard a sharp, loud crack, and then another and another, followed by a curious rushing noise, and by a shriek or two. For a moment or two I thought it was thunder, and I lay quite still; then came a rattling down of rubbish, and I saw the end wall of my room seem to bulge gently out, when there was a fierce rumbling crash, and I was hanging to a broken beam sticking out of the wall, clinging to it with bleeding hands, ready to drop each moment on to that jagged pile of ruins underneath me—a good thirty feet, and from which now came slowly up a thick cloud of dust, and from out of it every now and then a shriek or a groan.

"I dare say, you know, at another time I could have hung there some minutes, but now a terrible sort of fear came over me which made me weak; and after looking about as well as I could for help, to see nothing but the dust rising from the heap under me, as I hung over the gap where the house had stood a few minutes before—after looking round once or twice, I seemed to shudder like, and then down I went crash on to the ruins, to be one of the first picked up.

"I lay there though for some time, waiting for help; nobody daring to come, till one man crept through the window of the next house on to the heap of rubbish, though he had to dart back once or twice; for now one of the joists left sticking in the wall up above would fall, then a few tiles and some bricks that had been lingering in their places for a few minutes, but now came down to make matters worse. The end of one joist caught me right on the side of the head, and sent what little sense there was left in flying out; and the next time I opened my eyes it was in the hospital, with some one doing something to my head, and me feeling sick, and dull, and sleepy as could be.

"But it was a terrible sight to see: first one and then another poor bruised and cut creature dragged out of the ruins as fast as they could clear away the rubbish; and there were the poor things half naked, and with the few bits of furniture belonging to them all in one ruinous smash. I did not see it, you know, but plenty of the neighbours did; and I could find you a dozen ready to go over the whole story again and again, up to the finding of Mrs. Molloy and her little gal, her as lives now with her father, top of No. 16—pretty little gal she is, and so much like her mother as was killed. They tell me the people on both sides came suddenly out of their houses, as if it was an earthquake; and, you know, really an earthquake

would not be much worse so far as one house was concerned.

"Everybody was very sorry, of course, as soon as it was known; and the papers wrote about it, and people talked of it, and then there were a few pounds put together for the benefit of the sufferers; but you know what a sight of pounds it would take to make it all right for that poor little gal up there as lost her mother. Poor little thing, she don't feel the loss much; but it's a sad job for her.

"Hark! don't you hear? That's her bird. Its only a finch, but he whistles well, and it pleases her. I give it her, you know; and when her father's out I goes up and feeds it, and gives it water, because she's too little to do it. She calls me 'Uncle Bill,' and I like to hear her; for, you see, being a cripple, I aint like other men, and somehow or other I always did like little children.

"Well, then, if *you* don't mind, I don't; so come along, and then p'raps we can see her."

Up flight after flight of groaning stairs, to a landing spun across and across with a string web, upon whose intricacies scraps of white rag took the place of flies; and now came the twittering of many birds, and the restless tap, tap, scraping noise of sharp beaks upon wire and perch. My lame guide opened the attic door, after muttering a warning about my hat; and there I stood on the top floor of a house in Bolter's-court, Spitalfields, in one of those old rooms where fancy brought up visions of stern-faced old Huguenot silk weavers, bending over their looms, and sending backwards and forwards the busy shuttle, as bright warp crossed the glistening woof.

But there was no loom here, only the long range of lead casement along one side of the room, filtering the rays of light as they entered dyed of a smoky hue—rays of light, though, so joyous that the dozens of little prisoners ranged about the room grew excited, and fluttered, and sang and twittered loudly.

My guide smiled proudly as I walked from cage to cage, and then, evidently with a thought for the bare shelf in the open cupboard, threw off his coat, unfastened his vest, loosened his collar, and then placed a circlet of greasy old black ribbon round his not too tidy black hair, as he placed himself upon his bench and dived into the mysteries of boot-closing.

"I can talk too, you know," he said; "that's the best of my trade. Nice birds some of them, aint they? Seems a shame to keep 'em behind wires; but then we all have to work behind wires, more or less, for other folks pleasure. They sings—we works; don't you see?"

But I had finished my inspection of mealy linnets and goldfinches, pegging finches and larks; and had taken in at a glance the one bare room, with its white-washed walls, decorated here with pictures cut from the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*, and there with glass Florence flasks filled with chintz flowers and salt, *potichomanie* fashion, as performed by our grandmothers; the rusty, broken-barred grate, with its heaped-up ashes; and the general untidiness of the bachelor place, made worse by the plentiful sprinkling of tobacco *débris* and the many broken craters in which the weed had been consumed. I had seen all I could in a hasty glance, and was now looking out of the open window at another bird in a cage; for at the case-

ment opposite, her little bright eyes glittering through a tangle of long brown hair, was the child of whom Uncle Bill had spoken. Her red lips were apart, and as I looked she shouted in across the court to the lame boot-closer, in a gleeful, childish treble; while he turned his sallow face to me with a smile of gratified pride upon it that told—oh! how plainly—of the true heart, unspoiled by the misery of a London court.

"That's her, sir," he said—and his voice seemed to jar discordantly, sounding of the streets, streety; while the proud look upon his face had in it a tinge of the something greater as planted in all hearts by a great Hand—"that's her, sir. She stands at that window for hours while I'm at work; and I sing to her, and she claps her hands; and, you know, her father leaves her locked up there like that for long enough while he goes out, and I know the little thing would be hungry if—but she aint, you know." (Nods many here.) "I wish he'd let me have her altogether; for he's a bad sort, is her father, and it worries me as to what's to become of the little thing. I'm not much account, you see, myself; but, being such a pretty little thing, I should like to see her taken care of, and one daren't hardly speak to the child when he's at home, and he won't hardly let any of the women in the house go near his room at all.

"No, I say, sir—don't you go near the window, or you'll frighten her away."

I kept back in the room so as to look on unseen, and then started forward; for the bright look of pleasure upon the child's face turned to one of pain, as a rough hand seized her by the shoulder, drew her back, and then the window was dragged in, and fastened so sharply that one of the little panes was jarred out, and fell tinkling far below into the court.

My next glance was at Uncle Bill, who was bending over his work with set teeth, and the sweat standing in drops upon his grimy forehead.

"There, don't speak to me, sir," he said, huskily. "I'm a bit put out now; leave, and see me agen some other time, please."

I could hear the birds twittering as I went down from landing to landing, meeting no unkindly looks; but, like Uncle Bill, one could not help feeling "a bit worried" concerning the future of the little bird I saw in its cage.

Cartoon.

Miss THOMPSON, painter of "THE ROLL CALL."
(Page 91.)

I's a Membah.

Things have changed in Washington. A dozen years ago our coloured brother was no positive weight in the social or political scale. His present status is illustrated by an incident that occurred not long since at the capital. A Western man dropped into the house of representatives to note what was going on. Beckoning to a well-dressed man of colour, he said—

"Jim, will you show me to the barber's shop? I want to get shaved, and have my boots blackened."

The "Jim" thus familiarly addressed happened to be one of the coloured representatives, who replied—

"Excuse me, sah; I's not a waitah;—I's a membah!"

The Western party elevated his eyes for a moment, and retired in good order.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VI.—(continued.)

IT was a week before the answer came. It was addressed to me, and was memorable as being the first epistle I ever received in which I was called "Sir."

But here is the document:—

"SIR—I should have communicated with you before if it had not been that I was away from home when Dr. ———'s letter, announcing your dismissal from the school at which you had at some pains been placed, arrived. I deeply regret that you have, by your misconduct, sacrificed those advantages which had been otherwise secured to you. I have had several interviews with Mr. James Broderip, who was at first inclined to cancel his engagement to secure to you the valuable living of Oakham, which, as has been often explained to you, was contingent on your good behaviour; but I have persuaded him to give you an opportunity of proving that your errors have arisen rather from the thoughtless folly of a boy than inherent vice of character. If, therefore, you are desirous of availing yourself of this determination, and of fitting yourself for the position by adopting the Church as your profession (as I conclude you will be), you will proceed on the first of December to the house of the Rev. Timothy Prosser, curate of Baston, in Yorkshire, who will prepare you for Cambridge, and in whose house you will remain until you go up to college. This arrangement will meet the difficulty arising from Mrs. Rimp's approaching marriage.

"The sum of £150 will be paid by me to Mr. Prosser for your board, lodging, and tuition; the remaining £50 shall be forwarded to yourself for clothing, pocket money, &c."

There lies now before me another letter I received about the same time. A little note—very thin, very yellow, worn through in the creases, the ink very pale. A little note, which I carried about with me for some years; which I have kissed, aye, and cried over, when I was quite certain of not being caught.

"DEAR JACK—I must enclose just a few lines to you in my letter to papa. He has told me all about your being sent away from Eton for *nothing*. I never heard of anything so cruel and wicked in all my life. The masters are not fit to be masters—so unjust! How would they like to have their fellowships taken away from them, *themselves*, I should like to know, and all for other people's faults? As for the boys who really let off the rocket, their meanness is dreadful. I would not let any one else be punished for what I did, I am sure; and I am only a girl. They are a nasty, *mean*, *mean* set, and I hope you will never speak to one of them again. I am coming home to stop with papa again altogether at Christmas, and then I will tell you more what I think.—Yours affectionately,

"MARY GLADING."

But Mr. Palmer had decided that I was to go to my new tutor's before Christmas, so this meeting with my dear little friend and playmate did not take place.

I answered that gentleman's businesslike letter in a penitent and grateful manner. For I could easily understand that it must be provoking to him to see me throw away the chance he had procured for me; and, in spite of the coldness of his tone, I fancied I could perceive that Mr. James Broderip would be glad of an excuse to be off his bargain, and that the lawyer had taken some pains to keep him to it. Besides which, I was in the humour to cry "Peccavi" to any one just now.

So I expressed myself ready to follow Mr. Palmer's advice implicitly, and resolute not to get into any scrape which should imperil my future induction into the living of Oakham again.

All which was genuine enough; and I started for my new home with the full intention of becoming a very model of industry and discretion.

Baston was a village on the edge of the moors, situated in the midst of a beautiful country which had been terribly marred by man. The trees in the valley in which it stood had been almost all cut down; the last trout in the lovely brook which tore through it had been poisoned by the refuse of the mills whose wheels it turned; and on every salient point of the landscape which demanded a ruin, or, at all events, some picturesque building, there rose a hideous manufactory, all glass windows and high chimneys. You could not help imagining yourself in the immediate neighbourhood of a large city, and yet the nearest town was seven miles off.

My tutor, Mr. Prosser, was an excellent mathematician and a great Hebrew scholar, who preached very long sermons of a character somewhat too learned for his congregation, and who was very much puzzled, poor man, by the success the Dissenters met with in his parish. Being an absent man, who had no wife to look after his interests, he was pretty much under the control of his cook, who managed all his domestic matters, and ruled the household with a rod of iron.

He was, I soon discovered, a relative of Mr. Palmer's; and as his cure—upon which he entirely depended—was a small one, that gentleman probably chose him for my tutor to give him a turn. And, as he was perfectly competent to fill the office, no fault could be found with that.

CHAPTER VII.—IN WHICH I PROVE MYSELF WORTHY OF THE LATE MR. T. P. COOKE'S COMMENDATION.

LIFE at Baston was a trifle dull. I had no fellow pupil; and the fact that I worked pretty hard reflects but little credit upon me—it was the only thing to prevent dislocation of the jaw with yawning. I rose at seven; breakfasted at eight; got every fibre of my brain into a horrible tangle with arithmetic, Euclid, or algebra by one; walked over the hills alone, or accompanied Mr. Prosser in his distant parochial visits till four, when we dined; indulged in a newspaper or novel, or book of travels till seven; had tea, and read classics till bed-time, which varied from ten till twelve. That was my day.

On rare occasions, indeed, I went over to the neighbouring town after dinner, to enliven myself with a concert or some such entertainment; and then the afternoon was devoted to Euripides or Horace.

My tutor was a good-humoured, pleasant man enough, and a capital companion at times; but these were rare.

He was generally immersed in his own reflections, and would pass a whole dinner-time without speaking a word. Indeed, he once or twice helped himself, and commenced his meal, without being conscious of my presence; and I had to pull the dish towards me, and carve for myself, without his ever noticing it. It was the same thing when we went out together. I might be at his side for ten miles, addressing occasional remarks to him, before he discovered that he was not alone. Then he always apologized, and either poured out the varied stores of his lighter reading for my benefit, or relapsed into abstraction.

Yet it was not often that I visited the town—in the evening, I mean; for though I could get a lift thither by a coach which passed within a mile of Baston, there was no such facility for getting back at night; and a solitary seven mile walk over a dark moor is not one of the most pleasant ways of terminating an evening's amusement. If, indeed, there had been any strong attraction, it would have been different; but a third-rate performance of heavy music, an orrery, or a conjuror, all whose tricks were stale, were not powerful magnets.

Still, one saw one's fellow-creatures, male and female—I was beginning to think the aspect of the latter rather nice—and I did go over occasionally.

Now, as the walk home took place between ten and twelve at night, and lay across a solitary waste where one never met a mortal, it was evident that I ought to possess a weapon: there is nothing so alarming as Nobody.

Besides which, I had a taste for weapons, and the feel of one gave me a romantic, adventurous thrill which cannot be explained to you, if you never knew it. But there are those who find a gun a companion, even when there is nothing to shoot.

So I bought a shilling bamboo walking cane, and gave sixpence for an old foil blade in a secondhand shop; and I sawed off a foot of the handle of the cane, and fitted the blade into it, and filed off the button, grinding the point as fine as a needle, and so made myself a sword-stick. And when I lunged at an inch deal board and penetrated it, I knew that I possessed a formidable weapon. For what purpose? Why, to kill dragons and giants with, and release persecuted princesses, to be sure. Youths who are thrown upon their own resources for amusement are apt to indulge in such day dreams.

Unprecedented attraction! A circus came through Yorkshire in February, and pitched its tent on the outskirts of our town. I had not indulged in any sort of recreation for six weeks, and determined to patronize the evening performance. So I asked Mr. Prosser to give me leave—which was a mere form; and the cook to sit up for me—which was a more difficult matter, and required cajolement, but I was a favourite with her, and always succeeded—and went.

The circus was a success. I laughed at the clowns, and admired the horses—for their talent, not for their symmetry or colour—and adored the fairy being who jumped through the hoops. And then I started for home.

There was no moon, and the stars were for the most part hidden by clouds, which drifted rapidly before a stiffish breeze; so that the night was a very dark one. But I was used to the track by this time, and striking

the end of my sword-stick on the turf, I went away at the rate of four miles and a half to the hour. For the first two of them I speculated upon whether it would be a pleasant life to marry the lady of the hoops, and go about the world cracking a whip, and shouting "Houpla!" Then I wondered whether the cook had put me out some bread and cheese and beer for supper. These reflections accompanied me quite half way; and then I fell into a meditation which at that time often haunted me when I was rather tired and hungry, and that was how on earth $a \times b$ could manage to make $+ a b$; and then I stumbled over a stone, and took a header into a bunch of heath, on emerging from which I discovered that I had strayed from the path.

That might well have meant a night in the open, an indignant or a terrified cook, an agitated tutor, and the whole neighbourhood put to the rout in the morning; but, happily, a clear space in the sky left the Great Bear unveiled at the moment, and as constant observation had shown me the north star was on the right hand all the way across the moors, my course was plain, and the direction which would soon lead to the track again easy to discover.

But, hark! What was that? Subdued voices, and, by heavens! a woman's shriek.

It is a sad confession for one who dreamed of knight-errantry, but in truth my heart thumped against my ribs in a most unheroic manner. Still, I stole as softly as I could in the direction of the sounds, and presently made out three figures through the gloom.

"Come, fork out, thou'st summat about thee; I saw thee change t' money," said a gruff voice, in broader Yorkshire than can be rendered intelligibly.

"Look sharp, or I'll have t' windpipe out," growled a different tone.

"Help! murder! help!" in stifling accents.

"Aye, 'twill be murder, if thou do'sn't hold t' dommed noise."

"Let that woman alone!" I shouted, running up with the sword-stick drawn.

The figures became motionless.

"Whar's that?" said one.

"Help! help! don't let them murder me!"

"Thar's only one o' um. Knock his brains out, Tim."

"I'll run you though the body," cried I.

A dark mass came at me; I could see something raised, and I lunged, and then sprang back.

"I'm stabbed through t' arm," cried the ruffian with a fearful curse, at the same time dropping his stick.

There is nothing so bracing to the nerves as success, and I pressed towards him; he gave way. I advanced upon his companion, who let go of his prey, and she fell to the ground.

"Coom away, Jock, coom away—he's got sword or summat," said the wounded man.

And Jock followed, getting a prod as he went which hastened his movements, and drew from him most unrecordable expletives.

Paynim caitiffs driven away, knight turned to succoured damsel, who lay amidst the heather in a faint.

Alas, for the romance of the adventure! She was a poor old woman, and not dressed a bit like a princess. What little starlight there was sufficed to make that evident.

I loosed her bonnet strings, and wondered what was

to be done next. But presently she came to, and struggled, with my aid, into a sitting posture.

"Are they gone?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, "you are quite safe now; all you have got to do is to get home as quickly as possible. Are you hurt at all?"

"My throat is so bad," she said, feebly. "And I think they kicked me in the side."

"Can you walk?"

"Oh, yes; I will try. Let us get away, they might come back."

"Little fear of that," I bumptiously asserted, feeling remarkably anxious not to be found there in case they did, notwithstanding. I had them before at the disadvantage of surprise; but suppose they both came on together with a determined rush?

With a little help she rose to her feet, and, leaning heavily on my arm, managed to walk on, stopping now and then, and groaning at first, but with greater ease presently. As we went back to the track, I perceived the sheath part of my sword-stick lying where I had dropped it; and I picked it up, and thrust the blade back into it, thus gaining a staff which was rather welcome—for the old woman was weighty.

"Do you live at Baston?" I asked.

"Yes, sir—the third house on the other side of the bridge."

"I know it—where the bonnets and caps are in the window."

"Yes, sir; it's my daughter Ellen makes them. She will be terrible frightened, poor thing, at my not coming home. I hope I am not taking you out of your way, sir?"

"Oh, no. I'm living with the clergyman—Mr. Prosser."

The old woman stopped, and peered up into my face, trembling all over.

"What!" she said. "Are you the young gentleman who sits in the clergyman's pew of a Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Strange," she muttered. "I never see such a likeness. And how could you beat off those two big men, sir—you who are quite a boy?"

"I don't know," I replied, airily. "I suppose they had bad consciences, and the dark night prevented their seeing whom they had to deal with. And, then, I had a sharp weapon, and they had nothing but sticks."

"God bless you, sir, at any rate, for you have saved my life and Ellen's money. Might I ask your name?"

"Hamilton. Jack Hamilton."

Again my companion stopped, and trembled.

"Hamilton!" she exclaimed. "One of the Leicestershire Hamiltons?"

"Yes," said I, "I was born in Leicestershire."

"You are not the son of Mr. John Hamilton of the Leighs?"

"Indeed, but I am; though the Leighs has passed into other hands now, and my father has long been dead."

"I know—I know," murmured the old woman. "Strange—strange!"

"You come from that part of the world, perhaps?" I asked presently. "I notice that you do not speak the Yorkshire dialect."

"Yes, sir, yes," replied my companion. "I was even

a servant in your father's house once. But I came here to work in the mill, and my daughter Ellen worked too; but she had a sort of talent for bonnets, and such like, and did better that way. She ought to be in London."

"Ah, you came here when you married, I suppose?"

"No, sir; when I was left."

"Ah, to be sure," I hastened to say, thinking I had unconsciously touched an old grief; "you have the misfortune to be a widow."

This conversation was not reeled off as it reads, you may well believe; but came out slowly and painfully, in the course of a two-mile walk which seemed ten times the distance.

At last, however, we reached the village, and crossed the bridge; and when our footsteps were within twenty yards of the cottage the door opened, and a singularly pretty girl, upon whose face terror might be unmistakably read, came out to meet us, shading a candle with her hand.

I called to her at once not to be alarmed, that her mother was safe; and immediately afterwards I had the satisfaction of seeing my charge safely deposited in a chair under her own roof.

"Bless Mr. Hamilton, Ellen, bless him. He has saved your poor-mother's life," she said.

And my hand was seized and kissed, and damped at the same time with tears. It was time to get out of that, so I said they would be wondering at the parsonage what had become of me, bade good night, and hurried off.

"Well, Mr. Hamilton," said the cook, when she opened the door for me, "these are pretty goings on. It's nigh upon one o'clock."

"Cookey of my soul," I replied, "it is the fault of my godfathers and godmothers. They would give me the name of a British sailor, and I am obliged to prove myself worthy of it."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton, you have been drinking."

"Not a bit of it, on my honour. I have been delayed by robbers on the moor, and I have got the best of it, I fancy. Look here."

And I pulled my sword-stick out of the sheath. A good foot from the end, it was blotched with red and sticky.

Honesty.

A "gentleman of the long robe" (to use a favourite penny-a-lineism) had a horse which went lame, and finding that all ordinary modes of treatment were ineffectual to cure the lameness, he sent the animal off to a "vet" for a month. At the end of that time he went himself to inspect the horse, and consult the "vet." The animal was trotted out, and there was apparently not a trace of the lameness left. The "vet," however, at once nipped in the bud any bright anticipations which the owner might have felt inclined to indulge in, by grimly remarking that before the horse had trotted a mile he would be as lame as ever. In despair the owner asked the "vet" what he should do with the brute. That worthy pursed up his lips, knit his brow, and slowly answered—

"Well, sir, he'll never be any better, and the only thing I can conscientiously advise you to do is to sell him to some other gentleman."

Goose Livers for Pies.

HERE is how geese are cooked at Strasburg, as described by a visitor:—"Their proprietor explains that they are all nine months old, and have cost him, lean as they are, about 2 francs 50 cents. apiece; he then makes a sign to half a dozen bare-armed girls, who speak no French, and, amid considerable commotion and protest from the remaining ninety-four, six geese are collared and marched away to a cellar half underground, where wide and sloping stone tables are arranged in tiers as far as the eye can see. In the murky light by some twenty air-holes, one can at first distinguish nothing; but by-and-by it becomes apparent that hundreds of geese are already lying strapped on their backs on the upper tiers, and gasping hysteric things—probably words of love and encouragement—to one another.

"Our business being for the moment at the lower tables, the six girls take each her goose, lay him gently but firmly on the stone, so that his tail just projects over the ledge, and then tie down his wings, body, and legs tight with plaited whipcord—the legs and wings being well spread out, to paralyze anything like vigorous gymnastics. The bird's neck is left free, and it seems that during the first three days he makes a violent use of it; but towards the fourth day he arrives at the consciousness that by struggling and croaking he does nothing to amend his lot, and from that time he may be trusted to lie still for the next seven weeks; that is, till the hour of release and killing.

"Without pausing to see all the hundred geese tied down, we may go at once to the upper tiers, where the birds that have been lying for three, five, or six weeks respectively are taking their ease, and waiting to be fed by half a dozen other Alsatian girls laden with large wooden bowls. Each of these bowls is filled with a thick white paste, made of parboiled maize, chestnuts, and buckwheat, most nourishing; and the mode of administering the dinner is for the girl to catch the goose by the neck, open his bill with a little squeeze, and then ram three or four balls of the paste down his throat with her middle finger. The goose, having thus refreshed, resumes his slanting position, and digests till the next time of feeding, which arrives about two hours after—the meals being about six a day.

"But now we have done with the women; for a pensive man—a connoisseur in the obesity of geese—breaks upon the scene, climbs upon the topmost tier of all, and proceeds to examine the birds that may be 'ripe.' He has an eye as judicious as that of a gardener inspecting melons; and his is the responsible task of pronouncing what birds would die a natural death within twenty-four hours, if not despatched beforehand. If a goose dies a natural death, he is good for nothing. He must be unstrapped and executed at the precise psychological moment when Nature is growing tired of supporting him; and the knack of detecting that moment can only come of long practice, and fetches the possessor wages as large as those of a diamond valuer.

"Our pensive functionary has not been a minute on the table before he certifies four geese ready for the slaughter. All four of them have stomachs of the size of pumpkins, and from what one can gather of their broken remarks, it is a sincere relief to these

when a couple of male acolytes climb up, loose their bonds, and bear them out of the cellar to a penthouse across the yard, full of knives and chopping-blocks. A click with the chopper in the neck of each, a rip with the knife, and, in less than five minutes after their transfer, the carcasses of the four victims are lying in a heap, while their livers are being conveyed with all respect and care to the truffling-house.

"The carcasses, shrivelled out of all knowledge, are sold for about eightpence a-piece to peasants, who make soup out of them; the livers are first cleaned, then put to scale, and our four geese are declared grand birds, all of them, for their livers weigh from two and a half to three pounds each.

"The next step is to take each liver and to lard it with truffles, in the proportion of half a pound of truffles to one pound of liver, and then to convey it to an ice-house, where it remains on a marble slab for a week, that the truffle perfume may thoroughly permeate it. At the end of a week each liver, being removed, is cut into the size required for the pot it is to fill, and introduced into that pot between two thin layers of mince-meat, made of the finest veal and bacon fat, both truffled like the liver itself, and one inch depth of the whitish lard is then spread over the whole, that none of the savour may escape in the baking. The baking takes about five hours, and absorbs all the energies of four intelligent Frenchmen in white, who relay each other, to see that the fire never blazes too high or sinks too low. When the cooking is over, nothing remains but to pack the dainty either in tin, or earth, or wood, according as it may be required for home or foreign consumption, and to ship it to the four points of the compass."

Things New and Old.

How to Keep Thin.

M. Philbert states that the principal measures for reducing obesity come under four heads:—1. *Régime*; 2. Hygiene; 3. Exercise and Gymnastics; 4. Waters with sulphate of soda. The basis of the *régime* rests on the prevention of the introduction of carbon into the system, or on favouring its transformation, and augmenting the amount of oxygen. The food must, therefore, be non-nitrogenous, varied with a few vegetables containing no starch, and some raw fruit. But the temperament of the patient must be kept in view. The lymphatic should have a red diet, beef, mutton, venison, hare, pheasant, partridge, &c., and the sanguine should have a white diet, veal, fowl, pigeons, oysters, &c. Vegetables, not sweet or farinaceous, may be allowed, grapes, gooseberries, apples, &c. *Café noir*, tea with little sugar, and a small addition of cognac, may be used. Sugar, butter, cheese, potatoes, pastry, rice, beans and peas, &c., are forbidden. The hygiene consists in favouring the action of the skin, in wearing a tight roller to support the walls of the abdomen, in taking plenty of exercise on foot or on horseback, playing at billiards, fencing, swimming, gymnastics, &c. The Banting treatment is not very different. It consists in abstaining from bread, butter, milk, beer, potatoes, pudding, and from sugar in every shape. It allows some biscuit or dry bread, every kind of fish except salmon, and every kind of meat except pork, all

vegetables except potatoes. Purgatives have a good deal to do with the success of treatment of cases of obesity, and some have thought scammony as effective as sulphate of soda.

Jake's Bet.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about this mule. He (the animal) could kick higher, hit harder on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any other mule known on record.

One morning, riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs's weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly:

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning."

"Hearty, squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you air riding on. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will do that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country."

"Great smash! is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I am taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off from any man without its hurting him."

"Now look here, squire," said Jim. "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use—don't bet. I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, squire. I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, squire—you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson—"I have to be by the mule's head to order him."

"Oh, yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Waal, I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five if I risk it."

"All right," quoth the squire. "Now, there's a fly on your shoulder. Stand still."

And Johnson adjusted the mule.

"Whist, Jervey," said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all-fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising in a towering passion, he exclaimed—

"Yaas, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had all that put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them ere stakes for it, any way."

"Not so fast, Jim. Jervey did just what I said he would—that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting him. You see the mule is not hurt by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you wish."

"The deuce take you," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself—

"Sold—and kicked by a mule!"

A Bit about Skating.

"You see," said my friend Reglet, as he cut a "pigeon's wing" on the glassy surface at the rink, went off on one foot and came circling around on the other—"you see, it is an exercise which brings all the muscles into play, and must be healthy. In fact, Dio Lewis says it is better than riding on horseback."

It looked so easy and so nice that I winked at the boy who had skates to lend, and he came over.

"That's right, old boy," called Reglet, as he sailed around with a handsome girl on each arm, and a lovely blonde hanging to his coat tails—"I'll bet a hundred dollars that you'll learn all the flourishes within an hour."

I was highly gratified at this expression of confidence in my ability, and I kept hurrying up the boy as he fastened on the skates.

The impudent saucybox said I had better strap a pillow on the back of my head before I started out, but I passed the insinuation by in silent contempt.

"Now, then," said Reglet, circling up with a dozen French flourishes, "the main thing is to have confidence in yourself. Strike right out like a pioneer getting away from a troop of wolves, and I'll bet a hundred to one you'll make a skater."

I struck out. I struck in several other directions besides out. One foot went to the left, the other to the right, and I whirled around and sat down.

The blonde young lady came up, and said that I had made a capital hit, and the other two said that I was certain to combine grace with muscular effort when I got fairly started.

I didn't feel much like starting out again, but I had to do it.

Reglet helped me up again, said that he could already see an improvement in my health, and warned me to shove my feet as I saw him do.

I obeyed. The left foot shot out, leaving the right one some rods in the rear, and in trying to even up the race a little, something struck the ice.

It was myself. The back of my head struck first, and there were five distinct shocks before the whole of my body got down.

Reglet sailed up, and said he never saw that beaten, and the blonde declared her belief that I was an old skater, and was just playing off on them.

The rink danced round and round as I sat up, and the small boy who was grinning at me appeared to my vision like eight or nine small boys, and eight or nine grins.

"Come, old boy, this exercise will brighten your cheek until your own wife won't know you," called Reglet, offering to help me up.

I wanted to go home, and sit down behind the coal stove and ponder and reflect, but he dragged me to my feet, and the blonde wanted to know if I wouldn't please to give them "the Prince of Wales flourish."

I glanced at her and tried to smile, and they all edged off to give me a fair show.

"Come, dart right off!" yelled Reglet, and I carefully started my feet out on an exploring voyage. They hadn't travelled over six inches before they got ahead

of my body. I reached out for something to support me, clawed around, and the back of my head dug a hole in the ice.

I thought the roof of the rink had fallen in, and that twenty-eight tons of boards and shingles had struck me in a heap; but I was deceived.

"You struck an air bubble, or you'd have made a splendid show," said Reglet, as he pulled at me.

The blonde said that I had come within a hair's breadth of cutting one of the grandest flourishes known on ice, and they wanted me to try once more. I told 'em I had got to go to a funeral, and that I would be back in half an hour, but it was no use.

"See how easy it is," exclaimed Reglet, as he pushed out and swung one leg around.

I pushed out and swung one leg. I couldn't pull it back. I tried to, and I yelled to Reglet that I'd give him fifty dollars to grab me.

He was too late. I clawed, and waved, and tottered, and fell; and when I came to my senses again, Reglet said that if I would go through the same performance every day for two months, he'd warrant me that I could eat a hundred hot biscuits per day, and never have a touch of the dyspepsia.

I am in bed yet, and a friend has written this from dictation. The doctor says that two ribs on the left side are fractured, the collar bone is broken, the bone of one elbow smashed, and the spinal column is three inches out of true; but he is labouring away in hopes of mending me up by spring.

A Black Duel.

A duel, which was not without ridiculous features, came off in the State of Georgia, between two "full-blooded negroes," named Blair and Sullivan; the former of whom is said to have looked upon himself as a Scotchman, the latter as an Irishman. These representatives of two noble and warlike nations were duly sensitive on the point of honour; and when, in a moment of anger, the black Caledonian hinted that the sable Hibernian was "no gentleman," Celtic spirit could not stand it, and Sullivan called upon Blair to name his weapon and his hour. Blair, however, with a coolness which he no doubt felt to be characteristic of a Scotchman, told Sullivan to send him his seconds in the usual manner; who, in due time, were referred to seconds appointed by Blair himself. Sullivan, as the insulted party, had the choice of arms, and, being apparently somewhat of a connoisseur in the matter of pistols, selected "five-shooters," of Colt's make. The antagonists opened fire upon one another at seven in the morning, and kept up what the late Prince Gortschakoff, in memory of a celebrated occasion, would probably have described as a *feu d'enfer*, for some seconds, at the expiration of which both sides paused for fresh ammunition. The revolvers were loaded again, and Sullivan's firing soon became dangerous. At the third shot he seemed to have got the range. At the fourth, aiming deliberately at Blair's head, he succeeded in hitting him in the thigh; when, declaring that "his sense of honour was now satisfied," he walked towards him, and shook him by the hand. Possibly the incident did not inspire Blair with an equal feeling of contentment. In any case, the duel, like so many others, came to a conclusion without having served any rational end.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER IX.—AN ESCAPE.

THE night came on dark and oppressive, and, as if because the adventurers wished to go off at a certain time, the dwellers at the hotel seemed to be unusually late. Adams sat with open window listening impatiently, and longing for the last light to be extinguished.

The plans were that Dawson and his half-breed were to start with their little mule train about twelve, go by a circuitous route out of the city, and wait at a spot previously picked out about two miles on the road. Here they were to be joined by Adams, his wife and sister, and Larry—a simple enough plan if it would work; but the best-laid plans sometimes fail.

Dawson had been very anxious to stay and help the party leaving the hotel; but it was of such vital consequence that the mules and stores should all be in time, that he was reluctantly compelled to give up; and he parted from them that evening to join his aide with spirits depressed and burdened more than he cared to own.

"You look dull, man," said Adams, cheerily, as they parted.

"Sense of responsibility, that's all, old fellow," he replied. "You'll be careful, though, and look out to see that you are not watched. All depends upon our getting well away, I reckon. Then they may do their worst—that is, if we really are marked down by those scoundrels."

Then he set off, and Adams sat watching and waiting for the time.

In about an hour he was joined by his wife and Mary, the former shivering with apprehension, but outwardly very brave; the latter calm, quiet, and self-contained. They were dressed for their journey, and, like two brave women, had no impedimenta, but a little valise slung over the shoulder, and a thick warm shawl carefully folded tightly, and also slung by a strap.

Their lights had been long extinguished, and they sat silently in one corner of the room, hand clasped in hand, while Adams divided his attention between the window and the door.

Twice over he fancied that he heard footsteps coming lightly along the wide corridor, but they had no existence; then, as all became silent in the place, a creaking board would set all hearts beating, or the sighing of the night wind be interpreted into the whispers of conspirators against their plans. The window, though left purposely open, took up most of Adams's attention, for it was from the street that he apprehended danger.

Gazing cautiously out, he again and again fancied that one of the passers-by was a spy, and at such times it seemed to him that their plans had been badly laid, and that they were evidently known to their enemies.

Then, as the man he had marked down resolved himself into some idler taking a final cigar before retiring for the night, he laughed at his fears, and told himself that they were all inventions, that the scoundrels they had encountered had troubled themselves no more, and that all they had to do was to quietly walk

out of the place, join their friend, and away to the mountains.

By touching the face of his watch now and then, he could tell how the time progressed, and he wondered that it should be so slow. Then he crossed the room to whisper a few words of comfort to the women before once more going to the window, cautiously peering out, and trying to pierce the gloom.

Danger at last—there was no doubt of it now; for just below where he stood were a couple of men whispering together. Then one glided away, and the other seemed to take a few steps to the right; but whether he went away or not Adams could not tell.

He stood listening for some time, and then came away—for all remained silent; and he prepared to descend alone first, to see if the way was clear, for the time for starting had arrived.

Larry was lying at full length upon the floor, waiting for his orders, and talking to himself softly, so as to keep awake. At a touch he was sitting up, and on receiving his orders, stepped softly to the window to watch while his master went below.

Adams was not long in reaching the door, where he stood listening for a while; but all was silent—apparently so—and he was about to raise his hand to the fastenings, when there was a slight cough and a faint rustling sound without, as if somebody seated there had just changed his position.

Adams turned cold, for here was corroborative evidence that his fears were not without foundation. He listened again, and now he could make out the heavy breathing of the person watching; so he stepped lightly back, asking himself how he was to act.

He regained his room as cautiously as he had descended, and, refraining from saying anything to alarm the women, went to Larry's side, for he felt something must be done—they could not give up now that they had gone so far. They were really watched, and they must avoid the spies by some means or another.

He told Larry the state of affairs.

"Ah, thin I'll go an' give him a tap on the head," he said, coolly.

"And alarm the whole place?" said Adams, peevishly.

"Thin we must go some other way," said Larry. "Oh, no, look here, yer honour: I'll go out ov the door an' tumble over the dhirty ruffian; thin he'll be up an' after me, an' I'll lade him a dance half over the town, while you an' the ladies go off. Sure an' I'll join ye as soon as I can."

"Won't do, Larry; we can't leave you behind."

"Lave me behind! That ye jist won't, for I'll be after ye in two twos."

"My dear fellow," said Adams, "you have no idea of the country. If we parted, the chances are that we should never meet again."

"Oh, go along," said Larry—"it aint so big as all that, anyhow. Well, thin, look here, yer honour—how will ye do it?"

"I can see no way at present. The door is watched."

"Thin we'll go out ov the windy," said Larry.

"But the window is not five yards from the door."

"He talks as if there was only wan windy in the whole house. Come along, an' thry the wan in the impty room at the ind ov the passage. Sure, it isn't more 'an tin feet from the ground."

The proposal was too good to be slighted, and after Larry had been first, to see that the way was clear and the room really empty, the party made their way cautiously there; and they stood together in the dark while the way to descend was discussed.

As Larry had said, it was not above ten feet to the ground; and, fortunately for the fugitives, the hotel was at a corner, and this window looked out into a narrow way, running at right angles to the street. They could then lower themselves down without much risk of the watcher in the doorway hearing their movements.

The plans were soon made: Larry was to descend first, and be ready to take the women in his strong arms, while Adams lowered them, the distance robbing the descent of all ideas of danger.

All was silent below, and as black as ink; so after a few more whispered words of direction, Larry climbed out quickly, for the time was going fast, lowered himself softly down, hung for a moment by his hands, and dropped.

"All right, yer honour," he whispered, after creeping to the corner and looking towards the doorway.

Then came the task to lower Mary, who, however, was strong and active enough to render no slight assistance herself; and, after a little rustling of dresses, and the heavy panting of breath, she was hanging from the window, held by the wrists by her brother, Larry taking her in his arms, and she too was safe.

"Now, yer honour," whispered Larry.

Adams's response was to catch his trembling little wife in his arms, lift her gently out, and he was then about to lower her down, when she arrested him by whispering—

"Listen! Did you not hear something?"

Adams stopped for a moment, but only to give an impatient denial. Then, lowering his light burden gently, he let her swing into Larry's arms, and was preparing to descend, when he heard a hasty ejaculation from below. Then there was silence, only broken by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Adams remained where he was, knowing by the silence below that the companions of his flight were crouching up against the wall, so as to avoid notice, and that if he attempted to join them it would only be to betray their whereabouts.

It was an anxious time, and he seemed almost to hear the beating of the hearts below as he leaned out, trying to strain his sight so as to catch a glimpse of the coming danger. One moment he was regretting that he had not joined them; the next he felt that it was quite right that he had stayed, knowing as he did that he could join them in an instant.

It seemed long, but it was only a few seconds before the steps came nearer and nearer. There was a low whispering, and then a voice cried—

"Come on, here they are."

The words were accompanied by a sharp crack and a groan—plain evidence that Larry's stick had come into play. Then with a rapid movement, and grasping a heavy stick in one hand, Adams lowered himself down, to be seized on the instant in a muscular grip, which, taking him as it did at a disadvantage, called for all his powers to keep himself from being taken prisoner.

"Don't shoot, boys," a voice said, in a low, husky growl. "Curse that Irishman!"

In the darkness it was hard to tell friend from foe; but while Adams was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with two ruffians, Larry was keeping two more at bay, and covering the retreat of the women, but only to find to his dismay that he was in a blind alley, and that the only way of escape was by the front.

"Thin you stop here, me darlin's," he said, in a low whisper. "I'll soon make a way for the masther to come down to us."

Larry was as good as his word, for assuming the aggressive, he drove back his assailants step by step till he was by the side of Adams, and then the two men felt a kind of chill of despair come upon them, knowing as they did that they must be overcome.

So far Adams had been handling a stick, the feeling being evidently the same on both sides—that it would be unwise to fire; when suddenly one of the ruffians, who had had his head laid open by a blow from Larry's stick, drew his revolver and fired twice in rapid succession, but without either shot taking effect.

As if in answer to the shots, there came the sound of feet, and a voice exclaimed—

"Are you there, Adams?"

"Yes; help—quick!" was the reply, followed by a cheer and a dash, well supported by an attack made by Larry and his master, with the result that the ruffians, finding themselves taken in front and rear, hesitated for a moment, and then turned and fled.

"Now, quick!" exclaimed Adams—"we have not a moment to lose."

"No—they'll be back directly," replied Dawson, for it was he.

And, each taking the hand of one of the trembling women, and closely followed by Larry, the fugitives escaped from the narrow lane, and hurried in the direction they believed to be opposite to the one taken by their enemies.

CHAPTER X.—ON THE MARCH.

IT was a close shave; for as Larry turned the corner of the street, and looked back towards the hotel, he heard pattering feet, when, gripping his stick more tightly, he shook it in that direction, muttering—

"Wait a bit, me frinds. I'll have another thry at ye some day."

He waited for a few moments to make sure of the direction the pursuers meant to take, and then ran on after his own party, checking them, and drawing them aside into a narrow entry, where, as they waited, they heard the ruffians reach the street end, where they paused for a moment or two before passing on.

"They'd have been down on us like a stick," said Larry; "but it's all right now. On wid ye, Misther Dawson. Eh? Take care ov ye, Miss Mary! An' ov coorse so I will," he added, as Mary came to his side and placed her arm in his, while, without showing any annoyance, Dawson led on.

"I got the mules well on the way," he said in a low tone to Adams, as they hurried along, pausing at intervals to listen whether they were pursued; "and then I couldn't feel satisfied without coming back. I was afraid that you might miss the way."

"It's a good thing you did come back," said Adams; "and thank goodness we shall soon be out of the place. Ill luck seems to have waited on us."

"And good luck, too, in giving us friends," said Mrs. Adams, warmly.

"I'd not forgotten that, though I did not speak," said Adams.

"Well," said Dawson, "we won't congratulate ourselves till we are out of the wood. Keep on quickly, please, for those scoundrels may at any time turn up; and I'm not like your friend Larry—I'm tired of fighting. It's anxious work when you have women to protect."

Proceeding hastily, but with all due caution, they were soon beyond the main streets, passing straggling houses, and at last reaching a spot where Dawson drew them aside, and his man came forward with the mules.

This was a seasonable diversion, for the women were both panting and exhausted with their hurried walk, and ready enough to accept a seat upon two of the most lightly laden of the beasts. Then, after listening for awhile to make sure that they were not followed, Dawson gave the word; his man started off, leading the first mule, and the others followed in regular file, leaving the three men to form a rear-guard in case of pursuit.

And now began the slow, regular pacing of the mules that was to be kept up for hours and hours, and days upon days. Under the circumstances, they decided to keep on without pause for the rest of the night, the dawn coming to show their wearied, anxious faces, those of the men being marked by traces of the encounter; but the rising sun seemed to bring with it brightness of spirits: they were away from the city, out upon the open plain, and at last bound upon their adventure.

To the men the elation was not unmingled with anxiety, for there were many dangers they knew they had to encounter, even if they eluded the men who seemed to have marked them down for prey; but the women were not so impressed. In spite of disturbed rest, they soon began to look buoyant and hopeful, ready, too, to enter into the spirit of the journey, and talk about its aims. But this would be principally to Larry, the two leaders of the expedition being absorbed in anxiously considering their route.

"You have no fear, then, about finding the place?" Adams asked.

"None at all," was the rejoinder; "I only want time. Yonder is our first landmark," he added, pointing to the towering peaks of Mount Diavolo. "When once we reach the rising ground there, good-bye to the tracks, for then I work by this."

As he spoke he took out a small compass, and showed its quivering needle pointing without deviation to the north.

"There is our safeguard," he said, "and by that we must travel."

Some refreshments were then partaken of, but without stopping, for they were still on the regular beaten track. But about ten o'clock, when the sun was growing painfully hot, and the ground around became mountainous, Dawson arrested the party as if by instinct at a gap between the steep ranges of hills.

"Quick," he said, "this will do: the ground here is strong, and will show no traces; but we may have to go over sand and swamps soon, and must leave no trace."

He had prepared for this beforehand, and now produced from one of the mule packages a bundle of

small squares of rug, thick with wool, and set the example of tying them over the hoofs of the mules, turning each into a soft pad, and much to the disgust of one who made several efforts to kick them off, but without effect.

"Now, then, a stretch down the valley of a couple of miles," said Dawson, "and then we'll have a mid-day rest."

Setting his man to lead, Dawson then chose the stoniest part he could find, pointed the way, and himself brought up the rear, after carefully examining the track to see that they had left no trace behind, and seeing none, for the way was too hard to show the print of a single hoof.

Walking still at some distance behind, he paused again and again to climb some eminence, and look back over the sun-dazzled track by which they had come, scanning it long and carefully with a glass, and each time descending more full of confidence, till, closing up with the party, they now entered a gloomy, shadowy valley, which looked as if it had never been traversed since the creation; and the women involuntarily shuddered as they gazed up at the threatening rocks, which seemed as if they might at any moment topple down upon their heads.

But the place was cool and grateful after the parching wild they had crossed. It was rocky and stony to a degree, but moss grew in the hollow, and a stream of pure, clear water trickled amidst the stones, ever and again forming pools, from one of which the mules drank with avidity; and when, after a couple of miles of tiring, scrambling travel, such as only mules could have achieved, they came to a more open, sunlit spot, it was hailed as the very perfection of a halting-place; and the mules were unburdened, and tethered where they could browse without kicking each other into lameness.

A shady recess beneath an overhanging rock was decided upon as a refectory, provisions were unpacked, and while Dawson, rifle in hand, retraced his steps for some little distance to look out for the danger he apprehended in every bush, a meal was prepared, and, on his return with the cheery announcement, "All's well," partaken of *al fresco*, with no slight enjoyment and thankfulness.

"I don't much like delaying, but we must have rest," said Dawson, who now thoroughly took the lead. "We must have rest at proper time and place; so take it now, while the sun is so hot, and I'll have the first watch."

This was opposed by Adams, who, however, gave way upon its being understood that he was to have the next watch; and soon four of the party were reclining in the shade, Dawson turning away somewhat disappointed at the coolness with which his kind and manly attentions to her comfort were received by Mary.

Taking his rifle, he was about to stroll across the valley to get a good look-out, when his attention was taken up by the motions of Larry, who was busy over one of the small packages with knife and string.

"What is it, Larry?" he said. "Why don't you have a nap?"

"An' is it go to slape an' lave good food to be wasted be that black haythen in this way?" he said, with contempt, as he bound up one corner of a rice bag.

"Waste?—food?" said Dawson.

"Yis, sor," said Larry. "Here's this bag been lakin'

all the way here, an' might have gone on lakin' if I hadn't seen to it, while the black-lookin' spalpeen as had charge— Look at him!"

He pointed to where the man was sleeping heavily in the shadow of a rock; but Dawson took no heed, for a horrible dread had come upon him like a cold chill—had that rice been falling grain by grain, and leaving a well-marked track by which they could be run down?

For a moment he was for arousing the whole party, and hurrying on at once. Then he cursed his carelessness—this Irishman finding out that which he, as leader of the expedition, should have seen.

But soon he grew calmer. The chances were very much against the white grains being noticed amidst the loose stones—white, many of them, as the rice itself. All that he need do was to keep careful watch, and proceed with more caution.

A little quiet thought confirmed this, though he looked anxiously again and again along the way they had come, in search of danger. There might be peril in front, but on either side they were safe—the precipitous sides of the valley would protect them. Pursuit was the danger he apprehended—pursuit from those who, he was sure, knew of his project, and would, if possible, track him down.

"It will depend on whose is the clearest brain," said Dawson to himself.

And then he turned to Larry, who had just finished his task.

"You'll lie down now," he said. "You must be tired."

"Tired!" said Larry, in a tone of disgust—"tired! I'm a man who has raped all day an' all wan moonlight night at a stretch. Why, this is play, yer honour. If ye'll let me, I'll jist go about makin' observations close behind, an' niver say nothin' at all."

Dawson nodded, and they went thoughtfully on, peering among the stones and rocks, some of which were of green serpentine, veined with creamy white or glistening with diallage, while others shone in a way that whispered of mineral treasures within.

"An' will we find silver an' goold by an' by among the rocks an' stones?" said Larry at last, in a cautious whisper, as if such a subject should not be lightly touched.

"I hope so, Larry," was the reply. "The mineral wealth about here is very great."

"Good luck to us," said Larry, sententially, as he picked up fragment after fragment, and turned it over.

"I wondher what goold may be like," he said at last.

"Why, like gold, man," said Dawson, smiling.

"I don't know about that same, sor, whin it's in a state ov nature. They showed me a hape of tin wanst, an' it ought to have been shinin' an' white as silver; but, bless you, it was for all the world like a lot ov brown ground coffee, very fine an' powdhry. An' p'r'aps goold may be the same. Would yer honour let me have a look through that spy-glass ov yours?"

"To be sure, Larry," was the answer, for Dawson seemed to take to the Irishman's frank ways. "There," he said, adjusting the glass, "that's about your focus."

"Sure an' any focus 'll do for me, yer honour," said Larry, taking the glass; while Dawson explained to him that gold was not found in dark granules like tin,

but in yellow nuggets or veined in rock; when Larry, who had been gazing earnestly down the pass, touched him on the arm.

"Suppose, yer honour, ye dhrop down behind this bit ov a rock here, an' take the glass an' have a look down the valley."

"Is anything coming, Larry?" he exclaimed, anxiously, as he snatched the glass.

"I'm not that sure," said Larry, coolly; "bud look a bit to the left ov the rock like a big pratie stickin' up on a molehill, an' see if ye can't see the ugly face ov the spalpeen whose head I rubbed."

Dawson dropped out of sight on the instant, and, resting his glass upon the rock which sheltered them, took a long and careful survey.

"One—two—three—four in sight," he said to himself; and then aloud to Larry, in a cold, hard voice, "You are quite right, Larry; they are on our track."

"Bedad," said Larry, coolly, "it's s'trange how fond a man gits ov a stick like this whin wanst he's had a taste on his head."

Cartoon.

W. C. BENNETT, LL.D., author of "Songs for Sailors." (Page 105.)

Bubbly Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXXII.—HOW MR. SUPERINTENDENT'S BUTTONS BECAME LOOSE.

TOM MADRON went back to his lodgings after the inquest in a state of mind that he could not analyze. All through the inquiry, Harvey Parker had been watching with a keen, suspicious gaze that had troubled him. It had seemed, too, that more than one of the jurymen had been more than necessarily observant of his countenance. Before the inquest he had spoken to several people, but they had all seemed constrained and peculiar. At the time he had attributed this to a natural feeling of repugnance to entering into commonplace subjects when so awful an event was troubling their minds; but after the inquest the distant behaviour was more marked, and he was glad to be once more alone, so that he could think.

"They surely cannot be so mad as to look upon me with suspicion," he exclaimed. "No, that would be too absurd!"

But as he thought on, the absurdity seemed to diminish fast. He had been found there by the family upon their return, almost the only person in the town. He had been at the races, seen all Mr. Huntley's family there, and then returned by the back ways, and chosen that, of all times, for a visit. Then, how had he entered the house? By breaking a window, and forcing his way in.

Tom Madron grew hot as he piled up these connecting scraps of evidence against himself; and then, though he made an effort and tried to laugh it all off, back came the most trivial matters in a string, to help to swell the array of terrors that he saw apparently rising up to crush him, and, ten times worse, to make him seem worse than a fiend in the eyes of Jenny.

"It's absurd," he exclaimed at last.

And leaping out of his chair, he began to pace up

and down the room, trying to calm his thoughts and quietly to look matters in the face.

Here was a murder—here was also an attempt to murder; but they were evidently in no wise connected. Mr. Huntley had been found alone, probably—seen with money by some of the scoundrels who haunted races and fairs, and in his struggle to save the money he had received the violent blows, one of which had proved—perhaps unintentionally—fatal. Well, that was all simple and clear enough—nothing could be clearer—only the misfortune was that he had been the first to enter and find the poor old man. He had been found there in certainly a suspicious manner, and the townspeople were not of a character to look far for motives when matters seemed to arrange themselves so plainly and definitely in their sight.

Tom Madron might well feel uneasy, for his fancy that he was looked on in a suspicious manner was not without cause. He was largely discussed that night, but in a most guarded way, no man caring to have the onus of having said that the young doctor's behaviour was in any way open to question.

There could, of course, be no more work done on that day. Tradesmen in Bubbley Parva were not at all particular as to losing a day now and then; and the natural result of a holiday, a great deal of excitement, and an inquest, was an adjournment to the principal inn, where the Manor House affair was discussed and re-discussed.

It came to pass, then, that evening, that for the purpose of picking up information ostensibly, but really in search of refreshment and repose from his arduous toil, Mr. Burley, the able and active superintendent of police, entered the parlour of the inn, to find himself a man of more than usual importance for the time being. A place was made for him in three or four directions, and more than one friendly voice asked him what he would like to take; and he took brandy hot, and was soon serenely puffing away at a long clay pipe, his eyes half closed, but his ears well open.

As a matter of course, the conversation continued to flow on the popular topic, and Mr. Superintendent was asked what he thought—the question bringing forth a hearty peal of laughter from half the inmates of the room.

That was capital. Ha! ha! ha! ha! just as if it was likely Mr. Superintendent would commit himself to speech, and betray perhaps a deeply laid plot for tracing the culprit.

Mr. Superintendent smiled benignantly, and closed his eyes a little more, lest any of the knowledge with which he teemed should thereby escape. But, all the same, he opened his ears; for he was a man made by nature entirely without the organ of invention. He never devised anything himself, but waited until he could pick up some novelty from another, seized upon it, lightly dressed it up in fresh clothes, and then, adopting it, exclaimed to the world at large—"Behold, my child!"

Mr. Superintendent did not stand alone in the world, for there were, and probably are, other animals of the same tribe. He sat there that night patiently listening, speaking seldom, and then only when he felt he was quite safe, and not likely to commit himself.

"I've used them words, 'It's my duty to inform you that whatever you say now may be used again you in

evidence,' too many times to open my own mouth with words that may be used again me in evidence," he said to himself, as he refilled his pipe, and then took a good pull at his brandy and water.

As the time flew by, and glass succeeded glass, the cronies grew less guarded in their conversation. Names began to be heard more frequently, and Mr. Superintendent smiled, and ordered another glass of brandy and water as he enshrouded himself in smoke.

"I tell you what it is, though," said the draper—"it will be a fine thing for young Parker. The old man must cut up well. Burge is his lawyer, isn't he?"

"No," said another. "Burge made a mess of it with the old man, and then quarrelled with him about that house where the photographer is."

"Who's his lawyer, then?"

"Oh, some London man."

"I suppose the will's to be read the day of the funeral?" said another.

"Sure to be; and young Parker will come in for the lot, and marry Miss Riches—safe."

"Well, but not yet; they must wait a decent time. It looks well of old Burge to take Miss Riches like that, though, seeing as they're enemies like."

"Oh, Burge isn't a bad sort," said the draper; "he'd be an angel if there was no such thing as money in the world. It's a good thing for the poor girl."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said a man who had not yet spoken, "not a bit surprised if it was to turn out that Jack Filmer did the murder."

"Just my suspicions," said the superintendent to himself.

"Pooh! how could he have done it, when he was up at the races?" said another.

"Yes, but was he up at the races?" said the other speaker. "I know as he warn't there, nor yet going when I went, for he said he shouldn't go."

Mr. Superintendent left off smoking, and undid one of his buttons.

"But how could he have done it, and then be found up there on the Heath half killed? for there was no sham about that."

"The old man knocked him about."

The superintendent undid another button, and began to feel excited.

"Stuff! That old man couldn't knock the young man about that fashion; and, besides, where's the money?"

"Bah! rubbish," said the draper, who was well on with his fourth sixpennyworth. "If I was in the force, and wanted to put my hand on the right man, I should just walk up street with my warrant in my pocket."

Here he stopped, drained his glass, and winked at the assembled company, which was most tantalizing to the superintendent, who was on the tiptoe of expectation.

"Well, and what would you do up street?" said another.

"What would I do? Why, arrest the man who did it."

"And who might that be, Mr. Sage?" said the other speaker, who winked at his companion, as much as to say, "Wait a moment, and you'll see what a fool I'll make of him."

"You all know," said the draper. "You saw him at the inquest. Why, it was plain enough to any man

with brains," he cried, excitedly. "Who was found there on the premises? Who stopped away from the races? Who knows every trick and turn of the house? Who used to come down there and stop till there was a quarrel, and what for? Why, because he wanted the young lady who was meant for Mr. Harvey Parker."

"And how do you know all that?" said the other.

"How do I know it? Why, because I've a customer at the house that can tell me all that, and lots more if I like to ask her. Sensible woman, cook at the Manor House—knows how to dress well, and where to get it. She told me. And just look here—you see if he don't try and put it on to some one else as soon as he is suspected. Mr. Harvey Parker, or Miss Riches, as

his friends, maliciously; "you'll be having an action for libel against you."

"I don't care—I only spoke the truth," said the draper, rising. "But, anyhow, it's time I was off."

And he left the room, passing Harvey and the superintendent conversing at the door; Harvey watching the man earnestly as he passed.

"Well, what news, Mr. Burley?" said Harvey, as soon as they were alone.

"News, sir? What about?"

"You know what I have come about," said Harvey, impatiently. "Do you suppose I can sit still without making some effort to get to the bottom of this?"

"Oh, I see—the murder, sir. We have so many



like as not. There's no accounting for the wickedness of this world."

There were three more buttons of Mr. Superintendent's coat loose now, as he raised his eyes, and then, in spite of himself, started; for there, standing in the doorway, was Harvey Parker himself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—COUSINLY ANXIETY.

HARVEY PARKER beckoned the superintendent from the room, the latter muttering to himself—"I'd give something to know how long he was here;" whilst the draper, looking somewhat disconcerted, sat rubbing his ear.

"You've put your foot in it now, Sage," said one of

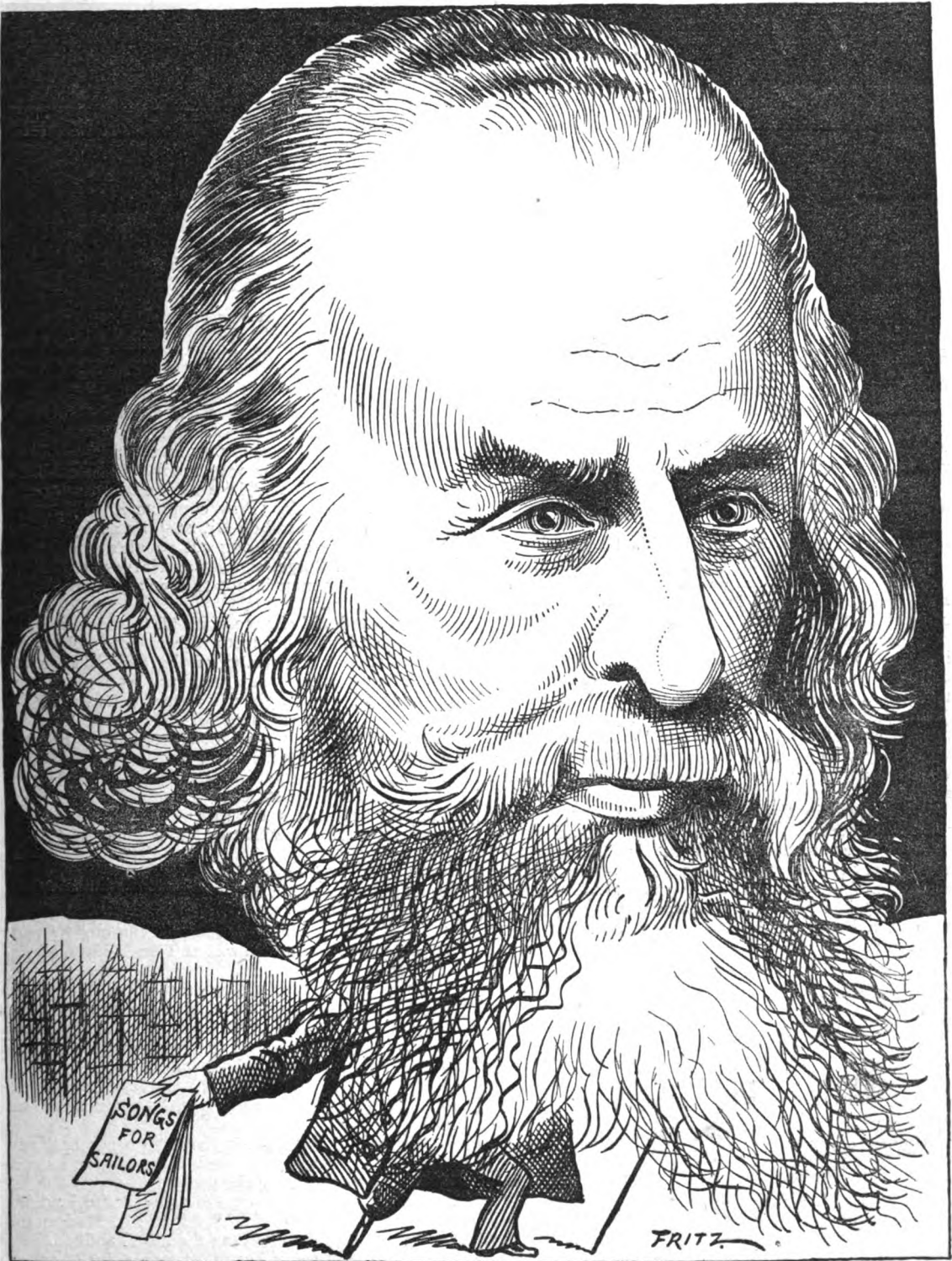
things on our hands that one's a bit took by surprise by a question like yours. Well, sir, you see it isn't the custom to talk about these things."

"Well, don't talk, then; only tell me this, are you on the scent of any one?"

"Well, sir, yes; if you put it in that way, I am."

"I'm glad of it—I'm glad of it," said Harvey. "And now look here, Mr. Burley, find the right man and take him, and I'm ready to give a hundred pounds reward. Not publicly, you know, but as a matter between you and me; so lose no time—spare no pains."

"You may trust me, Mr. Harvey—that you may," said the superintendent. "And now I'll tell you this



W. C. BENNETT.

in confidence—he's as good as took, for I've got my hy upon him."

"You have!" exclaimed Harvey, trembling with excitement.

"I have, sir."

"Some one in London—some one who came down to the races?"

"Some one in the country, sir; some one who went to the races, sir, but didn't stay."

"You astound me," exclaimed Harvey, whose excitement was such that he trembled like an aspen. "And are you quite sure?"

"As sure as it's possible to be in such a case as this, sir. Bless you, sir, the thing's as good as cut and dried. Why, if we couldn't scent out such a thing as this, sir, what would be the use of the police?"

"Very true—very true," said Harvey. "And it's some one in the country, Mr. Burley?"

The superintendent nodded.

"Any—one that I know?"

The superintendent nodded again, and smiled.

"There, sir, you're burning now, as the children say when they are at play; and now we'll let the matter rest."

"But one moment, Mr. Burley; just think of my anxiety. You surely do not suspect any friend of mine—any young man that I know?"

"I suspect some one, sir, in this town," said the superintendent, pompously, "and I say no more. All you've got to do, sir, is to watch the magistrates' meetings, and to see who's brought forward. I shall be sorry to hurt your feelings, sir, as well as the feelings of a great many more, but a man in my position, sir, is bound to be made of iron. I've got my hy on some one, and in a short time, no doubt, you'll see something as 'll startle you."

The superintendent shook hands very solemnly with the young man, and they were in the act of parting, when they both started involuntarily as Tom Madron walked hastily by, as if summoned to obey some sudden call.

He was not in sight a minute; and then, beneath the lamp where they were standing, the eyes of Harvey and the superintendent once more met, and each gazed earnestly at the other. Then they shook hands again; and, trembling and excited, Harvey followed in the direction taken by Tom Madron, expecting to see him stop at a house in the High-street that was but a short distance off; but the surmise was wrong, for Tom Madron pressed on, his figure dimly seen, till he reached the Manor House, when he crossed the road and entered Jack Filmer's, Harvey making for another place—namely, that of Mr. Burge, the solicitor.

This was not his first visit by several, but he received the same answer as that which had greeted him on the other occasions—visits made at only an hour or two's intervals—Miss Riches was too ill to see any one.

Mrs. Burge was the bearer of the message, and she was shortly afterwards joined by the lawyer himself.

"Oh, Mr. Parker," he said, "these are sad times. I am quite low-spirited when I think of the paltry quarrel I had with your uncle. But money—money is always the root of all our littlenesses. I suppose Lonsdale and Grey, of Bedford-row, are his solicitors? Good men, sir; excellent men. I won't be so petty

now as to withhold that praise. Ah, sir, terrible times these; it makes one think of all flesh being grass, don't it?"

Harvey bowed his head, and then asked again to see his cousin.

"Tell her, Mrs. Burge, that I must beg of her to see me, if only for a minute," he pleaded; and then, "is she so very ill?" he asked.

"Too ill to see you, Mr. Harvey, indeed," said Mrs. Burge, "or I'm sure she would. Poor girl; it is an awful shock to her."

"Does she say anything; does she talk much about my uncle's death?" said Harvey, carefully watching the play of each speaker's countenance.

"She has hardly opened her lips, poor child, since she has been here," said Mrs. Burge.

"She really ought to have medical aid," said Harvey. "I will call on Dr. St. John, and ask him to see her."

"I don't think that necessary," said Mrs. Burge; "only give her quiet, and time will do the rest."

"Yes, perhaps so," responded Harvey; "but I should not feel happy if I did not know that she had had proper advice. Thank you very much, Mrs. Burge, for all your kindness to her," he exclaimed, effusively. "I need not, I know, say 'Pray continue it.' Good-bye, Mrs. Burge, I shall call on Dr. St. John as I go by."

"How trouble does bring out people's good qualities," said Mrs. Burge, sighing as Harvey left. "I'm sure that young man is not so black as some people would paint him."

"It's a wonderful change, if it's all trustworthy," said Mr. Burge, tapping his teeth with a large gold pencil case, which was the whiter of the two. "He's bad enough, in all conscience; and, hard as I am, I hope to goodness that poor girl will never be his wife."

"For shame!" exclaimed Mrs. Burge, rustling her silk skirts; "I'm sure no one could have behaved better than the young man has."

Meanwhile, probably for ceremony's sake, Harvey had passed down the street to the residence of Dr. St. John, who never went out to cases late at night, save upon emergencies, now that he had a young and active partner.

"No—Dr. St. John would not be able to go out, but they would send to Mr. Madron," was the answer Harvey received.

"No—I'll call on him myself—I'll run on," he said; and five minutes after he was at Tom Madron's lodgings.

"No, sir; Mr. Madron's out, sir. That poor young man, the phorty graffer, was took worse to-night; and that young girl, your poor dear uncle's maid, came down to fetch Mr. Madron, sir; but he won't be many minutes, sir."

"Let me wait and see," said Harvey, stepping in. "If he is not back in ten minutes, I'll walk on and see him."

The landlady showed the visitor into her best parlour—Tom's sitting-room—and Harvey paced impatiently up and down for the prescribed time—"doing more towards wearing out the carpet," the landlady said in confidence to a friend, "than Mr. Madron did in a week"—and then he rang the little handbell.

"Ask Mr. Madron if he will make a point of seeing Miss Riches at Mr. Burge's the first thing in the

morning; tell him my cousin is seriously unwell, and that I am uneasy about her."

Leaving this message with the landlady, and impressing it on her again and again, Harvey took his departure; and five minutes after Tom returned.

"Who?" he said, as the landlady told of her visitor, and delivered the message.

"Mr. Harvey Parker, sir."

"And to see me, and ask me to call at the Burges'?"

"Yes, sir; that was it."

Tom whistled softly to himself, and went into his room.

"Asking me to go and see her," he muttered as soon as he was alone. "Well, it is very brave and noble of him to cast away all petty jealousies at such a time as this. Poor darling, how I long to see her!" he mused.

And then he sat indulging in a good many lover-like raptures till his thoughts came back to Harvey's visit, which seemed after all very strange, but would admit of no other interpretation than that of its being solely for professional reasons.

"Poor fellow, he was driven to it; and, perhaps, after all, he feels now so sure of his position that he has no fear of me."

Tom sighed as he thought this, and then many another thought took possession of his mind; strongest of which, though, was that of the coming morrow and its interview.

THE

READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

Picked up in the Street.

WHAT? money—valuables—a ring? Oh, no; only a little information about how some people get their living—only a few scraps of a subject worth making into volumes—the incidents of our streets.

Come out with me this cold, dark, foggy morning. I will not be too hard upon you, so we'll start at half-past four. One hour sooner would have been better, but this will do. Looks like the middle of the night. Well, yes, it is dark, and the gas lamps do look blurred and dim; while the streets are pretty well empty. But not quite. You complain of the inconvenience and discomfort of this early mist, but here comes our much-abused friend the policeman, with damp running from his oilskin cape; and it will be another hour and a-half before he is relieved from his dreary night duty—a duty performed while we sleep. Here comes the heavily-laden waggon from some market garden out westward, with its sleepy driver making his way towards Covent Garden Market, where the gas rings flame and sing, half blown out at times by the wind, but with the light leaping from hole to hole again the next moment, to light the busy proceedings amongst wicker barge and sieve.

Only a halfpenny a cup of hot coffee here at the stall. Mocha—Turkey—Berbice—or chicory? Who knows? But look at the price, and that at all hours of the night, and in all weathers, while the proprietor opens her shop when others close. Cab company, too, come to partake. But no, it is the driver himself, come

to refresh himself before returning to the stand, or plying about here and there for a stray fare. We will not taste the coffee, though, but keep along the street, and wonder why there are lights here and there in windows, while imagination paints a sick bed and a weary watcher. But here is some one walking up and down to keep up the circulation, and a fine, bluff, stalwart fellow too. His fire-escape has not been wanted, and he has passed his time in enforced idleness—now sitting in his box, now taking a walk upon the pavement, or a chat with a passing policeman or cabman. The fire engine here coming along at a swinging trot, back from a fire some three miles off, put him on the alert at twelve o'clock, when it tore by—a red meteor, with the lights flashing back from polished helmets; but they signalled to him that he was not wanted; and the fire having been "got under," the engine and its tired satellites go back to their station. There's something noble in the escape conductor's duty—perhaps more noble than in that of the soldier, who guards our lives, perhaps, but at the expense of others, while the conductor's battle is always with a revolted slave who threatens death in a fearful form to those over whom it has obtained the mastery.

A dreary duty, hour after hour through the long night, however inspiring when an alarm is given.

Onward! Men bound for their work—an hour's walk, perhaps, before them to the workshop, where strict time is kept, and every five minutes' loss recorded. A regiment of weary-looking, slow-paced men here, each with a cane or whalebone broom, who now begin to sweep the streets. Our old friend the sweep, with his bundle of Malacca canes strapped together, and the ray-like brush, off to ring for long enough at some street-door bell, till maid Mary shall unclothe her heavy eyes and admit the shivering waiter.

Onward still, at a faster rate; for the wind blows chill, and the morning is damp. And what have we here? Three policemen, two of them having a stretcher covered with some thick cloth, but the shape beneath is unmistakable, and has a strange attraction as we follow to the workhouse, where, after a short delay, the door is opened, and we all pass in, except the shivering wretch we aroused from his slumber, as, curled up, and hardly to be taken for a human being, he crouched by the workhouse gate—too late for admission, or refused on the score of all being full.

Into a clean, stone-floored, whitewashed hall, gas-lit, and striking warm by contrast with the outer air, though the old porter shivers as he stands helplessly looking on—first at the stretcher, and then at the men who have just set it down.

Can you bear to look on death—the grisly shade associated with so many terrors, but only sleep's twin-brother? If so, come, then, and raise this rug, and then stand reverently uncovered in its presence, here revealed in the form of a woman. No horrors here—no distortion or frightful mutilation that shall make the blood run cold, and course sluggishly through artery and vein; but the pale, sleeping face of one who must have once been handsome, pure, and beautiful, till she waded through who knows what hideous misery and sin—till, sinking at last in the loathsome current, she lay down and died. Homeless, friendless—a stone step in a narrow court her pillow, her covering the darkness of a bitter winter's night; while the wind

sighed and moaned as it swept off the river, where, perchance, it had the hour before ruffled the current to make it play upon the features of some loathsome burden that lay upon its breast, being borne seaward: lying down to sleep, worn out, chilled to the very marrow, reckless, hopeless—nay, who dare say that?

A common waif, cast up on the shores of the sea of life, and borne away by the police. Nothing new to them—no begetter of emotion—not the first by many that they have borne into the warm shelter, for the light to play and flicker upon the stony features, when light and warmth are but as cold and hunger to the one whose sufferings are past.

Pale, handsome features, though deeply lined. Would the mother in whose breast she nestled once, and cooed and laughed as her tiny, clutching hand strayed about the smiling mouth, know her again were she awake? Surely not. But the mother must have passed away, for age has set its mark here as well as care and suffering.

Who was she? What was she? The chances are that it will never be known. No relative or friend will claim the body, and she will be buried by the parish, with for epitaph the words "Found dead"—words written by the coroner, signed to by the foreman and jury.

Does not one's fancy seem to picture the scene—does not imagination bring up the accessories? Is not the world a stage, and was not this one of the actors in a real tragedy? Scene: A lonely street—a long, echoing street, where a cry would sound hollow, and ring loudly. The dark night, the heavy curtain waiting to fall upon the sad ending of the piece, while wailing winds sounded a requiem for the passed away.

But here is our porter—a strange, dry-looking, old man, with closely-cropped hair of a strange dry colour, resembling a pepper-hued skull-cap, with two strap-like whiskers to hold it on; his face so full of wrinkles that there seems no room to make another, so Nature has begun to cross those already there. He scratches his head as he stares at us, and one expects to see him pull off that cap-like scalp of his; but it remains unaltered.

He is not the regular porter—he is an inmate, and takes the night duty sometimes, he says. "Have many such visitants as this upon the stretcher?" "Well, yes, pretty well;" and he holds one hand over his eyes to get a good long look at us—a look which is apparently satisfactory. "See some strange sights here?" Well, yes, supposes he does, but don't know. Has a many inquests.

He does not seem conversational, but gapes very widely, displaying his stock of four yellow teeth, innocent of a brush; while the stretching of his skin brings up plenty of pepper-coloured stubble from low down in furrows and cracks where he does not shave regularly.

He supposes it's getting on fast for six, when one of the policemen doubts the accuracy of the solemn-looking dial, ticking so loudly upon the whitewashed wall. The place struck warm when we entered, but yet it is a chilly place—a place that breeds shivering and crepitation. Possibly an icy coldness radiates from that street bier, striking to our marrow; though the policemen look quiet and unconcerned, as men do who are familiar with such sad affairs.

"Mind it, sir?" says one, with rather a surprised look. "No; why should I?"

We are unable to answer the question, and he continues—

"Well, it used to touch one a bit; but one don't seem to heed it now, any more than that dry old chap there—the porter—who's always having something of the sort. Deal of death here, sir, you see; so many old people dropping off, day after day, and then, if you read them notices up at our station, 'Dead body found,' you know, you'll find as they have mostly been taken to the dead-house of one of these places. Good paying job to find shells and coffins for a place of this sort. Don't know, though, so much contrack work now. Ready when you are."

These last words to a brother constable, and we turn away with a shudder as some little formalities are gone through, and entries are made in a book by a sleepy-looking man, who has evidently been fetched out of bed, from the loose state of his dress, while he looks almost viciously at the stretcher, as if its burden was amenable for the discomfort caused to him, when, after being up till four, he had given way to the thought that the porter's bell would ring no more that morning, and retired to rest.

The gas is turned up in the office, and a vicious-nibbed steel pen scratches crossly over paper, as the entries are made; and then once more one's attention turns to the uncouth shape upon the stretcher.

"Dead, dead, dead!" Lying down to sleep here in the midst of our busy, wealthy city, where, in the hurry and bustle of life, each is too busy to think of his neighbour's sorrow. To sleep—to die within a few feet of some luxurious apartment, perhaps, where smiling faces, seen by the softened light of a night lamp, press a downy pillow, and slumber lightly, heedless that there can be misery, sin, destitution, starvation, and death in the street hard by!

But this is no place to ponder and muse. Dead on a doorstep—picked up in the street. No suicide—no plunge into the black, rushing river—no stream trickling slowly along the white floor in a jagged, tortuous way, ever increased by the fearful "drip, drip, drip" from the stretcher's burden. No place for musing this, for here we are, businesslike and practical. Dead-house, *post mortem* examination, inquest, verdict—oblivion. One atom passed away from the busy world, where atoms pass away at each tick of the clock. No shutters up, no blinds drawn; no weeping, mourning relatives; no tears. Stay—might not so pitiful a sight make tears rain down from angel eyes—tears for the misery and suffering around us? Who can say?

No place this to ponder and muse; for we are practical here. No occasion to give our address—we were moved merely by curiosity, and perhaps better emotions; and we stand again in the street, dim and gloomy. Yet busier now: there dash the newspaper carts, here the butchers'. The morning cabs are coming out, and the policemen go along in weary Indian file to rest; for they have been relieved.

Come here—on to the middle of this bridge; for the tide has turned, and brings with it upon the eastern breeze the salt savour of the ocean. It is quiet here, and the lamps will soon grow pale, while before us the faint light in the east grows more defined. London is waking fast now, and shaking off its torpor. The streets will

soon be thronged with the happy, the anxious, the merry, the sad. There is a splash beneath us of a wherry, and the water sparkles, for the light grows brighter. Yes; there is the first faint flash high up on the edge of that cloud, for the morning is clear and bright, while the smoky canopy, soon to hang over the great city, is yet in preparation.

Enough for one early morn; but who, save for some stray paragraph in his paper—who among us know the sorrows of our streets? Few, few—very few. There is the bright side of life to look upon in the daytime, whose brightness harmonises so little with horror. There are bustle and life all around; so who would seek out misery and death? These dire scenes do not intrude upon us often—we must seek them out; and London can be viewed in an entirely different aspect when day struggles vanquishingly with night: commencing first in the main streets, and then, step by step, driving the dark-browed one from court and alley. But enough for one early morn; we cannot always sigh, though sorrows abound, and the dead and dying are often picked up in the street.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VIII.—DISCOVERY OF A RELATION.

WHEN Mr. Prosser heard the story of my adventure on the following morning, he was more perturbed than I believed it possible he could be by anything short of a discovery that his favourite passage in Sophocles was a modern forgery, or the binomial theorem a fallacy.

"That a highway robbery should take place in my parish!" he exclaimed, dropping his tea spoon with a clatter.

"The fellows came, doubtless, from a distance, sir," I said, seeking to console him; "or, if not, depend upon it they are Dissenters."

"That the rascals should get off unpunished! For there is no chance of their being caught now."

"Probably not. But, as for unpunished, one has a disabled arm, and the other—well, the other will want a good soft cushion in his chair for some weeks to come."

"Ah! And then there was the risk to yourself, too. Supposing a pupil of mine had been murdered while under my care! What could I have said?"

"No need to say anything, sir. There is no one in the world to care a halfpenny whether I am dead or alive, except the unknown person who would get the small property I possess, and a Mr. Broderip, who has bound himself to present me to a living, and would be precious glad to have it for one of his own family, you may be sure."

"Tut, tut—do not talk in that way, Hamilton, you are too young for a cynic. You will find friends enough when you go into the world. Then there is the poor woman. Who is she, by the by?"

"The person at the bonnet shop by the bridge," I replied.

"What, one of the Romneys?" he asked. "Which?"

"The mother."

"Dear, dear, dear. She is a very delicate woman: weak on the chest. Was she much hurt?"

I replied that I thought not, as she had been able to walk home, and seemed to get better as she went along. And when my tutor had completed the hour or so which he devoted every morning to the patient snoozing away of my mathematical difficulties, and had left me to break my mental shins over fresh ones, he went to see his maltreated parishioner.

When he came in at one, the hour at which we had a crust of bread and a glass of beer preparatory to the "constitutional," I learned that she was in bed, and that her daughter had sent for the doctor, who pronounced her "very much shaken;" and when Mr. Prosser, who met him in the village, questioned him, his head underwent a similar process. He also observed, "We shall see," which looked bad.

When I proposed to call, my tutor said it would be the kindest thing I could do, as Mrs. Romney was restlessly anxious to see me. So I went to the cottage.

Ellen Romney was so pretty, and nicely dressed, and elegant in manner, that I was very bashful in her presence till I got used to her; and then I felt very much drawn towards her, and inclined to make her my friend. She was not only good-looking, but what I must call—for want of a less hackneyed and cant term—an interesting girl.

There was something above her station, not only in her appearance, manner, dress, and language, but also in the way the simple furniture of the cottage was arranged.

The sick room was as clean and tidy as could possibly be, and there was a real elegance about the cheap hangings and ornaments which made the humble chamber fit for the most fastidious lady. Everything showed the hand of one who had the instinct of form and colour—the hand of an artist, in short—and it was easy to believe that Ellen Romney would make becoming bonnets. She had got all her work about her in her mother's chamber, and when I was seated by the bedside she quietly resumed it.

Mrs. Romney was evidently glad of my presence. In answer to my inquiries, she complained of a dull pain in the side, but said that it was not acute; so that when she was interested in anything she forgot it. The doctor had recommended perfect bodily rest, but did not object to her talking or reading.

The first thing which struck me was how much younger she was than I had fancied the night before, when I took her for quite an old woman. But now I saw her face plainly in the daylight I could hardly think her fifty, though her features were much marked, and had the worn look of sickness or anxiety. Her figure was probably bowed and feeble, and that had made her seem older.

She told me something more of her history and affairs, and how she came to be belated.

My father had made her a small allowance, as an old servant, which had ceased at his death; but they had not known absolute poverty, for Ellen's work was in requisition in the neighbourhood; she had even been able to lay by a trifle in the savings bank. If she could only get a good introduction to a fashionable London bonnet maker she would make her fortune, her mother thought.

Mrs. Romney had been ailing all the winter, but with the approach of spring she had very much revived; and when Ellen wanted to draw out a little

money from her savings to send to Manchester for some things she required to complete an order, her mother had a fancy to go over and get it, do a little shopping she wanted, and visit an acquaintance who lived in the town; and Ellen thought the change would do her good. So she had started early in the morning by the carrier's cart, which was to have brought her back by about half-past nine in the evening. She reached her destination, did what she wanted, had tea with her friend, and was at the inn from which the carrier started in good time. But, unhappily, the horse had fallen lame, and the cart could not return, so she had been obliged to walk. Night came on; she missed her way; wandered about for some time hopelessly, and at last fell in with the two ruffians in whose hands I found her; and who probably, from some words I had heard them say, had preceded her from the town, waylaid her, and missed her at first in consequence of her straying from the path.

At dinner that day I found that Mr. Prosser had been over to a neighbouring magistrate to inform him of what had taken place, and I had to go on the morrow and say what I knew; a lawyer's clerk likewise came and took Mrs. Romney's deposition; all of which may have been highly satisfactory to those ends of justice we hear so much of, but nothing more came of it. The poor woman got worse. Weeks passed, and she was not able to leave her bed. There could be no doubt that she had received some internal injury.

I was naturally much struck with the extraordinary coincidence of the woman to whose aid I had come having been once connected with my family. It was one of those events which readers call out against as unnatural, improbable in fiction, but which are so constantly occurring in real life. She had only been a servant; but isolated as I was in the world, that was link sufficient to draw me towards her; and I was a frequent visitor at her cottage, and spent many an hour at her bedside, reading some amusing book aloud to her and Ellen. But when the summer was well advanced she grew rapidly worse, and was soon too ill to be read to.

September came. I was to go up to Cambridge in the following month; but the thought of leaving the one person who could talk to me of my father dying, and consideration of the lonely and unprotected state in which Ellen—in whom I had come to take a singular interest—would be left, damped the pleasure of anticipation.

"I have administered the sacrament to Mrs. Romney this afternoon," my tutor said one day at dinner. "I do not think that she will be here long."

"Indeed!" I replied. "Do you think that there is any immediate danger?"

"I should not be surprised. If you are anxious to see her again, you had better call this evening."

So I went.

She was sitting up in the bed, propped round with pillows, when I entered. The curtains were drawn back as far as possible from the open window, through which the rays of the setting sun were pouring in a rich flood.

Ellen, who was very pale and haggard, and whose hair had not been smoothed since she last fell asleep with her head on her arm, was sitting by the side of the bed, watching her mother.

"She has no pain now," she said, when I had closed the door.

"Surely, that must be a good sign," I replied, going to the bed-head.

"No," said the sick woman, in a whisper, which I had to bend down to catch; "no."

There was a short pause; and then she continued in the same low tone—

"There is something I want to tell you. I ought not to have put it off so long. I did not intend to, but when the time came I could not speak."

There was another pause; and then she resumed, slowly, and in broken sentences—

"You are young, and have few friends, and do not know the world; but you are a gentleman, and have a kind heart. My girl—my Ellen; when I am gone, I wish—London. She has some money in the bank, which might put her in a London house. Will you help her? Care for her? I ask because—the drink, please."

I raised her head, while Ellen put a tumbler to her lips. She swallowed a little, and added—

"Your sister."

I thought she was wandering, and looked across at Ellen, who had burst into an agony of tears, and could not speak, but she nodded.

"My sister!"

"Yes," continued the dying woman, "your father—may God forgive us both—was the father of my girl. That box," and she motioned to a small wooden case which I now perceived on the farther side of the bed—"take it. It has letters in his own handwriting, acknowledging her. Proofs—proofs!"

"Do not agitate yourself," said I. "I have no doubt. I acknowledge her for my father's child, and I will protect her as well as I am able, like a brother; I promise it. Ellen!"

I took her hand, and kissed her.

Mrs. Romney lay quiet for about ten minutes, and then said, in a somewhat stronger voice—

"Do not try and make a lady of her; do not let her be a burden to you; do not tell every one that she is your sister, for then they would find out that her mother was not married. Let her earn her living by the bonnet making, only not here—in London."

"It shall all be as you wish," I said, gently. "I may have to tell a few that she is my sister, but I will be cautious. I must ask advice, you know. Mr. Prosser, he is no talker—I may tell him, as a secret, of course?"

She nodded.

"I could hardly be here so much as I should now like, if I did not tell him."

"Yes, tell him."

Her eyes grew heavy. I drew back from the pillow; and presently she slept.

I sat down by Ellen's side, and took her hand in mine, and so we remained, silent, motionless. The shadows grew longer, the sun's rays redder, and then they faded out. The gloom of evening deepened; Ellen rose and noiselessly closed the window, then returned to my side, and placed her hand in mine again. It grew dark.

"Shall I light a candle?" she whispered.

"It might disturb her," I replied, "and the sleep will do her good."

After a time—how long I do not know, perhaps two

hours, perhaps three—there was a knock at the cottage door. Ellen went downstairs, and returned presently with a light, followed by the doctor.

"She has had a long sleep, you say," he said, taking the candle, and advancing to the bed.

"My poor girl, come downstairs. Mr. Hamilton, take her downstairs."

For some period of our watch, how long cannot be told, there had been but two in the room.

Death had claimed the third.

I remained with Ellen, and tried to soothe her, while the doctor went to send some neighbours in; but she was hysterical, and did not seem able to notice what was said to her. So when the women came I returned to the parsonage, told Mr. Prosser everything, and asked his advice; and we looked over the contents of the little box together, and found them quite sufficient to corroborate what Mrs. Romney had said.

"To find that I have a sister—though an illegitimate one—and leave her alone now she is in such trouble, seems so cruel," I said. "I would give anything to remain in the cottage, and make no secret of the relationship."

"No, no, you must not do that," replied my tutor. "You forget that a certain shame attaches to illegitimacy, and you would regret afterwards having brought that on Ellen Romney. But what is of more consequence than that is the pain it would give her to see her mother's fair fame tarnished ere she was yet cold. For there has never been a breath of suspicion against her. I, in common with all the neighbours, looked upon her as a respectable widow."

All which was evidently wise; and I followed Mr. Prosser's advice implicitly. He also pointed out to me that I was a young man, and Ellen a very attractive girl; and considering the difference in our stations, the Bastonians, not knowing our relationship, might misconstrue my visits if they were frequent or prolonged.

So that now, when the dream in which I had often indulged was realized, and I had actually found a near relative, the knowledge of whose existence made me feel less lonely and the world less cold, I was forced to avoid her; and that, too, at a time when she was most in need of a brother.

My tutor saw how distressed I was; and was very kind, and most constant in his visits to the bereaved girl—visits in many of which I could accompany him without fear of attracting notice. And so I had occasional hurried interviews with her, and she perfectly understood and appreciated the mystery and secrecy which was observed.

Mystery! Secrecy! Are they ever good? At that time I had an impatient suspicion that they were not, under *any* circumstances. As I grew older, I smiled at my youthful folly; but now that I review the experience of my life, I think that my early instincts were right.

Ah, Ellen, my poor sister, if we had but disregarded your mother's words, and boldly gone out into the world hand in hand, avowed children of the same father, bound together through good or evil fortune, it would have been happier for you.

Matchless Misery.

Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

Things New and Old.

A Sabbath-school Teacher Puzzled.

A teacher in a Sabbath-school was in the habit of encouraging his scholars to ask questions regarding any difficulty that occurred to them in the course of their Bible reading, or in the lessons that came under review from Sabbath to Sabbath. On one occasion the subject under consideration was "Jacob's Dream," and, as usual, after the lesson had been given, the scholars were asked if they had any questions to propose. One had a difficulty, which he put thus:—

"Maister, it's said that angels have wings. Noo, if they have wings, what was the use of there being a ladder, which reached from earth to heaven, for them to gang up and doon by?"

The teacher was perplexed, but, not willing to let the class see that he had any difficulty, he said—

"Well, that is an excellent question. I'll give any of you a shilling who will give me a correct answer to it."

The offer was a great inducement for the boys, at least to try, more especially as the possession of a shilling was to them a thing of very rare occurrence. After a considerable pause, one of the most intelligent broke silence by saying—

"Sir, I think I ken."

"Well, what do you say was the reason for the ladder being there?"

"The angels wud be mootin' (moulting) at the time."

We cannot say whether or not the teacher considered him entitled to the reward, but a more ingenious answer could hardly have been given by any of the other scholars.

A Great Stew.

The great Kaiser-glocke, or Emperor Bell, has been cast for the third time. Its final preparation and cooking must have been a tremendous business. A huge gulf was first dug in the earth, wherein the stuffing upon which the inside of the bell was to be moulded was solidly built of a particular sort of masonry. The size of this brick and mortar receptacle may be estimated by the circumstance that fourteen full-grown men can stand comfortably under the bell. When the stuffing was finished and hardened, a clay bell was constructed over it, of the exact dimensions to be given to the metal bell; the coats of arms and florid ornamentation of various descriptions were modelled upon this clay by the respective artists, and the inscriptions fixed upon it in letters made of wax. This false bell was then besmeared with grease, and the "mantle" was again superimposed upon it, of clay well worked up with calves' hair to bind it well together. As soon as the "mantle" was completed it was lifted off, the false bell removed, and the mantle replaced in exactly its former positions with the most minute care and precision, a hole being left in the apex through which to pour the boiling metal into the vacuum between "stuffing" and "mantle." The furnace wherein the French guns of which the bell is made were cooked consumed ten tons of coal, and burned furiously for twelve hours, melting down and artistically stewing no less than twenty-two captured cannon, some of which were field-pieces of the Louis XIV. period, and were taken from the French Royal forces during their campaign in the

Palatinate. When the fluid metal resulting from this grand brew of artillery was "turned on" into the mouth of the casting, it flowed freely and incessantly for twenty-nine minutes ere the "form" was full to the brim, and took three weeks to cool! Disembarrassed of its "mantle," the dimensions of the bell are as follows: 12 feet in height, 11 feet in diameter, 33 feet in circumference; its weight is 25 tons, and its clapper weighs 16 cwt. All the other bells of Cologne Cathedral put together do not weigh as much as this monster, to ring which thirty men will be required. The inscription is enclosed in a handsome arabesque, above which stands St. Peter, whilst beneath it is depicted the escutcheon of the German realm. The inscription is worded in the Latin tongue, as are a couple of distiches on the opposite side, which may be translated, "I announce to the people with my voice a heavenly message; souls are aroused by it, and chime in eagerly. Thou who openest the halls of the temple, moved thereto by my voice, open at the same time, thou heavenly porter, the gates of Heaven." A German inscription runs translated as follows: "My name is the Emperor Bell; I celebrate the Emperor's honour; I stand on a holy watch-tower, and pray for the German empire—that God may grant it peace and security." The Kaiser-glocke will be hung up in the old belfry, under the present peal, until the cathedral shall be finished, when all the five bells composing the complete peal will be definitively suspended at an elevation of 200 feet above the cathedral square.

A Cheerful Visitor.

A wonderful poisonous snake, purchased from Mr. Charles Jamrach, the well-known animal dealer of St. George's-street East, has just found a home in a cage on the south side of the snake house in the Zoological Gardens. This is a snake-eating snake, hence called Ophiophagus Elaps-Hamadryas Ophiophagus. Dr. Fayrer, in his magnificent work on the "Thanotophidia, or Venomous Snakes of the Indian Peninsula," has ably described this creature. We learn from this high authority that this most formidable of poisonous snakes is found, but not commonly, in India, the Andaman and Philippine Islands, &c. It is the largest and most formidable of known venomous snakes. It is not only very powerful, but also active and aggressive. Dr. Fayrer figures two specimens in the attitude of striking, in splendid plates drawn from life by native artists. One specimen is seven feet nine, and the other eleven feet ten. The specimen in the Gardens is over seven feet in length. The worst of the snake is, he will not run away when attacked; he will not only turn upon his enemy, but will pursue him.

Dr. Fayrer says: "An intelligent Burman told me that a friend of his one day stumbled upon a nest of these serpents, and immediately retreated, but the old female gave chase. The man fled with all speed over hill and dale, dingle and glade, and terror seemed to add wings to his flight, till reaching a small river he plunged in, hoping he had then escaped his fiery enemy; but lo! on reaching the opposite bank, up reared the furious hamadryad, its dilated eyes glistening with rage, ready to bury its fangs in his trembling body. In utter despair he bethought himself of his turban, and in a moment dashed it upon the serpent, which darted upon it like lightning, and for some mo-

ments wreaked its vengeance in furious bites, after which it returned quietly to its former haunts."

The Bengali name is Sunkerchor, or breaker of shells. It lives in the forest and grass jungles, is especially fond of hollow trees, and is a good climber. The snake charmers in India prize it highly, but they say it is exceedingly dangerous to catch, and difficult to handle. The specimen at the Gardens is in excellent health. Shortly after his arrival he was fed by Holland, the keeper, who put an ordinary English snake into his cage. The ophiophagus quickly devoured the English snake by bolting him head first. In general appearance this new snake is very like a common cobra, except that when he spreads his hood he is seen to be marked in very pretty bands not unlike the patterns on oil-cloth. The head is somewhat almond-shaped, exceedingly lizard-like, not flat and triangular like that of the rattlesnake. When sitting up with his hood expanded the snake is continually jerking his head in a restless manner, reminding us of the quick darting action of the common green lizard. The eye is exceedingly clear and bright. When disturbed he hisses loudly, and shows his temper by extruding his long, black, forked tongue, which he vibrates with marvellous celerity.

The Macintosh.

The head of the Highland clan McIntosh, on a certain occasion not long since, left his Highland fastness to visit the modern Babylon, and of course took care to bring with him a proper stock of Highland haughtiness. It happened to him to take a cab, and on dismissing the humble but useful vehicle he suspected the cabman of an attempt to overcharge him. In the colloquy which ensued the cabby was inclined to be independent, not to say impudent. Outraged by this insult to his dignity, the "Hieland" chief drew himself up to his full height, and said—

"Don't speak to me like that, sir! Do you know who I am?"

A solemn pause.

"I'm *The McIntosh*, sir!"

Instead of falling back, awed and thunderstruck by the sudden revelation, cabby coolly stuck his arms a-kimbo, and retorted—

"I don't care if you are the *umbrella*, I'll have my fare out of you."

History draws a veil over the feelings of the chieftain. This story is strictly true; and, if any one doubts it, I can bring both the cabby and the Macintosh as proof—waterproof—of the truth of it.—*Man about Town.*

Dresses.

Apropos of the Dolly Varden style of raiment, so much talked of in the present era, we have seen no description of it so succinct and clear as the following: "The starboard sleeve bore a yellow hop vine in full leaf, on a red ground, with numbers of grey birds, badly mutilated by the seams, flying hither and thither in wild dismay at the approach of a green and black hunter. An infant class was depicted on the back; and in making up the garment truant scholars were scattered up and down the sides and on the skirt; while a country poultry fair, and a group of hounds hunting, badly demoralized by the gathers, gave the front a remarkable appearance. The left sleeve had on it the alphabet in five different languages."

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XI.—FRESH DANGERS.

"I WISH you weren't so plaguy fond of fighting, Larry," said Dawson, testily.

"Indade, an' it's meself that don't," said Larry; "it's a great accomplishment, sor, that we Cork boys are all born wid. It's in the soil. An' now shall we rouse the mather?"

"Stop a bit," said Dawson, still busy with his glass, which was very powerful, and rendered objects in that wonderfully clear atmosphere exceedingly distinct. "Let me see—five, six, seven, eight—there are eight of them; and they are on our track, but they have not seen us yet."

Larry shook his head dubiously.

"If they had they would have been in full pursuit, and they have just come to a halt; some are sitting down."

"Bud they must have seen us, yer honour."

"Can you see them yourself, Larry?"

"Well, no, yer honour, I can't," he answered, after a long look, sheltering his eyes with his hand.

"Then why should they see us?"

"Sure an' they might have a little shpakin'-thrumpet glass like that," said Larry.

"Not they. And they are quite two miles away."

"They were only wan, yer honour, whin I looked," said Larry, who was determined to hold his ground.

"Two, Larry—quite two," said Dawson, leading the way to where the mules were tethered.

"They were only wan mile away whin I looked," said Larry to himself; "an' sure an' didn't I see him pull out the shpakin'-thrumpet thing a bit longer whin he took it from me? an' that made him farther off. Well, anyhow, I'm glad we're both right."

Dawson took another long look at the party in pursuit, this time seeming to Larry to pull out the three slides of the telescope to such an extent that he said, in a serio-comic way—

"Sure, sor, they must be three miles off now."

"No, Larry, only close upon two; and, as I thought, they are eating and drinking; some are lying down. So we will load up the mules quietly; then, when all is ready, wake the sleepers and say nothing; only push on as fast as we can, and the chances are that we can dodge those scoundrels yet, without alarming our party."

"Bud won't they think they've been aslape a mighty short time?" said Larry.

"Not they; for people can't measure time when their eyes are closed in rest. No, Larry, we won't alarm them; only get on quickly, and finding no trace of us, the fellows may give up the pursuit as useless—"

"Unless they see where them horse-jackasses have been, yer honour," said Larry, finishing the sentence his own way, for Dawson had paused.

His companion nodded, and the next minute they were busily lading the mules.

This was achieved pretty well, though Larry was anything but an adept at a task that required considerable practice, and in which he got into difficulties with one of the animals he was loading.

The task was nearly completed, and Dawson was tightening a lariat here and there, when his attention was taken by an exclamation from Larry.

"Look at that, now! Kick, would ye, ye baste, whin I've been puttin' on yer pack that aisy that ye ought to go down on yer knees to me wid gratichude. An' if ye was only a respectable donkey, instid of a dhirty baste ov a mule, widout a single relation to call yer own, I'd play such a chune on yer ribs wid me stick as should make him feel sore for a week afterward whiniver ye looked at me."

Then there was a little more dragging at ropes and tightening of packs.

"Ah! be aisy, now, will ye?" cried Larry to the mule. "Is it lifitin' that left hind leg at me ye'd be in that threatenin' way? Ye'll have it dreckly, misther mule, ye will."

Another knot, and the task would have been done, when Larry, busily hauling the rope tight, suddenly uttered a howl, and jumped a couple of yards.

"Did ye see that, now?" he cried. "The ungrateful baste! an' afther the pains I'd been takin', ketches howlt ov me, he does, in the back part ov me duds wid his teeth, an' sthruck me—sthruck me twicet. Bad luck to him! his pack may come rowlin' off his back ivery stip ov the way, an' aggravatin' him till he can't kick, an' it's meself that won't interfere."

"Hold his head, Larry, and I'll finish," said Dawson, who was too anxious to smile.

So Larry took hold of the mule's bridle while the finishing touch was given.

"Bud it's a wicked rowlin' eye he's got ov his own, yer honour," said Larry; "he's been runnin' it all over me person, sarchin' for a soft spot to kick; but, by the howly tuber, I'll be inthroducin' him to me stick, an' lettin' him make frinds—they'll agray together wondherful, I'll go bail."

Larry winked at the mule as he spoke, and the cunning beast laid its ears down flat, tucked its tail between its legs, rolled its eyes, and squealed softly, giving one of its legs a quiver the while as if ready for a kick.

"Sure an' we undherstand wan another wondherful, Misther Dawson, sor."

Dawson nodded, and than ran across the intervening space and woke up the sleepers.

"Now, then, ladies," he said—"quick, please; we have a long journey before nightfall."

Adams started up as if alarmed, but the next minute he was helping his wife and sister to mount; while Ike, the half-breed, gave a sharp look up at the sun, and then glanced right and left.

"I could hardly have thought I had been asleep a minute," said Mrs. Adams, laughing, as the little mule train once more was put in motion—Ike leading, as before, Adams walking by the side of his wife, and Dawson and Larry forming a rear-guard.

"They're not obliged to see this halting-place, Larry, unless they come right out of the track," said Dawson, thoughtfully, as he did what he could, with the Irishman's help, to remove all traces of the halt.

"D'ye think they'll see the bits ov rice, Misther Dawson, sor?"

"I hope not, Larry, in this hard, stony soil. Now, then, tramp on, for we must make a long stretch this time, and try to get out of the valley before they can overtake us."

"Oh, they won't overtake us, yer honour; we'll be too many for them."

"Too many for them, Larry?"

"Sure, yis. We'll lay thraps for them, an' deludher them, an' come down upon them heavy, like the little wayver ov Duleek gate did upon the flies. Bud have another shoot at them wid that spy-glass thing ov yours before we turn this shouldher ov the mountain, sor."

Dawson rested upon a huge boulder, and took a long and careful look at the enemy.

"They have not moved, Larry; and there's one sitting up on a stone, rifle in hand, keeping watch."

"Let him," said Larry, as they passed on; for the train was some quarter of a mile in advance, and they tramped on over the rough stones and rocky fragments, with the sun beating down upon their heads, and seeming to strike up again from the dry, sterile soil.

There was no mistaking the route, for, till the end of the valley was reached, they were shut in, as it were, by high walls, only accessible by scaling.

"Keep your eye to the right and left, Larry, and see if you can make out the mule tracks," said Dawson; for there was no beaten way, and, though taking the same direction, they might not be themselves within thirty or forty yards of where the string of mules had passed.

"An' it's what I've been doin' this long time," said Larry; "bud the footprints don't show. Now, if it wor a bit ov dacent bog in Cork, there'd be ivery stip as clare as if made wid a sayle in a bit ov wax."

"Then we'll thank our stars that this isn't Cork, Larry. I must frankly say that I can't make out that trail, and if we can't, I don't see why those scoundrels should."

"Bedad, now look at that!" exclaimed Larry.

"Look at what, man?"

"Them little bits ov white rice lyin' down there. It's another hole in the bag, yer honor, an' I'll run forrid an' tie it up, while ye pick up the bits."

Larry bounded forward as he spoke, and in a few minutes overtook the party, went over the mule pack-ages, and found at once the leaking bag, which he pointed out to Adams.

"Kape on," said Larry; "I'll tie it up as we go along," and he took out a piece of string with one hand, as he held the bag with the other.

"Did it show plainly?" said Adams, anxiously.

"Quite plainly enough, yer honor; bud we want the rice to ate, an' not to feed the birds ov the air, if there are any out here. It's mighty s'trange, Misther Ikey, though," he said to the mule driver, "how wonderful the sun makes the rice bags burst. An ignorant baste ov a fellow, now, would have gone an' thought as somebody had jist sticked his knife into that there bag."

"It must have cracked when the mule kicked. He's a regular brute to kick, that one is," said Ike.

"Hit him over the head, thin, nixt time he does," said Larry, tightening the knot.

Ikey gave his head a shake, and smiled a melancholy smile, Larry finishing his task, and allowing the train to pass on till he was walking in the rear with Adams.

"Jist ye kape yer eye on that half-nigger sort ov a fellow, masher dear," said Larry.

"But surely you don't think he is not to be trusted, Larry?"

"Jist as far as ye can see him, yer honour, an' no farther. He belongs to that sort ov man as would niver take anything that was out ov his rache."

"Don't be such a prejudiced fool, Larry," said Dawson, who had joined them. "Ike is as honest a fellow as you are."

"Sure that isn't sayin' much for his crackther, yer honour," said Larry, with a twinkle of his eye.

Dawson laughed.

"Look here, Larry," he said "if I thought that that fellow Ike was playing us false, I'd—"

He did not finish his sentence, but there was an ugly look upon his face as he turned round sharply to Adams.

"Did Larry tell you we were pursued?"

"Pursued!" exclaimed Adams. "No. Why, how's this, Larry?"

"Sure, yer honour, Misther Dawson, that's the layder of the expedition, an' he give me no ordhers."

"Larry was quite right," said Dawson. "I thought it better not to communicate the fact till we were well on the road again, and also to keep it from the women."

"And we wasted time there in sleep," exclaimed Adams.

"It was not discovered by Larry till you had lain down, and we were on the march again in little more than half an hour."

"But we are going on at a snail's pace," exclaimed Adams.

"Quite right for the desert here," said Dawson, smiling. "Our escape must be by endurance and cunning, not by speed; ours are mules, my dear fellow, not race-horses."

"Then what do you propose doing?"

"Keeping steadily on to the end of the valley, and then striking off south-east. Then, if we can contrive to get away without leaving a trail, it is next to impossible that they should be able to track us."

"And how far does this walled-in valley extend?"

"I do not exactly know—many miles yet. But don't look gloomy, old fellow, there is nothing to apprehend at present."

Frank Adams strode on, very quiet and thoughtful, for the feeling was strong upon him that he had done wrong in thus tempting the dangers of this vast wilderness. But it was too late to retreat, and he strode on over the rough stones, involuntarily examining his rifle and revolver.

"Tut, tut," he muttered. "I thought I loaded both," as he examined the empty chambers and placed in cartridges, for he had breech-loaders, and could charge as he walked.

This act incited Dawson to examine his own pieces, to find them charged—they had not left his hand, save to be laid down for a moment at his side.

And now, as they kept on their weary tramp, the sun began to sink lower and lower, turning the tops of the mountains to gold; the heat grew less intense; but the path, if anything, more rough; for they were ever winding in and out among great fragments of rock, the valley wearing all the appearance of the bed of some mighty mountain stream that had suddenly dried, and left the vast boulders, late the parents of

mighty eddies and whirlpools in the rushing stream, in the places to which they had been borne by the torrent. There seemed to be no tokens of the valley coming to an end; but their progress had been necessarily slow, and they had the satisfaction of knowing that their pursuers would come on at no better rate.

At last, as they were coming to the end of a long straight sweep, Dawson paused to take a careful observation of the ground over which they had passed; and his brow clouded as he saw the enemy were in full pursuit, and must soon come within sight.

The questions then which he discussed with Adams were these:

Should they press on? or, as soon as it began to grow dusk, seek for a hiding-place among the rocks, and lie there till their pursuers had passed them, trusting afterwards to their own skill to avoid a second encounter?

The latter plan was the one decided upon, as in a long pursuit the scoundrels must sooner or later overtake them, heavily laden as their mules were. So they kept steadily on, taking care to keep as low down in the valley as they could.

Larry was now deputed to help Ike with the mules, and try to get the weary beasts on a little faster, which the Irishman did by coaxing and patting them, and saying a few encouraging words, while Ike, on the contrary, seemed disposed to tease and worry them. There was one mule in particular, the animal that had kicked and bitten at Larry, which Ike had roused up to such a pitch of animosity that he had only to advance a hand as if to touch it, when the animal would shake its head and squeal out a sort of defiance.

This the fellow kept up every now and then, till Larry went and walked at the other side of the mule, after a laughing look at Mrs. Adams; and, laying his hand upon the animal's bridle, he stooped down as if listening to a remark.

"He says he'll be obleeged if ye'll shtop thim thricks, Mистер Ike," said Larry, aloud; "an' he's asked me to take his part if ye won't."

The half-breed looked at him with a peculiar grin upon his countenance; but he said nothing. He let the mule jog on, however, in peace; and after proceeding another mile, Dawson came to the front and called a halt.

"We'll shift in to the side here," he said, quietly, "and camp."

"But the moon will be shining full upon that side in an hour," said Adams, "and the other side will be in the shade."

"The very reason why we should pick this side," said Dawson, in a whisper. "There is plenty of room for concealment; and they are safe to examine the dark side in preference to the light."

Adams nodded, and they carefully led the mules through the stony labyrinth to a hollow nearly surrounded by rocks, and lying about a hundred yards to the left of the track they had made so far. Here, by the time they had tethered the mules, and given them food, the moon was shining full, with a bright silvery clearness almost like that of day; but the rocks threw the part where they had camped into as black a shadow as was to be seen on the other side of the valley.

It was a rugged little hollow, that which they had chosen, fortified for them by nature; and while they could crouch in the thick shadows, no one could pass without traversing a long bare stretch of the valley almost free from stones.

Dawson was not long in making his arrangements for their defence, should defence prove necessary—Ike being armed, and placed on one side of Adams, nearest the mules; while Larry, who refused to take other weapon than his stick, was placed to defend an opening between a couple of rocks, Dawson choosing a spot where he could command the approach of the foe.

"What would I want wid a gun?" muttered Larry, as he took his place—for Dawson had spoken sharply to him about his obstinacy in giving up his piece in this time of emergency. "Sure I might shoot mesel for somebody else; an' if I didn't, pop! sez he, jist wanst, an' thin where are ye? What's the good ov it? Ye can't shtrike a good blow wid it, an' it's in yer way. Gun, indeed! what would I want wid a gun?"

"There's something wrong, is there not, Mr. Dawson?" said Mary Adams, speaking to him in a whisper, that her sister might not hear.

"Wrong!" he said, in the same low tone. "What, because we prudently fortify our camps at night, now we are in an enemy's country?"

"Mr. Dawson," said Mary, "you are trifling with me. Are not we women worthy of trust, that you keep us like this in the dark?"

"If we do," he said, in a low, soft voice, "it is because we think it for your good."

"Never mind," she said, earnestly. "This is the first favour I ever asked of you; tell me, then—I have suspected it for some hours, ever since that hurried start—are we not pursued?"

"Miss Mary Adams has but to ask of me to have," he said, softly. "If she bade me give up my life, I should do it."

"Mr. Dawson, I ask you a simple question," said Mary, whose voice trembled in spite of herself. "Can you not give me a plain answer?"

"Yes."

"We are pursued?"

"Yes."

"By those scoundrels who attacked us?"

"I fear so."

"And there is great danger?"

"For them—yes—if they try to molest us."

"Oh, my poor sister!"

"Miss Adams—Mary," he whispered, "listen. There is very little to fear. The scoundrels might pass us a dozen times without thinking of searching more here than in any other part of the valley. By the morning they may be miles away, and in this great region the chances are a million to one that we never see them again."

"But there is something to fear?"

"Well, yes, a little; but even if that happened we could beat them off."

"What, then, is there to fear?"

"The mules!"

"How—the mules?"

"If they made a noise or whinnied when those fellows were passing, it would betray us."

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE FOCUS OF MR. BURLEY'S "HY."

NOTHING perhaps acts more strongly as an anti-sedative than a knotty point. Go to bed with your mind filled with something you cannot make out, and see how sleep will fly your pillow. It may be the question how you shall raise the rent; how you shall encounter Joe Briggs, who has registered a vow that he will horsewhip you; how you are to express yourself to mamma respecting her daughter, to whom your attentions have of late been most marked. There are a thousand such points to prick you mentally, ever bristling like spiny thistles about the path of your life; take one of them to bed with you, and see how you will sleep!

The visit to Mr. Burge's on the following morning was Tom Madron's knotty point, and he had it troubling him for hours. He longed of course to go; but then it seemed after all so strange that Harvey Parker, whom he knew to be so embittered against him, should, of all people in the world, have come to fetch him to see Jenny.

"It cannot be a case of emergency," he reasoned, "or the order would have been for me to go on at once. They cannot have made a fresh engagement—have entirely ignored the past."

Tom Madron groaned as he tossed in bed, telling himself that he thought he could at last unravel the knot, and here it was done. Harvey was now so sure and satisfied of his cousin's future, that he could afford to laugh at the unsuccessful wooer—to mock at his misfortunes; and far from troubling himself to go to the next town for medical assistance, he could take pleasure in tormenting him by asking his help, as in the present case; and had he played the spy on the race day, he would have seen quite enough to make him certain of the connection between the cousins. Had he not seen Jenny's hands outstretched imploringly to Harvey?

Tom uttered another groan, and then indulged in the luxury of calling himself an ass and a fool, and telling himself that it served him right: women had been from time out of mind as unstable as water. Better men than he had found it out, and suffered bitterly; and who was he that he should form an exception?

But all this did not bring sleep, and he tossed about from side to side as he viciously made his plans for the future.

"I was very fond of her," he said, bitterly; "and I believe honestly that I could have made her a tender and a loving husband; but I won't let either of them triumph over my befooling. Well, I won't say that, for only Harvey would take it in that way. As for the poor girl, why she is weak, and after all said and done, she was educated to expect marriage with her cousin. It was all plain enough, and, to make use of a homely phrase, they had made it up on the race day, a day which turned out so terribly eventful."

Well, he would go in the morning, and behave just as though they were merely friends; he would not visit the weakness upon her; for, poor girl, he pitied her now, and he would gladly have seen her happy.

There is something very consolatory in making ar-

rangements mentally to place yourself in the roll of martyrs. You make up your mind to suffer in solitude—almost; for, of course, you expect the world to know that you are suffering deeply, and you reckon on the world's sympathy. You are pleased to hear in your own fancy that the world says, "Poor fellow, he has been badly treated!" and you swell a little with importance; for there is something very satisfactory in acquiring fame, even if it be for being the most miserable man in creation. But, unfortunately, the world does not in the slightest degree pity the sorrows of the jilted one; in fact, it is rather disposed to cynically grin, and sneer, and talk about calf love. However, the sufferers don't know; they fancy that they are pitied, and it is not the only case in which imagination has proved palliative to complaints mental and bodily.

Tom Madron felt decidedly better as soon as he had determined to be a martyr, and just about dawn fell into a troubled sleep—his dreams full of forebodings, as if the shadow of coming troubles had been cast across his slumbers. Then he dreamed for awhile pleasantly of Jenny, and of the hours he had spent in her company; but soon after came the horrors connected with the murder oppressing him like a nightmare, till bathed with perspiration he awoke, and started up in bed to find he was not alone; Mr. Superintendent Burley being seated in a chair close to the bed's head, and watching him severely.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom, as soon as he could recover from the first surprise consequent upon his sudden waking. "Want me, Mr. Burley?"

"Yes, sir," said the superintendent, solemnly; "I want you."

"You must want me badly," said Tom, somewhat testily, "to have come up to my bed-room."

"Yes, sir, I want you badly," said Mr. Burley, more solemnly than before.

"What, are you ill yourself?" said Tom, his professional side now coming uppermost.

"Only bad to think of the wickedness of this world, Mr. Madron, sir—that's all."

"Why, what the deuce do you mean?" exclaimed Tom, staring at his visitor. "You don't surely mean to say—"

"Stop, sir, stop!" exclaimed the superintendent; "don't commit yourself. It's my duty to inform you that anything you may say now will be afterwards used in evidence against you."

"The man's mad," muttered Tom.

And leaping out of bed he began hastily to dress, whilst Mr. Burley went and stood with his back against the door.

"Now, Burley," said Tom, who felt a little less cowardly when he had donned a few garments, "what is it—a slight touch of the horrors?"

"No, sir; a bad touch," said Burley, approaching. "Murder, sir, and I have a warrant—here it is—for your apprehension."

"For my—pooh! the man's been drinking ever since the discovery," thought Tom; and he went over in his mind the formula that he should make up, and began to calculate, from his patient's appearance, how many drops of prussic acid he could bear.

"Perhaps you'll finish dressing yourself, sir," said the officer; "and just a word," he added, pompously—

"any attempt at escape would be vain. I have plenty of assistance at hand—two men outside, sir."

"Then suppose you call them in," said Tom, with alacrity.

Apparently pleased so to act, the superintendent opened the door, gave a low whistle, and a couple of his men entered directly, completely overthrowing Tom Madron's idea of the superintendent's being troubled with some drunken hallucination as to identity.

"What is the meaning of all this?" Tom exclaimed.

"Surely you do not mean what you say?"

"It's my duty to warn you again, Mr. Madron, and in the presence of these two witnesses, to hold your tongue."

"But you don't—you cannot mean what you said?" cried Tom, whose aspect was now one of mingled astonishment and alarm.

"I make them allegations according to my warrant, sir, upon which I take you upon the charge of wilful murder," said the superintendent. "And now, if you please, we will go on up to my place."

"But really, Mr. Burley, you take me by surprise," exclaimed Tom.

And then a cold chill of doubt and dismay crept over him as he recalled his own thoughts on the discovery of the murder, his position, and the suspicious aspect of all connected with his movements on the race day; and the matter wore so grave an aspect that the attempt he made to indignantly repudiate the charge was lame in the extreme.

"Now take my advice, Mr. Madron, sir, and don't say another word. We'll get a fly, if you like, and take you quickly up to my place; and then you had better send for Mr. Burge, so as to have him with you when Captain Randall comes down to hear a bit of evidence, and remand you; for, of course, a thing of this sort isn't settled in an hour."

For a few minutes Tom felt stunned. Had he been charged with the murder upon the day of the discovery, he would not have felt so much surprised; but now, when his first feelings were almost forgotten, at all events dislodged for other and pleasanter thoughts, it was terrible. He was to have called on and attended Jenny that morning, and now the news of this seizure would spread through the place like wildfire. Of course she would know it was all a gross error, probably resulting from the officiousness of the police; but, after all, he thought, with something like bitterness, "probably she will never bestow upon me a thought; perhaps, too, she will be poisoned against me."

These fancies passed through his memory as he finished dressing, the police watching his movements the while, so that they seemed ready to spring upon him at any moment.

"Keep your hy on him, Joe," the superintendent whispered to one man—"razors!"

The man nodded, and slowly sidled up to the dressing table; but they need have been under no fear—Tom had no suicidal ideas; and at the end of ten minutes he pronounced himself ready.

"Get Anderson's fly," he said, rather hoarsely; "I don't want every one to be staring at us."

A nod from the superintendent sent one of the men off, and Tom descended with his captors to his sitting-room, where his breakfast was set out; and through

the window, to his horror, he could perceive that some twenty or thirty idlers were already waiting to see him come out.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A VAIN APPEAL.

THE hot flush of shame rose to the young man's forehead upon catching sight of the gathering people, and he involuntarily looked from side to side, as if seeking some means of escape—a movement that did not pass unnoticed by the superintendent, who had been waiting for an excuse, and who now brought forth a pair of handcuffs.

At his first step forward, Tom started back, and made as if to seize the poker, to resent the indignity. It was an unlucky movement, though, for it had for result the policeman who accompanied the superintendent springing upon the young man, and pinning his arms, while his superior, forced on the handcuffs.

As he heard the dire "click," Tom felt his knees tremble beneath him, and half staggered into a chair, into which he sank with a pale and ghastly look upon his countenance. In those terrible moments he felt all the disgrace and horror appertaining to such a charge. He knew that the country would soon ring with it; that men's minds would be turned against him; and, above all, like a black shadow rose that one terrible thought—suppose that he should not be able to prove himself innocent!

The coming of the fly arrested his flow of thought, and he rose up, ready and nerved, to go; but he determined to rid himself, if possible, of this last indignity.

"Mr. Burley," he said, huskily, "I give you my word of honour that I'll make no attempt to escape. I have had no such thought. Take these off."

The superintendent looked over his stock at his captive, with his most sublimely official air, and then pursed up his lips and solemnly shook his head.

"But there is really no necessity for it, indeed," pleaded Tom. "You are three to one, and what avail would it be for me to attempt to escape?"

"Not much, certainly, sir," said the superintendent with a chuckle; "when once I get my hy on a man—"

"There aint much charnsh for him," put in one of the subordinates.

"But think of the disgrace—the looks! I must beg of you to take them off."

"Can't do it, sir—quite impossible," said the superintendent, stiffly.

And it is doubtful whether he would have spared his own brother the indignity, seeing how much more imposing it rendered the whole affair in the eyes of the vulgar, whom it was his duty to overawe and keep in order.

Tom saw that he was wasting words, and checked himself when upon the point of uttering a loud protestation of his innocence. The next moment he was moving towards the door; and how the next ten minutes passed he could never remember, only that there were faces flitting before him, the rattling of wheels, darkness, and the shooting of a couple of bolts; and then he was alone in one of the cells of the little police station.

Cartoon.

DANIEL TALLERMAN.

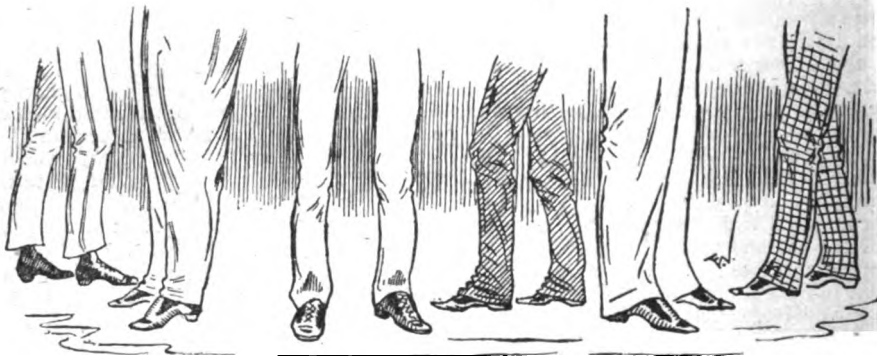
THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

Sorrow's Shambles.

WHEN was Bethnal Green worthy of its name? How long a time is it since the verdure departed, to give place to the soot grey that now reigns predominant? Sordid—beggarly—wretched—miser-

foul fungoid growths, like filthy ulcers, start from damp corners, and in the abject filth, wretchedness, and desolation of the district there now seems to be something absolutely defiant; and one almost expects to see step from every corner one of Victor Hugo's heroes of the "Cour des Miracles." The air of misery defiant is as visible in the houses as in the inhabitants. The very chimneys have a rakish look with them: one has an out-at-elbows, vagabond air; another is bent and warped; another has its pot cocked sideways, like a ragged cap over a villainous countenance; here there is a cowl awry, as if its wearer were suffering from



LOWER EXTREMITIES, MASCULINE.

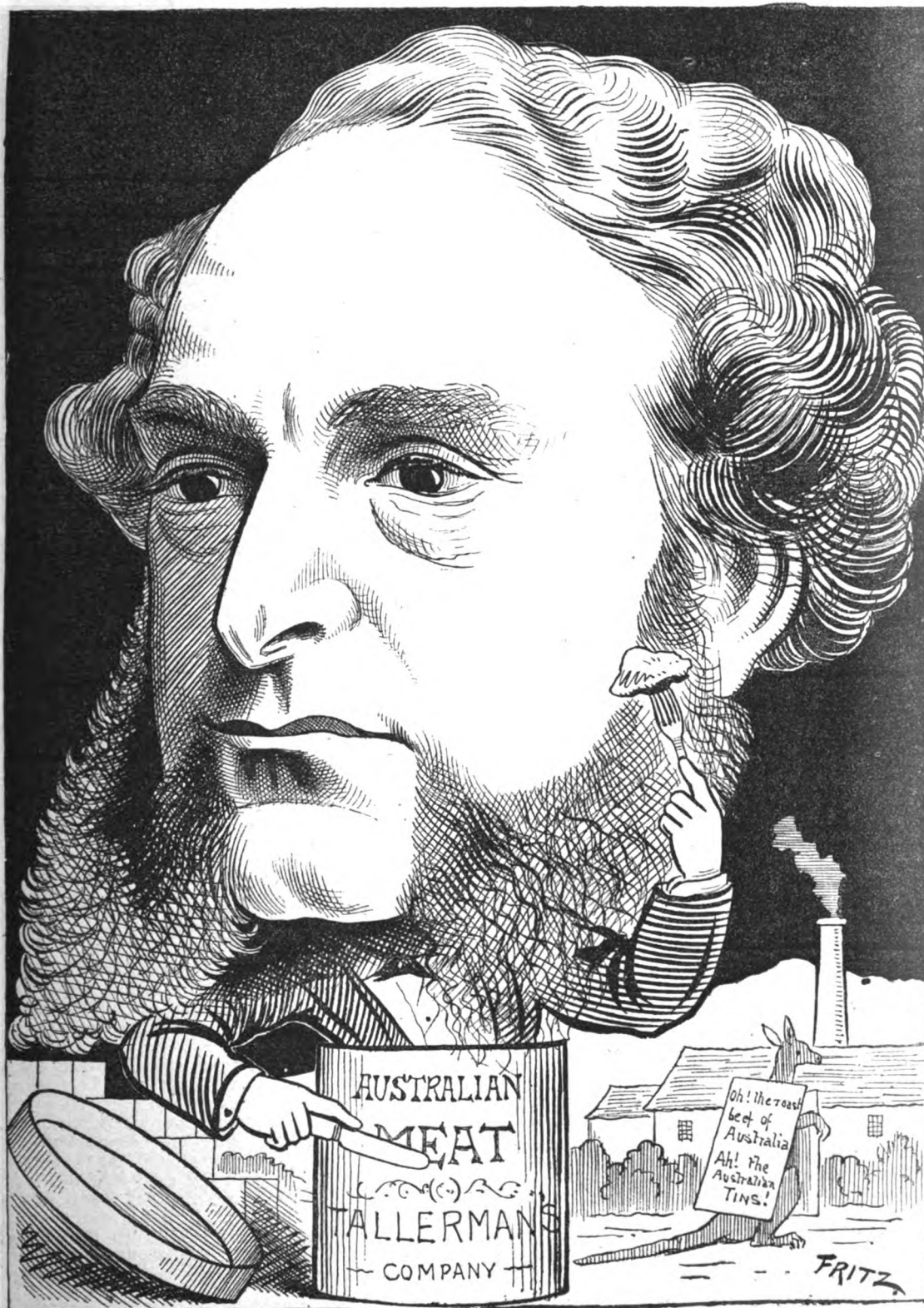


"TOOTSICUMS."

able—every adjective falls short of expressiveness as applied to the dwellings of that dismal region. Surely the houses could never have been new: they must all have been built by swindling contractors or carcass schemers, of secondhand building materials; frowsty bricks, mildewed mortar; beams with the dry rot, palsied posts and planks; and painted with colours that blistered as they were laid on. The very plaster seems leprous, and scales off in a way hideous to look upon;

"vitriol madness;" these two stacks lean together, in a weird, secretive way, as if plotting a burglary; while over them all floats the sickly cloud of vapour they belch forth, hanging over the houses like a canopy to hide from the wretched region the rays of the golden sun.

Tumble-down houses everywhere—houses of the most miserable; scapegrace, drunken-looking houses; one in the centre saying apparently to those on either



ROAST AND BOILED.

side, as it looks at you from its bleary-eyed windows,—"Hold me up, mates, or down I go;" and the probability is that if one fell a score would follow. Pigeons everywhere—the doves that would flee away and be at rest, perchance, only they are caged and trapped, and held by some strange fascination to one spot, round which they circle and circle, day by day, in obedience to the fluttering signal hoisted by their owner at the end of a stick. There are churches here, raising their unarchitectural heads above the surrounding misery, but their towers and steeples are smoked and blackened, while the round clock looks down in a one-eyed angry way at the sinners beneath who refuse to hear the bells, and leave the seats untenanted on Sundays. Graveyards, too, here and there peering out amidst the foul, teeming life—graveyards with soot-covered mouldering stones huddled together in a hurried way, as if they were about to hasten from the place, and in their scared flight some had fallen and were being trampled under foot. Grass here, but of a dark, dingy green, powdered with soot; while all around, from works and works, pour forth dense reeking clouds of smoke, like the incense of a diabolical worship—the sacrifice of health upon the altars of trade. Morning comes here slowly, while night holds tightly to the place—dark night; and a darker night, too, that never leaves its hold, but clutches fast—the black night of ignorance and sin.

Take a walk there amidst its teeming thousands down this foul street, where so many dirty women stand gossiping—women with their arms wrapped in their shabby, washed-out print aprons—women who seem to have forgotten the meaning of the word "neatness," as, with draggled garments and rough hair, they stand discussing some local event, such as the visit of the Shillibeer hearse to No. 17, or Bill Watson's getting fourteen days, or the increase in the family at Timson's—each of which forms in its turn a topic worthy of a long discussion. Mind how you come, for the pavement is here slippery with mud, and there with peelings and household refuse; besides which the stones are loose and tilt on one side, so as to form projections against which to catch a heedless toe, while the kerb is set at an angle as if for the express purpose of sliding you off into the reeking gutter. Mind the children sprawling by scores upon the stones, which they look upon as their rightful playground; for there is no room for them indoors; and they babble out loudly upon the pavement, to play, and also partake of their meals—bread and treacle in the morning, treacle and bread in the evening. Not a pleasant place for a walk, but we have many such in London—places where fever breeds and cholera fattens—gaining strength day by day for their attacks upon healthier neighbourhoods; places where six, eight, or nine families will huddle together in five and six-roomed houses, and where doors are not fastened by night, so that strangers come in to sleep in the passages, with perhaps the first worn stair for a pillow.

"Will you come up with me?" said the pale, quiet minister by whose side I walked.

And I said I would; and we entered one house, whose passage and staircase walls were covered with a dark coating of dirt—marks of hands and the rubbing of shoulders; while here and there was a dent or piece of plaster chipped off, as if a coffin had more

than once been carried down. Furniture might have produced the same effect; but the former is carried up and down stairs here more frequently than the latter, and it is considered a matter of duty to have a "decent berrin'," even for those poor creatures who had never known a decent living, and the very poorest will contribute their mites towards such an object.

He went, and I stayed—stayed to listen for a few minutes after his ministering was ended—stayed in a room such as Hood painted when his worn-out seamstress cried, in the bitterness of her heart—

"A wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there."

Had she—the woman, old before her time, lying here—had she been a toiler for halfpence by her needle—had she been some great sinner—some wild, profligate creature, flaunting in the noontide of life—lying miserably here in the eventide? God knows. She was in misery and wretchedness, sick unto death, but not now wanting the means of support; for there are some in this great city of ours who seek for real misery, to the neglect of that which forces itself upon our notice in the great streets. What is it to us what she had been? we are not her judges. Saint in her humble life, or sinner, she lay here helpless, and with the poor one's horror of the workhouse.

A table, a chair, a broken washstand, a torn curtain hung before the window by a string, and the wretched bed, formed the furniture of the room; and as the faded, dirty piece of chintz flapped to and fro before the window, it cast faint shadows across the sick woman's face, strange and ghastly.

She could say but little, but it seemed that the hours of pain were past, and she was patiently waiting for the end. But there were those below who could speak, and eagerly waited for the opportunity. One was a washed-out woman who had just relieved her feelings by "fetching" an obnoxious urchin a "lift" on the ear, and making him howl, for "allus getting under people's feet."

She was a woman without a tinge of colour in her face except round one eye, which was bruised and discoloured, but which she covered, and kept covered, with her apron; and more than one tear trickled down her cheeks as she told of her neighbour's illness, ever joining the ludicrous to the pathetic by making charges at the light brigade of children that gathered round to have a stare.

"Poor thing! you know, she's allus talking about her gal, and asking if she's come back, and none of us like to tell her as she's got into trouble, and won't be back for best part of a year. What's the good, you know?—it would only make matters worse. I think, poor girl, she was led into it; and when she does come back and find her mother gone there'll be another upset, and I dread it a'most; for of course the poor thing upstairs can't last much longer. And, do you know, it's quite dreadful the upsets we have about here—upsets and upsets, till one gets to think as the world's all upsets. As to the dirt, one can't help that, you know; for there's nothing else here, and if you wash a few things and put 'em out to dry, they seem to come in worse than you put 'em out. Then there's one neighbour loses her master, and another his missis, and then it's small-pox, or else fever, or accidents; or,

when there's nothing of that sort, work gets slack, or there's a strike, or something or another to make one miserable. Now, look at that, now—aint it aggravating? That's my Bill, as nearly got scrouged to death under a wheel last week, and now look at him."

It was a good opportunity for making an escape; so, casting one glance at the aggravating Bill, I saw as I passed away that he was covered with mud, and kicking furiously, while his howls resounded in my ears as I turned the corner and threaded the labyrinth of little gloomy, desolate streets.

Here seemed to dwell the costermongers who frequent Spitalfields Market, for every now and then a barrow was encountered—here empty, there laden with flowers or vegetables, which were being busily re-tied in bundles, evidently with an eye to show as well as profit. Once I came upon a woman busy washing and tying her basket of watercress beside a pump, her hands blue with the bitter wind, her dress saturated, but she intent upon the task that should be the means of supplying food perhaps for a family.

"Poor people should not marry and have families," some one—no doubt a great philanthropist—once said; but they do for all that, and large are the families they possess. Few poor men know what it is to murmur for the want of an heir to their wretchedness; and here they come, these sons and heirs, troops of them—sharp-featured, keen-eyed, ready-witted young dogs, that might be made anything of, from Solomons of the judicial bench, in ermine, down to something for Warder No. 18 in the Model Prison to have under his charge. Sharp-eyed young dogs of eight and ten, already arrived at the dignity of getting their own living. "Box o' lyats, sir?" "Who'll have the last three horrors for a penny?" Young costermongers, some of them helping to push the barrow, and yelling in shrill tones "Brockylow," or "Collyflow-er," but never forgetting boyhood for all that, and always ready for a game should opportunity offer.

But here's a gap—aye, more than a gap; for the East London Railway sweeps along here, and has acted like a civilized earthquake, or some huge plough making a mighty furrow all along its course.

"Why, hundreds of families must have been evicted here?"

"Evicted! What, turned out? Oh! ah! hundreds; and Spittlefeels too; and t'other side o' the water, too; and what odds? We're a-going, some of us, to take to makin' burrows like rats, and live in the ground, and the more you wants the top, the deeper we goes; for there's plenty of room, you know—so go it."

My friend turned away, pushed his hands a little farther down into his cord trousers, after giving me a decidedly malignant look—though, honestly, I would sooner build a poor man a house than pull one down. Once he turned a very unpleasant type of countenance round, and looked at me sideways—a sinister look that wasn't pleasant; and the thought came that if such rats were burrowing beneath our feet, they would probably undermine us, even if we did not feel their teeth.

"Where have you got to now, sir? Why, you must have come a long way round. This is Bluegate Fields, and that there's Racklif 'Ighway."

Policeman X was right, so it was; and there stood Molly, but not the Molly of old who washed Jack's trousers.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER IX.—OVER HEAD AND EARS.

UNWORTHY and ungrateful that I am, after all the pains and brooms she expended on my early training!—I forgot to commemorate in its proper place the marriage of Aunt Jane. She was united in the beginning of the year to Mr. Boddle, and went out with him to Canada, as had been proposed. And I hope she was merciful to the little Reds who were sent to her husband's schools.

Mr. Glading had asked me to come and see him at Brockford for a short time before I went up to Cambridge; and when I appealed to Mr. Palmer on the subject, I received another businesslike letter, saying that I could do whatever I pleased; that now I was of an age to manage my own affairs; and he should pay my two hundred a year in quarterly instalments directly to myself until I was twenty-one, when he would either hand me over the capital, or continue to act as my agent, and transmit me the interest, at my choice.

So Mr. Prosser and I parted with warm and kindly feelings, I think, on both sides—though I was stupid at quadratic equations; and he promised to look carefully after Ellen till I had provided some home for her in London—a task which I determined to accomplish, if possible, before I went on to Brockford.

Years afterwards, when I had had more experience, the cool confidence with which I set about this matter astonished and amused me. At this present day, I could no more summon courage to go the round of the West-end milliners, seeking employment for a female friend, than I could fly; yet this was the course I pursued the day after my arrival in town.

But I cannot dismiss that same arrival without a few words. It is a notable event in my memory. The coach I travelled by came in at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and I put up at the White Horse Cellar, an hotel I had often heard of at Eton. The pride of manhood swelled within me when I was shown into my dingy bed-room, and nearly reached the point of a lisp when I sauntered into the coffee-room, took my seat in one of the pews, and ordered dinner with as used-up an air as I could assume.

I had a fried sole, a beefsteak and oyster sauce, half a pint of sherry, cheese, a pint of port, and nuts. I should have liked a sweet, but feared it was too boyish.

I am not an epicure, but I remember that dinner vividly. When it was finished, I ardently desired to go to some theatre; but being perfectly ignorant of how to get in, where to ask for a ticket, and whether it was feasible to get one on the evening of the performance, or necessary to apply beforehand, I did not dare. Supposing I made some terrible blunder which disclosed the humiliating fact that I had never been in such a place before! The idea was too dreadful to be entertained.

So I went out and bought a cigar, and walked up and down Piccadilly smoking it, conscious of being somewhat of an impostor, but feeling rather peacocky still.

How times have changed! Fancy a young man, nearly nineteen, of the present day, educated at a public school too, feeling nervous about going to a theatre!

The notion is absurd. You would hardly find many who would flinch from appearing on the stage. Ten months' seclusion in Yorkshire had, no doubt, infused a certain amount of rural shyness into my constitution. And yet—such contradictory animals are we—on the following morning I did a deed at which a hardened man about town might well quail. I walked into the most fashionable-looking bonnet shop I could find in Regent-street, passed unabashed before the bright eyes of a dozen tittering houris, and demanded to see Madame Tourterelle, the lady whose name appeared over the door.

One possibility, indeed, somewhat dismayed me, as I was being ushered towards Madame's private sitting-room. Suppose she could not speak English? But that fear vanished directly I set eyes on her blue eyes, red cheeks, and bulky form; and, indeed, I do not think that she could speak anything else. She asked me to sit down, and inquired my business with an air which I thought rather suspicious, as if young men were not in the habit of visiting her establishment with the best intentions. I had thought the matter well over, and had determined to be frank up to a certain point. I told her that I was an orphan, with an only sister; that we were badly off, and obliged to work for our support; that my sister had a talent for making bonnets, and wanted employment, but that, having lived in Yorkshire all her life, she did not know how to apply for it; that I, being equally ignorant, had taken the only step which I could think of, that of applying to herself.

Madame Tourterelle seemed to be a good-natured woman, and listened to my story with interest; and, after a great deal of talking, she agreed to take Ellen in, teach her the business, and employ her if she could do so with advantage, for a premium of fifty pounds.

I had thirty pounds of my own at the time, and had fifty to receive in the following month, so I agreed, hoping to start my sister without trenching on her little store—some twenty pounds or so; but, if it could not be managed otherwise, some of that must be taken to make up.

It was a rash business altogether. Madame Tourterelle might be on the verge of bankruptcy, and break up the day after she touched the money; she might be dishonest; she might be—what need for further speculation, since she was really nothing of the kind. I did not look before leaping, but landed all the same on a safe place; for once my luck was good.

I had not seen how to avoid the declaration of relationship, but thought that it could not matter in such an instance. Mrs.—I beg her pardon, Madame—Tourterelle would in all probability never see me again. She did not know but what I was a small clerk or a shopman; and there was no reason, therefore, why she should perceive any incongruity in the positions of Ellen and myself, let her be ever so curious. But the chances were that, if she got her fifty pounds and a good workwoman, she would never give the brother a second thought.

Mr. Glading had written to me to come any day I could that week, and I had not expected to be able to arrange anything for Ellen, and get away from town till the following day at the earliest; but matters had come to such a rapid settlement that there was no reason why I should not go down that very afternoon.

So I went back to the hotel, wrote a letter to Mr. Prosser enclosing one to my sister, and took the Brockford omnibus, which started, conveniently enough, from the White Horse Cellar itself.

The feeling which bound me to Ellen Romney was a new and singular sentiment, arising out of that yearning for family ties which the orphaned and relationless always have so strongly—out of sympathy, out of pity, out of the duty of protection. It was not the strong attachment which comes from habit, early association, the mutual opening of the heart and soul. It could not for a moment be compared to the affection I bore to Mary Glading. Oh, no, no—Mary and I had had the same thoughts, feelings, tastes, hopes, wishes, for several happy years of childhood. That was a friendship of slow and healthy growth, with which a kindness which had sprung up with mushroom suddenness, and was due to family rather than personal causes, could never compete.

I felt all this very strongly as I rumbled along the well-remembered road; through the ever-growing suburbs; past the more scattered, garden-surrounded villas, doomed in a few years to be gathered into the town; out into the country; past corn fields where the late harvest was still being gathered in; past turnip fields in which pointers were careering, and brown-gaitered sportsmen following them, gun in hand; through woods just touched by the rich brush of autumn, where merry groups of children were nutting; and so to Brockford.

The omnibus arrived at the Gardeners' Arms at four; and leaving my luggage with the ostler, who grinned a hearty welcome, and volunteered to bring it over to the vicarage in half an hour or so, I walked on through the village.

What would Mary be like? When I saw her last she was a laughing, rosy young person, very slim and fleet, and having two long tails hanging down her back, which I used to tie to her chair when it was possible to do so unnoticed—which was not often, for she was very sharp, and seemed to possess the faculty of seeing behind her, like a hare. Would she still wear those pashalic appendages? Probably not. And she would be grown a little.

The anticipation of seeing her again put me in such high spirits that I hesitated to ring the bell. Could I not surprise her in some way? The garden gate was sometimes left open, especially at that period of the afternoon, when the gardener was often clearing out weeds and leaves as a finale to his day's work. So I went round to it. It was fastened, but I peeped over the paling, and through the shrubbery I caught a glimpse of an ethereal being whose aspect simply took my breath away.

It was only a female figure, but such a one as haunts the dreams of anchorites, and flits before the mind's eye of the painter, affording him a transitory glance at that ideal which he can never wholly seize. The bright, delicate hair which flowed down from her simple garden hat was a halo. Her form was a revelation of undulating softness and grace, to which the quiet, modest robe seemed to belong, like the drapery of an angel. Her neck and arms were simply dazzling. She was watering some plants; and having to step on the border to reach one which was farther off, she slightly raised her dress, and my eyes were entranced by about

four inches of the most bewitching ankle that ever disturbed the peace of mind of a poor youth.

Who could it be?

At that moment, the water can being empty, she raised her head, and I saw her face.

It was inexpressibly beautiful, indeed; but the features could not be mistaken—it was Mary herself.

I felt no inclination to surprise her now—one does not treat angels with such levity; and I stole back to the front door abashed, feeling like Acteon.

It was in vain for me to repeat to myself that it was only my old playmate, grown and matured. I could not stop my heart from palpitating with an emotion never experienced before.

I rang the bell, and after a few kindly sentences exchanged with the servant who let me in, and who informed me that the vicar was out, but I should find Miss Mary in the garden, I went to seek her.

"Mary!"

She had her back turned, and did not see me till I was quite close, and then her eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed. "It cannot be Jack!"

The familiar word, and the old look which accompanied it, restored my confidence and self-possession in a moment.

"I am sorry to hear you say that," I said; "because I was doubting my own identity at the moment, and your evidence confirms my scepticism."

She held out both her hands. I took them, and stood looking into her eyes—an act which, from a suicidal point of view, was simply wicked.

"Have I grown too?" she asked, laughing.

"Have you grown too? Why, when I got down from the omnibus just now, I expected to be able to kiss you!"

"Well, and why shouldn't you? Have I got so very ugly?" the gipsy asked, with the most innocent surprise.

"Ugly, ye heavens!"

And I proved at once that I had no personal objection to the ceremony.

"And so you are going to college, to wear a cap and gown," she said. "How odd! Papa must take me to see you. And you are to be a clergyman, and preach sermons. Oh, dear—oh, dear! You must preach your first sermon here, but I am certain I shall laugh! Are you not hungry? I must order you something for tea. We dine early, you know, just as we used. I keep house for papa now, and order dinner, and mend his stockings. It is such fun! Oh, here he comes."

"Ah, Jack, my boy!" said the vicar, coming up at the moment. "I am glad to see you. Where is your luggage? Coming on from the Gardeners' Arms? That is all right. Mind, once for all, now that Aunt Jane has married and gone out of the country, this is your home in all the vacations when you like to visit it. Let that be an understood thing. Ah, you ought properly to have been present at the wedding; but Mrs. Rimp was anxious to keep the whole thing as secret as possible. Indeed, it was quite a clandestine proceeding—almost an elopement."

"Oh, Jack," cried Mary, "you should have seen your aunt Jane in a white bonnet! I think Mr. Boddle repented at the last moment, for he pretended not to be

able to find the ring, and she had to fish it out of his waistcoat pocket herself."

"She is just the same as ever," said Mr. Glading, looking beamingly upon his daughter—"not a bit improved, except that she is big enough to pour out tea. Come and give us some, you slanderous puss!"

Of what materials could the beer which I drank presently have been brewed? How is it that the Chinese proved their right to the title of Celestials by that tea only? Where could the bread have been grown which furnished the toast? Why do not other sheep provide similar chops? And the eggs—but they were laid by Mary's own hens, and could not fail of excellence.

As a general rule, I hold that the repast which is termed a meat tea is a most odious and uncomfortable institution; but with regard to that exceptional meal, it is my firm impression that, since Adam and his bride ate their first *déjeuner* of grapes—what a lot they must have devoured!—no mortal has tasted such delicious food as I did that evening.

I had but a fortnight's holiday at Brockford before going up to Cambridge, but I would gladly barter a year of the rest of my life for every day of it. It was utterly uneventful; so was existence in Paradise. Mary and I visited all our old haunts, talked over all the old trifles, which were important enough to our childhood. The spot where I had fired the pistol; the lane where I rescued her frock and shoes from the gipsy. We made fifty stories out of that, imagining what might have happened if she had been carried off: she might now be gaining a precarious living on the tight-rope.

We searched for the old boat in which we used to row, and finding it, to our delight, in floatable preservation, we embarked in it, not minding the leakage.

"There is no Miss Bantam now," laughed Mary.

And she insisted on taking an oar, and claimed great pity for a consequent blister, and laughed at my face of real concern.

What a fortnight! And how quickly flying!

I did not open a mathematical or classical book.

But I did not neglect Ellen's business in my happiness. Of course, I told Mr. Glading the whole story; and he took great interest in it, and made inquiries concerning Madame Tourterelle, which were very satisfactory, and offered to advance any portion of the fifty pounds which might be wanting.

I said nothing to Mary of my newly discovered half-sister. How could I explain the relationship?

There was a little innocent deceit about that matter; for I had to leave Brockford nominally for Cambridge a day earlier than I intended to go there, in order to meet Ellen in London, and see her comfortably settled.

She had a bed-room out of the house, but near the shop, and was to take her meals with Madame Tourterelle, to whom she fortunately took a fancy.

Madame had her fifty pounds, and seemed to think that her new apprentice, pupil, assistant, or whatever Ellen might be considered, was likely to prove advantageous to the business.

So that matter seemed happily settled. And yet, when I mounted the Cambridge coach, it seemed to me—young, inexperienced, and ignorant of the world's ways though I was—a horrible thing for a girl to be left alone and so friendless in London.

Things New and Old.

Fore-ordination.

The Rev. Dr. Osgood tells this story about Dr. Storrs and Dr. Howard. The two clergymen met on their way to exchange pulpits, when Dr. Howard said—

"Do you believe, Dr. Storrs, that it was fore-ordained from all eternity that I should go to Long Meadow and preach this lecture for you?"

Dr. Storrs—"Certainly I do, Dr. Howard."

Dr. Howard (turning his horse towards Springfield)—"Then I'll break the decree."

"Hold on," says Storrs; "it was fore-ordained from all eternity that you should make a fool of yourself half-way between Springfield and Long Meadow."

"Ah," says Dr. Howard.

Advice to Railway Travellers.

"For fifteen years daily, at Stamford, Conn., a man has sat on a fence and watched every railroad train that passed."—*Exchange*. He is probably trying to make up his mind if it would be safe to ride in the cars. Old fellow, you stick to that fence! If the top rail is sharp, turn it over, or put a cushion on it. Fit up a smoking apartment on the next panel, if you like, and rig a luxurious couch on the next one to that. Bring out your baggage, take a check for it, and hang it on a post. Buy a ticket, and punch it yourself. Ask yourself the distance to the next station, and get insulted. Secure, as your means will permit, all the luxuries of railroad travel, but don't get off that fence to enjoy them. So shall you die a natural death, and the good wife shall not expend the farm fighting the life insurance companies. You're in the right o' this thing, old boy!

The Tipperary Boys.

It is an important physiological fact that there is not a skull in Cappawhite "which has not a ridge on it," created by blows from shillelaghs. The fighting people, it appears, are, for the most part, the small farmers and their families, cultivating from fifteen to twenty acres of land. When heated with liquor, they have little regard to fair fighting. My informant told me that he had at one assizes successfully defended seventeen men who had slaughtered a solitary unfortunate, on whose skull at the inquest were found seventeen wounds, each one of which the medical officer who made the examination declared was sufficient to cause death. My informant was intimately acquainted with Mr. Buckley, the gentleman of Cappawhite, of whose "homicide" I have already given you some particulars, and it was clear that he regarded Mr. Buckley's decease as an event not wholly calculated to cause depression of spirits.

The sketch he gave me of the defunct individual led me to share in some respects his feeling in this particular. According to him, Mr. Buckley was ugly, tall, gaunt, with a continually stubby chin, prematurely short countenance, and perpetually tattered coat. It was his habit to claim from the public generally pints of beer and dandies of punch, on pain of being subjected to personal violence at his hands. He used his wattle freely whenever occasion offered, and was enthusiastic in his anxiety to "wheel" on the shortest notice. He had a skull like iron, and had boasted for

years that there was neither the man nor the shillelagh which could fracture it. My informant regarded this boast as well grounded, and regarded it therefore as a providential circumstance rather than otherwise, notwithstanding that he had lost a client, that the stone of Mr. Buckley's adversary should have caught him on the pit of the stomach, which, like the heel of Achilles, was a vulnerable spot.

Neighbouring Wisdom.

Here is a little tale from France, *apropos* of the boat race. Fifteen years ago, so we are told, a gentleman, whose name is given, now dwelling in Paris, acted as coxswain of the Oxford crew at Putney. That year the struggle was terrific. But a few yards from home none could tell the winner, and all London yelled at either crew. One voice, however, dominated the uproar, and our cox. heard distinctly—"James! if you beat them, I will give you your cousin." Inspired by this breathless promise, James did something or other—the *Figaro* alone knows what—gained a hair's-breadth advantage, "just enough to win by half a length. And so he married his cousin, whose uncle had won a prodigious sum on the result. We have this information from his own lips." I hope the tale will encourage future coxswains to do their best for Oxford, home, and their cousins.

Three Irishisms.

During the late rebellion in Ireland, at the military execution of some wretched rebel, the cord broke, and the criminal, who had only been half hanged, fell to the ground. The major who was superintending the execution exclaimed—"You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you as sure as you breathe."

A man was fined five pounds by a magistrate, at the College police-office, Dublin, for assaulting another; and, as he paid the money into court, with considerable reluctance, he shot glances at the victim of his indiscretion, and said—"Wait till I get you in Limerick, where beating's cheap, and I'll take the change out of you."

An Irish boy (a 'cute lad) saw a train of his companions leading their cars, loaded with kishes of turf, coming towards his father's cabin; his father had no turf, and the question was how some should be obtained. To beg he was ashamed, to dig he was unwilling, but his head went to work directly. He took up a turf which had fallen from one of the cars on the preceding day, and stuck it on the top of a pole near the cabin. When the cars were passing, he appeared throwing turf at the mark. "Boys!" cried he, "which of ye will hit?" Each leader of the car, as he passed, could not forbear to fling a turf at the mark; the turf fell at the foot of the pole, and when all the cars had passed there was a heap left sufficient to reward the ingenuity of our little Spartan.

To the Point.

An undergraduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper this: "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head, much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has no parts and no magnitude. A pin cannot stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore a pin cannot stand on its point. 3. It will if you stick it in."

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS:

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XII.—HOW IKE WOULD HAVE TICKLED THE MULES.

MARY ADAMS had returned to her sister, who, poor thing, tired out with the hot, weary journey, was sleeping placidly, with her head resting upon one of the packs, and a rug spread over her to protect her from the night dew. Adams was at his post, stern and watchful, and Ike and Larry were at theirs. The silence was even awful in the midst of that strange, weird valley, all piled up with grey rock, silvered by the moon, and showing clean-cut black shadows. Occasionally the soft munching noise of one of the mules could be heard, as it tasted over again in fancy the evening's rations; then all again was silence, till Dawson in a whisper passed the word to Adams that their pursuers were in sight.

"Tell Larry and Ike to be watchful and silent, keeping well in the shadow. Your wife and sister are, I hope, asleep."

"I'll see, and warn them," was the reply.

He crept across to where his wife slept, and Mary laid her hand upon his arm.

"Give me a pistol," she whispered.

"A what?"

"A pistol," she said, calmly. "I might want it to protect your wife."

He hesitated for a moment, and then placed one in her hand, before going on to find Larry and Ike both watchful.

"All depends now, Larry, on the silence of the mules," whispered Adams.

"Does it, sor? Thin the bastes had betther howld their tongues, or it'll be the worse for thim."

Adams returned to his post, and as he did so he became aware of the fact that there were heavy footsteps stumbling along over the broken fragments of rock, and then there was a confused buzz of voices.

From where he crouched he could only command a narrow strip of the valley; but in the silence, though their pursuers spoke in a subdued tone of voice, every word was perfectly audible.

"I'm pretty sure," said one voice, with an accompanying oath, "that we've passed 'em, and that they're hiding somewhere back."

"How can that be, when not five hundred yards back there was a patch of the rice?"

"Made a capital trail to hunt 'em by, eh, lads? An Injin couldn't have done better."

"I'm getting precious tired," growled another, "and I shall vote we camp down before we go much farther."

"Nonsense! we shall catch 'em in another mile."

The position of the fugitives was now awful, and the men felt the great drops of perspiration stealing down their faces as they waited in agonizing suspense. It was only a question of moments, but they seemed to be drawn out into hours, as the party came straggling on—came right abreast of where they were hid—were nearly past—quite past. Thank Heaven, they were safe!

Dawson's heart seemed to have stood still; and for a few moments he had been blaming himself for not

cutting the throats of the mules. It would have been a suicidal act, as far as their project was concerned, and must have resulted in a return to Frisco; but what was that as compared with the safety of those women?

However, the scoundrels were past, and the mules had been silent; the last man was already some dozen yards beyond the rock, trudging slowly on, little thinking that there was the deadly barrel of a rifle, resting upon a rock, effectually covering him, and that a step in a certain direction would have been the signal for a sharp, bright burst of flame from that barrel, and a leaden messenger to seek his breast.

Safe, then, and—

"Hallo! what's that?" cried a rough voice.

For there rose on the still night air a sharp, hollow noise, as of a blow, and Dawson felt as if being choked, for the noise had come from the direction of the mules, and it seemed to him as if one must have kicked another.

He listened for a sharp whinnying voice and more kicking, but all was still, save the talking of the scoundrels, who had now come to a halt in the bright moonlight, and their words could be heard from beginning to end.

"It came from over that side," said one.

"I tell you it didn't; it came from this side."

"It don't matter which side it came from," growled another. "It was a bit of shaley stone fell from one of the rocks. I've heard the same thing scores o' times."

"I believe it was old Jake kicked again a rock," laughed another.

"Or you butted that thick old block o' yourn again one," was the retort.

"Well, let's have a look, lads," said the voice that seemed to belong to the leader. "They may be hiding here. Look to your weapons and come on. Now, then, you."

This was directed to a couple of the men on ahead, but they shouted in reply—

"It's all right. Come on."

"What's all right?"

"Here's the trail again."

"What, the rice?"

"Yes; and it leads on right away."

"Come on, lads," the leader growled; "we shall soon nail 'em now, and then, Master Paddy—"

The end of his speech was inaudible as he tramped on, and Dawson saw him stoop again and again in the moonlight, as if to examine something that was pointed out to him on the ground; then the noise of footsteps grew fainter, like the buzzing of voices, and at last all was silent.

"What was that noise?" said Dawson, as soon as the party had congratulated itself upon its escape; "and where's Ike?"

"I think it was one of the mules kicking," said Adams. "It is wonderful how quiet they were. If those scoundrels had had any mules, they would have been sure to whinny to one another."

"But where's Ike?" said Dawson again, in an undertone, for Mrs. Adams was sleeping calmly throughout all.

"Sure he's lyin' down there, sor," said Larry, pointing towards the mules.

"Asleep?"

"Well, no, sor, not exactly aslape."

"Did you hear that noise, Larry?" said Dawson.

"Faith, sor, an' I did. I couldn't help hearin' it."

"And was it the mules?"

"Well, no, sor, it wasn't the mules; bud it very nearly was the mules; for if wanst wan ov thim had begun to squal, the howl lot would have started."

"What a roundabout fellow you are, Larry!" said Dawson.

"Sure, yer honour, an' it's thin as a hurdle I am."

"Tut, tut! You heard that noise, didn't you?"

"I did, yer honour."

"And you know what it was?"

"Faith, an' I do."

"Then what was it?"

"Well, ye see, Misther Dawson, sor, that there Ike has got a bad habit ov ticklin' wan ov the mules—that little kickin' divil—an' it makes him squal."

"To be sure; I've seen him at it out of pure mischief," said Dawson.

"Hark at him now, yer honour," said Larry; "an' isn't that crobbative ividence?"

"There, go on," said Dawson.

"To be sure I will, yer honour," said Larry. "Well, jist as thim boys was a-goin' by, yer honour, I sees Misther lkey crape towards the mules, an' he was jist about to tickle that little kickin' rascal, whin I opens me mouth to say 'Lave him alone!' in a voice of thunder, whin, 'Arrah, Larry,' I sez to meself, I sez, 'what will Misther Dawson say if ye spake now? Give the spalpeen a hint;' an' so, yer honour, I did."

"You gave him a hint?"

"To be sure I did, yer honour, wid me stick, jist on the back ov his head, an' it persuaded him so that he lay down an' hasn't moved since, while, as yer honour knows, the mules didn't squal at all."

CHAPTER XIII.—RECONNOITRING TO SOME PURPOSE.

DAWSON remained silent for a few moments, during which he went and turned over Ike, who was lying quite still, and who gave a faint groan on being touched.

"I don't know what to say, Larry," he muttered at last. "I don't like distrusting a man in whom I have placed implicit faith. But stop!" he said—"that rice!"

"Well, yer honour," said Larry, "Masther Ike let his knife into the bag, an' dribbled it all the way along. Jist a bit farther, an' I took it in me pockets, an' kept dhroppin' a bit for half a mile before we began to watch."

Dawson stood out in doubt, but Adams spoke up.

"Dawson," he said, "my life on it, you may trust Larry."

Dawson did not reply, but stood gnawing his lips. It was rather hard upon him to be called suddenly to believe that a man in whom he had trusted had tried to betray them—a man whom he had known for years; while his intercourse with Larry had been of very brief duration; and, after all, this might be a bit of jealousy between the two, and the cunning Irishman had seized the opportunity to strike a foul blow.

"His honour Mr. Dawson don't seem to belave me," said Larry. "Well, an' I don't ask him to. Only look here, let him kape his eye on the gintleman himsilf."

"I will, Larry," he said, quietly; and then, after seeing to the man's injuries, arrangements were made

by which Frank Adams kept watch, and the rest lay down to sleep in tolerable security, for there was not much prospect of the ruffians returning now to search the hollow where they were hid; in fact, the chances were, in that long dale of wild hollows and piled-up rocks, that they would not be able to identify the spot again.

Adams kept his lonely watch as the shadows cast by the moon gradually veered round from west to north, and then towards the east. Hardly a sound met his ear, save now and again the low, dismal howl of the coyote, that slinking, dog-like wolf of the far west; once or twice, too, sounds arose to which he could not give a name, and he listened in a somewhat awe-stricken way, till the absence of repetition made their memory grow faint.

It was a strangely weird sight, that rocky valley by moonlight, and it was hard work to keep from thinking that in every black shadow there was some watching desperado taking careful aim with his piece.

But the small hours arrived without an alarm, and then Larry was roused up to take his master's place, watching till the first streak of gold appeared in the sky, when the whole party was awakened and a hasty meal prepared, though they dared not light a fire, for fear of drawing attention to their position, if any of the ruffians were still in the neighbourhood.

Dawson spoke a few words to his man about quarrelling with Larry; and the fellow's eyes glittered as he looked full in his master's, trying to read how much Larry had said.

"It is impossible for our expedition to succeed," said Dawson, in conclusion, "if you and that stupid Irishman get to loggerheads. And mind this: don't you attempt to touch him, or I shall take his part."

Then his behaviour last night was not put down to treachery, and the Irishman had said nothing. So much the better for him.

An early start was desirable, before the sun grew hot; so, while the mules were being laden—a task which Dawson himself superintended, carefully watching, as if to see that Larry and Ike of the tied-up head did not quarrel—it fell to Adams to take the glass, and go on straight down the valley and reconnoitre.

This he did most carefully, ascending eminence after eminence, so as to get a good sweep with the glass; and he returned at last with the news that there were no traces of the enemy in sight. So the little train went forward, with the difference that, instead of Dawson and Larry forming a rear-guard, they went far in advance as scouts.

Mary Adams had trembled that morning as she thought of her conversation during the night with Dawson; but he had preserved towards her a quiet, respectful demeanour, and Mrs. Adams, who had felt disposed to banter her somewhat about their cavalier, said nothing, little thinking of the danger to which they had been exposed during the night.

Adams, as he plodded on by the side of the mules, seeing to the comfort of the women, and that all went right, took notice of more than one fact that day. Firstly, he observed that the rice did not burst the bags, and trickle slowly out upon the stony track; secondly, the mules seemed to go forward at a much brisker pace, Ike being, in spite of his sore head, full of animation, and cheering the sure-footed little beasts

on their way, they responding well in spite of their heavy burdens and the heat.

"It is curious," said Adams to himself, as he looked firmly at the muleteer, whose eager eyes were apparently always on the watch, peering to right and left, and away forward towards the end of the valley, which, as far as they could see for the glare of the sun, seemed in the distance to be opening out—the tall scarped rocks on either side dwindling down into the plain.

And then the young Englishman's thoughts took a very sombre turn, for his suspicions had been aroused, and once aroused, it was not in his nature for the doubts to be easily allayed. He knew Larry, or thought he did. At all events, he trusted him. Larry looked upon this half-breed as ready to betray them. So Adams, in his sombre mood, made a sort of debtor and creditor account, setting the safety of the two women, without taking into consideration the success of their expedition, against the life of this man; and the Englishman's brow knit as he told himself that it would be a case of duty—of stern necessity—the act of a judge upon a malefactor; and he said, between his teeth—

"Let him show one sign of treachery, and I'll shoot him like a dog."

Perhaps not by sympathy, but from the result of his own arguments, Caleb Dawson had come to the same determination; but he had also made an addition, including in the broad sweep of his idea of justice Larry Carey, who, with his twig under his arm, was trudging stolidly along by his side, making an admirable scout.

"Supposing you run back now, Larry," he said, "and see if all's well."

"Sure, yer honour, there's no running back wanted—they're close here. Yisterday, whin those spalpeens were behind us, the poor bastes ov mules hung back as if they was loadstones; an' to-day, as the inimy is in front, it's all the other way, an' they're ready to run over them."

It was as Larry said; and Dawson frowned to find how close they were.

"You came on too quickly," he said, brusquely, to Adams when they closed up. "It is not safe."

"The mules seem very fresh," was the reply.

And after receiving orders to halt for a quarter of an hour to allow the scouts to get well in advance, Dawson and Larry went forward once more, the glass being brought into requisition at every suitable spot, but only to show a clear way. The ruffians had evidently pushed right on; and at last Dawson pulled out his chart and compass, beneath the shade of a rock, and set to and studied it for a while.

"Yes," he said to himself, "this valley ends here, gorges striking off in three directions; then we have to cross an alkali desert due south-east, to strike another range of mountains. That will do, and we can give these fellows the slip."

The heat was frightful, but they toiled on, Larry seeming indefatigable; and at last, about mid-day, they came to where the valley ended in a sort of chaos. Deep gorges, high-pitched rocks, steep escarpments, a regular natural fortification, where an army might have been hid, and the hills fell to the plain, which, from where they stood, shimmered grey and white in the haze of the sun.

For the last hour the land had trended upward, and

now, seeing a spot where he could obtain a good view of the surrounding plain, Dawson adjusted his glass, and began to crawl up to a higher point, when suddenly he felt some one spring upon him, his arms were pinioned to his side, and he and his assailant rolled over and over down some twenty feet of steep slope into a cleft among the rocks.

"You treacherous dog!" he gasped, as loosing himself by a tremendous struggle, he caught Larry by the throat.

"Whisht, Misther Dawson, sor, an' aise yersilf off me, for it's heavy ye are as lead. Ye'll be breakin' some ov me bones. Arrah, put that shtupid little pishtol away. Didn't ye see as the divils were jist below, an' if I hadn't have pulled ye back they'd have seen ye?"

Dawson stared at his companion, who responded with a broad grin; and then he crept cautiously to the edge of a crag, and peered down into a broad rift which seemed to be the way out into the plain; and there were the very men they sought to avoid, clustered together not fifty yards below, smoking, drinking, and one group playing with a pack of cards.

They were evidently blockading the sole exit from the valley, feeling sure that they had passed their quarry on the way.

Dawson crept back unobserved, and rejoined Larry.

"I beg your pardon, Larry," he said, frankly, holding out his hand.

"Bedad, an' I'd have given it to ye widout yer be-meanin' yersilf to beg, Misther Dawson, sor. I tuk ye by surprise, an' in return ye've tuk all the shkin off me poor shin. Shall I run an' stop thim at wanst?"

"No; watch here, Larry. Take my rifle. Yes, yes, take it. I can run back better without it."

Larry took the piece with an air of deep disgust.

"You must watch, and if there is any change of position, come and warn us. I'll get them back into a place of safety."

"Run, thin, yer honour; bud, bedad, they're close on us again. Listen!"

There was the faint click heard of a mule's hoof, and far up, along a higher track than they had come, they could see the mule-driver some distance in advance. Evidently, from his elevated position he had just caught sight of the men in the ravine, for, running forward, he tied a handkerchief to the end of his mule-staff, and began to wave it in the air.

For a moment Dawson seemed paralyzed; then he snatched the rifle from Larry's hand, dropped on one knee, and took a long and careful aim, hesitated, dropped the piece into the hollow of his arm—it was too long a shot.

The next instant he turned to Larry.

"Quick!" he cried; "follow me. The game's up, but we'll die like men."

A Perfect Pun.

In Mrs. Hamilton's "Lectures on Education," a story is told of a school-girl who, during her examination, persisted in miscalling the word patriarchs *partridges*.

"Oh," was the comment of an auditor, "she makes *game* of the patriarchs."

Sydney Smith characterized this as the most perfect pun he ever knew.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—HARKER'S IDLENESS.

"BLACK, sir, black—it looks black," said Mr. Burge, taking a pinch of snuff, and then tapping the table with his box, he having come over at once to the station on hearing of the warrant being executed, and now being engaged in advising the prisoner in Mr. Superintendent's private room, a man on duty outside being considered by the principal of the establishment sufficient to ensure safety against evasion. "I can't help it, Mr. Madron," continued the lawyer; "but now one comes to put that and that together, the thing looks black."

"But surely you do not for a moment suppose that I—"

"Pooh! my dear sir," said Mr. Burge. "What I suppose is not professional business. Whether you did or did not commit this—well, you know what I mean—is nothing to me. You must have a lawyer. I heard of the scrape, and came over at once to offer to act; but if you would rather have one of the men from either of the other towns, say so—I shan't be a bit offended."

"But will it be necessary for me to have legal assistance?" said Tom. "Will not the mistake be rectified in a few hours?"

"My dear sir," said Mr. Burge, kindly, "it takes a very long time to rectify these mistakes—sometimes they are not rectified until it is too late. They say in law that it is always presumed that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. My experience always seems to point the other way. You must have a legal adviser. You know the saying about the man who pleads his own cause having a fool for his client. Well, don't you have a fool for your client, but take my advice, and let's catch time by the forelock. This Burley will prefer having, perhaps, half a dozen remands before he has you committed for trial."

"Committed!" ejaculated Tom, half starting from his chair.

"Mere form, my dear sir; and, between ourselves, if we can get the Bench to accept bail, the sooner you are committed the better. Are you following me?"

Tom started; for from that word "committed" his mind had gone off to the fact that about this time he should have been attending Jenny at the speaker's house.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "go on."

"Well," said Mr. Burge, "and we must get a good man for the trial—Serjeant Barry or Serjeant Valentine, I should say. We must have a good man, well up in such cases."

"But do you really think it will come to a trial?" said Tom.

"I have no doubt of it, my dear sir; it must come to a trial. What can our bench of old women do? Why, there's not one of them has so much law in his head as an office boy. Why, my clerk knows more than the whole set of them on the fullest bench day. You plead perhaps that all this costs money. Very true; but the neglect of it may cost life."

Tom saw there was reason on the lawyer's side; and they remained busy for another hour, Mr. Burge taking

short notes, after subjecting his client to a sharp examination of his own, till the arrival of a couple of magistrates, when, after a brief hearing, Tom found the truth of the solicitor's words, inasmuch as he was remanded, and bail was decisively refused.

Two days passed, and then Tom was brought up before a full bench of magistrates at the justice-room, and a very little more evidence was adduced; but in spite of Mr. Burge's spirited address and declaration that there was not a tittle of a case against his client, it was enough to make the magistrates grant another remand, and again refuse bail.

"I've done the best I can for you, Mr. Madron," said Burge, when they were once more alone at the station. "The next hearing must be an important one, and unless they've something pretty strong to bring forward, I have hopes—mind, I don't promise anything—I have hopes that we can floor them; but we must be prepared for the worst."

That same evening, as Mr. Superintendent Burley was calmly enjoying his evening pipe, a visitor was announced, and, on being shown into the office, presented the appearance of a middle-aged man, fresh-coloured, and rather grizzled of hair. He had the aspect of a man who would pull out a couple of little canvas bags from one of his side pockets, untie them, and then spill a little corn into his hand, toss it about, taste a few grains, and then tell you you could have it at fifty-five, or, if you'd take the whole ninety-four quarters, at fifty-four six.

Mr. Burley must have had similar thoughts; for expecting a job connected with farm servant pilfering or horse poisoning, he said, as sharply as he could—

"Now, sir, if you please, what's your business?"

"Only about this little job you have on hand, Mr. Burley—this murder."

"What, have you fresh evidence?" said the superintendent, laying down his pipe.

"Not yet, Mr. Burley, not yet. You will just hand over all information, evidence, everything to me. I'm instructed to take the case in hand. That's my card—Sergeant Harker, of the Yard."

Honour and glory are very ephemeral affairs, and so thought Mr. Superintendent Burley. But it did seem hard for him—a superintendent—to have to resign all the management of the most important case he had ever had under his control to a mere sergeant, and to such a shabby-looking animal as this. Had it been a tall, portly individual in uniform, it would not have been so bad; but to a man like this, who seemed to have just come out of a straw-yard or a barn!

However, there was no disputing the vouchers; and Mr. Burley resigned himself with a sigh, and prepared to obey the orders of his superior.

"I shall keep in the background for a day or two, Mr. Burley," he said, quietly. "My name's Smith, and I've come down to look at a farm there is to be sold up here next month, if anybody wants to know my business; not that people are ever curious in a country place. You go on just as if I was not here, and you needn't know me if we meet. I think that's all I've got to say to you. I'm up at the Lion if you want me, mind. Good night."

Mr. Burley, in spite of its being wished, did not at all enjoy a good night, for he was much mortified, and he told his wife in confidence that if it was not for

the respect he had for the force he'd resign, that he would.

But Mr. Burley ate as good a breakfast as usual the next morning, and went about his business as importantly as ever. In the course of the day he encountered Sergeant Harker three times, and each time, judging from appearances, it seemed to be Sergeant Harker's special business to saunter about the town and whistle—whistle very softly a dreary old country ditty in a minor key. It was a doleful air, apparently without beginning or end; and, though Mr. Superintendent Burley did not know it, that tune had been whistled constantly by the sergeant for many years past, and had been the dead march to which more than one celebrated criminal had been led to execution.

Another day passed, and he encountered the sergeant several times, still whistling that same air in the same doleful, miserable key. It was market day in Bubbley Parva, and a good many people were about. Butter was rife in baskets, and on one occasion Mr. Superintendent Burley came down upon the sergeant purchasing the whole contents of one old woman's basket. An hour afterwards he saw him in the pig market, whistling as he ran his fingers up and down the chine of a good Berkshire porker, the pig the while taking it as a proof of friendliness and affection, and leaning heavily towards the rubbing hand. Again he met him, and this time he was testing a farmer's sample of corn—white wheat. Again, he was at the farmers' ordinary, staying, afterwards, in the long room of the Lion to smoke a long churchwarden pipe in company with the stoutest visitors to the market.

"I call it scandalous," said Mr. Superintendent Burley to himself, as he walked out of the hotel, fuming and dabbing his face with his handkerchief. "What does Government mean by sending a fellow like that down to take the matter out of one's hands? A nice mess he'd make of it! It was all plain enough—quite; these men were shut up in London half their time, and when they got into the country it was such a treat that business was all neglected."

But like all men, Mr. Superintendent Burley did not have that "hy" of his on everything at once, and therefore could not see all the proceedings of the gentleman whom he so disrespectfully spoke of as "the man from the Yard."

If he had followed him, he would have found that directly after breakfast Sergeant Harker put his stick under his arm, his hands in his pockets, and, went whistling up the High-street, stopping and staring into all the shop windows—not that there was much to see—until he got as far as Jack Filmer's, where the specimens in the window took his fancy so much that he stooped down, resting his hands upon his knees, and looking at picture after picture, till he seemed suddenly to make up his mind, and entered the shop, tapping the door with his stick.

The result of the tapping was to bring down Fanny, to hold up one hand, as if asking for silence.

"And do you take the likenesses, my dear?" said the sergeant, smiling. "Because, if so, suppose you begin at once."

"Oh no, sir," said Fanny, softly; "but he is bad in bed."

"Bad in bed, is he?" said the sergeant. "Not fever, I hope. Deal of fever about."

Fanny said it was not fever, and being led on by the sergeant, told of Jack's accident, and his state, and as much more as the sergeant liked, including numerous allusions to the Manor House and her late master. In fact, so pleasant a companion did Mr. Sergeant Harker find Fanny, that in return he confided to her how he should like to bring the missus and four young 'uns, and to have them all done together—"With me in the middle for a sort o' fam'ly group."

"I'm sure Mr. Filmer will be glad to do it, and do it beautiful too," said Fanny, "as soon as he gets better; and he is getting better now, though he sleeps a deal."

Then followed another long conversation, in which, somehow, Fanny found herself telling the pleasant, fatherly, farmer-looking visitor all about the Manor House, and Mr. Harvey, and Miss Jenny, and about how awful it was that Mr. Madron should be took, which she (Fanny) didn't believe a bit, "for if ever there was a nice, pleasant gentleman—"

"As ever made love to a pretty girl like you," said the sergeant.

"Which I'm sure he never did," said Fanny, indignantly, "for he's downright in love with Miss Jenny."

"Then he's making a great mistake, I say," said the sergeant, "though I never saw the young lady. But, stop a minute, I should like one of them views of the church. How much are they?"

"Shilling," said Fanny, promptly.

"Shilling. That's too much," said the sergeant. "Can't afford it. Should like to have one, too, in case I came to live here. What's that there one? Market-place, I s'pose; and that's the High-street. I tell you what, I'll give you two shillings for the three."

The bargain was struck, and the money changed hands; and then the sergeant thought that he would like to have a photograph of that fine old house over the way, which was interesting anyhow; but now that there had been a murder, it was worth buying.

Fanny, flushed and happy at being able to do a little business for poor Jack, lying so bad and helpless in bed, supplied this photograph also, and with it as much more information as the sergeant wished for, before he took his leave, promising to come again some of these days, "when pretty one's master was up and about." At which Fanny blushed, and then looked pitiful as she thought of the state of the sufferer upstairs, and wondered whether it was her coldness that had made him a little loose and dissipated, and got him into the scrape that had resulted so badly for him.

When she roused herself from her brown study and went to the door, it was to see her late visitor whistling away softly as he went down the street with the photographs in his hat.

Cartoon.

HENRY LEE, Consulting Naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium.

Penance.

An Alsatian woman recently went to confession.

"Father," she said, "I have committed a great sin."

"Well," cried the priest, perceiving that she paused.

"I dare not say it—it is too grievous."

"Come, come, courage."

"I have married a Prussian."

"Keep him, my daughter—that's your penance," decided the holy man.

Parted.

IN a bosky dell, and shady,
 All among the larch and fir,
 Once I met a little lady,
 And was soon engaged to her.
 We were in the seventh heaven,
 Now we're somewhat in a fix,
 For my darling lives in Devon,
 And the fare is twelve and six.



Here in London, grim and gritty,
 You will p'raps be glad to hear,
 I've a clerkship in the City
 Worth a hundred pounds a year;
 There I grind from ten to seven,
 Learning sharp commercial tricks,
 While my darling stays in Devon,
 For the fare is twelve and six.



Not for us, however fleeting,
 Ball, or Row, or moonlight walk;
 Not for us the frequent meeting,
 Not for us the "spoony" talk.
 Nothing of a lighter leaven
 With our sombre lot can mix,
 For my darling lives in Devon,
 And the fare is twelve and six.

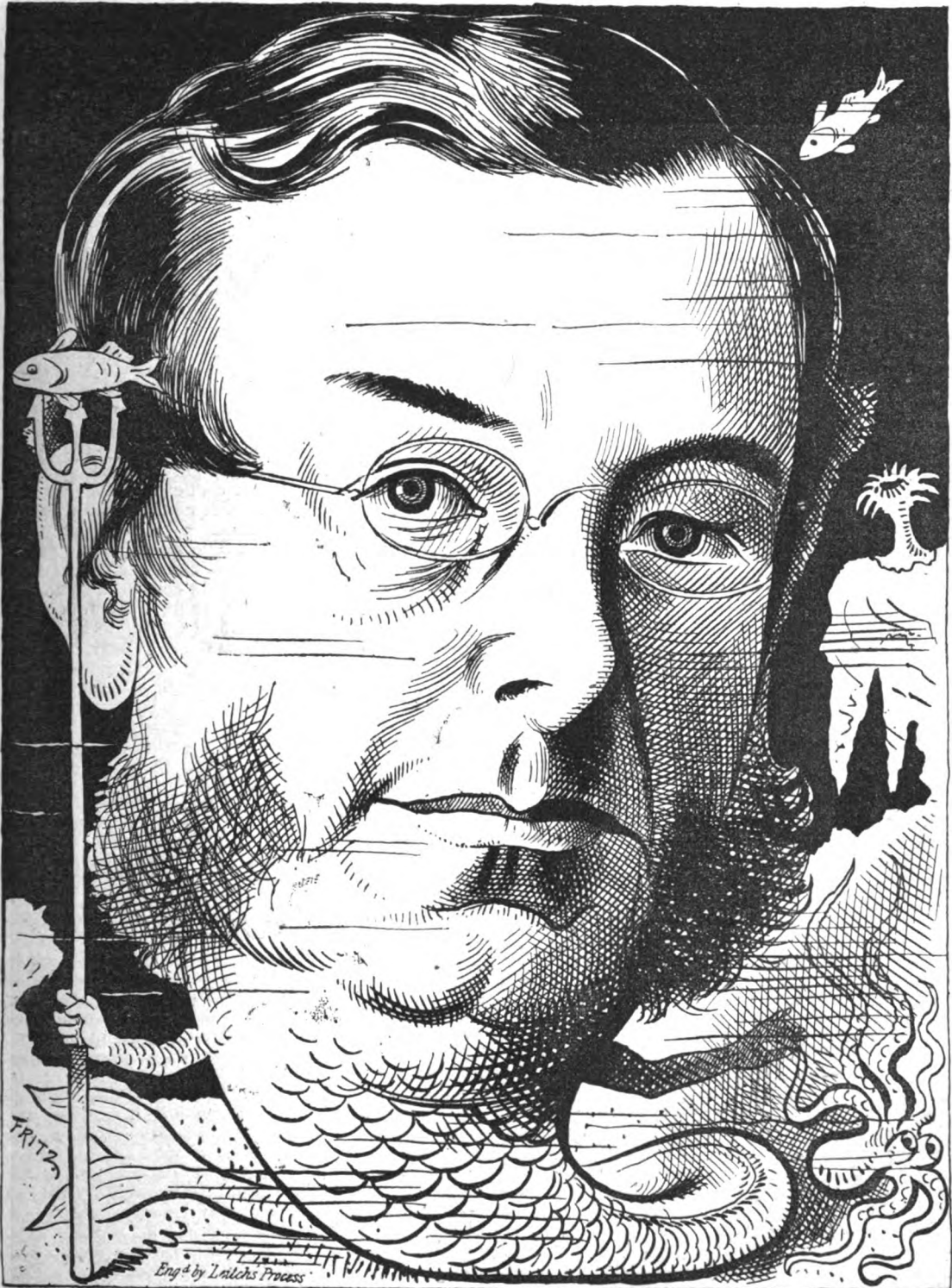
THE READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

Real Tin.

CORNWALL, one of the sweetest and yet one of the wildest counties in England, where miles of shore are composed of piled-up granite and trap rock, upon whose craggy sides the billows foam and leap; where miles upon miles of the traveller's road lie through desolations of the most desolate moorland, covered with immense fragments of granite, and soil of the poorest as to vegetation, but richest as to mineralogy, as is proved by the scores of mining works appearing everywhere: down in the valley, where the stream is directed out of its course, and discoloured with the tin washing; on that side of the craggy hill, upon its very summit;

down upon the sea-shore, where the waves come tumbling in and threatening destruction to the gloomy shafts; up on the verge of the tall precipice, almost inaccessible, while the narrow paths along the rock or cliff side are giddy, and threaten unknown dangers. A rich soil this, in spite of its barrenness; for here we delve tin, copper, nickel, bismuth, iron, manganese, lead, antimony; while the quarries yield rich building stone, kaolin and steatite for the china manufacturer, and possess a monopoly of the beautiful green and red serpentine spangled with diallage—the richest coloured stone yet adapted to ornamental purposes. A rich soil this, in spite of its dreary aspect and mountains of grey or red *debris* from the mines, and the desolate ruins of many an unsuccessful speculation. Mines are famed for their treachery; and the falling of the share list is here written often enough in rugged granite walls, broken, rusting machinery, and smokeless shafts. But on with me another mile or two, and the aspect of the country is entirely



"ALL ALIVE, O!"

changed: there are no mines here visible, but the sweetest of smiling landscapes—rich pastures, albeit with just enough of the grey granite peeping amongst the grass to give a picturesque appearance, an aspect aided by the want of hedges, their places being supplied by rugged lichen and moss-covered granite, rough-hewn walls, from out of whose interstices hang myriads of graceful ferns, so rich, luxuriant, and plentiful that in a short walk a keen-eyed visitor may collect a dozen beautiful varieties. Tall, luxuriant foxgloves shoot up their purple flower-spikes in profusion; a delicate pink-leaved and pale-flowered stone-crop scatters its stars, too, in every direction over the rugged stone, in company with lichens of grey, buff, and the richest orange. Everywhere there is a rich store for the botanist; whilst the general observer feasts upon the general smiles of the country. In every field, for the especial behoof of the cattle, a tall granite stone is set on end for the purpose said to have been studied by a great Duke of Argyll, whose name the Scotch still bless; the red-coated cows, lazily ruminating, have a comfortable look about them that seems to whisper of the thick clouted cream placed upon the table at every meal; while the sheep have a wild, active, gamey look that tells of a rich flavour. Legs tied together to restrain their leaping propensities, and then, too, even coupled. The epicure would gloat here over the thoughts of a saddle slice, and with reason.

Only a short distance, and we were in the rough mining parts; here we are walking in the shade of a fine avenue of trees—elm, beech, and sycamore. We are low down in the vale, and up to the left stretches a vast green, umbrageous bank, ornamented with wild crags of granite—ruinous rock-work, fringed with ferns and creepers, while the ivy has flowed to the edge, and then, a river of green, trickled down in leafy cascades to the rich soil beneath. Here we have a dipping well—a quiet, damp nook filled with limpid water, which reflects the ferns clustering from the arched granite roof which covers it in, and keeps from it dust and heat.

Down to the left, sloping still towards the bottom of the valley, are orchards of many old apple trees, pastures, and garden ground. Up rises the luxuriant earth again upon the other side, steep and scarped, but rich here in tree and shrub or rank pasturage. It is shady here, and a soft whispering breeze floats through the vale—so softly, though, that hardly a leaf is stirred; but the cooling element of the place is the rapid trout stream, running in the bottom over its rugged rock bed—a cataract here, a tiny pool there, a ferny throne for faun or dryad here; now joined by a tiny rill that might have been poured down the hillside, from an elfin urn, by some disciple of Pan. "Lull-lull-lull," soft, soothing sounds, as the plashing cadence of the water music is swept along, while the fretted sunlight that dances through the trees flashes again from the sparkling water, hurrying on to hide itself, free, happy, and light, schoolboy-like, just released from its task—in this case, that of turning a large water-wheel, and perhaps in ignorance that in a few more minutes its strength will have to be collected for it to turn another, before it plunges into the sullied bed by the fishing village, where it is made the receptacle for heads, tails, and vertebræ of fish, leaves and stalks of cabbage, ashes and dust, and the other items

of refuse to be found in every place where folk in humble life do congregate.

I have brought you into this sweet sylvan vale; and what for, think you? Why, to see the melting of the tin raised "to grass" from the many mines of the neighbourhood. I might, perchance, have taken you to Chyandour; but the walk here was pleasant, and so we have come to Stable Hobba, the melting works of Mr. Mitchell, near Penzance. Confess you had thoughts of blackening and chemical-belching chimney shafts; the land blurred and wasted by the poisonous exhalations; and all gloomy and manufactoryish. You must go elsewhere for such aspects—to Cardiff or Swansea, perhaps, where the copper is taken for smelting, or to the Black Country itself; for these works are situated in a vale that many a London millionaire would gladly own for the site of his mansion.

A large building, with trees all around; tall, iron-bound chimneys; a faint roar and glow here and there; a turning wheel, with its musical plash; and a vast heap of coals and scoria, but all kept neatly within certain bounds, are the externals of the place. But here comes something evidently in our way—a rude half dray, half wain, with very low sides, whose horses seem to be making a vast deal of fuss over drawing nothing—their load being a few little narrow bags or sacks, dirty, brown, and damp. However, a touch dispels the illusion, for the little sacks are ponderous, and are filled with crushed and dressed tin from the Great Wheal Vor Mine, brought here to be smelted.

We follow the weighty sacks from the wain to the weighing-room, thence to the hatch or wooden store where the tin is kept, and past the great kettle where the bags are washed, that nothing of the metallic treasure be lost; and now we are introduced to the dressed tin—tin of the richest, from one of the best mines—in the shape of a heap, a small heap, which we are told weighs some eight or nine tons, and is worth about £500.

Call up all you can remember from the "Arabian Nights" and your own imagination of glittering prismatic tints—sparkling, gem-like fragments—brightest ray-darting lustre—a heap that you should kneel before, and, like Edmond Dantes, plunge in your arm up to the shoulder. As you turned up the bright treasure, prepare yourself for a surprise; for, doubtless, ere now you have been shown rainbow-tinted pieces of rough ore all glittering and gay; so what must the pure-dressed tin be?

Have you seen your gardener empty three or four barrowsful of tolerably rich ash-charged soil down in a heap in your garden? because, if so, you have seen the *fac simile* of our valuable heap of wet tin from Wheal Vor—a heap of dark-brown, damp, sandy earth, with a slight glistening grain amongst it, due to the particles of iron.

But we are not surprised, for tin was always of a deceitful character; in childhood's days, in all good faith, we believed Betty that the pots, kettles, and saucepans of common life were tin; and it was some time before we woke—and it is possible that some are not even now aroused—to the fact that our kitchen utensils are not composed of tin, but of thin iron, coated with a slight film of the glistening metal, as may be seen where it is rubbed off, or where the iron has rusted through—tin being of itself too soft a metal for working up into shapes where durability is required.

However, the courteous clerk of the works is ready to lead on, and soon we are in the midst of a lofty, well ventilated building, where there is the dull, low roar of the reverberating furnaces to be heard; and here and there the sharp keen ray of light darting out to tell of the furious heat within. In one place stand the bright, stamped, massive blocks of fine tin, finished, and waiting to be sold; in another place, rough ingots of secondary tin; in another, yellowy-tinted masses yet lying in the iron moulds where they had been ladled to cool from the receptacle beneath the furnace mouth, where the remaining dross lies splashed and collected around in tints of the brightest and most varied. A few steps farther, and we are introduced to a tin kettle—a veritable tin kettle—only even this is iron, a huge iron basin made to contain ten tons of liquid tin, placed in it to be refined. There is a furnace beneath it, and above a continuance of iron rings, made to contain a few pieces of green apple-wood; and as soon as the tin is sufficiently liquified these pieces of wood are plunged beneath the surface, when the creation of the gases causes the molten lead to bubble and boil up violently—the very ceiling and walls of the building being covered with splashes of tin—the effect of the ebullition being that the impurities rise to the top, and the workmen are able to ladle out the metal in a state of purity.

But we are wanted here, beside this roaring furnace, where the swarthy, sweat-shining, two-eyed Cyclops is busy thrashing at a little hole with a huge iron bar. The cement he is breaking seems hard, but he chips it away piecemeal, and then comes trickling out a tiny orange stream of dazzling brightness, flowing swiftly on from out the hole in the furnace to a receptacle, where it lies with many-tinted flames playing upon its surface. But it is not allowed to run for long, since this is not a regular smelting—only the separating of tin from refuse that was being re-melted; and now, as the Cyclops again comes up, with his iron rod armed at the end with a lump of wet fire-clay, the fact is pointed out to us that there is no more tin coming from the furnace, only “glass,” though all we see is that the stream flowing is yellow instead of orange. The wet clay is directly applied to the glowing hole, and the stream flows no more, and we stand gazing at the deceptive tin in this its fresh place of deceit; but the orange glory is departing fast, and when it has been ladled into the black ingot moulds behind, doubtless we shall recognize it in its familiar guise.

Another demand upon our attention, at another mouth of the roaring furnace; and here a gutter has been formed right across the floor of the building, from the furnace door to the yard, between two ridges of black scoria, which we are told is termed “glass.” And now the little door of the furnace is dragged away, we are warned to stand back, and out rushes a golden river, bubbling, dancing, and playing like the sylvan stream outside in the vale, only that the flowers that dance over this are flowers of flame. Gush, gush, gush, harried by a huge rake thrust into the furnace, till the fluid comes slowly, and where it has run to outside the building we find that all that's bright must fade, for the golden river is fast turning into black cindery slag, and will soon be broken up and carried away, unless it shows a speck or two of tin, when it is re-melted.

In spite of the crushing and cleaning the tin receives

before being brought to the smelting works, it contains iron, and frequently small quantities of copper and lead; while another troublesome metal is arsenic, which is sometimes found, when the tin requires considerably more smelting to drive it off. When the tin is first placed in the furnace it is in company with a fifth part of anthracite, and then the flames pass over it for six hours before the place is tapped and the first tin run off—the “glass” afterwards following, and when cold, being broken up by the stamps at the water-mill, ready for re-fusing; while at its issue from the furnace it gives an excellent idea in miniature of the running of lava from a volcano.

We learn from our guide that the earthy-looking ore we saw is worth from fifty to sixty pounds per ton, and yields perhaps seventy per cent. of pure metal, worth nearly ninety pounds per ton; and upon following him to the assaying-room we find a small charcoal furnace, with black-lead crucibles, scales, weights, samples of tin in powder, black and bright silvery ingots, which give a good sign of their value by crackling sharply when bent. Here the different ores are tested, and a value put upon them by the per centage of pure metal they yield when smelted; and in an inner room we are shown specimens of the various ores in their natural state; but we reserve that for a future paper, though this cannot be closed without notice being taken of an exceedingly common trait throughout Cornwall. Upon leaving these works mention is made of a small sum being given to the men for what our German friends call *trinkgeld*; but here, as in most places, we find the men to be water-drinkers and strict disciples of Father Mathew.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER X.—HIATUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN I took possession of my rooms in St. Hia-tus College, Cambridge, I thought that I was a stranger in a strange land, with the task of forming acquaintances before me; but on going to the Senate House to matriculate, I found that to be a mistake.

“Hallo, Hamilton!” cried a voice, even as I was passing across the court.

And, turning round, I recognized one Claridge, who had been in the same form with me at Eton.

We greeted, and walked on together to the Senate House, where a crowd of youths in brand-new caps and gowns were clustered.

“Why, there is Tempest!”

“And Broderip!”

And I found myself shaking hands with half-a-dozen old Eton acquaintances.

We formed a set at once, and dined together at one particular table in the hall, and met to drink wine in Tempest's rooms afterwards, and esteemed the other freshmen rather inferior to ourselves; and though, of course, this exclusive clannishness became modified presently, as each individual extended his circle of acquaintance, it existed throughout the whole of our college career.

But my most intimate friend at Eton had been Langley, who did not come up with the freshmen; but he arrived shortly, and I went to King's and saw him.

He had altered a good deal. Instead of the dreamy look of his boyhood, he had now a sharp, keen glance. The hardness of his mouth—that peculiar expression which arises from habitual compression of the lips—had become more remarkable; but his manners had been revolutionized, for they were now urbane and winning, and he, the most untidy boy at Eton, was spruce and fashionable about his dress.

His health, however, did not seem to have improved. He still looked delicate, with a consumptive complexion, and a readiness to catch a cough whenever a cold wind was blowing.

I do not know that others noticed all this, but Edward Langley had always been a problem to me, to be watched with particular and curious interest; and now I saw him again this old feeling revived.

"I am glad you have come up to Cambridge, and that you have called on me, and seem to bear me no grudge," said he, on our first meeting. "You ought to have been in these rooms instead of me, by rights."

"Why should I blame you for that?" I replied. "You had nothing to do with that matter. And if I was to lose King's, I had sooner a friend had it."

"That is the sensible way of looking at it, of course," said he; "but so few fellows are sensible. The others behaved rascally badly, though."

"I think I was treated meanly," I replied. "But all that is past and gone now."

"Right again. If there were no such thing as memory, the past would have no existence."

The others who have been before mentioned in these pages had not altered, only developed. Tempest was still handsome and engaging when pleased, but subject to ungovernable fits of anger when thwarted in the attainment of any object he had set his heart on; and as he was perpetually desiring things which were difficult of attainment, the evil look of passion marked his handsome features.

Broderip, who had vices but no passions, was foppish about his dress, effeminate in his tastes, and a great eater of toads. Fancy an undergraduate with a Debre'tt's Peerage in his rooms! It is a fact that he had one—or a similar work, if it was before Debre'tt's time; and when he got a man of titled family to one of his parties, he would talk of blood till one might have thought, as Claridge told him one day, that he was either a vampire or a black pudding maker.

I went up to Cambridge with the firm intention of reading hard, and I stuck to this resolution with some tenacity for the first half-year, and won a scholarship, which made a nice little addition to my two hundred a year. But after that I relaxed. Early rising was a bore; lounging about in different men's rooms was pleasant; I wanted to learn French, and puzzling out the novels of Pigault Le Brun was more diverting than the extractions of square roots; little dinners were so enjoyable, supper parties so jolly, pool such a capital game, loo and vingt-et-un so exciting.

And then I reflected that there was no use in my going out in honours, for the living of Oakham was secured to me; and so long as I scraped through, and took my degree, what did it matter?

Why even Langley, the arch-student at school, had taken the cue for his pen, and a pack of cards for his lexicon, now that his fellowship was secured. And a rare skilful use he made of his new tools.

He and I remained good friends, and I believe that he was more intimate and confidential with me than with any one else—but that was not saying much; and he was so constantly with a certain horsey set of men, who were much given to betting and higher play than I liked, and who had allowances with which my modest income could not compete, that I did not see him every day. My most frequent companion was Claridge, a good-humoured little man, full of fun, sparkle, and repartee. Not but what he was richer than myself, and fond of riding, and a rare good horseman he was, too; and for the sake of his companionship I incurred expenses for the hire of hacks which I could not properly afford. But he was not so ostentatious as the set alluded to, and neither liked their stolid solemnity nor their high stakes.

"It is bad enough to lose with those fellows," he said; "but I think it costs more to win. You part with your ready money, and get nothing but I O U's."

"Langley seems to get his money from them," replied I, laughing.

"Langley? Trust him. That's his talent. But every one is not a Langley. Do you know how he paid out Cooper?"

"No."

"Why, Cooper wanted to get rid of that grey horse of his, and agreed to sell it to Langley for fifty guineas. Langley took it, paid him forty-five pounds of the money in his own I O U's, and sold the horse again a fortnight after for sixty."

I remember a big breakfast given by Claridge in our second year. His father had come up to see him, and he gathered as many of his friends together as his rooms would hold to meet him. Claridge senior was a jolly, sturdy squire, in whose company you could not remain five minutes without seeing from which side his son inherited his fun and good humour. He was in high glee at finding himself in the midst of a pack of boys, and evidently enjoyed our airs and pretensions immensely. But when at length sausages, kidneys, steaks, cutlets, sally-lunns, game pies, &c., had disappeared; when the table was cleared and foaming tankards of ale were set upon it; when every undergraduate filled and lit his pipe, and a dense cloud of smoke obscured the apartment and floated gracefully through the open window, then the Tory awoke within the squire, and he began to criticise the innovations which had offended him.

"Ah," said he, "you young fellows are all very well, but sadly degenerate. In my University days we did not amuse ourselves by tugging a boat along a narrow ditch; we hunted, and we shot, and we drove our tandems like gentlemen. We did not drink beer for breakfast, but claret; and those who liked tobacco smoked cigars, not vulgar pipes."

"Eh, father, and what you say is true and full of force," cried Claridge junior. "The fact is, I interpreted what you said to me about expenses too narrowly. There is a bin of capital claret at Sloe's which I was hesitating about: I will have it. And I was looking yesterday at some cigars of a first-rate brand, and in prime condition, but they were rather dear, so I only had half-a-pound of them; and there is a little hunter just now for sale, nicely up to my weight—"

"Stop, stop," cried the father. "You did not hear me out. I am not denying that boating is a very healthy exercise, and beer a more strengthening liquor

than thin French wine, after all. And if we go up to a generation before mine, we come to the pipes again. And there is no doubt that many men of my year were hampered half through their lives by the debts they incurred at college."

I never saw the *argumentum ad marsupium*, or argument to the purse, more successfully urged.

Not that I suppose the squire was convinced at all, only silenced. If not in one thing, why in another—in most—his own youth was a better affair than his son's. If I went up to Cambridge to-morrow, I have no doubt that I should find the work of retrogression was advancing, as an Irishman might say. The existing Cantabs have one decided advantage over those of my time, however—they have, I fear, plenty of licensed billiard tables in the town; while we, as on that morning, always had to go over to Chesterton for a game.

When we arrived at the public room most in vogue, we found Spott and Plane playing a match, and Langley lounging on the raised seat watching them.

"They are playing the best of three," said he, when we had entered. "Spott has won one game, and is ten to the other's love. Would any one like to lay three to one on him?"

"I'll lay two to one," said Phlatt.

"No, I said three."

"Well, then, hang it, it should be a certainty. I'll lay three."

Plane won that game.

"Now I'll lay even on Spott," said Langley.

"Done!" cried Phlatt. "My first bet looks bad, and that will hedge it."

"Done!" echoed Langley.

"But, I say, look here," cried poor Phlatt, five minutes afterwards. "I may lose two, and I cannot possibly win anything."

"Exactly," said Langley, and there was a roar of laughter. "I'll let you off the last bet, if you like," he added.

"No," said Phlatt, sulkily. "Plane is forty-three, and has a break."

And so Plane had, and he won the game.

"And now I'll play the winner for a sovereign," said Langley.

And he did, and won it. And then we had a pool.

"Will anybody back anything for the sculls? Or for the Chester Cup?" inquired the indefatigable speculator.

As we walked back to Cambridge together, after the party had broken up, I asked him if he remembered that conversation we had had years ago in the Eton playing fields.

"Perfectly," he replied. "I do not often indulge in talking over my private affairs, and am not likely to forget it."

"You have changed wonderfully since then," said I.

"Indeed, how so?" he replied.

"Why, at that time you despised all games, and now you go in for them more keenly than any fellow I know."

"Games, indeed! Come, I know you will not blab, and I don't mind telling you. Before I came up I took lessons from a London billiard marker, and if I had not proved good at it, I should never have touched a cue again. Then I watched these men here at cards, and saw that many of them played so stupidly or rashly

that any man who had brains and coolness, and did not drink, could win to a certainty. I am only following out my programme. But the profits are very petty. I long to get my necessary residence over, and arrive at the age of twenty-one, and then I shall go regularly into business in London. In the meanwhile, every little helps. I intend to be rich, my boy, rich. I still stick to that."

"By Jove!" I cried, fairly astonished. "And that relative, who settled in France, and was so kind to you—is he all right?"

"The man who paid for my schooling, you mean. Oh, yes, he is well enough. I have freed him from the burden of my support, and I owe him a good turn. He is not very well off, I fear; I must do something for him, if I get rich soon enough. If not, he has a daughter, and I am her godfather, and I shall not forget her. If I die without children, she will have all my property. Ah, you are grinning. I am pretty sanguine, to dispose of my fortune before I have got it, am I not?"

"And you mean to say," said I, "that living as you do, on your resources, you do not get into debt?"

"Living as I do! Why, I lead the life of an anchorite: I hardly spend anything, I have no vices, I indulge in no luxuries—at my own expense, I mean—and I have made money. Not very much; I never win enough of any man to hamper him, and I know the means of every one I sit down with. Still, there are some rich ones who *will* throw their spare cash out of window, and I might as well catch my share as another."

"Exactly," said I; but I did not feel satisfied that it was all right.

From the scenes and conversations touched upon you can tell what sort of life I led at Cambridge. A lounging, idle existence, not energetically vicious, like Tempest's, who was always getting away to London, either with leave, or clandestinely, and who had the discredit—or credit, as, not to blench from the truth, many esteemed it—of devoting his life to intrigue; not that of a gambler, like Langley's, though I was always playing at different games for small stakes, and had the reputation of winning; and so I did, perhaps about five pounds in a term. I was not a hunting man, though I went out four or five times in the season; or a boating man, though I pulled in our second boat one May. In short, I had no speciality. I was waiting for the living of Oakham, that was the simple fact, and amusing myself in the meanwhile, just to pass away the time. Who ever attends seriously to anything during the half-hour he is waiting for a train? Really, that is hardly an exaggerated example of my condition.

I had indeed a strong feeling in my heart, my love for Mary Glading; an earnest purpose, to win and marry her. But, begging the pardon of poets and romancers, I do not think that love can fill the life when one is at a distance from the object of it.

If, indeed, I had chosen to indulge the mood in which I sometimes found myself, and had taken long solitary walks, thinking about the object of my affections, and composing sonnets to her eyebrows, I might have worked myself up into a most deplorable condition. But I dreaded all that. To think, and hope, and wish made me melancholy; and that I abhorred. So when I found myself conjuring up Mary's image, and sigh-

ing, I rushed off to seek the noisiest man I knew; and sometimes, if the attack was very bad, I am afraid I had recourse to an extra pint of wine. The custom of drinking a good deal had not yet gone out in those days, as some say it has now. If the spooney fit came on in the middle of the night, I would jump up, light a candle, get my pipe and an amusing book, and read vigorously till I was sleepy. Exorcising the belle with pipe, book, and candle, in fact.

Even as it was, my love had an enervating effect upon my mind; what it would have done if I had given way to it, I cannot imagine. This is a description of my feelings during absence. When I was actually in Mary's company I was cheerful and happy enough.

For I took Mr. Glading at his word, and spent part of every vacation at his house; though I had not the conscience to stay the whole time, especially in the summer, when there is a gap in the Cambridge year from June to October. The vicar was not a rich man, his house was small, and he often had other friends to visit him; for I never had Mary all to myself again, as I had done during those short, happy weeks which intervened between leaving Mr. Prosser's and going up to Cambridge. Her father feared that she would find it dull living alone with him if she had no companion of her own age, and he sought the society of his neighbours. Besides, the overgrowth of London had begun to reach as far as Brockford, and new houses had been built there, inhabited by families several of which were partly composed of young ladies of about Mary's own age. And then Mary found out that she was a grown woman, and the proprieties had to be considered.

But that which inflicted the severest blow on the old confidential relations between Mary and myself, and alarmed me most for my chances of success in my love, was the arrival from India of a widow, named Mrs. Courtland, a cousin of Mr. Glading's, who took a handsome house in London, and constantly invited Mary, to whom she took a great fancy, to come and stay with her.

Mrs. Courtland had contrived good matches for her three daughters, and openly avowed her intention of doing as much for her pretty cousin. She kept her carriage, and lived in some style; was fond of balls and gaiety. Altogether, I had slightly some cause for alarm, and I hated her handsome face, though I carefully concealed the fact, for she took rather a fancy to me, and I was always welcome to her house. So the temptation to be a hypocrite, and court her, was too great to be resisted.

My doubts and fears were unusually strong towards the close of one vacation, about the time I have now reached. Mary and I happened, for a wonder, to be alone one morning, and she remarked on the lugubriousness of my looks.

"The fact is, I have been thinking," I explained.

"Dear, dear, don't do that often, Jack, or I shall not know you; it does not agree with you."

"You are going to stay with that Mrs. Courtland again," said I, with a sigh.

"That Mrs. Courtland!" cried Mary. "Is she not a very kind and delightful person?"

"Oh, very. But you will be so gay, you will forget poor me."

"Stupid! Why should not being moped hurt my memory?"

"You do not understand," said I. "I love you so excessively, Mary, and I want you to marry me, and you will be seeing some one richer, and that you like better, amongst all the men you meet at your cousin's."

"Marry! you great goose, Jack. Fancy us marrying."

"Well, and why not? Do you not love me?"

"Why, of course; but not like that. I never thought of such a thing. I do not want to marry, and be an old woman for years and years and years."

"Ah," said I; "but when I am a parson, and have got a living, I must have a wife, you know, or all the young ladies in the parish will be scratching their eyes out for me. And I could never marry any one but you."

"Really?"

"Really."

"We will see about it, then, when the time comes. Now I must go and order dinner. Let me see, you like veal, and as you are going back to school soon, you must be indulged."

Was there ever such a tantalizing little cat?

Things New and Old.

What's in a Name.

Maria is a very popular name in Illinois. When a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated neighbourhood, and plaintively calls out "Mariar!" twenty or thirty windows are hastily thrown up, from which protrude twenty or thirty feminine heads wildly answering "What?"

No Go.

An Albany poet narrates, in stanzas too numerous to be transferred to this column, but the pith of which we select, the result of his serenade of a beautiful and rich Boston girl:—

"My life, my fortune, all I have,
I tender now to you;
I live in a three-storey house,
And I am well to do.

Wilt go with me? You hesitate?
'Tis yes, in accents sweet and low;
Down came the water on my pate,
She thundered out, 'No! go!'"

(I interpreted this as no go.)

Luna.

A young gentleman remarked to his female companion the other evening—

"Ah! the most beautiful evening in my recollection. Luna looks peculiarly beautiful."

"Was that her just went by?" quickly asked the young lady.

Mendicancy.

A female applicant for aid appeared at the office of the director of the poor, in Detroit, the other day, with a sad and anxious look, and, on being asked what she wanted, replied—

"I'd like some money."

"How much?"

"Well, I can't say, exactly; how much do you generally give out to them when they want to buy a bead belt?"

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XIV.—OUT OF THE VALLEY.

LARRY gave one glance over the crag behind him, to see that the scoundrels below were in perfect unconsciousness of what was going on upon the mountain slope, and then dashed after his leader; but before they had gone many yards they stopped, as if spell-bound by the sight which met their eyes, for they had seen Adams suddenly rush forward and tear down the signal, and the next moment he and the muleteer were engaged in a fearful struggle upon what seemed to be quite a narrow ledge. The mules were halted some distance back, and from the composed way in which the women kept their places, it was evident that the sight was hidden from them by some interposing crag.

It was a dire struggle, but did not last above a minute, during which the two men heaved and swayed here and there, till, reaching the edge, they remained bent over, trying hard to recover their balance; then they fell, and rolled over and over down the steep side, to disappear the next moment from their view.

Larry uttered a cry as they disappeared, and bounded forward, closely followed by Dawson. The way was very painful, though, and soon became a climb down to where at last they found Adams, looking very pale and dazed, sitting upon a fragment of rock.

"An' are ye killed, mather dear?" cried Larry, feeling him all over. "Not a bone bruk," he cried, joyfully; "only his head, an' that don't mather a bit."

"Not much the matter, I believe," said the young man, giving himself a shake, and taking a little whisky from Dawson's flask.

"And that treacherous scoundrel," exclaimed Dawson; "he hasn't escaped?"

Adams pointed down into a rift from which he had crawled.

Larry sprang down on the instant, to come back after a few minutes with a strange, dry look upon his countenance.

"Dead?" said Dawson, in a hoarse whisper.

"Are there any crows an' bastes ov burden ov that kind in this part ov the counthry, sor?" said Larry, evading the question.

Dawson nodded.

"Yes," he said, "plenty."

"Thin, be the same token, I hope the black-hearted villin won't disagree wid thim. There's the ladies a-beckonin' ov ye. Come along, for thim chaps may make thim out, after all."

"Was he quite dead, Larry?" said Dawson, hanging back to speak to the Irishman, as they climbed toward the ledge where the mules stood, as patient as so many sheep.

"Sure, sor, I didn't like to say so before the mather, but the baste fell legs upwards; an'," he added, in a whisper, "he hadn't got any head left worth spakin' about."

Dawson shuddered, and the next minute they were leading the mules back into a place of safety, which they found among the rocks, where at least they could count upon being secure from observation.

Here, while the mules were resting and partaking of

their provender, a council of war was called, and the matter argued in all its bearings. It was impossible to hide from the women the fact that they were in the midst of dangers; but they bore it all with fortitude, and a look of admiration more than once stole across Dawson's face as Mary made some quiet, sensible remark.

Two courses seemed open to them—to retreat and give up the project for the time, as the valley was open in their rear, or to go forward and try either to find a way of getting out on to the plain on the right, or boldly pass by the ruffians' camp.

"Well, Larry," said Dawson at last—for that individual had sat sucking the end of his stick and listening attentively—"well, Larry, what do you say?"

"Sure, yer honour, it isn't for the likes ov me to make plans, only to take ordhers."

"Never mind; tell us what you'd do. Would you go back?"

"Would I go back?" said Larry, in a tone of contempt. "I jist wouldn't for the likes ov thim!"

"Then what would you do?"

"What would I do, yer honour? I'd invint a sthrati-jim, an' deludher the varmint. I'd jist fade the bastes full to contintment, an' muzzle their fate, an' thin stale by the ill-lookin' ruffians, laughin' in me slave at thim for a set ov fools, beggin' the ladies' pardons."

"I'm for Larry's plan," said Dawson.

"So am I," said Adams.

"And I'll tell you what it is, Larry, only let us have good luck and get to the silver region, it's no little sum you shall have to take back with you to the old country, if you want to go."

"Sure, yer honour," said Larry, with a cock of his eye, "an' isn't it a bad plan to begin givin' away what ye haven't got?"

"There, get some sleep," said Dawson, laughing, "and I'll take the watch."

Objections were made, but overruled.

"Unless you have rest you cannot get through the task to-night," said Dawson.

And the force of his remarks was patent to all.

The sun seemed to come down with greater force than ever as the afternoon wore on, and Dawson saw from where he watched a couple of the enemy come up twice, and take a long look down the valley; but they soon retired, and he, in his turn, stole forward, and creeping from crag to crag, keeping himself well under cover, thoroughly made himself master of the bearings of the place, with the result that he soon found that there was no way by which mules could pass save along by where the enemy watched. On foot they might have climbed down from rock to rock, and so gained the plain, but with their beasts of burden here was the only opening.

He was returning, when a detached stone suddenly rattled down close by him, and he had only time to throw himself flat on his face close under a large crag, when he became aware of the fact that one of the spies was up above him, climbing higher and higher, and looking right over where he lay.

It was a narrow escape, and he lay for quite half an hour, aware that a movement on his part must mean betrayal of his position. Then he heard the fellow retire, whistling, and he crept back in safety to their hiding-place.

The fatigue of the party had been so great that, save

the watch, they all slept heavily till about ten, when Adams awoke them. Refreshment was partaken of, and they prepared for their start.

By the time the women were ready the mules' feet had been covered with the woollen rug pads. Every arrangement possible had been made for their safety, and they set off, Dawson going on in advance as scout, Larry bearing his orders to and fro to Adams, who led the first mule.

Slowly, step by step, they crept on down a precipitous ravine—so carefully that hardly a stone was moved. It was as though a ghostly procession was on its way, the phantoms of some former mule train; and at last they reached the lower level, where there was what might be termed the pathway to the valley—the place where the enemy had pitched their camp.

Here they halted for a few minutes, to be joined by Dawson and Larry, the former giving his final orders in a whisper to Adams—namely, that as soon as they were out of the shadow of the rocks he was to turn sharp round to the right, and, making the moon his mark, lead the mules right on her silvery track for the next two hours, and then, if not overtaken by him, to halt for one hour. That space of time past, Dawson advised that they should travel on till morning, and then seek some safe place where they could rest for a week; and then it would be wise for them to return—giving up the quest.

"But you, Mr. Dawson?" said Mrs. Adams, anxiously.

"Well, my dear madam," he said, sadly, "it will be only a bit of fate. However, I am talking of the worst, and of what you must do if those fellows stop Larry and me; for though we go in front now, we shall halt by the camp here till you get by, and then try to follow. Good-bye," he said, warmly.

"For the present—good-bye," said Mrs. Adams; "but had we not better give up?"

"Hist—not so loud. They are not two hundred yards away, though they all seem to be asleep and no watch set. Give up? Oh, no! That would never do."

He took a step or two to where Mary Adams was standing by her mule, and held out his hand to her without a word.

Mary seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then she gave him her hand, saying "Good-bye" quite calmly.

The next minute he gave Adams a few final orders, and then she saw him step out of the dark shadow where they stood, and, closely followed by Larry, go silently on along the level toward where the scarped rocks on the right rose higher, and cast a shadow right across this the narrowest part of the "gate." Then they seemed to disappear—all three who watched noticing how soon a departing figure grew misty in the distance, and auguring therefrom well for their escape—*could they once pass the enemy.*

"Up on your mule, Mary," said Adams, helping her; "and now be ready. Perfect silence, mind. We start in a minute."

Adams's blood ran cold, for, as he helped his sister to mount, the mule gave an impatient squeal, and stamped with one of its fore-feet.

At another time this would have been enough to set the whole train of seven in commotion; but they were replete, and perhaps sleepy. Not another paid any heed to the skittish objector, and the time being up,

Adams uttered one more word of warning, drew his revolver with his right hand, took the leading mule's bridle with the left, and started out of the shadow, the other docile beasts following in single file, and in perfect silence.

Not two hundred yards to traverse before they would be level with the spot where the desperadoes lay asleep. Adams's heart thumped heavily; but he never hesitated for a moment. He had strung himself up for the task, and on he went, lightly and quickly.

One whinny from the mules, one sharp kick against a loose stone, would betray them; but they passed over half the distance in safety. Then, in the obscurity of the shadow ahead, Adams could just make out two watching figures, and, for aught he could tell, they might be a couple of their enemies. He was compelled to believe that they were friends, and step boldly on, hard as was the task.

Three parts of the distance. Another minute, and if they were fortunate they would be past.

What was that? Good heavens! the slightest hitch would now be fatal.

There was a soft rustling noise, as if of some one alighting from a mule; and as Adams looked back, his heart seemed to stand still, for he saw that Mary, who rode the last, had leaped down, and had taken his wife in her arms, lifted her from her seat on the last mule but one, and was carrying her.

To halt now would have been fatal—to have left his guidance of the first mule as bad. A glance decided him: he knew Mary's strength, and he led on, and in this fashion the train went by Dawson and Larry, both motionless as statues—the mules led by Adams following one by one, and the rear brought up by Mary Adams with her sister's slight form in her arms.

Hearts beat faster, hearts seemed to stand still, as the strange, grey, moon-silvered train went silently by where, in a heap upon the sand, lay in the dark the whole party of desperadoes.

The last mule past—Mary past with her burden—and then, at a sign from Dawson, she was joined by Larry, who, without a word, relieved her of her fainting load.

Ten yards past danger—twenty yards past—thirty yards past; and, as Dawson watched, the mules already were beginning to grow misty-looking as they trudged on for the silent plain, one great grey lake apparently now in the moonbeams. Then there was a faint yawn, and he had but time to throw himself flat down upon his face, when a man rose from the shadow, got up, shook himself, and strode out into the moonlight, gazing in the direction from which the fugitives had just come. Had he looked toward the plain, he must have seen the dim, ghostly-looking, slow-moving train; but, as it was, he stood scanning the valley for fully a minute, and that short space of time was long enough for the dim, misty figures to fade or dissolve, as it were, in the silvery mist of the vast plain.

But for this Dawson would have sprung upon him. He knew, however, that a scuffle meant an alarm and certain pursuit. All depended on his delaying the discovery of himself as long as possible.

It was a nerve-trying position for the strong man to lie there—revolver in one hand, and a keenly pointed bowie-knife in the other—waiting till this cold-blooded ruffian should discover and attack him; but it was for

her sake, though she did not love him. He might spring up and run for his life, and get away; but it would be like betraying their escape, and laying the dogs upon their track. No, every minute was priceless in its worth for them now; and if he never joined them again, Mary would think tenderly in the future of the man who had given his life to save hers.

"And a deal of good that would do us both!" thought Dawson, waking out of his romantic dream. "I reckon I mean to get the better of this rowdy, and join 'em again, and lay siege to my darling till she gives in. Patience is a virtue, lad. Here he comes."

The man yawned loudly, and muttered sleepily as he turned and looked toward the plain, where all now was one silvery-grey mist. Dawson's nerves grew tense as steel, and he gathered his forces for a spring and the struggle to come. One blow and a run for liberty. Yes, that would do; he would run back into the valley; it would be easy to dodge them there, and then at daybreak he would scale the mountain, climb down one of the precipitous sides, and make for the plain that way. He could sooner or later find the trail and reach them.

Yes, that would do. Now for it!

"Hallo!" cried the ruffian, who now saw him; and Dawson's armed hands were drawn up beneath him as he lay face downwards, but only for him the next moment to rest there motionless as one dead.

"Hallo!" cried the ruffian, coming closer. "What the tarnation d'ye want? Crawl in there, for the moon 'll be on you d'rectly and drive you mad. Get up!"

He accompanied this last order with a kick in the prostrate man's ribs, evidently thoughtless of the motto, "Let sleeping dogs lie."

"Get up, d'ye hear?"

There was another and heavier kick, but Dawson did not move.

"D'ye hear, Pete—get up!" he cried again, and there was a fresh kick.

Dawson gave a sleepy growl.

"Lie there, and go mad, then," said the fellow, with an oath; and Dawson, who was drenched with perspiration, heard the ruffian yawn, straggle back to the lair under the rocks, and throw himself down.

Saved! and yet the nervous strain was greater than ever, so strong was the desire to spring up and run for life. But he mastered the feeling, and lay there perfectly motionless for what seemed an age; then, slowly creeping inch by inch as might a serpent, he made his way along, pausing over and over again to listen.

It was cruel work, and he dare not attempt to rise until quite a hundred yards intervened, and then it was on all fours that he crept softly away for another hundred yards.

There were no stones now to wind among; he was on the edge of the broad plain brilliantly lit by the moon, and even now he dared not rise, but crept away still upon hands and knees till he was quite a quarter of a mile away. Then he rose and listened.

Not a sound—one strange and awful silence. He looked back; there, dimly seen, were the rocks of the valley shining in the moonlight, but no pursuers were visible, and Dawson stopped to think.

If these men were clever, they would be able to trace him by his footprints—perhaps follow those of the mules. Anyhow, he could do nothing. It would be

the natural track, he thought, bitterly; there was no scoundrel now to leave traces of their route. And perhaps the fellows would remain watching for days, never thinking they had passed. At any rate, there was no help for it; he must join his friends, and try devices when he was with them to blind those who might follow.

"Steer by the moon," he had said to Adams. There was hope in her bright face; and, with an exultant cry of joy, he drew a long breath, and started off at a long double, which he kept up with little exertion to himself, and rapidly covering the ground.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—MORE IDLENESS.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT BURLEY might also have encountered the sergeant having his morning half-pint in the Greyhound—where, oddly enough, he encountered Mr. Huntley's groom, with whom he soon had a long argument upon the respective values and properties of English and Irish bred horses, with the result that the sergeant defied any man on earth to show him an Irish horse that would fetch fifty pounds in the market.

Isaac, the groom, took up the challenge warmly, and ended by leading the way to the Manor House stables, where he proudly exhibited the animal of Irish descent that had played up such a prank with Tom Madron when they had the ride over Gorse Heath.

"There," said Isaac the groom, as he ran his hand over the brute's glossy coat, and down the fetlocks.

"I'm blessed!" was what his visitor said at first, as he took off his rather broad-brimmed hat, and scratched his head. "That is a onener, though."

"A onener, I should think so; and if the osses do come to the hammer, just you see if that there don't make seventy or eighty."

"Well, live and learn, live and learn," said the sergeant. "I give in; but you know I never set eyes on such a 'orse as that before."

"That you didn't," said Isaac, grinning; "nor any one else. Master always had the best horseflesh as could be got for money."

"But what made you say about their coming to the hammer?" said the sergeant.

"Because I expect that's to be it, on account of master's death. I don't know how things are left, though."

Isaac was nothing loth to talk, and afforded the sergeant every information he needed, ending by (as a great treat to a friend) going in to the cook, and then coming back and taking the sergeant on tiptoe through all the lower rooms, explaining to him exactly where his master had been found, and how they had all returned to find him and Mr. Madron.

Returning to the stables, the horrors of the race day were agreeably intermingled with a little equine conversation; then the late inquest and funeral were reverted to, and Isaac expressed a great desire to know how young Mr. Harvey and Miss Jenny were left as to money matters, a conversation interrupted by the entrance of Harvey Parker, who, in response to the sergeant's touched hat, asked the groom what the deuce he meant by bringing people into the stables, walking out himself directly after.

"Now, don't you go," said the groom, sulkily, to his visitor. "I aint going to mind. I'm under notice to go, and a good job too—for master was a gentleman; but as for he—I don't care about serving a man as is always running dark, and having all sorts of queer visitors down of a night to fall out with in the harness-room."

"You don't say so!" said the sergeant, taking out his handkerchief to wipe a little dust off some harness hung against the wall. "That's bright as ever I did see harness. Good paste you must use."

"It's elber grease," said Isaac, grinning. "Lor bless you, poor master didn't come in the stables once in three months; but when he did come there, he see the leastest speck of dirt anywhere as wasn't bigger than a pin's head."

"And don't this one, then?"

"Not he," said Isaac. "He's always a making a book on this race or that race, and Dick Gorrey says he aint got no more idee of making a book than a child. He allers loses."

"Does he, now?"

"That he does; and has his racing pals down here to screw him for the ready. Fine rows he's had here sometimes, as I've heard just here like, sitting where we are in this very room. He'll make the chips fly if he gets all the old man's money, I'll lay."

The sergeant stopped, and admired all Isaac's arrangements very much, and chatted with him for quite another half-hour, ending by shaking hands in the most friendly manner, and hoping that if he, the speaker, did come down to Dellow Farm, Isaac wouldn't be above dropping in at any time for a glass of home-brewed on a thirsty day.

"That's one of the right sort, that is," Isaac said to cook an hour afterwards, when she asked him about the visitor he had brought in. "Understands horses wonderful. Been a big breeder, I should say; and he's asked me to go and have a bit o' dinner with him when he comes to live down here, and to crack a bottle o' wine. Ah, it's a pleasure to meet some men, that it is!"

But just about that time the sergeant was down at Widow Green's, where Tom Madron had his apartments; and, upon knocking, the door was opened by Mrs. Green herself.

"Sarvant, m'am," said the sergeant. "I understand you've a room or two to let. I've been asking about such things up at the hotel, where I've slept a night or two, and they told me about your place. I always ask for a Lincolnshire landlady when I'm out strange."

And was the sergeant a Lincolnshire man?

To be sure he was. Born in Lincoln; passed his first three years at Boston; next three at Stamford; and went to school at Louth. If that wasn't Lincolnshire, he should like to know what was.

Mrs. Green could let a bed-room; and whilst poor Mr. Madron was away, Mr. Smith might have the use of his sitting-room. But did Mr. Smith want the rooms for long?

"No, bless you, no," said the sergeant. "On and off, and on and off for a week or a fortnight, till I get shut of this bit of business about the farm. I'm nibbling like before I bite—don't you see, ma'am? Fine changes down in Lincolnshire, ma'am. Been down lately?"

"Dear me, no," said Mrs. Green; "not these twenty years."

"Ah," said the sergeant, "the dykes they've cut, and the drain tiles they've laid down, are an honour to the county."

Mr. Smith was so pleasant that he sat for long enough, talking about the old county, to the widow's great delight; and besides, he had agreed without a word to her terms, on condition that he should come in at once; and, moreover, he paid her a week in advance.

"You see, ma'am," he said, "inns are all very well, but stopping at inns means headache. I'm no teetotaller, for I like my glass of a night with my pipe; but I don't like stopping at a place where they expect you to be ordering something every half-hour."

Mrs. Green quite agreed that a quiet lodging was decidedly more in her visitor's way, and then he turned the conversation once more to Lincolnshire, and asked the good lady if she knew the Browns, of Alford.

Mrs. Green did not, but she knew the Blacks, of Spalding; and then the conversation turned to the dreadful murder in the town.

"And I think I ought to tell you that the young gentleman as is suspected was took here. He lodged here, you know," said Mrs. Green, nervously; for in her mind's eye she saw her visitor asking her to refund.

"Dear me, that's very horrible," said the sergeant, as if hesitating about staying.

"But there wasn't anything horrible here, you know," said Mrs. Green. "He was only took here; and I'm sure he was as innocent as a lamb."

It required a good deal of persuasion to get the sergeant to stay; but he gave way at last, to Mrs. Green's relief, and then listened patiently to all she knew respecting the murder, as well as to Tom Madron's going out and coming in, by which time it was the hour for tea, to which meal Sergeant Harker stayed, and was as civil and pleasant as a gentleman could be.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A SEARCH.

"NICE time he's having of it," said Superintendent Burley. "Comes down here when all the work's done: man took and everything. What's he up to now?"

The superintendent watched the object of his remarks for a few moments to see that he was devoting himself to the new goods in the draper's window.

"He'll make a mess of it, and a good job too. He's sure to go and undo all I've done, and I hope he will. See if he don't muddle it so that the young fellow gets off. That's London all over, that is. You can't do anything in the country—they say all the brains are in London; but now you'll see."

The sergeant did not hear these remarks, but stood whistling softly for a few minutes in front of the draper's, and then slouched along with his hands in his pockets as far as Mr. Burge's office, into which sanctum he walked very slowly, chewing the stalk of a daisy which he held in his mouth, and buttoning up his pockets most carefully as he passed through a swing door, and then stood staring through a row of rails at a couple of clerks, as if they were curious savage animals confined in a cage.

The clerks went on writing, after the wont of their species, without taking the slightest notice of their

visitor, who stared at the auction sale bills on the walls, and the plans and particulars of estates, with their coloured maps on the scale of an inch to a mile, and then he tapped loudly with his stick.

"Well, old chap, what's for you?" said the senior clerk, a gentleman of the mature age of twenty, and more celebrated in his generation for his powers as long-stop in the cricket field than his forensic lore in the office.

"Thought I'd just come in and have a few words with you 'bout the farm," said the sergeant.

"About the farm?"

"Farm as your name's to. One you've got for sale, you know."

"Oh, ah—yes! Feel disposed to purchase?"

The sergeant chuckled.

"Why, you talk as if it was a pig or a truss o' hay, my lad," he said. "I want to know a bit about it—few of the ins and outs, you know. I wants some plans and particulars, and all that sorter thing."

"There you are, then," said the clerk, taking a folded paper from a pigeon hole, and announcing to his fellow-clerk, in a whisper, that their visitor was a rum old buffer.

"Ah, that looks like business," said the sergeant, taking off his broad brim, and seeking in its crown for a great blue cotton handkerchief, with which he leisurely wiped his face and crown, and then put back in the hat at his feet, as he took a chair. "Ah, that looks like business, my lad," he said again, as he fitted on a pair of glasses, and unfolded the paper, to the great amusement of the clerks.

"You'd better buy, and come down here," said the elder clerk. "We want a few substantial men like you."

"I dunno—I dunno, my lad," said the sergeant. "I've had rayther a bit of a twist since I came down."

"Bit of a twist?"

"Ay, a bit of a twist. Suppose I come down and find myself murdered some morning, like the poor old gentleman up the street there. Strikes me there ought to be a good five hundred pound took off the farm."

"What for?" laughed the clerks.

"Character of the place spoilt; want of safety, and all that sort of thing."

"Why, we're thinking of getting more for it, old fellow," said the senior.

"But it's a very serious thing, my lad—a very serious thing. They tell me he was a very fine old man up there, and good for years to come. I did think I might p'raps be persuaded into buying, but see what a character your town and neighb'rhood's got now. Let's see, it was a doctor killed him, wasn't it?"

"Oh, that's only what they say."

"Well, I should say they've hit the right nail on the head. Not the first doctor as has killed his man, you know. I never go to doctors, I don't. Don't believe in 'em a bit. Two hundred and seventy-five acres, two rods, thirteen poles, more or less," he continued, reading, and trailing the chart marks with his finger. "Them's barns and outbuildings, I suppose; but where's the off-hand farm and buildings?"

"That's it, coloured red," said the clerk, who had intimated to his companion that they would "have some fun soon out of old gaiters."

"Oh, to be sure, yes—you're right. And so they say

the doctor's done it because he was short of money; eh—wasn't that the tale?"

"Something of that sort," said the second clerk; "but I saw Mr. Madron up at the race, and then go off over the Heath after passing young Parker."

"You aint sworn, Dubbins," said the elder clerk, warningly, and the other ceased talking; but Sergeant Harker's visit lasted for quite another half-hour, when it was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Burge himself, who rather sharply asked the visitor's business.

"Oh, nothing, nothing much," said the sergeant; and then, approaching nearer, he gave the lawyer a poke in the ribs with his stick—"Won't do, you know—won't do, you know. I've paid lawyers' bills before now—'To advising with you upon so and so, six and eight-pence.' Only wanted to know a bit about that farm in the market, that's all. Good day to yer. Good day, my lads; good day."

The sergeant went whistling out of the office, and sauntered very gently down the street; and for the next two days Mr. Superintendent Burley saw nothing of him. Then the sergeant appeared walking quietly into his office.

"This hearing comes on this morning," he said.

"Yes," said the superintendent, "twelve o'clock."

"Now ten," said the sergeant. "Plenty of time. You'll go on with the business this morning just as if I was not here. Get him committed for trial to-day, I suppose?"

"I should have done so," said the superintendent, tartly; for it seemed to him that his words were prophetic, and that the sergeant had failed in his endeavours.

"You're all ready, I suppose—evidence, witnesses, and so on?"

"Yes, quite."

"Searched the prisoner's rooms, of course?"

"Well, we looked through them the day he was taken."

"Ah, exactly; so I'd go through them again. Come on at once with one of your men. I shall be there—staying, you know."

The superintendent stared at him, then at the door, then again at his visitor.

"I'll come on," he said.

"Yes, *at once*," said the sergeant, quietly; and then, whistling his aggravating tune, he walked slowly away.

"I shall resign if there is going to be much more of this sort of thing, that I shall," said Mr. Superintendent Burley. "Who's going to be ordered about like this, and by a man who looks only fit to handle a farm-yard fork?"

The superintendent paused for five minutes, and then he called one of his men, and walked imposingly down to Mrs. Green's, where he nearly frightened the good woman into a fit by announcing his intention of re-searching the place.

"Which I hope you'll do it gently, then, Mr. Burley, sir," said the widow; "not that you'll find anything there, for I've had the furniture all out and given the place a thorough good clean since poor Mr. Madron went to—went away."

"I shall perform my official duties with proper respect to your feelings, Mrs. Green, ma'am," said the superintendent.

"And if you'd mind and not frighten the good gentle-

man who's got my second best bed-room, and sits in Mr. Madron's parlour till he comes back, I'd be obliged."

"Mr. Madron, ma'am, won't come back at all," said the superintendent, solemnly, screwing up his eyes, and nodding his head furiously the while; "but, anyhow, your lodger shall have proper notice;" and he turned and entered the sitting-room, where every word he had uttered had been plainly heard by Sergeant Harker.

"What fools some men are," he muttered. "Only think of his blurring out that to yon woman."

"Mr. Superintendent Burley, Mr. Smith, sir," announced Widow Green; "come on a bit of business, sir; and you won't mind, I hope, his looking through the place."

tendent, wiping a few blacks from his face, with a smutty result.

"Which I never knew Mr. Madron to have any that I knew of," said Mrs. Green.

"I think that will about do," said the superintendent, after another look round and a casual examination of the flooring boards, to see if any were loose.

"What you're looking for aint likely to be behind here, sir, eh?" said the sergeant, tapping the chimney glass, after remaining for some time an apparently amused spectator.

"Might be—might be," said the superintendent; "get a hammer and screw-driver, Joe."

"Why, you're never going to take down the looking-glass, Mr. Burley, sir," said the widow.



"Not I, ma'am; not at all," said the sergeant, smiling. "I like the police, ma'am, as long as they don't want me."

Mr. Superintendent Burley tried to look very important, but the result was that he looked very angry and uncomfortable, as he and his man proceeded to examine every part of the room in turn, rolling up the carpets, feeling the chair cushions, and then ending with the superintendent getting his head as far as he could up the chimney.

"If you'd only tell me what it was you were looking for, perhaps I could help you," said the landlady, with some asperity.

"Evidence, ma'am—evidence," said the superin-

tendent, waving his hand imperiously, and on the proper tools being brought the glass was dislodged, and with it half a dozen spiders, some old envelopes, a washing bill or two, and a Jack of Clubs out of a pack of cards.

"Only to think of that being there," exclaimed Mrs. Green, "and been lost for two years; and I declare if here aint Jimble's bill, receipted, he put me in the county court for, and me not able to prove as I paid, and having to pay over again. Oh, won't I give that judge a bit of my mind!"

"Fasten the glass up again, Joe," said the superintendent.

"Not till I've cleaned up, please; and if you'll just put



MR. BESSEMER.

it down there," said the widow, who was beginning to display a little temper, probably a little acidified by the troubles of life.

But no one took any notice of her, for the sergeant, to the widow's great disgust, pointed out an apparently loose board, which was taken up without effect.

"I should just like to know what you expect to find," she exclaimed; and then, directly after, "well, now that is too bad."

For, unseen by her, the sergeant had pointed to a stained place in the wall paper, which the superintendent attacked, tearing it away, when a piece of white paper fluttered down from where it had been concealed.

"Half-note," exclaimed the superintendent in an excited tone, and for the first time he felt ready to bow down before the man who had excited his jealousy.

The sergeant took not the slightest notice of the discovery, but affected to be taken up with something out of the window. The superintendent, however, hurriedly produced his pocket-book, and placed in it the half-note, buttoning it up afterwards in his tunic, with efforts that were something gigantic, and declared plainly enough that there was no shoddy in the uniforms of the county police.

Very little further search ensued before the superintendent took his leave, leaving the sergeant thoughtfully drumming upon the window-sill with his nails, as he leaned out whistling softly the same old tune.

Captain Boyton.

ALTHOUGH Boyton did not navigate in his life-saving equipment the entire distance from the English to the French coast, his exploit fairly entitles him to complete laurels. He had undertaken to make the entire distance from Dover to Boulogne, without assistance, in twelve hours. The condition of the sea was not altogether favourable, and darkness overtook him when he had yet eight miles to travel; and, much against his desire, as we infer, he was taken on board the piloting steamer about six o'clock in the evening. He was to have left Dover at three o'clock in the morning. The distance, as navigated in an indirect line between the two ports, was estimated at about fifty miles; his speed, therefore, including necessary stoppages for rest, was about three miles an hour. This certainly establishes the value of Boyton's life-saving apparatus as completely as if the entire distance between Boulogne and Dover had been made in a much shorter time than that consumed in this trip. That any machine can be invented to enable a man to sustain himself fifteen or sixteen hours in a rough sea, and make considerable progress meanwhile, is a great triumph of human ingenuity. By the life-car and mortar system, a ship four hundred yards from the coast may be reached by a life-line, and complete communication established, in about thirty minutes. But here is an apparatus that makes it possible for a man to pass from shore to wreck, or *vice versa*, when a line fired from a mortar could not reach, and the time required is comparatively short. The value of the Boyton armour in very rough weather, moreover, has been established before this last experiment. The adventurous navigator, when he left the United States last autumn, intended to come back alone when the steamer was two hundred miles from

Sandy Hook. He was dissuaded, however, but was allowed to go ashore on the coast of Ireland, when seven miles off the point on which he wished to land. The night was stormy, a gale blowing at the time, and the test of the armour must have been severe. Boyton landed safely, after being six or seven hours in the water; and, by reason of the gale and unexpected currents, he had then travelled nearly thirty miles.

All these experiments, novel though they are, do not encourage the idea that men will be able to walk the water as they do the land. It is not intended, as we understand it, that any such result is to be aimed for by using this apparatus. This generation, at least, will not see the time when a passenger in the ocean, disgusted with the slow progress of a steamer, shall execute the old sarcastic joke, and "get out and walk." But it is established that the armour may be used for life-saving and coast guard duty with greater efficiency than any machine now in service. The armour consists of a buoyant, water-tight dress, in which the person is enveloped. It is capable of inflation in separate compartments, and the navigator may assume at will a great variety of positions while in the water. He may be equipped with the tools and lines needed in wrecking expeditions, and also carry with him a moderate supply of food. On one of his trips Boyton had about him, besides some small baggage, an axe, a knife, signal rockets, spy-glass, and three days' rations. The voyager, lying on his back, propels himself feet foremost, using a double-bladed paddle. Even in the severe gale which Boyton encountered on his first trip from the *Queen* to the Irish coast, he reported that he reached the shore with his inner suit as dry as when he left the ship. And we do not understand that even the sixteen hours' exposure in the sea exhausted the adventurer; he was forced to close his voyage on account of the darkness, which discouraged his pilot.

Every invention of this kind lessens the dangers of the sea, or, what is quite as important, the dangers of the shore. Great progress has been made in this direction already by Great Britain and the United States. Captain Ottinger's life-car, now used by our coast guard service, is an American invention, and has never yet been superseded by any more effectual means for saving life from vessels on a lee shore. Ward's life-belt is probably the most complete form of cork jacket known, and we are indebted to an English naval officer for its invention. But it appears as if Boyton has finally perfected a combination of dress and boat which bids fair to make these valuable devices for life-saving seem old-fashioned. Unless there is some great error hidden in all this—and there can hardly be any—an enterprising and ingenious American has at once reached the perfection of floating armour for man.

Very Telling.

A Chicago man thinks that the Indians ought to be exterminated; because, after all William Penn's kindness to them, "they went and made him stand up one day, and shoot an apple off his little boy's head with an arrow."

Effects of Cleanliness.

When a Portland woman chases her boy with a broom, he runs down on a wharf and jumps into the water. When he comes out his face is washed, his mother does not know him, and he is safe.

THE READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

The Cornish Zorns.

MOUNT'S BAY, Cornwall, on a bright June morning, light flocculent clouds floating across the blue sky, and casting their shadows upon the rippled sea; while, seen at certain angles, the waves shine and glisten as if of a metallic blue. Only beside the waves, though; for here as we look down through the limpid water it is of a pale green, while far beneath us is Neptune's parterre—ocean's growth—sea flowers rare, giving fern-like fringes to the tinted rocks; while fully opened to the coming tide, the anemones are waving their tentaculæ; deep crimson here upon this dried rock which the tide has not yet reached, lying like gouts of blood, as if some huge sea monster had been slain; but low down, where the cooling briny flood washes in, grinding our boat against the spar-veined black rock, they may be seen opened out, flower-like—very quilled asters. Here, again, of a deep pink; there of a pale salmon colour; while this cluster of larger animated flowers have bases of a rich brown, and tentaculæ of a bright green tipped with mauve. Touch one, and a score of feelers have fastened instantly upon your finger—tightly almost as would your tiny spider crab shuffling along sideways in the rock pool.

What a coast! massive and grand—mighty masses of rock, black and bold, grey and limpet-covered, coarse porphyry and granite, shaly and volcanic, veined here with creamy quartz—a vein a yard wide—veined there with bright metal, which we are told is mundic, and which a very limited acquaintance with mineralogy tells us is pyrites, a sulphuret of that metal, but extremely beautiful, its crystals glittering in the sun, while water-rolled fragments lie in the hollows of the rock, waiting to be broken, and to show in their fracture many a gem-like cube and rhomboid, with asbestos of metallic lustre. We are close under a massive sea-wall, built up of blocks of granite; behind it are the ruins it was to protect from sea incursions—namely, an engine house of granite, with its tall chimney and the boarded shaft of West Tol Vaden Mine, one of the many undertakings begun in this mining country, to prove a failure from unforeseen difficulties.

Landing from our boat, we climb with no very great ease the slippery rocks; and, passing the sea-wall, stand by the shaft of the mine, looking down into the water with which it is filled; all round lie the lumps of *débris*, dug and blasted out, while many a glittering fragment may be secured for the cabinet. Across the Bay, some four miles off, the engine house of another mine is pointed out by our companion—East Tol Vaden—working a lode of copper, which runs beneath the sea to where the adventurers were sinking to attack it upon this west side of the Bay. But money ran short, or the rock was too hard; and, after the shaft had descended twenty fathoms perpendicularly, and then another thirty dipping beneath the sea, the mine was declared a failure and the machinery sold. But there was and is copper here, sure enough; for at the base of the sea-wall, as we return to our boat, we pass a tiny stream

trickling out so charged with the metal that the stones are coated with the pale green salt of copper.

But our boat waits, and the staunch Cornish fisherman, who keeps her off the rocks, steers her in, and after one or two tries and a footbath in the salt water, we are once more on board, the boat only having given a couple of bumps on the craggy shore—for we are on the Newlyn side of the Bay, and there are no sands here, but—

“Craggs, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled:
The fragments of an earlier world.”

However, we are bent on no mining exploration—no excavations made by man, but those of nature; and how far we penetrate into the bowels of the earth remains to be seen.

A glorious morning, and calmly as ocean sleeps, her breast heaves heavily, and our boat rocks, rising and falling as we coast along. Behind us, its white buildings glittering in the sun, lies Penzance; Newlyn we have just left, with its marine harbour and fleet of luggers fresh in from the mackerel fishing, and now with their ruddy brown sails and nets spread to dry. Away to the left is the little village of Longdock; while frowning down upon us in all its grey granitic majesty is St. Michael's Mount, monarch of the Bay. Sweeping the coast, the black promontory running out is Cudden Point; beyond it Trewavas Head, sheltering Porthleven; while again beyond is Mullion, and the long, well-defined line of the Lizard running out some twenty miles from where we are, beneath the large hill known as Carn Gwavas.

A long row over the sparkling water, with the amber-coloured cliff profusely covered with vegetation; past Pen Lea and St. Clement's Island—a black mass of volcanic rock, with patches of lichen, fine grass, and thrift growing in the interstices; a gull or a shag sitting upon some peak, and the waves, in silvery beauty, ever ceaselessly washing its sides. Past Mousehole, a quaint fishing village, with its granite harbour; and now we come to the piled-up granite, block heaped upon block, towering up to a great height, as seen from a boat, and presenting all the appearance of vast ruins broken up by the sea.

And now we arrive at our first landing place—the Mousehole. Carefully backing in the boat, the little crew get in near enough to one of the granite masses, and by the exercise of a little agility we climb over huge blocks and boulders, beyond the sea's reach, to the entrance of the little cave, just large enough to allow a man to crawl in, and said to penetrate the cliff to a great distance—the fisherman in my company afterwards telling me that he had once crawled in with a candle until the air became so foul that the light flickered, when he returned.

Well, we certainly came to explore some of the Cornish caves; but this seems little better than a drain, with water heavily dripping from the roof, and the stone-strewn floor foul and miry; while the pleasing information is afforded that we should have to crawl all the way—which we do—back over the slippery granite to the boat dancing over the rocks, seen so plainly through the pure water. No stalactites, no spar, no grotesque images, no glittering niches, and crystal-hung roofs. We took our seat in the stern-sheets, grumbling to our companion, who, however, asserted

that it was a great curiosity; and we mentally promised to show him the next sewer opened in Fleet-street if he visits us in town.

A short row round buttress after buttress of piled-up rock, with the water foaming silver-like around, and falling back in innumerable cascades, rushing up crevice, crack, and chasm, and roaring again as it was beaten back from the impregnable fortresses; and then suddenly we rounded a huge point, and slowly glided in towards the Zorn—delight taking the place of disappointment as we gazed at the mighty portals of this cave—a rough Gothic arch, with piled-up pillars of granite at its side, and the tide washing the base, composed of boulders and frough fragments of granite; sides and roof formed of rich, red soil, through which projected masses of stone; while everywhere, fringing it with their graceful fronds, hung ferns, whose bright green contrasted beautifully with the more subdued tints of the rocks around.

But the stones were by no means sombre: here they were of a reddish hue, there brown, now of a rich orange from the lichen which clung closely to the parts not reached by the sea.

A few gulls sat upon the rocks at the entrance as we approached, and then wheeled gracefully away; but evidently at home, and with nests in the recesses of the caves, the jackdaws came tumbling down in their headlong flight, giving vent to their familiar cry, and hurrying in to settle far above our heads in some rocky hole.

The cave, Zorn, Hugo, or Fagou, as these places are called in Cornwall, is seen but from a short distance from its mouth, and presents a very striking appearance to the observer. Its entrance is probably fifty feet high, but the flooring runs up at a very swift angle. It is no easy task to land, and unless the visit be made by the difficult path from the hill above, the cave can only be visited when the sea is perfectly calm, and then it is not entirely free from danger unless the boat be pretty strong; for there is every convenience for having a wreck in miniature—excitement, breakers, chasms, rocks, and plenty of room for drowning.

However, a little management on the part of the boatman places you so close to some mass of rock that you can spring upon it from the boat and climb the precipitous floor, threading your way amongst the masses of rock that have fallen from the roof and lie about in grotesque shapes. Every now and then you pause to admire the beauty of the ferns, or to try and reach the green glistening coating of the rock, which seems as if enamelled with glittering mineral when seen in certain lights, veins of it seeming to run along, till a touch of the finger dispels the illusion, and you find that it is a brilliantly shining moss.

The cave rapidly contracts as you penetrate its shades, while the jackdaws fly out with rustling wings as their sanctuary is invaded; and now, turning round, you leave the Bay, framed as it were with glistening ferns and piled-up rockwork, the water dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, and the far-off coast a glorious sweep of mellowed tints.

Shins seem superfluous in Cornwall, where there might have been a stone war amongst the giants of old, and the earth is strewn with their peltings; down, cliff, lea, shore—everywhere the same blocks, from many tons weight to the size of a man's hat, and all

so disposed that the legs suffer horribly, while, though an abrasion is bearable, the second and third editions of the same work are not. So here in the Zorn the rocks lie strewn thickly as leaves in Vallombrosa, and the bodily suffering interferes much with the enjoyment; so much so, that to all who may visit the cave in future we say, view it from the boat, for bruises, dirt, damp, and an unpleasant shuddering sensation are all that are gained by penetrating to where there is a rough wood table, and water dripping from where the roof touches your head; while how far it continues when it has contracted to a size only available for quadrupeds of small calibre this chronicler knoweth not.

Seen, though, from the entrance, this work of nature is very beautiful, and we left it with reluctance to coast along, and stop at cave after cave, perhaps seven in the space of some three or four miles. They all present similar features, save where in some cases by careful management the boat can be backed right into the cavern, and you sit listening to the washing water and the strange weird echoings as every sound reverberates. In one the walls were of perpendicular granite, tinted of many beautiful hues by the moisture from the roof; while for floor there is the pale green sea, and beneath that again the weed-covered rocks, with shoals of fish chasing one another through the masses of stonework and vegetation. But much care has to be exercised, for the coming in of a wave would fill or capsize the boat in an instant—the water gathering force as its limits are contracted, and it comes tearing in through these narrow arches. The cave now in question would have been best explored by a swimmer; but it would take a bold man and strong to make his way into the gloomy region; while, had he read Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," the recollection of the huge cuttle and its clawing arms would undoubtedly stay all such proceedings.

So common are these caves along this part of the coast that for the most part they do not even bear a name, and are exemplifications of the old saying, "Beauty soon grows familiar to the eye;" though it seemed that few of the people of the neighbourhood had ever visited them. But there is a strange weird aspect about them—an air of mysteriousness and solemnity; and as in some cases the termination is lost in gloom, and the eye endeavours to pierce the obscurity, the murmuring sound of the rising and falling water has a most imposing effect.

Doubtless, in olden times these caves formed the resort of those engaged in contraband trading; in fact, tradition points to one or two spots where kegs of spirits have been found; but the clean rows of cottages and signal-staff to be seen here and there along the cliffs of Mount's Bay tell of the coast-guard; and doubtless the occasional visitor, the sea bird, or the grey-headed, important-looking jackdaw, are the only disturbers of the solemnity of the Cornish Zorns.

Advertising.

"Sweet are the uses of advertising." So wrote the immortal, many-sided Shakespeare, but the bungling compositor set it up so as to read adversity. Anybody can see, however, what the poet meant. His head was wonderfully level on the subject of newspapers, &c.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XI.—A GOOD THING.

WHENEVER I was in London I paid a visit to my sister Ellen, and occasionally I wrote to her from Cambridge, and, more rarely, she answered my letters; for neither her handwriting nor her orthography was very good, and she was rather ashamed of committing herself in correspondence. I advised her to practise, and she did so, and improved a good deal. She was getting on very successfully. Her manners and appearance caused her to be very useful in attending ladies in the show-room; and her talent for bonnet-making must have been considerable, for, instead of the very meagre pittance which I had always understood to be the portion of all workwomen engaged in providing for the adornment of their richer sisters, she received really good pay, enabling her to take more comfortable apartments than I had originally provided for her, and to have her breakfast and tea at home, which she considered a great comfort. Her dinner she still took with Madame Tourterelle and the other girls.

The more experience of the world I gathered, the less advisable did it seem to me to disguise the fact of our relationship—at all events, from those of her class; and I always called on her as her brother, and mentioned that the difference of name arose from her being but my half-sister; and in that capacity I took her to several places of amusement (I was no longer nervous about entering a theatre), and on more than one occasion accompanied her for a Sunday jaunt to Richmond or Greenwich.

If any of my friends had met me on these occasions, and had asked me whom I was with, I should have told them; but while this did not happen, it seemed quite unnecessary to volunteer the information that my father had left a natural daughter.

I cannot say, speaking openly, that I found a prolonged conversation with her very interesting; but she was simple-minded, industrious, and contented—happy even, and that was all I wished.

To return to my life at Cambridge. Towards the end of the second year, Broderip surprised those who looked upon him as anything but a particularly hospitable character by giving a series of supper parties. If, indeed, he had gathered all his aristocratic acquaintances together it would have been less astonishing, but he seemed merely to choose his guests from amongst the most rackets and noisy men in the college. I do not suppose I should have noticed this, not being very observant of such matters, if it had not been that he borrowed my rooms, which were over his, for these festivities, on the plea that he required some place in which to receive the invited while supper was being served, and it was more convenient that they should assemble on the ground floor, and then go upstairs, than that they should reverse that proceeding. It was rather a nuisance, for I was sick of noisy supper parties, with their stupid healths and stale Bacchanalian songs, after my freshman's year; but this was rendered worse by the pains he took to encourage drinking and riot, a very singular proceeding for one who was generally so averse to any open offence against propriety.

These parties got so noisy, that after the third I received a severe wiggling and a caution from the dean and tutor, who of course gave me the discredit of what occurred in my rooms; and then I thought my good nature had gone far enough, and I refused to accommodate Broderip any more. Whereupon his sudden mania for convivial hospitality ceased.

A week afterwards I received a letter from Mr. James Broderip, the uncle, remonstrating with me for betraying his nephew into my own drunken and debauched habits! He had received a letter from the tutor, pointing out the danger of my companionship. I took this precious epistle straight to Charles Broderip, who was very sorry and indignant, and promised to explain matters both to the tutor and his uncle; and I of course took for granted at the time that he kept his word, though I more than doubt it now.

I made the acquaintance of that same Mr. James Broderip shortly afterwards, and his nephew's conduct was very strange at that time also. He called to me one afternoon as I was coming down the staircase past his door—

"I wish you would come in, Hamilton, and taste some kirschwasser I have got, and tell me if it is good. I know you are a judge."

It was very clever of him to discover that, for I had never tasted kirschwasser in my life. However, I went in, and he filled me a large wine glass of the fiery spirit.

"It is very strong, if that constitutes its goodness," said I, with my eyes streaming.

"It does," said Broderip. "Have some more?"

"Nonsense, man! Do you want to make me drunk?" said I.

"Certainly not," he replied; "for I wish you to dine with me to-day to meet my uncle, who is coming over to stay for a day or two, and be lionized."

I thought it would be bad taste to refuse, so I went, in spite of the letter.

The present possessor of my paternal estates was an erect, stiff, lean man, with thin lips, cold eyes, and that baldness in the front of the head which answers, with very superficial observers, for a high forehead. He wore a very stiff, tight, and high white collar. I do not mean that he had nothing else on, but I only noticed that.

We did not have much conversation. He tried to patronise me, and I would not be patronised. A little polite skirmish, that was all. But it was the nephew's conduct that surprised me: he would keep on insinuating that my habits were such as he knew his uncle would disapprove of.

"You are not taking your wine, Hamilton," he said, when I passed the bottle. "Come, you cannot have had your allowance yet."

And later in the evening, when a rubber was made up—

"Will you cut in, Hamilton? It is very kind of you, for my uncle never plays for more than shilling points. Quite wasting your time!"

"I never play for more, as you might very well know," I replied, coldly.

"Oh, of course not, of course not," he hastened to say. "I was only joking."

And then, later, he wanted to take my hand for me.

"If you have any appointment, and want to get out

of college," he said, in a whisper which could very well be overheard, "the gates will be closed in five minutes."

It was almost as if he wanted to injure my character in the eyes of his uncle. But I could not imagine what he should wish to do that for, and dismissed the thought as ungenerous and suspicious.

It was in the April following that I went one morning into Claridge's rooms, and found him poring over a letter.

"Ah, Hamilton," he cried; "I was just coming round to look for you. Are you hard up?"

"Of course I am."

"Do you want a little ready money?"

"What an absurd question! I would do anything for a ten pound note: unless, of course, it was improper—and likely to be found out."

"Well, then, if you will promise to keep it as close as the grave, I can put you up to a good thing."

"I am all ears," said I.

"Indeed?" cried Claridge. "Then I am not going to take an ass into my confidence."

"Va! quibbler. An ass has long ears. Only the extra intelligent animals are all ears, which is very different. But go on."

"Newmarket races begin to-day, and I have got a certainty for the Fifty Sovs. Sweepstakes to-morrow," said Claridge, lowering his voice, though we were alone.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed I. "Is that all? Who ever knew a turf certainty come off yet?"

"I have."

"Then you are particularly lucky. I have been burnt twice, thank you, and I do not fancy going near the fire again."

"As you please," said Claridge. "You have never had such a tip as this, I will be bound. I thought you might like to be in the swim; but if you do not care about it, it is all the same to me."

"Well, but how do you get your information?" I asked, biting when the bait was drawn away.

"You know my father keeps one or two racehorses. Well, he never will tell me anything about them, because he disapproves of my betting. He hardly ever backs them for anything himself, but runs them for the stakes and the sport, putting only a trifle on. But I get a private hint now and then from an old groom—very seldom, not once in a twelvemonth, but only when there is a superlative chance. Now, there is a horse of ours in the race I mentioned which has been privately tried to be ten pounds better than any other animal in it; and as he has only improved so much of late, and ran very badly last year as a three-year-old, he is sure to be an outsider, unless the secret oozes out, which is not likely. He will probably be at five or six to one, and it ought to be odds on him."

"It sounds tempting," said I—"I'll cut in. How much do you propose to back him for?"

"I have got a ten pound note I mean to pop on him; or if you like to join me, we will put on a pony between us. That will be twelve pounds ten a-piece."

The amount staggered me. The utmost I had ever risked at once in any description of gambling had been a sovereign. But I had only lately received my quarter's dividend, and had the money by me, so I agreed;

though if I lost I should be in considerable straits for some time to come.

"He cannot lose!" said Claridge.

"Unless my luck breaks his back," groaned I. "And how are we to go over?"

"We had better hire a couple of hacks and ride, then we can keep them to carry us about the Heath. Hush, here is some one coming in."

The door opened, and Tempest entered, with his moody look on. When he saw me he slightly started, or rather paused, as if he had the momentary intention of going out again. He did not; but walked to the window, opened it, and leaned out.

"Just come from town?" asked Claridge.

"What town?" said Tempest. "I have just come back to Cambridge, if you mean that. I have been away with an exeat, on private family matters, if you must know all about it. Have you got any sherry to give a fellow? Thanks."

And turning to the table, he poured out and tossed off half a tumblerful.

"Are you going to Newmarket to-morrow?" I asked, for the sake of something to say.

"Yes. No. I don't know. Are there any races on?" he replied, without looking at me. And then he went out of the room again.

"What a queer mood Tempest is in," I remarked.

"Yes," said Claridge. "I expect that he is in love."

"He should be used to that by now," said I, laughing.

"I don't know that," replied Claridge. "I fancy he is a more constant individual than men give him credit for. All his passions are downright serious affairs. He is one of the last remaining melodramatic lovers who go in for murder, suicide, jealousy, and all that. Do you know, it is my firm belief that he would go so far as to marry a girl without a penny, if he once got hit hard; and he is terribly susceptible. Poor Tempest!"

In spite of my sluggish habits, I found no difficulty in rising in good time on the following morning; and when Claridge came into my rooms at eight o'clock to breakfast, as had been agreed, he found everything ready for him.

Not Over-polite.

A clergyman informed us that on one occasion, when in the act of marrying an elderly couple, he, as usual, put the question to the bridegroom—

"Do you take the woman whom you now hold by the hand to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

Receiving no reply he repeated the question much louder, thinking the man might be a little deaf, which in reality he was; but the bride was less patient for his answer, for she shouted into his ear—

"Boo, boo, ye brute; can ye no' boo?"

Having bowed his assent, the ceremony was soon concluded.

Honey.

A fond husband boasted to a friend—

"Tom, the old woman came near calling me honey last night."

"Did she, Bill? What did she say?"

"She said, 'Well, old Beeswax, come to supper.'"

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

or,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XV.—IN THE DESERT.

DAY broke at last to find Caleb Dawson alone on the vast plain. He had walked on all night in the direction he had indicated; and now he halted, weary, choked, and half blinded by the alkali dust that rose in an impalpable powder, and a dread was upon him that he might wander for days and never find the trail of his friends. It should lie, he thought, off to the left; but it was almost as probable that it lay off to the right.

"Anyhow, I must have a rest," he thought; so he sat down in a clump of sage brush, filled and lit his pipe, and smoked it out to the very end. Then he rose, refreshed with his quarter of an hour's halt. It was a pure, bright morning, and the sun was about to rise. All around looked clear, cool, and fine, and there was a soft dew upon the leaves of the artemisia, which began to glisten in the soft light.

He took a long look round.

"That's the east," he said. "By the way," he continued, with a sigh, "I hope Adams won't muddle himself with that compass."

He could see nothing but plain, plain, plain everywhere, but in the direction from which he had come during the night rose the rugged hills.

Suddenly, as a dull sense of despair began to oppress him, he tugged impatiently at his breast as if he wanted air, when his fingers became entangled with a strap, and his heart leaped with joy.

"Thank God!" he muttered, fervently; and with hasty hands he drew round the thin sling-glass that had hung forgotten at his back. To take it from its case and adjust it was but the work of moments; and then, going down on one knee, he swept the plain, to see at last in the far distance a group, evidently halting. Yes, there were the mules, looking less than flies; but they were there, and he was saved—yes, and they were saved too.

The next minute he had marked down the bearings in his own mind as well as he could, and started off, for he knew when the sun rose there would be a quivering mirage that would hinder observation, and it was important that he should be well on his way before the sun grew too powerful.

It was a fearful walk, for he had no water to quench the thirst that oppressed him. When, too, he had got within such a distance that he could easily make the party out with his glass, in spite of the dancing mirage, he saw them start; and, in spite of his exertions, he could gain but little upon them.

Again he had to stop and rest, partaking of such little refreshment as his pockets contained. The sun came down with a heat that seemed to dry him up and rob him of every energy; and towards evening, half spent, he was staggering along, when he stopped to use the glass once more; and though things seemed to swim before his eyes, he made out that the mules were halted in a clump of bushes. This nerved him; and now, as if in a dream, he crawled on, how long he knew not, but to hear at last a cheery shout, and as he sank upon his knees, to feel strong arms thrust beneath

his own, and find himself before long laid among some bushes, with water—that glorious fluid for which he had prayed—moistening his hard, dry mouth and throat, and seeming to give him hope and life.

The congratulations upon their escape were hearty, though Dawson sighed when once more left alone, for Mary was very quiet and reserved. Their talk was mostly about the dangers they had passed through; and Mrs. Adams was full of penitence for what she termed her weakness in fainting at such a time, while a faint blush spread over Mary's cheeks when allusion was made to her bravery in carrying her sister.

A hot wind had been blowing part of the day, and, troublesome as it had been, it had its good points, for, on walking for some distance back, it was to find that every trace of their footprints in the sandy dust was filled in. There was nothing to fear, then, from the desperadoes.

"Only the elements, then, now, Dawson," said Adams, as they sat in the calm night and smoked.

"There is one more danger," said Dawson.

"Indeed! What?"

"Indians," said the other, laconically, as he lay down to sleep.

Days of journey through alkali plains, or tramping amidst sage brush; days of blinding dust, scorching sun, and parching thirst; but there were always the cool, pleasant nights, when their tent was set up for the women, and calm rest and refreshment strengthening all for the toil of the succeeding days. Larry "tuk to mules," he said, "as if they had been pigs, which they did resemble in their nature." At all events, the mules seemed to like him, and before daylight every morning they were away again over this "dhry say," as Larry called it, Dawson never faltering for a moment as to his course, but steering direct.

At last the plains were passed, and stony rising ground reached, where there were streams of limpid water, and places where rest and shade could be had in the hottest parts of the day. Then hill rising upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, dark ravines, and wild gorges with huge rocks piled up and hurled about as if by the throes of some hideous convulsion of nature.

Then days of wandering here, and at last a halt in a wild valley like a deep rift, where the air was cool and pleasant, for they had been climbing higher each day. They seemed to be shut in from the rest of the world, and, after a long rest, Dawson drew out his chart and studied it and the surrounding heights; after which he carefully folded and replaced it.

"Well?" said Adams, for the other remained silent.

"This should be the Silver Valley," said Dawson.

"This? What, here?" exclaimed Adams. "Why, I do not see a sign."

"Sure," said Larry to himself, as he heard the remark, "I thought it was to be a glorious place, all shinin' an' white in the sun. Why, silver aint, after all, any better 'an tin."

"Perhaps not," said Dawson. "But wait till we have explored. When you are ready we will go."

"I am ready now," said Adams, looking up. "Larry, mind you are the ladies' body-guard."

And the two young men plunged into the depths of a rocky cavern.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE SILVER FIND.

THE same feeling existed in both young men, namely, one of intense disappointment. They had found the spot they had sought for; but as far as they could see, there was not an indication of the precious metal that they had hoped to find; and Dawson felt ready at any time to declare that the old man's notions had been visionary, or else that a luckier party had cleared the whole place.

But now that they had arrived, Adams was for a thorough search, although he dared not hope for success.

The place was exactly as described—a long, deep, mountain valley, with a rift or cañon going off at right angles from a sharp corner, and four hundred paces down this rift a cascade falling about a hundred feet, to sink at once into the bowels of the earth, and reappear a quarter of a mile farther down the cañon.

"There can be no doubt about it," said Adams, "and—don't look dull, man—if one part of the description is right, why not another?"

It was one sheer climb over fragments of rocks to get along the cañon; but as they progressed, the dull roar they had heard from the time of their entry kept increasing, till, turning a corner, they came in full view of a scene whose grandeur made them pause for a time in wonder and admiration. From far up—certainly fully a hundred feet—curved over the perpendicular edge of the cañon a huge column of water that fell unbroken into a chasm below their feet; one great plunge, and it was gone into depths from which the spectator drew back shivering involuntarily, as a deep, hollow roar came up from where all was wild chaos. But the silver stream of water still fell smoothly down, in the same slight, graceful curve, and after gazing at it for a while, Adams said—

"Surely that's the silver of which your old friend spoke?"

"We'll hope not," said Dawson; "but I propose a pipe here in this soft, moist, mossy place. The air with its spray seems life-giving after all that dry desert work, and somehow I feel a sort of flinching on me."

"Yes," said Adams, sitting down on a rock, "you feel like I do: if we are to come upon vast treasures, you would rather put off the sensation for a while; and if we are to be disappointed, you would rather not be disappointed at present."

"Exactly," was the reply; and the young men sat and smoked, discussing the bearings of their position.

The whole instruction given to Dawson was devoted to making him find this particular valley and rift, but in the vast rocky desert it was taken for granted that, once there, all difficulties would be at an end; but though nature works slowly, in forty or fifty years her face alters in a region where there are mighty snow-storms and rushing torrents, where huge rocks are split high up on the mountain-side, and, bounding from crag to crag, fall at last into the valley with an avalanche of fragments.

Calmed and rested in the pleasant cooling shade, the adventurers soon rose, and went on down the cañon, which grew narrower at every step. A couple of hundred feet above them, the top on either side seemed to

match, and they were evidently walking in the bottom of a huge crack in a table-land, formed by some convulsion of nature.

Rocks, rocks, rocks everywhere, but no sign of metallic wealth. They were armed with hammers, with which from time to time they split off fragments from the sides, or broke pieces that lay in their way; but beyond a thread of gold seen in one, their toil was in vain, and they tramped back at last, to find that there was a fire burning and a comfortable meal prepared where Larry had temporarily set up the tent.

Here rest and refreshment gave them the needful force for further investigation. And, first of all, a perfect little natural fortress was chosen in the brightest position of the valley; and here the tent was regularly pitched, and the mules were hobbled and turned loose to graze upon the patches of grass and small shrubs which seemed to abound. There was good water close at hand, bubbling along between the stones, evidently the melted snow from where, far up and miles away, glimpses could be seen of silvered peaks, white with eternal snow, though where they were camping it was hot summer.

Larry was indefatigable—building up, unpacking, seeing to the mules, fetching water, and helping to cook, while the adventurers went off exploring, this time along the valley.

Night came without result, and then, weary as they were, the three men went off on a tour of inspection, to satisfy themselves as to the necessity for keeping watch; and they came back decided that there was no such need. Away in the wild desert, it seemed as if the foot of man might never again tread there for a thousand years; and as to watching, it was a waste of energy.

Arrangements having then been made, the adventurous party lay down to rest, to be lulled by the faint roar of the cataract, borne to their ears by the soft, cool night air.

About midnight Adams woke with a shiver of dread. His wife was sleeping peaceably, and, listening, he could just hear the faint breathing of Mary, to whom had been apportioned the tent. He rose softly, thrust revolver and knife into his belt, and, taking his rifle, stepped softly out, to find all darkness. There were a few stars twinkling out of what seemed a vast black expanse; there was the hollow roar of the cascade, and once the noise of a stone falling from far up the valley side to rattle down into the ravine.

Nothing to fear, apparently; so, throwing his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he stepped out of their little camp to make a tour of inspection before lying down once more.

He walked softly down the slope, peering here and there, and after going some little distance, satisfied himself that all was right, and began to retrace his steps, when, to his horror, he could just make out through the obscurity the figure of an armed man, evidently watching the little camp. He was coming cautiously up from below; and had Adams been a moment later, they must have come in contact. As it was, they had just missed meeting, and stooping down, Adams crept along under the shadow of block after block, till he reached the particular soft stone chosen by Larry for his pillow.

Laying a hand over his mouth, Adams whispered in

his ear that there was peril at hand; and the Irishman rose up, ready for any fray.

"Bud it was an illigant drame I was havin', masther dear," he whispered; "an' I'll niver find the fag-end ov it agin. Shall I wake the captain?" alluding to Dawson, of whom he now always spoke in that manner.

Frank nodded, and glided off to see whether the women still slept.

Returning to Larry, he found that worthy in a state of consternation.

"Sure the captain's gone intirely," he said; "he aint where he laid down to slape. Bud look out, yer honour, here they are. Oh, bedad, it's the captain!"

"I'm glad you're awake," said Dawson, in a hasty whisper. "We ought to have watched; there's a scoundrel below there prowling about the valley. I might have brought him down, but I did not like to fire. I did cover him with my rifle, but he dropped behind a stone and made off."

"I think we had better agree upon a code of signals," said Adams, dryly.

"You don't mean to say that it was you?" said Dawson.

"Indeed, but I suppose I may. I woke up, and thought I'd have a look round," said Adams.

"Well, but I felt uneasy, and did the very same thing," said Dawson.

And after a laugh at their mutual blunder, the young men once more lay down, and slept till daylight.

Existence was glorious up in the pure, exhilarating mountain air. There was no lack of provisions, for to eke out those which they had brought, Larry caught an abundance of fish—a kind of trout—in the pools of a little stream some two miles down the valley. His tackle consisted of a tin pannikin, with which he patiently baled out a hole and secured his spoil. There was a herd of game, too, to fall occasionally to Dawson's fowling-piece or rifle. From a fir wood at hand poles were cut and split, and a hut run up and thatched; and Larry declared that they had better mark out a garden and put in seeds, for where would they ever find a finer place or fewer neighbours? In fact, for a pleasant hunting and fishing expedition, they had fallen into glorious quarters, where the climate was splendid, with no extremes; and when, weary, of an evening Dawson lay down on a couch of fir branches, covered with a rug, and smoked, and watched Mary at a short distance, sitting working perhaps by her sister, he felt that he should be satisfied if such a life might be his for ever—to go on wandering by day, and dreaming out his existence there of an evening, in that land of glorious lights and shadows and golden sunsets.

But in spite of all searching, there was no trace of that of which they had come in quest; and Dawson was ready at any time to give up, and own that they had been deceived.

He was sitting with Adams one glorious evening, after a long and arduous inspection of the valley in a new direction. They had partaken of the evening meal, and from time to time their eyes rested upon the two women sitting working together, Mrs. Adams occasionally singing a snatch of a song in a low, sweet voice, while Larry was busily fitting a tin pannikin at the end of a light fir pole, evidently for what he called

"deludherin' the fish"—the said "deludherin'" being depriving them of their native element.

"I'm afraid I've sold you, Adams," said Dawson at last. "I've been a great fool."

"I don't see it," said Adams, warmly. "We have found the valley right enough, and we shall find the silver yet, depend upon it."

Dawson shook his head sadly.

"Come, come, captain, as Larry calls you, this won't do. Where's all your spirits?"

Dawson made no reply.

"I can give a pretty shrewd guess," said Adams, smiling, as he looked towards his sister. "Is the lady distant?"

Dawson started, looked sharply at Adams, and then turned away his head.

"Frank, old fellow," he said, huskily, "I did at one time hope, but that's about all over."

"Nonsense, man," said Adams. "Let me tell you now, cold upon it as I've been before, that I'd sooner see Mary your wife than the wife of any man upon this earth."

"Thank you," said Dawson, quietly.

"Look here, man," said Adams. "She's worth the winning; but there's a sore place in her heart. A fellow who was to marry her, and whom she worshipped, as perhaps you know, behaved like a scoundrel to her. Wait a bit, man, and the prize is yours. Don't hurry her, but let her see in a quiet way that you love her, and leave the rest. I know my sister better than you."

It was as though fresh vigour had been poured into Dawson's veins, as he sat there silent and watchful, and then Adams went on about their quest.

"I'm getting more sure of the matter every day," he said, "and if we keep it up we shall stumble upon the silver. Depend upon it, Dame Nature has set to work to hide the treasure, and some slip from the valley side has covered what once cropped out. I'm for down that cañon to-morrow, and we'll search it foot by foot."

They were up at daybreak, and, after a couple of hours' uneventful search, returned to a breakfast of grilled trout, the spoil of one of Larry's pools. Dawson looked fresh and bright, and he talked more confidently; but he went away somewhat damped, for Mary seemed to meet his advances with a chilly coldness, though, in an ordinary way, she was pleasant and chatty enough.

Dawson gave one glance backward as he was walking off with Adams, and the feeling of heart sickness passed away; for surely she was looking after him, though her eyes fell on the instant.

"Now, lad," said the young man, joyfully, clapping Adams on the shoulder, "what's it to be now, the cañon or—"

"What is Larry making those signals for?" said Adams; and he pointed to where Larry, with his fishing tackle in one hand, his stick in the other, was standing about a hundred yards down the valley, and waving his stick for them to join him.

"Let's go that way, and try up the little ravine, after we have spoken to him. I mean the little rift off to the right, where there seems to have been a slip of rocks."

Adams nodded, and in a few minutes they had joined Larry.

"I didn't want to frecken the ladies," said Larry, mysteriously; "bud this mornin', afther I took up the fish, I wint pokin' about wid me shtick, for, sez I, 'Larry, me boy, ye might find the silver mine as well as any other man.'"

"Exactly—go on, Larry."

"Well, yer honour, I wint on, till I thought I'd turn up that little bit ov a shplit, like a young valley growing out ov this big wan. I don't mane the big cannon, as ye call it, where the wather boils over, bud this little dacent vale here."

The young men exchanged glances.

"Well, yer honour, I wint pokin' up there among the rocks that ye walk over, like a fly over lumps ov sugar in a basin."

"When you found traces of silver?" exclaimed Dawson, eagerly.

"Oh, did I, bedad?" exclaimed Larry; "I jist didn't thin. Bud I found a hole."

"Pish!" exclaimed Dawson, in a tone of disappointment and disgust.

"Ye may well say so, Misther Dawson, sor," said Larry, lowering his voice; "an' wasn't I freckened!"

"Frightened?"

"Yis, sor, for 'Oh, Larry,' I sez 'to meself, 'ye've found the ould gentleman's own place, an' there he is at home.'"

"Now, what are you talking about?" laughed Adams.

"Whisht, yer honour, wait a bit. There was no doubt about it; for though I couldn't see him at all, I knew he was snoozin' there in the warm mornin' sun, jist inside the door, afther bein' busy all night."

"And how did you know that, Larry?" laughed Adams.

"Sure, yer honour, there was his tail a-layin' outside on the stones, for all the world as I'd seen it hundreds ov times at home in pictures. Well, yer honour, I was horribly freckened, bud I thought I'd never have such a chance agin at the ould inimy, so I sez a bit of a pater an' ave as Father Doolan taught me, an' 'Larry, me boy,' I sez, 'if ye can't hit at his head, ye can hit at his tail;' an' I up wid me shtick, an' crack I gives him jist wan across the back."

"Why, you said just now you could only see his tail," laughed Adams.

"Sure, I meant the back ov his tail—an' that did him, yer honour," said Larry.

Leading the way, the young men followed, clambering over rocks till they entered a narrow vale; and here, hanging over a bush that grew out of a crevice, was a dead snake.

"What do you think ov that for the ould sarpint, sor?" said Larry, with a twinkle of his eye. "Didn't it look like his tail as it hung out ov that hole?" he said, pointing to a little hollow running into the side of the rift. "Look at the shting at the end ov it, sor."

"It's a rattlesnake, Larry," said Dawson, looking at the reptile. "That's its rattle."

"Ye may call it a rattle, sor, bud I calls it a shting. Bud what's the masher doin'?"

"Come here, Dawson," said Adams, who had gone on a hundred yards or so, and was turning over the rough blocks which floored the valley, and seemed to have crumbled down from the sides.

"What is it?" exclaimed Dawson, hurrying to him, for his companion had spoken in a husky voice.

"What's this—and this—and this?" said Adams, hoarsely, as he dragged at a dull, blackish-looking block, evidently of immense weight, though of no great size.

"At last!" exclaimed Dawson, with a joyful cry, as he threw himself upon his knees and helped Adams to heave up a block of native metal.

"They've gone mad," muttered Larry, rubbing his chin. "Why, I sat on that very bit this mornin'—not an hour ago. Look at that, now! An'— Ah, arrah! Take care, masher dear!"

He shouted warning after warning, but the danger was already seen—Dawson and Adams darting from their prize at one and the same moment; for in tearing up the silver block, they had thrown aside stone after stone, and disturbed what seemed to be a nest of rattlesnakes, one of which, while the others glided off, coiled itself up on a piece of rock, and threw its head back to strike.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—COMMITTED.

IN total ignorance of the proceedings at his lodgings, Tom Madron prepared himself as well as he could for another hearing before the Bench. He had had several colloquies with Mr. Burge, who seemed to have thrown himself heart and soul into the matter, and this day it seemed certain, Tom thought, that he would be discharged; and "I'll make some of them smart for it," he said to himself angrily, as he paced up and down, waiting anxiously for the hour when he should be summoned for the hearing. After the first appearance before the magistrates he had been taken over to Harvestbury, the county town, to spend the intervening time in the gaol; and upon his first induction to a cell it was hard to tell which prevailed, grief or indignation, as he fully realized his position.

Mr. Burge had urged upon him patience, and he had to practise the virtue; but it was hard, indeed, under such circumstances.

At last the summons came, and amidst the whispered converse of the crowded court, Tom Madron was placed in the bar, the previous depositions were read over, a witness or two was heard, and then the attorney for the defence demanded to know whether the Bench thought themselves justified in committing the prisoner upon such flimsy circumstantial evidence.

"I think, Mr. Burge," said one of the magistrates, "the officer has something more to bring forward."

Mr. Burge bowed, and the superintendent had himself sworn, and then solemnly and heavily stated that he had searched the prisoner's lodgings, with no result at first; but at last his attention was taken by a patch upon the wall paper, which seemed to be stained.

Here every neck in the court was craned forward, and, in spite of himself, Tom started and turned pale.

"I tore down the paper at that place," continued the superintendent, heavily and slowly, as his deposition was taken down by the magistrates' clerk; "and as soon as I got the paper away, this half-note fell fluttering down, gentlemen."

"Half-note!" exclaimed Tom, starting forward. "I protest that——"

"Silence, there!" exclaimed the chairman. "You will be heard in good time, sir, and have every opportunity afforded you for your defence; but the witness must not be interrupted."

Tom fell back, with perspiration standing in great drops upon his forehead, and the superintendent went on—

"This here half-note, gentlemen, on being compared with the one found under the writing table of Mr. Huntley, proves to be the missing half, as you can see if they are put together."

There was a breathless pause as the two half-notes were passed from hand to hand round the magistrates' table, a gloom settling upon each countenance as Tom watched them, while a murmur of horror ran through the court.

Tom could bear it no longer; court etiquette and the advice of his attorney were forgotten as he exclaimed loudly—

"In God's name, gentlemen, hear me. There is some mistake here—some trick has been played. I swear most solemnly that I am innocent, that I was not aware of that note being there."

He stopped short, cowed almost by the bitterly stern-looking faces that he saw around him, and all straining to get a glance at him, who was apparently to them little better than a savage beast. Then he tried to speak again, in a coarse and husky voice that he knew not as his own, but only to be rebuked by the chairman. Mr. Burge, too, startled by this turn in the affairs, implored him in eager whispers to be silent.

"But I must speak," exclaimed Tom, excitedly.

"You are trying to place a halter round your neck," whispered Burge. "In God's name, don't be so rash and mad, or all the Solicitor-Generals in Europe won't be able to save you."

"Speak for me, then—say something, man," cried Tom. "Do you not see that they believe entirely all that that man asserts?"

"Leave it to me, and be silent," exclaimed Burge, angrily, "or I throw up the case. You have injured yourself already by your wildness, more than that man's discovery has done. Let the case go on."

The case was proceeded with, the faces seeming to Tom to swim around him, as the rest of the evidence was taken. Was he really a murderer? Had he really slain the poor old man, and taken home spoil? It almost seemed so to listen to the rest of the witness's speech; and then at last the depositions were read over, signed, and he was asked what he had to say in his defence: it seemed to be in a dream that, in accordance with Mr. Burge's advice, he said that he reserved his defence, and that he was committed for trial.

There was a misty look, too, about the witnesses, who came forward once more to listen to the magistrates' clerk, as he informed them in set terms that they were bound over to give evidence at the quarter sessions, to be held that day fortnight in Harvestbury.

Then there was a change in the dream, and he found himself once more in the cell at the station, with Mr. Burge talking to him, and advising him to partake of the food brought by the superintendent.

He waved it away, though, and caught the little lawyer by the arm.

"Mr. Burge," he said, hoarsely, as he placed his lips close to the other's ears, "Mr. Burge, you will see her—

will see Miss Riches when you leave here. I did not think matters could come to such a pass as this; but tell her, whatever she sees of me, whatever she hears, that I am innocent. She is nothing to me, or ever can be," he cried, huskily; "but I could not go from her in peace if I did not make some protest. You will tell her this for me?"

"I will," said the lawyer. "But had we not better say a few words about your case?"

"Not now," said Tom, "not now. I cannot bear it. I suppose I shall be taken off to Harvestbury soon, shall I not?"

"In half an hour," was the reply.

"Then you must come to me there."

"But one thing—"

"No," said Tom, "not now. Only tell her what I have said. I can't enter into matters with you now; my head feels heavy and dazed. I am confused and stunned with this horrible evidence. You don't think me guilty, do you?"

"Never mind what I think," said the lawyer; "I shall fight your battle to the very last—that is, I mean," he said confusedly, "I shall leave no stone unturned, and—there, keep up a good heart. You may depend upon it, I shall get you through. I've got Valentine. Bless you, he's a perfect lion, and he'll shake that fat superintendent like a lamb. Keep a good heart, and I'll be over with you, then, to-morrow. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the solicitor again, holding out his hand, for Tom had not stirred.

"I beg your pardon—good-bye," said Tom, starting; and then he shook hands, but only to relapse into a stony, dazed aspect; and the lawyer left the cell shaking his head, and pursing up his lips as if he did not look upon the case as the most hopeful in the world.

And all this while, what of poor Jenny? For days she lay like one stunned: it seemed to her so incredible, so impossible that such a bolt of horror could have descended upon the house that had for so many long years been her home. She tried to be self-contained, and to bear all with fortitude; but no sooner did the thought of the many acts of kindness of the old man flash upon her than, in spite of every effort, she burst out into a wild fit of sorrow, so hysterical and violent as to alarm those who attended to her, and tried in vain to assuage her grief.

The funeral passed off unknown to her, for Mr. Burge insisted that in her weak state it would not be advisable to bring fresh trouble to add to her burden. Neither did she know that Harvey had been day after day insisting upon seeing her, but always receiving a firm, quiet denial from Mrs. Burge, who gave him ever the same reply—that Jenny was too ill to be seen.

Again and again he had come away biting his lips and gnawing at his nails—for they were anxious days with Harvey Parker; and not feeling able to spend his time at the Manor House after the funeral, he had stopped partly at the hotel, partly in town, where, to lighten his grief somewhat, he had paid visits to a theatre or two.

But Harvey Parker was far from being at ease. He was short of money, and being without money was to him the greatest of all evils. So he resolved to visit the family solicitors, to relieve himself of his temporary difficulty.

His visit was not to be altogether, though, of a pleasant nature, for as he made his way through the densely thronged streets, it seemed, though not to him, that he was followed; and had he turned to look behind, it would have been to encounter an eager pair of eyes fixed upon him, the owner of the eyes dogging him from street to street and from lane to lane. But Harvey Parker knew it not, and went on thinking of but one thing, and that one thing was money.

"Shortly, sir, very shortly; but you see, Miss Riches is in too serious a state to take any interest in such matters for the present. But there, my dear sir, you need be under no apprehension—all will be in due form. Your uncle was so businesslike in his habits. His papers show how methodical he was."

"But you can give me a hint or two respecting the will?" said Harvey.

"All in good time, my dear sir—all in good time;



"AN' I UP WID ME SHTICK." (Page 152.)

CHAPTER XL.—A LEGAL THUNDERBOLT.

HARVEY was shown into a very stiff, cold, dusty-looking room in that broad street known as Bedford-row, and met with every civility from the senior partner of the firm of solicitors.

"Find it awkward, Mr. Parker, about money matters, eh?" said the solicitor, after listening to Harvey's statement of the object of his visit. "Well, Mr. Parker, as far as a few hundreds go, I dare say we can set aside that difficulty."

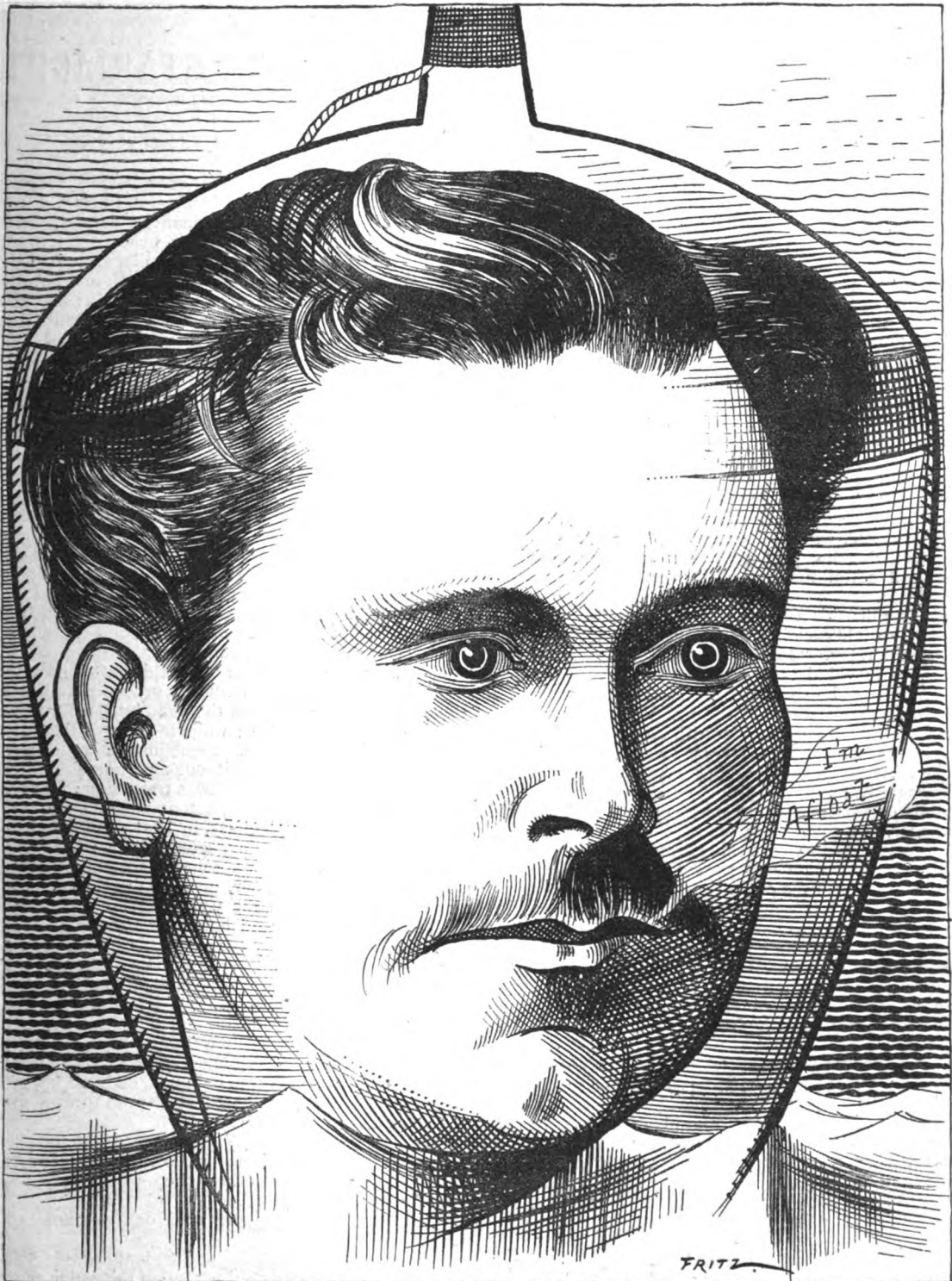
"But the will—my uncle's will, sir—when will that be read?"

but if you would allow me, as a friend, to say a word or two, those words would be—don't rest your hopes too much upon that will; elderly people are sometimes a little peculiar and crotchety in the way in which they leave their money."

Harvey turned of a sickly pallor as he half rose from his chair.

"What do you mean?" he said, sharply; "there is something wrong here. Why was not the will read, as is the custom, directly after the funeral?"

"Simply, sir, because the principal party concerned, and also the executors, were unable to be present. In this case, sir, the deceased had, sav-



"A BROTH OF A BUOY."—CAPTAIN BOYTON.

ing yourself and Miss Riches, not a single relation."

"But the will ought to have been read; I ought to know what I am to expect," exclaimed Harvey, angrily. "I insist upon knowing."

"I think, sir," said the solicitor, with dignity, "our interview had better come to an end."

"No—no—no—no!" exclaimed Harvey, cooling down on the instant. "I am put out; but really I have had much to trouble me lately, and it makes me petulant. Tell me this—did my uncle, then, decide to divide the property between us?"

The solicitor hesitated for a few moments, drew out and looked at his watch, and then said briefly—

"No."

"Then I am principal in the matter," exclaimed Harvey, triumphantly. "What pleasure you lawyers find in delays."

The solicitor looked at him half pityingly for a few moments, rubbing his spectacles softly the while with a snuffy-looking pocket-handkerchief, and then he said—

"This may be informal, or it may be formal, Mr. Parker, but I told you a few minutes ago not to place your hopes too much upon this will. To the best of my recollection, Miss Riches takes the whole of the estate, with the exception of a few servants' legacies, five hundred pounds to the county hospital, and seven hundred and fifty pounds to yourself."

"It's a lie—it's a lie—a trick—a conspiracy! I won't submit to it!" exclaimed Harvey, rising, and stamping about the room. "I'll throw the whole thing into Chancery. The old dotard was mad—he had been mad for months. I can prove it. He had been changing his banker constantly. I'll have law—and decent law somewhere. I won't put up with this. I'll—"

Harvey stopped short, for there was the sharp "ting" of a table gong, the door opened, and a middle-aged clerk appeared.

"Show this gentleman out, Harris," said the old solicitor, in a cold, formal tone.

And before Harvey could recover from his surprise, his late companion had passed into an inner room, leaving him with the clerk.

"This way, sir," said the latter, as Harvey made a move as if bent on following the principal.

Harvey turned, and in a half-stunned fashion followed the clerk out, passed through a spring door, shut after him with a bang, and then, hardly knowing where he was going, he walked blindly along the pavement, avoiding the passengers as if by instinct.

How, he never knew, but after threading various narrow passages, he found himself in Gray's Inn-lane, along which grimy thoroughfare—without any aim, save that of getting away from his thoughts—he hurried, until a hand was laid upon his arm, when, turning sharply, he stood face to face with the woman who had been his visitor in the lane at Bubbley Parva.

Questionable.

Did the man who ploughed seas, and afterwards planted his foot upon native soil, ever harvest his crops?

THE READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

Shadowed Lives.

STANDING in front of a door having a rather peculiar-looking brass lock, and ringing, I was admitted by a pleasant-countenanced damsel, fresh-coloured, modest, and well-spoken, neatly dressed, and in all respects the maiden that a family, excluding the ponderous luxuries of "Jeames" in plush and powder, would engage instant for a parlour-maid; and this agreeable little lady, with her neat apron, and natty lace cap on the back of her smoothly braided hair, was one of the principal female warders of Hanwell Asylum—one of a body of quiet, genteel-looking young women, such as are every day to be met with among the upper servants of large establishments. No high cheek-boned, brawny, muscular, middle-aged women of fierce aspect, toned down or marked by a sycophantic smile; but everywhere these pleasant-countenanced maidens, armed in every case with a small whistle, suspended, in company with a pass key, to the steel chain she wears as girdle.

"You will be kind enough to wait while I speak to the doctor," was the remark made by the damsel; but in a few minutes she returned, in time to send away a poor girl who had been stealthily peering round the opening into a room, and smiling like some timid child of six or seven, unused to company.

And now began my tour of corridor after corridor, and room after room, constructed precisely similar to those upon the male side of the building, but furnished with much more comfort; while in most of the wards stood an excellent piano. Sometimes a whole ward could be passed through without anything presenting itself to tell of the building I was traversing; for there would be a large, light, lofty, well-appointed room, containing perhaps forty females, in neat print dresses—some sewing, some knitting, some reading; but yet in every case there was that absence of sociability, no one speaking to her neighbour, or indulging in conversation; of all ages, from the young, fresh-coloured girl, to the old and grey; and only at times was that sad mark visible, the shortly cut hair—the rule being that where the patients will keep their hair clean and neat they are not subjected to the indignity of having it cut.

Another ward and corridor, and again some forty or fifty women, some hurriedly walking about, talking to themselves incessantly, while every here and there sat one in the darkest corner to be found, huddled up, with the arms embracing the knees, and apron thrown over the lustreless face.

Through some wards the stranger could pass unnoticed, passing group after group with hardly an eye cast upon him, while in others there would be a little excitement manifested.

"Are you a clergyman?" said one woman, earnestly.

Another came quietly up, and with the words "You sha'n't go without an embrace," suited the action to the word in an instant; but the quiet hand of my com-

panion laid upon her arm was sufficient, and the patient went away.

Dormitories and padded rooms as on the male side, but here with three locks to their doors—the explanation being that the women patients were more violent in their paroxysms and stronger than the men. Now there was a coquettish smile and an affected cough from some poor faded object; now the familiar nod and laugh. Farther on, a poor creature sat upon the floor, sobbing bitterly, as if crushed beneath the weight of her anguish—anguish that none could assuage; and then again, cheerful-looking groups in the picture-hung rooms, with covered tables; while in one light corridor sat a woman busily and artistically cutting-out paper patterns with a finely pointed pair of scissors. Then again a blending of sadness and sorrow: women with closely cut hair—fierce and wild-looking; others again with a ceaseless hacking cough; but everywhere such slight protection, merely light-glazed doors between the wards.

"In cases of extreme violence, I suppose you summon aid from the male warders?" I said.

"Never; oh, not in any case," was the reply, with a smile from my companion; and I could not but look at her youthfulness and slight proportions, till my eye fell upon the little bright whistle and the pass-key, when I remembered that co-operation is strength, and I could not but reflect upon how soon that shrill, piercing note would summon a score of assistants to the spot from whence it rang.

In every ward were two or three quiet-looking, pleasant-countenanced attendants; while of those they watched, some were idle, some seeking relief in work, and toiling on busily with some light employment. There are plenty of occupations for those who like, but no compulsion, work being treated as a recreation. But ever and again, those sad solitary figures, moping by themselves, sitting with their faces literally turned to the wall, as if the world were indeed shut from them for ever. Once came an appeal that jarred heavily, making the heart swell, while the question arose, "Is the poor woman sane?" for an earnest-looking woman, with clasped hands, came up, and in heartrending tones exclaimed, "Oh, do something to help us out! It is cruel to go through without helping."

Past corridor and ward, again learning from the attendant various little facts in connection with the vast institute: 1,080 poor creatures were at that time within the female side of the building, and the warders who had their charge were between seventy and eighty. And now, after passing one poor thing sitting alone and singing in a low, sweet voice, and another moaning upon the floor, we came to a door leading into another of the wide, almost interminable corridors, not heeding that a quiet-looking woman was close behind, and hastily trying to pass through the door with us; but the calm decision of the attendant seemed sufficient—she was led back, and stayed behind muttering.

Rising at six in summer, the bed-time was eight; and, conducted as the establishment now is, upon the non-restraint system, there is every possible freedom and amusement provided for the occupants. Meals at regular intervals, and provisions good; well-lighted and ventilated rooms, with furniture such as many of the poor creatures could not have been familiar with in their brighter days; the eye and ear are not forgot-

ten, for the pictures and engravings to be met with everywhere are of a superior cast, and, as before mentioned, there is no lack of music.

We now entered the vast hall called the bazaar, from the purpose to which it is occasionally applied—a really handsome room, and well furnished. Here stand a couple of pianos, for patients to avail themselves of the opportunity for half an hour's private practice every day; while it is here that the weekly balls are held during the winter months, when, in spite of the mingling of patients from both sides of the asylum, any unpleasantness or disorder is most rare.

From here we passed on to the chapel—a large, well-fitted building, with organ; and here again the behaviour is said to be most decorous, but it is only the patients who can be trusted that are allowed to attend. Again on—every door opening readily to the same single key of the attendant—and now we stood in the vast kitchen, where a strong culinary staff prepare the provisions for both sides of the building, aided by all the modern appliances of cookery, in the shape of vast kitcheners, ovens, and steam and gas apparatus. Now again to the bakehouses, where batches of the most tempting-looking bread were being drawn from the steaming ovens. The brewery I had already been over. And now my quiet little informant, eager that all should be seen, led the way into the laundry, where the washing is done for the whole of the inmates—nearly two thousand, so that some idea may be formed of the extent of the place—where scores of busy patients were at work; and it required an effort of the mind to imagine that now I was amongst the insane. Here, too, were all the modern appliances for assisting washing on so vast a scale. Steam, one of the enemies generally of the wash-house, is here seized and made a slave, for wringing machines are rapidly revolving, washing machines are busy. Now we come upon a large building full of ironers; now upon another where there is range after range of hot dry closets, so that the weather can be set at defiance; and drawn out on wheels great clothes-horses were loaded, and then run in again, to give off in the fervid heat the little moisture left by the wringing machines, which leave the articles almost dried. Now again amongst the vast coppers, where men assisted, and where the floor was sloppy and wet; and then again amongst the folders and mangers, and to the smaller laundry, where the linen of officials is washed separately.

Everywhere the tokens of the—so to speak—isolation of the place, and its self-dependence; for there is even a canal and basin in the grounds, where coals and goods are landed upon the asylum wharf. But a short time since there was a famous dairy; but here the isolation was useless, for disease creeps everywhere, and thirty fine cows were swept away by the rinderpest, so that milk is now supplied from outside the walls.

To a stranger the place is bewildering from its vastness: corridor and ward, corridor and ward, all alike, and with the same dresses and almost the same faces repeated again and again: some hopelessly vacant and idiotic, some calm and serene; some with the placid look of health, and the gentle light of sanity in their eyes; patients who will converse quietly upon every subject but one—their hallucination—or who are only subject to fits of insanity: fits, though, which have no regularity, and never leave the patient safe. Faces,

too, furrowed and seamed in every way, with the marks of passion more than age, though the grey hairs are plentiful in every ward. By rule a certain amount of exercise is taken every day, and the grounds and gardens are most extensive; for there is one strong tendency amongst the patients which has to be overcome—namely, the desire to sit in solitude and mope listlessly; and who can say what are the musings of these poor brothers and sisters of our fallen race? What are the sad histories attached to hundreds of these blank lives? stories of poverty, misery, sin, cruelty, ill-treatment, disappointed ambition, love; all the emotions and passions that move the human heart have their sufferers here, shut out from the world—hopeless till the dark veil which shrouds their reason shall be moved by science, directed by a merciful God, or perhaps waiting—waiting for the end, that end indicated by the gloomy building beneath the wall, and that mournful spot, the cemetery. For all is provided here; and hundreds who pass the great gates say farewell to the world without, which is for them a home no more. And yet the cures are many and great. The old mad-house system of chains, fetters, strait-waistcoats, and gloomy cells where our fellow-creatures were treated like wild beasts, has been swept away, and a visitor looks in vain for any of the horrors of which tradition treats. Moping and raging madness are here as of old; but there is no horror, the looker-on is not terrified—for the appeal is to his sense of pity, and the emotion felt most mournful. The building is entered with a strange dread, a repugnance, and the mind prepared for dread horrors; but it is quitted sorrowfully, with other senses stirred to see that greatest gift of the Creator—"That noble and most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

It would be hard to believe that in this admirably conducted institution there were matters that would not bear the light of day, though undoubtedly there were cases not allowed to meet the visitor's eye. Still, after going through the vast pile, and mingling freely, conversing with the more sane, who eagerly shook hands at parting, but one murmur or complaint was heard; while on the female side, the very sight of the large staff of warders was sufficient to satisfy the mind as to the treatment our poor afflicted sisters meet with. Doubtless the pen of fiction has done much to expose the horrors of the private madhouses; but if the asylum at Hanwell is a type of the county institutions of our kingdom, we, as Britons, have good cause to be proud that such homes are in existence; for in spite of the misery, the dejected faces, the almost ferocious look of others, and the consequent impression made upon the spirits of the visitor, he cannot but quit the building with a feeling of admiration.

This was no prepared visit: no announcement was sent of the coming of prying eyes, or of one passing through the wards note-book in hand; but with the introduction of a magistrate's order, every lock flies open, and the place is free; while, if there are exceptions made, they are due to the orders of the medical superintendents, to whose foresight the healing of these mental ailments is due, and who would but naturally forbid a visit where it might prove hurtful. "Meliora" might well be taken as the motto of our madhouses; and it is to the honour of our land that so great a reformation has been made.

Jack Hamilton's Luok. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XII.—THE RACE.

WE started early, that so we might give our horses plenty of time for food and rest at Newmarket before the racing commenced; the ride there and back, together with going about the Heath, being a hard day's work for any animal. For Newmarket, the ladies may not know, is unlike other racecourses, inasmuch as the contests are not confined to one particular spot, where stands may be erected from which spectators may see all the events of the day, but one will take place here and another a mile off, while the betting ring is in a different place still; and to participate in the sport you must keep moving all day.

The first two races I could not manage to take any interest in, though Claridge seemed to do so: I was too impatient for ours, which stood third on the list. And yet, when the numbers of the starting horses went up for it, I would have put it off.

Directly the Babel of betting commenced, Claridge paid his half-guinea and rode into the betting ring, leaving me outside.

Presently he rejoined me in high glee.

"There are two hot favourites, neither of them our horse, and the consequence is I have got eight to one. That is, let me see, eight times twenty is one hundred and sixty, and eight times five is forty—we shall have two hundred pounds to divide between us! Yoicks!"

"For goodness' sake do not crow like that!" cried I. "It is unlucky. We have not won it yet."

"My dear fellow, it is a certainty. There he goes for his canter—look, pink and white cap. Is he not the picture of condition?"

Others thought this, too, apparently; for the odds against him grew rapidly shorter, and he left off second favourite.

"We were just in time!" said Claridge.

"Come back past that chair first, do—there's a dear," said I, apostrophizing the horse.

The first favourite's colours were all yellow. He was a powerful, noble-looking animal, with such a stride! As he cantered by, my twelve pounds ten quaked.

The horses were soon at the post, and I had a lump in my throat and a tickling in my sides, which increased considerably when the cry rose around me—

"They're off!"

On they came, seven of them, a dislocated rainbow. I could distinguish yellow and a certain sky-blue in front; pink and white cap was amidst the ruck immediately behind.

"The favourite wins! Why, the favourite walks in! No, he doesn't—he's beat! The favourite's beat! Sky-blue wins for a hundred! No, the favourite comes again! The favourite wins for money!"

"Does he?" roared Claridge.

For when the horses were within thirty yards of the winning post, a gleam of pink and white flashed out from the five behind, joined the leading pair, and, gaining on them with every stride, won cleverly by a neck, amidst deepening cries of—

"Bantam wins!"

Bantam was the name of the horse we had backed. How often I turned hot and cold in those few se-

conds I cannot say, as I had no registering thermometer in my pocket, but it was pretty often.

"There is my father," said Claridge, presently. "I had sooner he did not see me. Let us move off, and then I will go and get the money."

Which he did, and in a few minutes I had a hundred pounds' worth of nice crisp bank notes in my pockets, besides the poor twelve pound ten which had been in such jeopardy.

"And now we will go home as soon as you like," said Claridge.

"I should like to have a shot at another race, as we seem to be in luck," said I.

"In luck?" replied Claridge. "My dear fellow, I have no more information. It is not often in your life that you will have a good chance of drawing any money out of the bookmakers. Don't go and throw it away."

"You are right," said I. "Winning such a lot has excited the gambler in me. Let us be off."

"We must spend some of this in a spree," said Claridge, as we cantered home along the side of the road.

"Certainly," I replied.

"What do you say to a trip to Paris together in the long vacation?"

"I should enjoy it of all things!" I cried, eagerly.

"All right, so should I. Then we will go."

CHAPTER XIII.—ON THE ROAD.

IN the week following this successful venture at Newmarket, I received a letter from my sister Ellen, which was very much longer and contained more important matter than her ordinary epistles, which, though I had encouraged her as much as I could to gossip in them of all her little affairs, seldom contained more than an intimation that she was in good health, and a hope that I was in a similar condition.

This, on the contrary, filled four pages, old style (the penny-post-begotten notes and envelopes of the present day not having come into fashion), with sentences of a hesitating and somewhat enigmatical nature. But after a second perusal, I made out that a young man had fallen in love with her, and contrived to make her acquaintance. He represented himself to be a clerk in the city, with an income of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, which was shortly to be raised to two hundred; and when that desirable increase took place, he wished her to marry him. She asked my advice upon this question, but it was very evident that she had made up her mind. She dwelt a good deal on the handsome face and figure, and gentlemanly demeanour of her lover, and I could perceive that my fraternal influence would have very little effect if it were exerted in opposition to the match. But I never dreamed of opposing it. I had often felt uneasy at the dull and lonely life I fancied the poor girl must be leading in London, with no friends or relatives but myself to break the monotony of her existence by an occasional visit; and it seemed to me almost an unmixed good that she should form such a good connection as this promised to be. So I wrote her a congratulatory letter, saying that I should be glad to form the acquaintance of her future husband when I was next in town, and that she must let me act the part of heavy father, and give her away when the wedding took place. And I put aside a portion of my Newmarket winnings for her wedding outfit.

That was not the only large sum I won that term,

though my second run of fortune came to me against my will, and I neither expected nor desired ever to get the money.

I hated high play with other undergraduates, principally because I could not afford to lose a large stake, but also because it was unpleasant to win from a friend a sum which it would distress him to pay. For it has been the great desire of my life that the people with whom I live should be contented and in good spirits; not out of benevolence, but from selfish motives, for it makes me dull and miserable to see others gloomy.

But it so happened that I beat Broderip in a succession of games at billiards one wet afternoon, and won a couple of sovereigns of him. He did not pay at the time; and a night or two afterwards, when we were both cut out of whist at some man's rooms where there were two tables and ten players, he proposed a game of écarté to me, and suggested that we should play for the two sovereigns he owed me.

I demurred to such a high stake.

"Of course," said he, "you are quite right. Billiards is your game, and écarté mine; and it would be almost to risk what you have won when the chances are not in your favour."

"Oh, if you put it in that light, I'll play for what you like," said I, rather angrily.

And we began.

Broderip never played well, but that evening he played vilely. I won game after game; and, as he would keep to the same high stakes, he soon owed me ten pounds.

"Double or quits?" said he.

I complied—twice; intending to go on till I lost it all back, and then to stop. But when he owed me £40, he would play no more.

"It is rather more than I can pay just at present, conveniently," said he; "but if you will give me a little time—"

"My dear fellow, don't mention it," said I. "Take as much time as you like—I shall never ask you for the money. The whole affair is an absurdity."

I dare say that young men of the present day are more careful and punctilious, but at that time it was not uncommon for two men who were intimate, and in the habit of playing at different games together for small sums, to be betrayed into some foolish bet which was out of all proportion to their allowances, and was annulled by its very impracticability when winner and loser were cool; so that there was no generosity in my intimating that I looked upon the transaction as a sham of this description; nor, considering the terms we were upon, was there any reason for Broderip to feel his pride wounded by the suggestion; and when he made a note of the debt in his pocket-book, I was rather amused at his going through such a form, and it struck me that it would have been a simpler way of saving appearances to have gone on playing double or quits, as I wished to do, until he won a game, and so made it all square between us. And then I forgot all about the matter.

When the May term was over, I agreed to meet Claridge in the second week in July, for the purpose of carrying out our proposed expedition to Paris; and went direct to Brockford without stopping, as my custom was, in London, because Mr. Glading had written to say that Mary was then at home, but was

going in a week's time to stay with her cousin, Mrs. Courtland. She was more charming than ever—she always was every fresh time I met her; and I was amazed at my own presumption in hoping to win her. But she did not see any presumption in it, only she would not realize it seriously. She received me with the frank glee of a sister welcoming a favourite brother, and seemed quite to forget or ignore the fact that our relations had somewhat altered since I had grown up, and made her a positive offer of marriage. We were so intimate that flirtation was impossible. Fancy a man being vexed and puzzled because the girl of his heart was too friendly and confidential with him! Lovers are strange creatures, and there is no limit to their ingenuity in tormenting themselves.

An archery club had been organized in Brockford and the neighbourhood, and Mary was a prominent shot in it. The place had become quite gay, indeed, and there was hardly a day but what a picnic, a water excursion, a feast of roses, or one of the archery meetings formed an excuse for the young people within a radius of a few miles to meet together; and very often these gatherings terminated in a dance or the acting of charades. And I do not remember that the fact of George the Fourth being on his death-bed damped our gaiety for a moment.

Indeed, the only drawback, as far as I was concerned, was that I was never alone with Mary; but I enjoyed myself very much for all that; and when the King died, and her visit to Mrs. Courtland—who ran away from town, and took refuge on the Continent, when the season waned in consequence of that event—was postponed, I regretted the appointment with Claridge, which obliged me to leave so soon.

I was to meet him in town, and went up the day before in order to visit Ellen.

I found her very hard at work, all Madame Tournelle's customers wanting to get into becoming mourning at once. But I could perceive an alteration in her manner: she was evidently unsettled by this engagement, and was rather confused and mysterious in what she told me; but I supposed that to be natural under the circumstances, and thought nothing of it.

I did not see her intended—whose name was Bunce, by the bye. The firm that employed him had sent him on business to Liverpool, she said, and he would not be back for a fortnight.

Well, then, I should make his acquaintance when I returned from Paris—it was no matter. It never occurred to me to call on the firm in whose house he represented himself to be, and make inquiries respecting him. I was only twenty, and that is not a suspicious age.

On the next day, Claridge met me in tremendously high spirits, anticipating immense fun from our trip. His hilarity was infectious, and I fear that we were rather boisterous during the ride from London to Canterbury, and thence to Dover; and if the coachman and guard did not become intoxicated, it was either because they were moral men, or in consequence of having liquor-proof heads—not for want of treating. A sailor, who was one of our fellow-passengers, and returning to the coast in ballast, having discharged his cargo in Ratcliff-highway, was not insensible to our injudicious generosity—until, indeed, he became insensible altogether.

Claridge drove for a stage; but when he nearly upset the coach, a solicitor who was inside with a timid female client threatened an action, and he had to relinquish the ribbons.

Things New and Old.

The Baby.

John Kemble was one night performing a favourite part in a country theatre, when he was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said—

“Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on.”

The effect of this earnest appeal in favour of the child may be conceived.

No Coward.

American sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs seem a pugnacious order. In Kansas a sheriff fought a duel with a maniac, and, thanks to his superiority of intellect and of aim, brought his man down with a gun-shot—badly wounded but not killed. What the “maniac” (thus briefly described by the *New York Times*) had done to deserve such treatment at the hands of a high executive functionary does not appear. He may have refused to go to a lunatic asylum, or perhaps had questioned the sanity of the sheriff, causing the latter to resent this reflection on his wisdom as the soldier resents reflections on his honour. The deputy-sheriff who “went out” held office somewhere in Louisiana, and had an apparently sane man for his adversary. Mr. Deputy-Sheriff Richard, after a political discussion with Dr. Gray, posted him as “a villainous liar, an infamous scoundrel, and a contemptible coward.” A duel ensued, in which, after several shots had been exchanged, both combatants fell mortally wounded. Dr. Gray died almost immediately. Mr. Deputy-Sheriff Richard, however, lived long enough to be able to say, “If I live I will kill the man that says Dr. Gray was a coward.” No one appears to have said that Dr. Gray was a coward except Mr. Deputy-Sheriff Richard himself.

Keen.

A distinguished professor was in Edinburgh on a wet Sunday not long ago, and desiring to go to church he took a cab, a desecration of the Sabbath for which I trust his conscience has often since accused him. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, but was a little taken aback when the cabman, with stern solemnity, said—

“Twa shillun, sir.”

The professor, if he has not the Sabbatarianism, has, at any rate, the “canniness” of the Scot—he is a prudent and thrifty man; so, fixing his “eagle eye” (I say the singular advisedly, for the learned man squints) upon the extortioner, he demanded sharply why he charged two shillings. The cabman answered drily, with “pawky” humour twinkling in his eye—

“We wish to discourage travellin’ on the Sawbath, sir.”

The argument was irresistible, and the professor paid.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS:

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXII.—LARRY'S GOLDEN DROPS.

WHETHER there be fascination in the glittering eye of the snake, or whether the victim be paralyzed with fear, naturalists must decide. Let that be as it may, Frank Adams, stooping there over a rugged block of dark ore, saw the venomous beast coiled up on a stone, with its head raised, and he remained watching it, apparently waiting for it to strike, while the attention of Dawson was taken up by the gliding scaly forms of several others, as, making a low, dull, warning rattle, they crept in and out among the stones, beating a retreat, and evidently thinking more of escape than assault.

Though up here in the north-west it is a less venomous variety of the rattlesnake that is occasionally found, their bite is sufficiently serious to make the reptiles an object of dread, though the disposition to make use of their poison-fangs is less prominent even than in the rattlesnake (the *Crotalus horridus*) of farther south. As far as Frank Adams was concerned, he was perfectly powerless to avert the impending stroke: he read it in the beast's eye, and felt his danger, but he did not move. Another instant and the reptile would have fixed upon him, when something dark appeared to pass before the young man's eyes, the spell was broken, and with a cry of horror he leaped back.

It had all been the work of a few moments, and before the dizziness which followed had passed away, Dawson was saying, "That was a narrow escape, Frank; but the brute will never bite again."

Adams turned his head in the direction of the snake, to see it broken and writhing amidst the rough fragments; for the dark object which had passed before the young man's eyes had been a piece of stone, thrown with careful aim by Larry, crushing the reptile beyond all power of doing harm.

"Look at the baste!" said Larry, completing his work, and then drawing their dead enemy from among the stones where it had writhed. "That's pretty nigh six feet long. Sha'n't we be havin' to move?"

Rattlesnakes, danger, however, were forgotten in the discovery they had made. Here there was a place whose wealth was enormous; and doubtless they had but to move the *dbris* to come upon blocks and masses of native silver which had been covered over by slips from the sides of the great chasm.

The two men sat so thoughtful over their discovery of sufficient wealth to make them princes among men—could they transport it to the regions of civilization—that Larry muttered to himself, "Sure they don't want me. Bud he might have said 'Thanky' for killin' that baste."

So Larry stole gently away with his pannikin and pole, and went down the valley, overtaking Mrs. Adams and Mary, who were tempted to stroll by the beauty of the morning.

"Sure, Miss Mary," said Larry, "ye'll be in luck this mornin', an' jist ready to howld the basket for as illigant a lot ov trout as iver ye see."

"But we had trout this morning, Larry," said Mrs. Adams.

"Not these throut, ma'am," said Larry. "These are fine big fellows, that look as if they hadn't a bone in their shkin. I come upon thim in a bit ov a sandy corner down below there, an' I stopped their gettin' down the strame by puttin' a row ov stones across; an' now I've only got to divart the wather, an' ladle the rist out, an' there we have the fine fellows flappin' about on the sand."

Larry led the way down the valley for about a mile or so, leading his companions cautiously forward to a pool made by the rivulet, whose clear waters gurgled along the bottom; and there plainly enough could be seen safely prisoned about a dozen fine large trout.

"It makes one's mouth wather to see thim, don't it?" said Larry, rolling up his sleeves, wading into the stream above the pool, and, by means of a shovel, so banking up the sand that the water ceased to pass through the pool, but glided down another way. Then, seeking the bottom of his pool, Larry set to work with a will, and in half an hour had baled out the water so as to leave the trout flapping about on their sides in the sand, from which they were soon transferred to the basket—thirteen of them—which Larry held.

"An' now," said Larry, quietly, "I've got me idays about this shpot; an' as they've made their bit ov a dishcovery up above—"

"Discovery, Larry?" exclaimed Mrs. Adams.

"Sure, yes; an' didn't I tell ye?" said Larry.

"No, not a word."

"Nor yet about the masther bein' nearly bitten by a rattlesnake?"

"Oh, Larry!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams, agitatedly.

"Bud he wasn't bitten at all," said Larry; "an' a miss is as good as a mile, ye know."

"But the discovery?" said Mary.

"Oh, only some lumps ov silver; an' they don't want ye, I'm sure, for they both ov thim looked as dull an' as miserable as if they'd rather not; an' I came away an' left thim. Ye'd better stay wid me—well, anyhow, take the fishes wid ye. Och, they're gone, an' good luck go wid thim! An' now for me bit ov a dishcovery. Let's have a look at ye first, me boy," he said, sitting down, and taking what looked like a yellow water-worn stone from his pocket. "Now let's see what ye are," said Larry; "because if ye're right, there's sure to be lots more ov ye where ye came from. An', let's see, if ye're goold ye'll cut aisy like wid me knife."

He opened his knife slowly, and tried the yellow find with the edge.

It was hard, but his knife cut from it a tiny shaving of pure yellow gold.

"It's all right," said Larry, closing his big knife with a snap. "Silver!" he added, in a tone of contempt; "who'd dig for shillin's whin he could turn up half-sovereigns an' sovereigns at ivery dip?"

He took his tin bowl, and scooped up from where the trout had been swimming a quantity of sand and water; then going a little higher up, he filled the bowl full of water, stirred it up with his fingers, and poured the sandy water away.

This he did again and again, till there was nothing left at the bottom of the bowl but a couple of handfuls of heavy fragments, gravel and bits of pebbles, washed beautifully clean.

The perspiration stood in big drops on Larry's forehead as he stepped from the bed of the stream, and

emptied this out on a big, flat-topped stone, the sun shining brightly down, and showing that quite one-third of the washed debris was gold—pure gold, in scales and fragments, that had apparently been run together in nuggets, and what seemed to be rounded pebbles. All these Larry carefully picked from among the stones and transferred to his pocket, which was quite three ounces the heavier. Then, instead of madly rushing off to get more, Larry quietly swept the flat-topped stone clear, and sat himself down, took out and filled an old black pipe, lit up, and began to smoke.

"Let me see," said Larry. "There's no ind ov little pools like that full ov sand an' pebbles, where they've been washed down from up in the mountains, an' goold's worth twinty times as much as silver. All we've got to do, thin, is to go on fishin' it out ov the sand. Bedad, I'll have another thry somewhere else, though!"

Larry picked out a fresh pool, just at the junction of another tiny, thread-like stream with the one he was in; and here, plunging his arm into the water, he scooped up half a panful of sand from the bottom, stirring it up and agitating it as he did so.

"Bedad, look at him!" he said, exultingly. "Look at the bits ov goold like bran dancin' about in the wather! Why, I'll lose half ov him."

Certainly a number of scales were lost by Larry's process, sinking down once more into the sand at the bottom of the pool; but when he had ended there was a bigger nugget at the bottom of his pan than he had found before, lying amidst a score of little fragments and dust.

Still, not satisfied, he went lower down the valley for quite a mile, and experimented twice in likely places, and always with similar results, the whole result being that for his carelessly conducted morning's work Larry had collected eight or nine ounces of gold.

"I wonder where it comes from," said Larry, as he trudged back toward the tent, where he found Dawson and Adams breaking fragments off one of the pieces of silver ore, and placing them in a crucible.

"Come, Larry," said Adams, "we want you badly. You take this discovery as coolly as if it were worth nothing."

"Sure an' I do," said Larry, quietly.

Dawson looked at him in astonishment, as he stood there with his bottom lip protruded, rubbing his chin with his left hand, while his right was thrust deeply into his pocket.

"That's a dale of throuble and hard work," he said, after a minute.

"Trouble or no, Larry, you'll have to buckle to," said Adams; "so come along, man. Why, it's nearly solid silver."

"Pooh!" said Larry; "an' what's silver?"

"Have you been at the spirits, Larry?" said Dawson, laughing.

"No, sor; it's at the goolden dhrops I've been; and it's made me think mighty little ov such stuff as that which ye've got to break up an' melt down, an' the rest ov' it. Look here," he said, taking a handful of gold from his pockets; "what d'ye say to that?"

"Stream gold, by all that's glorious!" cried Dawson, pitching a lump of silver on one side as though it had been clay.

"Gold!" ejaculated Adams.

"Hapes ov it," cried Larry; "an' I invinted the dishcovery all be meself. There's the little river-bed jist full ov it, where it aint stones an' sand; an' I've thried it all down, an' it's all alike. What d'ye say to yer silver now?"

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XLI.—"A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU."

"BUT you know, my dear, people will be sure to talk about it, and, sooner or later, of course Mr. Harvey and Miss Jenny will be married. And then you've got yourself to think about; and what I say is, if you wish to keep your place, it's your duty to come over the way, and let him be waited on by somebody else."

"And you'd be the first to tell me I didn't care a bit about him, or else I'd never have done it," said Fanny, sharply, as she stood in poor Jack Filmer's studio, looking very defiantly at her fellow-servant. "Whenever he's fit to leave, I shall leave him, and not before, cook. And, now, what is it you've brought there?"

"A drop of broth, and before I warmed it up it was that mass o' thick jelly you might have cut it. Now do make him have it every drop, for it's that strengthening as nothing can be like it."

Fanny's answer was a kiss on the stout dame's cheek, which brought from her the remark "that if he wasn't deserving of her after all this, he ought to be ashamed of himself."

It had been a hard time for poor Jack Filmer, and many and many an hour had seen Fanny sobbing bitterly in the silence of some lone watch as her sinking heart told her that he could not get over his injuries. For every now and then would Jack start and try to get up in bed, and ask for a glass plate, or the cap of his lens, or some other article connected with his trade. Fanny's little hand was always strong enough to press him back to his pillow, where he would lie staring at her and babbling of her features.

"I can't get your eyes right," said Jack. "As I look at them, they're as bright as bright; but as soon as ever I take you, they show dull and fogged on the glass plate. Always get your eyes right, and the rest of the picture will come clear."

Then Fanny would place a cool part of the pillow for his temple to rest upon, and her reward was the sigh of gratification that followed. But he did not know her for weeks; and when at last he did recognise her, it was feebly to get hold of her little hand to lay his wasted cheek upon it, and cry like a child.

"Hurt—was I?" he said, in response to the answer she gave him respecting how it was he came to be lying there so helplessly. "Ah, I suppose I was; but I thought it was a fever."

"You were hurt up at the races; but don't talk about it now," said Fanny.

"Hurt up at the races, was I?" he said in a puzzled tone. "Well, I dare say I was. I remember wanting to go when I saw you go. But—but—how was it I was hurt, eh, Fanny?"

It was in vain that she tried to get him pacified; he was always returning to the same subject.

"You see, it bothers me and makes my head ache," he said, feebly.

"Then why not leave it alone?"

"I can't," he said, peevishly—"I can't: it will come, and I want to know how I was hurt, and I can't tell. Don't anybody know?"

"No," said Fanny, relinquishing to him one little hand, which he seemed to look upon as a treasure that some one would try to take from him; for his favourite position was to get it beneath his pillow, and there hold it with both his own.

"It's queer, too," said Jack; "and all seems just as if there was a great black curtain hung between to-day and yesterday, and the more I try to look back the more it seems black. Oh, Fanny," he exclaimed weakly, "it's all over, and I know I shall starve, for I've forgotten everything, and I shan't ever be able to take a likeness again."

And at such times as these Fanny would work hard to comfort him—always in vain, though; and he grew worse and worse; the fever was gone, and his wounds were healing, but he gained no strength.

"Can't you tell me anything about it, Fanny?" he said one day, feebly; "for I can't think at all. Won't you think for me?"

Then she told him about his being found, and brought into the town in a cart; and he lay back, trying helplessly to think, till the wan, sad aspect of his countenance so affected Fanny, that all her brusque ways passed off, and she threw herself on her knees by the bed.

"Oh! don't, don't try to think, dear," she sobbed; "let me think for you."

"Say that again, will you?" said Jack, feebly.

"Oh, let me think for you; I'll try so, so hard."

"No, no—that aint all," said Jack, peevishly; "you said something else."

"I said—I said, don't try to think, *dear*," sobbed Fanny, and a warm flush came over her countenance.

"Bless you—God bless you," piped Jack, in reedy tones. "I was very fond of you, Fanny, and thought you didn't care for me half so much as this; but it's of no use now—not a bit. My mind's all gone, and I can't recollect anything; and I couldn't work for my living any more; and it's best as it is; and the sooner I die the better."

"Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack!" sobbed Fanny.

"It's best I should go," he went on, still holding her hand against his cheek, and the poor fellow's eye looked very glassy and dull, as his words came feebly and broken from his lips. "I should have liked to live, too, and have known what it was for you to love me; but it can't be helped. I don't know how it all was, or why I was knocked about; and it's very kind of the old gentleman over the way to let you come and nurse me, and God bless him for it! But never mind, don't you fret; you're too good and nice a girl to go long a-begging, and I hope it will be a good, true-hearted chap as gets you."

"Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack!" sobbed Fanny again, in a broken voice, as she bathed his pillow with her tears.

"But you'll come and have a look at the place where they put me, Fanny?" went on Jack; "and it won't be long first—I can feel it won't be long. I shall be all the happier if I know you'll do that. But there, I know you will; for you know that, poor sort of a fellow as I was, I was very fond of you."

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" cried Fanny, lifting his head to her bosom, and holding it there, "don't say was."

"Why not?" he asked, trying to return the embrace, but only for his hand to fall feebly to the coverlid. "It's all *was* with me now; and I can't think what was was. But it don't matter, and I won't say any more, for I don't want you to fret. There, I won't say any more, only keep my head there—that's nice. I should like to go out of the world with my head there, and your little arm round me."

"Oh, Jack," sobbed Fanny, "let me lay you down," for the aspect of his face frightened her. "I must fetch the doctor."

"No, no," he said in a whisper, "he can't do any good. That Mr. Tom Madron might, perhaps. Why don't he come?"

"He can't, he's not here now," sobbed Fanny; and then her heart beat wildly as she wondered whether, if she tramped over to Harvestbury, they would let Mr. Madron out for a while. Her sobs came faster as she knew they would not—even to save the life of him she loved, and clasped more tightly to her throbbing breast, lest he should be taken away. "Poor Jack, he little dreams of the horrors that have been going on," she sighed.

"It's all for the best," said Jack again, looking at her as if his soul fed upon her eyes. "I should only have lived to be a burden and a misery to myself—for my mind's all gone, and I couldn't work."

"Oh, Jack—Jack—Jack!" sobbed Fanny, passionately, "don't, don't die. You must—must live, and be my own darling husband; and I can work and do hundreds of things, and I'll keep you—and—and—and—oh, oh, Jack, don't die!"

"Fanny!" said Jack, in a faint whisper.

"Oh, Jack," she half shrieked, "don't die—you shan't—you shan't!" and she held him frantically to her breast, and pressed her lips to his as if to give him breath.

Then his eyes half closed and his lips moved, and she tried to catch their import.

"Oh," she shrieked, wildly, "will no one come—will no one fetch a doctor? Jack, dear Jack, speak to me; you shall not die!"

And poor Jack's last efforts seemed to be condensed in one short sentence, as his eyes opened once more and gazed lovingly in hers, and then he fainted.

But as Fanny stooped breathlessly over him, she caught the words—words that at such a time seemed almost ridiculous, for he whispered, in tones faint as a sigh—

"No, I won't."

CHAPTER XLII.—JENNY WAKENS.

THE time was gliding on very swiftly towards the day when Tom Madron would have to appear before the jury in the felon's dock at Harvestbury assizes, and Mr. Burge was in a profound state of business. He had worked night and day over Tom Madron's case, sparing no effort to be prepared for what he called "the worst."

He was seated in his study one morning, when the door softly opened, and very pale, and dressed very plainly in deep black, Jenny Riches glided into the room.

"Ah, my little pet!" exclaimed Mr. Burge, jumping up from his chair—"down again, eh? Well, I'm glad

of it—very glad of it; and come to see me, too. There, sit down in my old chair. There you are; and there's a footstool. Why, bless the child, this is an unexpected pleasure."

"I think I've been weak, Mr. Burge, and giving way too much, and that has kept me back; but I am going to try and bear all patiently now."

"That's right, my dear—quite right," said Mr. Burge, taking one of her hands, and patting it in a gentle, fatherly way, between his own. "But nobody blames you here, I'm sure. Why, you've got a little colour coming into your cheeks already; and I suppose next time cousin Harvey comes, he may see you, eh?"

The words were meant to give Jenny pleasure; but they only drove the colour from her cheek, and an awkward silence was ensuing, broken through by the entrance of Mrs. Burge, with a shawl over one arm, and a bottle of smelling salts in her hand.

There was a good deal of telegraphic winking and nodding on the part of Mrs. Burge, none of which her husband seemed to comprehend, as he stood rubbing one ear, while his wife carefully wrapped Jenny in the shawl, and placed the smelling bottle in her hand—all, too, in a loving, motherly way, whose tenderness was too palpably genuine for it to contain a shade of selfish, mercenary feeling.

"She wanted to come down and have a talk with you," said Mrs. Burge, "and begged so hard for it that I was obliged to give way."

"To be sure—do her good," said Mr. Burge; "glad to see her take a little interest in things again."

"Well, there—I'll go," said Mrs. Burge. "If you want anything, ring the bell, and I'll come myself."

"And now, my dear," said Burge, as soon as they were alone, "what can I do for you? Don't be afraid to speak, because you know how often I've nursed you in the old days, as a child; and though we have been on opposite sides a bit, that's only been on account of that cursed money we all get so fond of—chess-playing like, with your poor uncle. There, like my thoughtlessness," he cried, on seeing a spasm cross Jenny's face, and a tear stand in her eye. "It's about business, eh? Well, I'll tell you all I can; but, you know, all the affairs are in the hands of the London people—Bedford-row, you know. Good firm, my dear; and you'll be all right."

"But it's not about that," said Jenny, faintly.

"Not about that? Well, well, my dear, anything you like I'll see to. Don't be hurried and fluttered, but take your time. We're like doctors, we lawyers; you can talk to us without any reserve, and all that you say is perfectly safe—private and confidential."

"Mr. Burge," said Jenny, making an effort and half rising from her seat, "I—I—want you to—to tell me about—about Mr. Madron. I have only lately heard of this horrible charge, and—and I want to hear more."

Mr. Burge gave vent to a long, low whistle as he rose from his chair, and gently pressed his visitor back into her seat.

"Why, my poor little darling," he said, tenderly, "I did not know the wind set in that quarter. I thought it was your cousin, Harvey. But there, I'm glad of it, for he's a fine young fellow; and there's only one thing I'd like to see better, and that's something between you and my boy. But there, I'm talking nonsense—taken by surprise, you know."

"You'll tell me all, will you not, Mr. Burge?"

"My dear child, I'm afraid that you know too much already."

"But this terrible charge, Mr. Burge; surely the judge will take no notice of it?"

"I'm afraid somebody has been getting Riches' affairs in a terrible mess," said Mr. Burge to himself; and then aloud,

"They ought not to have told you, my child. In your weak state, after the shock you have had, this new one was more than you ought to have been called upon to bear."

"No, no," she said, earnestly, "it came upon me like a call of duty, when I was giving way to grief in a weak and childish way. I've been very ill, though, Mr. Burge, and you have all been so kind and so patient with me here. Bear with me in this too, and tell me what has been done. Don't keep anything from me."

Mr. Burge looked at her in a troubled and pitying way, for there were two sides to the man—the hard professional, and the soft domestic. Jenny was having the benefit of the soft domestic, for her gentle nature won upon him in a way that made him ready to give way to anything she desired.

"I'll do all I can—in fact, I am doing all I can," said Mr. Burge, slowly.

"But tell me," said Jenny, imploringly—"there is no danger?"

"I hope not—I think not," said Mr. Burge, slowly; "and we are making every effort."

"Mr. Burge," exclaimed Jenny—whom his cold, measured words seemed to be galvanising into action—"this horrible charge is false. Mr. Madron is too true and noble even to think of such a horrible deed."

"Yes, my dear child, certainly," said Mr. Burge; "but then, people look at things from a very different point of view. But there, everything possible is being done, and you must now leave it in my hands. We're doing wonders. We've got Valentine—Serjeant Valentine—and he's very warm upon the case. Then for a junior we've got Riddell, about the cunningest sifter of evidence upon the bar. There, don't look like that, my dear; we shall pull him through. I'm sure we shall."

For a few moments, Jenny seemed as if about to faint—her pallor was extreme, a cold dew gathered on her forehead; and Mr. Burge's hand was upon the bell, when Mrs. Burge entered most opportunely with a decanter and glass, the little port wine they pressed upon the fainting girl having the desired effect of staying off the threatening fit.

"When are you going over to Harvestbury, Mr. Burge?" said Jenny, after a few minutes' pause.

"This very morning, my dear," said Mr. Burge, cheerfully; "and, depend upon me, I shan't leave a stone unturned."

"I will go with you," said Jenny.

"Eh! what!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer and his wife, in a breath.

"I would have gone sooner, had I not let the selfishness of my own grief make me deaf to everything," said Jenny.

"But, my dear child, it is impossible!" said the lawyer.

"But, my love, it would be the death of you!" said Mrs. Burge.

"It is not impossible, and it will not hurt me," said Jenny, firmly. "If Mr. Burge declined to take me, I should try to walk. Mrs. Burge, dear Mrs. Burge," she continued, affectionately, "he is in prison, friendless, and forsaken by all. He loves me, and I have not so much as written to tell him that I disbelieve this atrocious tale."

"But, my poor child, you have just risen from a sick bed," said Mrs. Burge, down whose motherly face the tears ran fast.

"If it were your son in prison, Mrs. Burge, or your husband, would you let sickness or weakness keep you away?"

A sob was Mrs. Burge's only response; and when the next minute Jenny's little appealing hands were laid upon the lawyer's breast, he took them in his own, kissed them tenderly, and the result was that an hour after, well cloaked and wrapped up, Jenny was seated beside Mr. Burge in the latter's gig, and a stout, raw-boned cob was rattling them swiftly over towards Harvestbury.

The Alexandra Palace.

THIS will amply repay the visitor for all the expense or trouble of a visit. Without having to cross London, the dweller in the plains of Bedfordshire and East Anglian districts will at once find himself in a new world of undulating beauty, such as he has had no experience of. At our feet, looking northwards, is Southgate, of which Leigh Hunt wrote that it was a pleasure to be born in so sweet a village, cradled not only in the lap of Nature, which he loved, but in the midst of the truly English scenery which he loved beyond all other. "Middlesex is," he adds, "a scene of greenery and nestling villages, and Southgate is a prime specimen of Middlesex. It is a place lying out of the way of innovation, and therefore it has the pure, sweet air of antiquity about it." And the remark is true, with a few exceptions, of all the towns and villages of this district.

Look along the new line of railway that branches off at Wood Green, and you will see the Enfield where Keats grew to be a poet, and where Charles Lamb died. Look a little to the left, and there is Colney Hatch Asylum, with its two thousand inmates. A little farther on lies Hadley Wood, a lovely spot for a picnic; and there rises the grey tower of Barnet Church, reminding you of the Battle of Barnet, fought but a little farther on. A little on our left is Finchley Common, where they still show you Grimaldi's Cottage and Dick Turpin's Oak. If we look over Wood Green, now a town, but yesterday a wild common, we see in the far distance Tottenham and Edmonton, and what remains of Epping Forest, now under the care of the Corporation of London. As we look over the valley of the Thames to Shooter's Hill, we may see the smoke of the steamers as they make their way up and down the river. Hornsey, with its ivy tower, is just beneath; and there to our right is Highgate, with its memories of Coleridge, and Lord Bacon, and Arabella Stuart—of Morland, and Wilkes, and Hogarth—of Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton—and Andrew Marvel, whose old cottage has been recently pulled down. A little farther on is Hampstead Heath, where the mansions of Lords Mansfield and

Chatham and Erskine yet stand. Harrow Hill may also be seen in the distance.

LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S COLLECTION.

Among the offensive weapons we find a complete illustrated history of the science of gunnery, from the war cannon of the time of Edward III. downwards. A great variety of Spanish and Italian rapiers are to be seen, and amongst them the short sword of Henry VIII., the blade damascened in gold, with a representation of the siege of Boulogne in 1513, and a Latin inscription recording the event. Among the gorgeous halberds one is especially attractive—that carried before the Doge of Venice in his galley on the occasion of the marriage of the Adriatic. One of the gems of the Bernal collection is here—a breastplate of steel *repoussé*, richly damascened in gold and silver, with classical figures in medallions, festoons, masks, scrolls, and trophies, said to have been worn by Philip IV. of Spain. A morion of the sixteenth century is much admired, as also a series of mediæval helmets, and a whole suit of early chain mail of the thirteenth century, and a *cap-à-pie* suit of plate armour, circa 1550, of fine Italian work. There is also included in the collection a fine display of Asiatic arms and armour, as well as of the ruder implements used by the South Sea Islanders and other barbarous tribes. The collection is also equally rich in antiquities, many of them deeply interesting, such as the personal ornaments worn by the early inhabitants of England and Ireland before the arrival of the Romans. Mr. Layard discovered forks in Nineveh, and in the Londesborough Collection there is a fine assortment of such articles, as well as knives and spoons. Amongst the carvings in ivory and wood are some rare chessmen of the twelfth century, found in the Hebrides, of all places in the world; a jester's staff, or fool's bauble, of the fifteenth century; an ivory sceptre of Louis XII. of France; a hunting horn of the fifteenth century, sculptured with the legend of St. Hubert, who was arrested when he would have gone a hunting on a Good Friday by a sacred apparition.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

But the gem of this part of the collection is the magical speculum of Dr. Dee. The hamlet of Barnes Elms within the memory of living men consisted of only two houses, one of which was the dairy of Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards the residence of Jacob Tonson, the great publisher of the early part of the last century; and the other was formerly the Manor House, which was given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Walsingham. Elizabeth was a frequent visitor at Walsingham's house and at her dairy, and, it is said, met at Barnes Dr. Dee, the renowned conjuror or wizard, for the purpose of looking into his magical crystal. Be that as it may, the wonderful stone, black with a highly-polished surface, is now one of the wonders of the Londesborough Collection at the Alexandra Palace.

After the Rist.

"Patrick," said the priest, "how much hay did you steal?"

"Well, I may as well confess to your riverince for the whole stack, for I'm going after the rist to-night."

THE READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

Tangled Meshes.

"IS that you, Tom?"

"Iss, my son," replied Tom, a great swarthy, black-whiskered, fierce-looking, copper-coloured Cornish giant, in tarry canvas trousers, and a blue worsted guernsey shirt—a tremendous fellow in his way—but with a heart as soft and tender as that of his wife, whom he had just addressed in the popular fashion of his part as "my son." Tom had just come home from mackerel fishing off the Scilly Isles. The take had only been poor, for the wind had been unfavourable; but the few hundred fish his lugger had brought in were sold, and with a few hake in his hand for private consumption, Tom Trecarn had come home for a good night's rest.

"Oh, Tom," burst out his wife, throwing down that popular wind instrument without which upon a grand scale no fisherman's granite cottage is complete—"Oh, Tom," said Mrs. Trecarn, throwing down the bellows, there known as the "Cornish organ"—"Oh, Tom, you're a ruined man."

"Not yet, my son," replied Tom, stoically; "but if things don't mend, fishing won't be worth the salt for a score of pilchards."

"But Dan Pengelly's broken, Tom," sobbed Mrs. Trecarn.

"Then we'll get him mended, my son," said Tom, kissing her.

"How many fish had ye?" sang a voice outside the cottage, in the peculiar pleasant intonation common amongst the Cornish peasantry.

"Thousand an' half," sung back Tom to the inquiring neighbour.

"Where did you shoot, lad?" sang the voice again. "West of Scilly, Eddard. Bad times: wind heavy, and there's four boats' fish."

"Pengelly's got the bailiffs in, Thomas," sang the neighbour, now thrusting his head in at the door.

"Sorry for him," sang Tom, preparing for a wash.

"And I'm sorry for you, Thomas," sang the neighbour.

"What for?" said Tom, stoically.

"Why, aint all your craft in his store, Tom?" inquired the neighbour.

"Oh, yes—every net," sobbed Mrs. Trecarn; "and we're ruined. Eighty-four pounds fifteen and sevenpence, too, those nets cost."

"But 't aint nothing to us," said Tom, turning a different colour, as an ordinary man would have turned pale.

"Why, your craft's seized too, lad; and ye'll lose it all," cried the neighbour, singing it right into the great fellow's ear.

Down went the pitcher of water upon the stone floor in a wreck of potsherds and splash, and crash went the staggering neighbour against the side table set out with Mrs. Trecarn's ornaments, as Tom rushed out of the house, and up the street to Daniel Pengelly's store.

Dan Pengelly's store was a well-known building in

Carnlyn, being a long, low, granite-built and shale-roofed shed, where many of the fishermen warehoused their herring and pilchard nets during the mackerel season—the mackerel nets taking their turn to rest when dried, on account of the pilchards making their appearance off the shores of Mount's Bay. For, as in patriarchal days men's wealth was in flocks and herds, so here in these primitive Cornish fishing villages it is the ambition of most men to become the owner of the red-sailed, fast-tacking luggers which, from some hitherto unexplained phenomenon, sail like the boats of every other fishing station—faster than any vessel that ploughs the waves. Failing to become the owner of a boat, the next point is to be able to boast of having so many nets, many a rough-looking, hard-handed fisherman being perhaps possessor of a couple or three hundred pounds' worth, bought or bred (netted) by his wife and daughters.

To Dan Pengelly's store went Tom Trecarn, to find there a short, fresh-coloured, pudgy man leaning against one of the doorposts, holding the long clay pipe he smoked with one hand, and rubbing his nose with the key he held in the other.

"I want my nets out," said Tom, coming up furious as a bull. "I've got eighty pound worth of craft in here as don't belong to the Pengellys."

"So have I," and "So have I," growled a couple of the group of men lolling about and looking on in the idle way peculiar to fishermen when winds are unfavourable.

"Can't help that," said the man, ceasing to rub his nose, and buttoning up the key in his pocket. "I'm in possession, and nothing can't come out of here. The goods are seized for debt."

"But I aint nothing to do with Pengelly's debts," said Tom. "My nets aint going to pay for what he owes. I earned my craft with the sweat of my brow, and they're only stored here like those of other lads."

"Iss, my son—'tis so—'tis so," said one or two of the bystanders, clapping their hands approvingly.

"I've got nothing to do with that," said the man in possession; "the goods are seized, and whatever's in Daniel Pengelly's store will be sold if he don't pay up; and that's the law."

"Do you mean to tell me that the law says you're to sell one man's goods to pay another man's debts?" said Tom.

"Yes, if they're on the debtor's premises," said the man, coolly.

"Then I'm blest if I believe it," cried Tom, furiously; "and if you don't give up what belongs to me—"

Here he strode so furiously up to the bailiff that a couple of brother-fishermen rushed in, and between them hustled Trecarn off, and back to his cottage, where the poor fellow sat down beside his weeping wife, while the two ponderous fellows who had brought him home leaned one on either side of the door, silent and full of unspoken condolence.

"Eighty-four pound!" groaned Tom.

"Fifteen and sevenpence!" sobbed his wife.

"Eight bran-new herring nets of mine," said one of his friends.

"And fifteen pound worth of my craft," muttered the other.

"And this is the law of the land, is it?" growled Tom.



MR. J. H. TILLETT.—"NEVER SAY DIE."

"They took Sam Kelynack's little mare same way, as was grazing on Tressillian's paddock," said friend number one; and then they all joined in a groan of sympathy.

Now, in most places the men would have adjourned to a public-house to talk over their troubles; but here in the Cornish fishing villages a large per centage of the men are total abstainers; and Mrs. Trecarn having brewed a good cup of tea, and fried half a dozen split mackerel, they all sat down and made a hearty meal; while during the discussion that followed, some comfort seemed to have come to the troubled spirits of the men, so that about eight o'clock that night they went arm-in-arm down the ill-paved street, singing a glee in good time, tune, and with the harmony so well preserved, that a musician would have paused in wonder to find such an accomplishment amongst rough fishermen—an accomplishment as common as brass bands amongst the Lancashire and Yorkshire artizans.

"Not another drop, I thanky," said the bailiff to one of Tom's friends, who stood by him, tumbler in hand, stirring a stiff glass of grog.

It was a fine night, though it had been raining, and the water lay in pools around, one of the largest being in front of the doorstone of Pengelly's store, beside which the bailiff stood; for though carefully locked up, the man felt a disinclination to leave it, and he equally disliked shutting himself inside and sleeping upon a heap of nets; so he had treated the advances made by the man who had protected him from Trecarn with pleasure, and between them they had finished one strong tumbler of rum and water, and were well on with the second.

"Not another drop, I thanky," said the bailiff; so Nicholas Harris again broke his pledge, taking a moderate sip, and passed the glass once more to the bailiff, who took it, sipped long and well, and then sighed; while it was observable that the last draught had so paved the way for more, that he made no further objections even when the glass was filled for the third and fourth times—each time the liquor being made more potent.

At the filling of the fifth glass at eleven o'clock, when nearly the whole village was asleep, Nicholas Harris, who seemed wonderfully sober, considering, stopped, and whispered to a couple of men in one of the corners behind the store; while in another half-hour the said two shadowy figures came up to find the bailiff sitting in the pool of water in front of the store, and shaking his head in a melancholy way at his companion.

"I don't feel well," said Harris, "and I'm going home. Praps you'll help that gentleman up to the King's Arms."

Neither of the new-comers spoke; but each seized the bailiff by an arm, and tried to lift him to his feet. But he did not wish to be lifted to his feet, and sat himself down again in the wettest spot of the road, making the water fly from beneath him, while every fresh attempt to get him away was fiercely resisted.

"Have you got it?" whispered one of the new-comers.

"Ay, lad!" said the other, "it's all right."

"Then fetch a barrow."

The man spoken to came back in a few minutes with a wheelbarrow, by which time the bailiff seemed in a

state of hopeless collapse, and remained so when he was lifted into the barrow.

"Don't laugh," whispered one man, as the other held his sides, and stamped about with mirth to see his companion's efforts to get the man in position; for he could not sit down, nor lie down, nor be placed side wise, nor crosswise. Once he was in a sitting posture, and, seizing the handles, the man started the barrow, but the bailiff slowly slid down till his head rested upon the barrow wheel, and ground against it.

"Sit up, blame you!" growled the man. "Come and hold him, Tom, or lash him to the handles!" something, lad. Blest if ever I did see such an jelly-fish. Just look at him; he's just as if the flog he's taken had softened all his bones—and there he goes again. Hold up, will you? Just put a hand to him—do, Tom."

The man appealed to seized the bailiff by his arm, and hauled him into the end of the barrow, propping his back against the barrow; but the next moment he was down again, and when the barrow-driver lowered the handles and leaned forward to drag him up again, to his intense astonishment the bailiff sprang up, like the essence of elasticity, and planted a blow in the driver's face that made him stagger back and growl fiercely.

"P'raps you'll wheel him yourself next time," he grumbled to his laughing companion, who stepped up, seized the collapsed bailiff round the waist, and carried him in his arms as easily as a girl would a baby, till he reached the village public-house, where he deposited his burden beneath a cart-shed, while the peace of the end of the village was disturbed no more until morning.

The next day there was an application to the magistrates respecting the nets that had been stolen from Pengelly's store—nets of the value of over one hundred pounds having been removed no one knew whither. Nicholas Harris was taken to task as having been seen with the bailiff drinking; but he swore truthfully that he had gone home directly he quitted him, and had lain in bed all the next day with a fearful headache. His nets were amongst those taken. Pengelly proved that the other nets taken were Trecarn's and Pollard's; but upon their places being searched only some old nets were found, while the men themselves had put off for sea early that morning. However, upon the magistrate learning from Pengelly that every article belonging to him was safe upon his premises, he turned round and whispered for some little time to his clerk, and it was arranged that the case should be adjourned.

That case was adjourned, and, as the sequel proved, *sine die*, for no further notice was taken. Daniel Pengelly got into difficulties, and his goods were sold—Tom Trecarn purchasing some of his nets; whilst it was observable on all sides that both Tom and his friends were in excellent spirits, though that might have been owing to the large take of mackerel they brought in. As to the proceedings of that night, the morality is very questionable; but still, by way of excuse, it does seem hard that under the present state of the law, even if a man can substantially prove that goods upon a defaulter's premises are his own, he must still lose them, as many a poor man has found to his cost. However, allowing for change of names, the above narrative is a fact, and one's sympathies cannot fail of tending towards the stealing of the nets.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XIV.—TO PARIS.

IT is difficult to compare the sensations of our youth with those of the generation arising around, or to avoid attributing to the latter our own present feelings of barren weariness; but, after making all allowances, I cannot help thinking that the pleasure of travel, and especially of foreign travel, has diminished. For one thing, the change is not so great; the Englishman abroad meets Englishmen wherever he goes, and half the foreigners he meets greatly resemble his own countrymen; for the angularities of nations have been wonderfully smoothed away during the last thirty or forty years, and we shall all be ironed down to one pattern soon. Then the shop windows are so much alike. If an attractive article appears in one European capital, editions of it are exhibited in all the rest within the fortnight. But, above all, we can get about too easily. It is a law of human nature that we shall not enjoy anything unless we pay dearly for it, either in person or in purse; and when the Channel is bridged over or tunnelled under, as it surely will be, France and Germany will not be worth visiting: the fear and suffering of sea sickness during the passage alone give some remaining zest to the trip.

With well-appointed coaches to Dover, steam packets across the Channel, and regular service of diligences on to Paris, we considered that we had brought the two capitals a good deal too close, even in those days; but how much more of the country, its inhabitants, and their peculiarities you saw in those queer and provoking old equipages, or in the more comfortable postchaise of the period, the flier by railroad can hardly imagine. Why, a French postilion alone was a powerful sensation to the uninitiated.

He revived us; for our high spirits had been considerably damped, as well as ourselves and our luggage, as the old joke has it, in crossing from Dover to Calais. I had never seen the sea before, and I felt at the time as if I did not much care if I never saw it again. Neptune is a superstitious old fellow, and hates unlucky people; and I suppose that was the reason why he made such an unusual commotion on my first introduction. I did not agree with him.

I am sure he did not agree with me, or with Claridge. "Fancy," said this latter, swaying towards me in the interval between two paroxysms—for it was necessary to hold on tight—"Fancy a fellow with my seat across country coming to such grief as this whenever the ship takes a larger wave than usual. By Jove, here's a rasper!"

"Britannia doesn't rule the waves," I replied. "Our men are not jolly tars; it's all a delu—o-o-o-h!"

"Shall we never get into that confounded harbour? It has been as near as that this last half-hour."

"Never."

But we did, and had to pass through the hands of the douaniers, we and our luggage. There was no booking right through then, and the examination was not a farce (Anything to declare? A peep, a pat, and the welcome chalk-mark), but a regular rummage. And the passports, what a fuss they made about them! But that was delightful, giving one a feeling of having no

right to be there, which is always a pleasant sensation.

We had to lie at Calais that night in a miserable and very dirty inn, where fleas abounded. I will defy the modern traveller to find such a whet for future enjoyment along any of the high roads to the French capital nowadays.

Altogether, we needed our postilion; but he completely restored us, and we enjoyed the remainder of our journey immensely.

Claridge had learned French of a good master; and my desultory studies in that language, aided by a little I had picked up from Mary Glading, enabled me to make myself understood by intelligent and patient natives, so we got on pretty well; though the love which we are told that our neighbours now bear to us had not reached the present demonstrative pitch. Indeed, exceptional units of the polite nation would occasionally shrug their shoulders and mutter "Anglais!" in a tone which sounded something like a curse, as they turned away from one of us.

But that did not damp our spirits or our appetites, and the majority were civil and obliging enough; and when we were comfortably established in the Hôtel des Dupes, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, we voted everything delightful, and drank the health of Bantam, the horse to whose legs we owed our present pleasure, in sparkling Burgundy.

CHAPTER XV.—HOW TO PICK A VERY PRETTY QUARREL.

THE alterations which have taken place in Paris are positively magical. The place has been treated as if it were a pasteboard city on the stage of a theatre, required by the exigencies of extravaganza to assume a glorified aspect in the transformation scene. The French capital seems to have acquired such an insatiable love of revolution, that when the men got a little tired of the game, the streets took it up, and revolutionized themselves.

Eugène Sue wrote his "Mysteries of Paris" in time, for it is difficult to connect any idea of secrecy, darkness, or prowling with the broad and well-lighted thoroughfares which penetrate every quarter in the present day.

The younger reader will not be able to picture to himself the Paris that Claridge and I visited thirty-seven years ago. There was no gas; even the safe and frequented streets were, for the most part, devoid of foot pavements, and were reeking, especially at night, with every indescribable abomination. So long as the visitor kept to certain well-known districts, such as the Boulevards, the Rue St. Honoré, the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs Elysées, and the Palais Royal, he was safe; but if he wandered out of the beaten track, he was just as likely as not to turn up next in the Morgue.

I suppose the present state of the city is more convenient for the people who have to live in it—I mean for the classes who do not live by crime—but occasional visitors may be permitted to regret the picturesque, romantic Paris of Balzac and Victor Hugo.

But Claridge and I did not want to investigate out-of-the-way corners, or seek for romantic adventures. We had enough to do to visit all the places which had to be "done": the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Notre Dame, &c. We did our sight-seeing most conscien-

tiously from eleven till four; lounged and rested for an hour—in the Palais Royal mostly; dined well, went to the theatre, and got to bed tired out.

We had spent a week of this life, enjoying ourselves quite as much as we had anticipated—which is saying a very great deal—when our fun was interrupted in a very unsatisfactory manner.

We had spent the day at Versailles, and, returning to Paris rather late in the evening, went into a restaurant on the Boulevards to dine. Being very hungry, we did not at first take much notice of the company assembled; but when we had arrived at the third course, and began to look about, we could not help observing that a party of six men, four of them officers in uniform, who were assembled at a large table in the middle of the room, were rather elevated by wine, and were inclined to be rude in their behaviour.

Up to that time we had been charmed with the manners of every man whose dress bespoke him of the educated classes, and this exceptional behaviour attracted our notice all the more strongly from the contrast.

It seemed from their conversation, which was very loud and energetic, that they were attached to the party of Charles X., who had succeeded his brother, Louis XVIII., on the throne of France; and had contrived by his arrogance and bigotry so completely to undo the work of restoration which his more politic predecessor had accomplished, that the country was well-nigh unanimous in considering him utterly hopeless and impracticable, and his continued rule over any beings more intelligent than Ashantees an impossibility.

As a dominant minority is always inclined to insolence, it may be that the unpopularity of their cause had brought out a feeling of general defiance in these young men; or they may have been merely members of a class, common enough at that time in Paris and Dublin, and not unknown in London, in whom the excitement of wine always aroused the thirst for blood.

Whatever the cause, the conduct of two of them in particular was most insulting: they stared at their inoffensive neighbours, and then turned away with a laugh, or even made personal remarks on their peculiarities to one another. But the frequenters of the place that evening were mostly middle-aged or elderly men of the bourgeois class, who preferred retirement to dispute, and the tables in the immediate vicinity of the noisy six were soon deserted; and though individuals who were seated farther off cast occasional glances of displeasure towards the disturbers of the calm which is desirable for due enjoyment of dominoes or écarté, none of them seemed inclined to take up the offered quarrel.

One man alone seemed to be utterly indifferent to what was going on, and he sat alone at a table close to us, sipping his coffee and reading his newspaper with an air of perfect carelessness about all outward objects. I doubt if he once looked towards the party.

"You see how rash it is to form one's judgment from a limited experience," said Claridge. "The French are not invariably such gentlemanly fellows as we gave them credit for. Did you ever see more blackguardly behaviour than that of those officers?"

He spoke incautiously loud, as we were accustomed to do, whatever the nature of our remarks, not expect-

ing our English to be understood. But it was evident that one of the officers who was sitting nearest us was an exception, for he turned sharp round in his chair and looked hard at Claridge, and then spoke in French to his companions, who all looked at us.

"Ha! here is a little English boy who has come over to teach us a lesson in politeness," said the officer, with a sneer, which brought the blood into Claridge's ears and forehead, and made his eyes sparkle.

"Not impossible," he replied, turning his chair round so as to face the man who had spoken.

The Frenchman was smoking a cigar. He took it from his lips, and, bending forward, deliberately puffed a stream of smoke into Claridge's face.

"Hit him!" said our solitary neighbour, in a low but earnest voice.

But Claridge needed no such advice; for, while the words were being uttered, he caught the French officer a smack between the eyes which sent him rolling over, chair and all.

There was a proper hubbub. The officer got up foaming at the mouth and bleeding at the nose, and tried to draw his sword, but his companions held him back.

"Patience, Henri!" said one; "you shall split his heart with your weapon to-morrow morning."

"Not so," said the solitary neighbour, with a good French accent. "The challenge comes from your side, and we have the choice of weapons. I shall be happy to act with you in this matter," he added in English to me. "If you are not experienced in these little affairs, and are, as I imagine, strange to Paris, I may be useful to you, as I have resided here since the Peace."

I said that I was much obliged by his offer, and too glad to accept it.

"Our opponent is a noted swordsman," he added, in a lower tone. "That was why, when a rencontre was inevitable, I called to your friend to hit him, and so force him to challenge, and give our side the choice of weapons. Of course you will say pistols, which will give us a fair chance?"

"Of course," said I. "You cannot fence, Claridge, can you?"

"Not that I know of," he replied, sucking his knuckle, which was cut. "I had sooner have a shot at him, and am much obliged to Mr. —"

"O'Firking—Captain O'Firking."

He gave his card. And then there was a general exchange of those articles, and we all went outside on to the Boulevards.

Now that their conduct had terminated in its natural result, the French party seemed to be satisfied, and they were extremely polite to Captain O'Firking and myself. Claridge had walked off homewards, and his immediate opponent had also disappeared, as etiquette demanded.

I was glad enough now of the assistance of my new acquaintance; for what with my imperfect knowledge of the language, and my ignorance of the laws and customs of the duello, I should have been sorely puzzled to bring off Claridge's little affair creditably alone.

But Captain O'Firking was in his element, and under his auspices the meeting was arranged in a quiet and gentlemanly manner.

He was a man of rather less than middling height,

and rather more, I should guess, than middling age—taking thirty-five as the centre year of life. His figure was well proportioned and wiry; his grey eye very clear and piercing; altogether he looked like a smart light cavalry officer, which he proved to have been.

We soon made every arrangement for a hostile meeting between our principals, in the Bois de Boulogne, at six o'clock on the following morning; and parted, raising our hats a yard high, and bowing like cock doves.

When we had separated, and I was alone with Captain O'Firking, I asked him to come home to my hotel. He acceded, and we walked on together, soon overtaking Claridge, who was sauntering slowly along, stopping to look in at all the shop windows. Directly we joined him, he commenced expressing his gratitude to Captain O'Firking very warmly.

"Don't mention it," replied that gentleman. "Most happy, I am sure. Wish that I had been able to give you a hint before the affair took place: I might have prevented it. Have you ever been out before?"

"Never," said Claridge.

"Nor you?"

"No," I replied. "Neither as principal, nor second."

"Ah! I had been out three times before I was your age. But then, my regiment was quartered in Galway when I joined. But during the occupation of Paris, after Waterloo, that was the time for duels. You see, the French officers were mad at their defeat, and they revenged themselves privately as often as they could. If they could only force an Englishman to engage them with the sword, they had him safe, you know. They can all fence, these fellows can, and not one Englishman in a hundred knows carte from tierce. Which is carte, now, and which is tierce?"

Neither of us knew.

"I told you so," he continued. "Well, they provoked young English officers to challenge them, and then spitted them like larks. It was remembrance of that old game which made me call to you 'Hit him!' when I saw that your blood was up, and the affair must come to a fight."

"Did you ever get into a duel yourself during the time you are speaking of?" asked Claridge, when we had reached our apartments, and our friend in need was seated, with a cigar and a glass of wine.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "Though I was never a quarrelsome man, and it was pretty generally known that I could hit a card at fifteen paces, snap shooting, without a long aim, still I had to shoot three, dead as nails, and cripple two for life, before they would let me alone. They never interfere with me now," he added, simply.

"When am I to fight him?" asked Claridge. "To-morrow morning, I suppose?"

"Surely," said the captain. "At six o'clock. I will call for you at five, if you will order some coffee to be ready by that time. Never go into the field, or to sea, with a perfectly empty stomach. By the bye, have you got pistols? No? Then I will bring my own—and a surgeon too. The other party will have a surgeon; but still, there is nothing like taking one's own. I was once concerned in a case where both the men were hit, and one died of hæmorrhage while the only surgeon was attending to the other. Well, I will not stop chatting any longer, for you ought to get to bed early, or

your hand will not be steady in the morning. Good night. I will be with you by five, sharp."

"Here is a pretty kettle of fish!" groaned I, when we were alone.

"Yes," said Claridge. "I have no notion how it all came about. However, we are in for it, and there is only one way out of it. I do not often miss a snipe, and it is considerably smaller than a Frenchman, and skips about more. However, it will soon be over, one way or the other. Come, do not look so gloomy, old man."

"If they had only fixed the quarrel on me!" said I.

"The conceit of the fellow!" cried Claridge. "I fancy I could wipe your eye, my lad."

"No doubt," I replied. "But I have no father or mother, and if I got hit it would not matter."

"Don't talk of that, Jack," said Claridge, gravely.

"I don't let myself think of that. I never meant to get into the scrape; but as it is, my father, God bless him, would sooner I died like a man than show the white feather. Before a Frenchman, too! As for my— You will write, Jack, if anything happens? This is his address. Write to my father, of course."

I wrung his hand.

"And now no more about the dismal part of the business," said he.

"What folly it is, though, that a set of bullies like those should have the power of obliging a fellow to make a target of himself."

"It is, indeed. The proper thing would have been for every one in the room to have risen at once, and given the whole set a good thrashing directly they began their impertinence."

"Yes. I say, I caught him a stinger, though."

Soon after this, Claridge went to bed, and I professed intending to do the same, and retired to my own room.

But I knew that sleep was impossible to me, and dreaded the long hours of fruitlessly courting it; so I tried to read, but I could not fix my attention to the page, so I sat at the open window, for it was a warm night, and ruminated.

The idea of doing anything to prevent the meeting had never for a moment occurred to me. The revolution which has taken place in public opinion in England on the subject of duelling has been so rapid and so complete that it must be difficult for any man under forty-five to understand the situation. The agitation against the practice had commenced, indeed, and many set their faces against it on moral and religious grounds; but the majority of those who lamented it considered the evil to be unavoidable, and spoke of it, in fact, much as humane and thinking men do of war at the present day. And if an appeal to the sword by individuals has been so completely suppressed, why should not the more gigantic evil become obsolete also? All the arguments which condemn the one practice apply with still greater force to the other. What is wrong in the unit must be wrong in the mass. If it is wicked for one man to fight in his own quarrel, it must be wicked for a community of men to fight in their common quarrel. Multiplication cannot lessen the sin.

I believe that if European civilization lasts, first duelling will die out of Continental states, as it has in England, and then war will become obsolete also.

At about midnight I stole softly to Claridge's room. He was fast asleep.

At half-past four I went downstairs, and sought out a servant who had promised to get what we wanted, and set him to work at making coffee; and when it was ready I called Claridge.

"Heigho!" he yawned. "Is it time to get up? By Jove! I remember now—I have got to pot a Frenchman."

Soon afterwards Captain O'Firking arrived.

"The doctor is below with the pistols in a carriage," he said, swallowing his hot coffee. "He never takes anything but a sup of cognac in the early morning, so he would not come up."

Vive Bessemer!

IT was a leetle Frenchmans, and he had been sea-sea seek;

He say dis cross ze Channels, oh, it make him vairy weak;

Tossing on ze quárter-deck, or in ze hatchvay poked;
Holding by ze pin and stay, and in ze cabin choked.

But up in ze saloon, boys, up in ze saloon,

Toujours level in ze storm, to all of us ze boon;

Stewards zay may go and break ze basin vairy soon,

Up in ze saloon, boys, up in ze saloon.

Ve laughs alouds at all ze vaves, and promenade the floor

Zat is above ze ceilings, vere you go in at ze door;

And at ze table ven ve sit, and smoke ze light cigar,

Ve feel so happy on ze sea, ve not know vere ve are.

Ven up in ze saloon, boys, up in ze saloon,

Vere ve sit and sving' and stir our two grogs vis a spoon;

Call ze stewards often, *mais* it ees no ze old tune;

Because ve sal not sea-seek be ven up in ze saloon.

Things New and Old.

Mammoth Remains.

In Lyell's "Principles of Geology" we read: "In the flat country, near the mouth of the Yenesei river, Siberia, between latitudes 70 deg. and 75 deg. north, many skeletons of mammoths, retaining the hair and skin, have been found. The heads of most of these are said to have been turned to the south."

As far as I can find, the distinguished geologist gives no reason why the heads of the mammoths were turned to the south. Having lived some years on the banks of two of the great rivers of America, near to where they enter Hudson's Bay, and also on the McKenzie, which flows into the Arctic Sea, I have had opportunities of observing what takes place on these streams.

What I know to be of common occurrence in these rivers may, if we reason by analogy, have taken place in ancient times on the great rivers of Siberia.

It is probable that the mammoths, having been drowned by breaking through the ice, or in swimming across the river in spring, when the banks were lined with high, precipitous drifts of snow—which prevented them from getting out of the water, or killed them in some way—floated down stream, perhaps hundreds of

miles, until they reached the shallows at the mouth, where the heads, loaded with a great weight of bone and tusks, would get aground in three or four feet of water, while the bodies, still afloat, would swing round with the current, as already described.

The Yenesei flows from south to north; so the heads, being pointed up stream, would be to the south, and in this position the bodies would be imbedded in the ice of the following season.—*Dr. J. Rea.*

Tong Cases.

Soon after the great fires in Wisconsin last autumn, a liberal man in Detroit did up a bundle of cast-off clothing, and sent it forward to one of the sufferers. The sufferer acknowledged the bit of benevolence thus:

"The committy man giv' me, among other things, wat he called a pare of pants, and 'twould make me pant some to wear 'em. I found your name and were you lived in one of the pockits. My wife laffed so when I showed 'em to her that I thot she would have a conipshin fit. She wants to no if there lives and brethes a man who has legs no bigger than that. She sed if there was, he orter be taken up fur vagrinsy for having no visible means of support. I couldn't get 'em on my eldest boy, so I used 'em for gun cases. If you have another pare to spare, my wife would like to get 'em to hang up by the side of the fireplase to keep the tongs in."

Duelling.

A gentleman who lived at Vicksburg, Mississippi, thirty years ago, and who edited the *Sentinel* of that city then, was a very cool man in everything. Editing a paper then in Mississippi was almost sure death, as you will find by reference that eight out of nine editors of the *Sentinel* were killed in street fights or duels. Dr. James Fall, now living in New Orleans, I believe, is the only editor of the *Sentinel* that was not killed, and he did not come out unscathed, as he had a ball lodged in one of his legs in one of two duels in which he was engaged opposite the city, across the river, in Louisiana. His first duel was with Robb, a prominent Mississippi politician of those times, who challenged the doctor to mortal combat. The challenge was duly accepted, and the doctor, through his agents in the affair, had a ditch dug fifteen paces in length and about five in depth. Unfortunately for the doctor, he came out second best, having received his antagonist's ball in his leg. Upon his recovery, being asked his idea for having a ditch dug, he said it was for the purpose of keeping Robb from running away. Dickens, in his American sketches, alluded to this affair, and thousands of old Mississippians remember it.

Eggs are Eggs.

There was a dinner at Lord M——'s, a good hunting man, and Conservative official, and who had lately taken up poultry with ardour. During the dinner a letter arrived about a favourite hen, which seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, and which he read out—

"Your lordship will be glad to hear the hen at last has laid, but will not hatch; so, your lordship being absent in town, I put it under the goose."

Only the wit of the company perceived the joke, and he made his lordship read it over again.



Once a Week.]

A June Rose.

[June, 1875.]

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

or,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SATIETY.

HARDLY a word. With shovels, tin bowls, and a basket, the three men, closely followed by Mrs. Adams and Mary, went down to the pool Larry had ~~done~~, and, taking up shovelful by shovelful, washed the sand till the bare rock was reached, and water thrown over it to lay clear the tiny globules, threads, and nuggets of gold lying in its crevices.

Then, when the little rock pool had been thoroughly cleared out, and just as the sun was setting behind the mountains, the party, drenched with perspiration and water, became aware of the fact that they were faint and hungry, while the result—even with their imperfect washing, by which quantities of the finer dust must have passed away—was marvellous: they had collected pounds of gold; and on reaching the hut and tent the first thing done, while the women prepared the food, was to dig a *cache* beneath the rocks, and here was the treasure stored.

As Frank Adams sat in the soft moonlight of that night, it seemed to him that it would all turn out some Aladdin's dream of gold and splendour; but no, there was the precious metal beneath their feet, and a short period of such toil would produce as much as they could possibly take away, for there was the wild journey back.

Dawson sat dreamy and quiet, having little to say now that this, the goal of his hopes, had been gained; and Larry lay on his back and smoked as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"Well, Larry," said Adams at last, "how do you feel about the discovery?"

"Och, as if harvest was over, yer honour, an' I'd jist been paid," was the reply. "Bad luck to thim rattle-snakes! they won't come down to us by the wather?"

"I hope not," was the reply.

And soon, after a hearty repast on Larry's trout, the party was indulging in golden dreams of the discoveries of another day.

Silver had become of no value in their eyes; and in the early morning the work began at the rock pools in a quiet, systematic manner—the men baling and washing, and the women picking out the fragments of gold and placing them in little bags, strongly made for the purpose; for it had been decided to have it ready in their *cache* for packing on the mules at a moment's notice. They seemed alone in the world here, and the idea of pursuit had passed away; but there was always the chance that fate might play them some scurvy trick, even at this the most successful hour of their lives.

Pool after pool did they clear as the days wore on, some yielding heavily, some—the shallow ones, where the stream had had greater force—having nothing to show. But the bags filled up and increased in number as they toiled on, giving themselves just enough time for proper rest and refreshment.

"Sure it's a goodden harvest," Larry had said; "an' we ought to work all night."

"And be lazy next day, Larry. No, that won't do."

So the work went on with what would have been wearisome sameness but for the value of each day's toil, and the fact that the question was now beginning to arise whether they had not collected more gold than the mules would be able to carry back.

This was, however, soon set aside: they had their place of concealment, and their policy was decidedly to store up all they could, and take away a fair load, paying second or third visits to the valley as they might need. For that this spot could be allowed to drop out of sight was impossible. There was silver enough there, most likely, to make an emperor wealthy.

Pool after pool, then, was thoroughly explored, always with satisfactory results, and on the average they found that the more they worked upward the more satisfactory became the find. This led to a determination to scale the precipitous sides of the valley, and try and pursue the stream to its source; for here they judged it must pass through the natural treasure hoard from which it filtered the various fragments they had found.

In fact, the thirst for gold somewhat allayed, our adventurers began to grow weary, and to seek to find larger pieces, and in greater quantity than before.

The notion of exploring was no sooner hinted to Larry than he began to make preparations by cutting down a stiff fir tree or two, which, when trimmed, and a few inches of branch left on either side, made no mean apologies for ladders.

"Bud why not thry the big watherfall," said Larry, "where there must be more goold washed down in a day 'an in this bit ov a runnel in a thousand years?"

The idea sounded wild, but there was reason in it; and after a short day's toil at washing they started down the cañon to try and explore it, and more carefully examine the rift where the fall, which disappeared in a huge gulf, again came to the surface.

It was a weird journey—one which even a stout-hearted man would have hesitated to make alone. The rocks looked always black and impending to their fall; the place was in semi-obscurity; and ever, making the earth apparently to vibrate, there was the rumble and thunder of the mighty fall. Then, too, the rocks were slippery with the mist which swept along the deeper parts of the cañon in clouds.

On reaching the spot where the water from the fall emerged again to daylight, it was to gaze down into an awful rift, a slip meaning instant death, for the water raged out with a roar, and was churned into white foam by its passage amidst the rugged obstacles in its path. There might have been gold washed down, ground out, and beaten from the rocks; but it must be hurled down the stream for many miles before it could find a ledge where it would stay without being scoured out.

Weary with their clamber, they began to return, when Dawson seemed to grow anxious, and began to urge the others forward.

"What is it?" said Adams, smiling. "Do you want to get back to the treasure? Are you afraid it will take wings?"

"I wanted to get back to our treasures, Frank," said Dawson, gravely. "I don't think we ought to leave them unprotected in a place like this."

"There, don't talk in that blood-curdling way," said Adams, increasing his pace. "I suppose it is foolish, and we have been beguiled by too much safety. This

is such an out-of-the-way place, though, that surely there is nothing to fear."

"It is impossible to say," replied Dawson. "Adventurers are getting plentiful now, and there may be dozens seeking gold and silver within a few miles. Then there are the Indians!"

"What fools we were to come!" exclaimed Adams. "Come, Larry, step out."

"Step out!" grumbled he, "whin the place seems to have been made on purpose to punish people who have brought their corns. I'll be close behind ye, gentlemen; so niver mind me."

With the feeling of anxiety always on the increase, they hurried on as fast as their weary limbs would let them, the waterfall roaring on their left, and the strange echo of the hollow sounds seeming to roll down and down the great cañon.

At last they reached the valley, where the caution induced by a desert life made them seek the shelter of the rocks piled up at the entrance, and there scan the valley right and left in search of the danger they felt to be at hand.

But no, there was nothing to see—all was calm and peaceful. The tent and hut were in their sheltered corner, and in the soft glow reflected from the orange-tinted mountain tops they could see Mary and Mrs. Adams sitting working and enjoying the soft, balmy evening air.

"Poor things!" said Dawson, involuntarily, as he heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction at seeing all so peaceful.

"Why poor things?" said Adams, smiling.

"It seems so hard a life for them out here in this desert."

"True; but we can soon mend it now. We came to get wealth, Dawson, and we have it."

"Yes," said the other, "and we have been lazy. We have not got half so much as we might have obtained. Frank, we must make them rich, and give them a future that shall make up for this. I have been horribly idle and indifferent, but to-morrow we will begin again."

"Better load up what we have, and make our way back."

"No, not yet," said Dawson; "we must have more of that rich red gold. Frank, we must make our hay while the sun shines."

"True; but I am afraid of a coming shower. It seemed but just now that things were darkening for us, and our strange feelings a warning of danger to come."

"Nonsense, man!—the dullness brought on by weariness and the dampness of that cañon. I reckon there was no more in it than that. No; we'll go on collecting for a few days longer, and then pack up and take what we can. The valley may be stripped at our next visit. By the way, Larry, how are the mules?"

"The devils have all got as full ov impudence an' laziness as if they'd been born gentlemen, sor. They kick like grasshoppers, ivery wan ov thim, an' look as fat as butther. They think the valley a wondherful place."

No more was said, and they soon reached the tent, where Adams forbore to ask questions, lest he should excite unreasonable dread.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XLIII.—"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."

TOM MADRON'S finger ends were growing very sore, for, poor fellow, he had bitten his nails to the very quick as he paced up and down his cell. And truly his position was one large trial for the stoutest nerves. Turn which way he would, he found nothing but some fresh *cul de sac* in the maze in which he wandered. Again and again he told himself that it was horrible; and paced about till the recollection of the various scenes of the murder, and that damning fact of the finding of the half note, almost drove him frantic.

At times he gave way almost entirely to despair, telling himself that he was forsaken by every one who knew him, and that now, in his hour of trial, even Jenny had turned her back upon him.

"How could I expect any other?" he said to himself, on this particular morning, for about the hundredth time.

And then he began once more to arrange facts together, and very reasonably acknowledge that it was impossible for Jenny to have even written to him under the circumstances.

"But she might have sent me a message," he argued, as he paced up and down. "It is so hard—so bitter, passing these maddening, torturing hours here."

Then his thoughts passed off to the finding of the note, and he brooded over the dark suspicion that haunted his mind—one which he had communicated to his solicitor, and he, again, had borne it to the counsel for the defence, making it the fulcrum by means of which the lever of legal evidence should overturn the deadly weight that threatened to crush out the life of the prisoner, so soon to be tried.

"But she might have sent me a message," said Tom, gloomily. "Burge is coming this morning, though; he may bring one. Poor girl! she has been very ill, and I am most unreasonable to expect anything sooner."

"Will he bring a message?" he said again, at the end of an hour, as he stood pale, haggard, and worn, gazing hard at the door; for he had heard steps in the corridor, and he knew that his visitor was approaching.

"How nervous and unstrung I am!" muttered Tom. "Pulse tremendous," he continued, as a strange fluttering of the heart set in. "This confinement is killing work. I don't think, strong as I am, I could bear another month."

He pressed his hand over his breast, for his agitation, he knew not why, seemed to increase.

"I can't stand this," he muttered, and he half staggered back to the bench at the end of his cell, just as the bolts were shot back, the key turned, and a couple of figures darkened the portal. Then the door swung to slowly, as Tom rose with mist dimming his eyes. He heard his name uttered in a voice that was almost a whisper, and the next moment Jenny's arms were round his neck, and she was nestling in his breast.

How long a time was that which elapsed before another sound was heard beside the warder's retreating footsteps? It might have been an age of delight; but when at length Tom turned to speak to Mr. Burge,

it was to find that they were alone, for the lawyer had slipped out with the warder, unnoticed by the occupants of the cell.

Their hearts were too full for speech as they sat there upon that hard bench, and Jenny's eyes shudderingly rested upon the shining basin and hammock hooks, and then upon the smooth plaster floor.

"Jenny, darling," whispered Tom at last, "this pays for all. And I have been murmuring against you for not sending me so much as a friendly word."

"They kept it all from me," she whispered; "I have only known it a day."

"But you don't believe me—such a wretch?" said Tom, holding her from him, so that the light might stream in through the window upon her poor worn face.

She did not answer him in words; but in the soft smile that played for a moment upon her lips, and in the love light in her clear true eyes, he read all that he wanted to see; and the next moment, in the revulsion of feeling from despair to hope and love and brighter days, all poor Tom Madron's manhood fled, and he was down upon his knees, with his face buried in Jenny's lap, and the great sobs making his shoulders heave as they struggled to escape from his breast.

It was now Jenny's turn to soothe and comfort; and this she did with such success that the troubles of the present were for a while forgotten, and they heeded not how the minutes fled.

Tom talked hopefully of the trial at his visitor's wish, and the hopefulness was genuine under this new impulse; but, in spite of every effort, towards the last the tears would come, and Jenny's head lay upon Tom's breast as she sobbed and clung to him.

"Only let me feel that you love me, darling," he whispered, as he kissed her poor pale face again and again—"only let me feel that, and I shall have nerve and spirit to get the better of all this trouble, and you shall see me return to Bubbley Parva in triumph."

Jenny tried hard to respond to him as hopefully, but the knowledge that she must soon leave him under the shadow of this horror, shut up in the bleak, whitewashed cell, and with the thoughts of the ordeal he would have to undergo, was too much for her in her weak state; and at last she hysterically told him that she was worse than cruel to him, words which his kisses stopped as he held her tightly to his breast.

"They are coming," cried Jenny, starting up, and gazing piteously at the door. "It cannot be an hour."

Then she clasped her hands wildly together; then pressed them upon her breast; and in a supreme effort she mastered her emotion, held her lips to him for a parting kiss, and then, seated with both her hands in his, waited the opening of the cell door.

They had not long to wait, for the steps came steadily along the echoing corridor, nearer and nearer, Jenny shuddering the while; for, to her excited fancy, they seemed like the steps of those who would come to lead off him who was at her side to a horrible death.

"Come, a promise," said Tom, as he drew the shivering form nearer to him—"you must keep a good heart, for my sake. Don't think me wild and extravagant, darling; but when two hearts are knit together as are ours, I feel that one must influence the other; and your task in freedom is to be cheery and hope-

ful, so that you may comfort me, who lie in bondage."

"Tom, I'll try," she said, simply; and for a brief moment she nestled in his breast.

Then she shrank timidly away; for the bolts fell back, the door opened, and, instead of the faces of Mr. Burge and the warder, Sergeant Harker and Superintendent Burley appeared at the entrance of the cell.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE business respecting the farm that was in the market did not progress very fast. The sergeant, in his bucolic character, seemed hard to please, for he was up and down from town several times, and in conversation with half the people in the place, many of whom looked upon him as little better than a harmless lunatic. As for Mr. Superintendent Burley, he was in a profuse state of perspiration and delight every time he encountered "the enemy," as he termed his professional brother; and at home of an evening, when indulging in the modest luxury of a large churchwarden, he would startle his wife into serious considerations of the state of her husband's brain, by bursting out, at unexpected times, into a loud series of chuckles.

"He might just as well go back again," he said; "but that's the way your public money's wasted. The idea of that fellow coming down here, loafing about day after day, and then going up again, and all to make a show. I'll be bound to say that when he does make a report, it'll be on the strength of what he has picked up from me, and then he'll get promotion. Way of the world, though—way of the world."

But Sergeant Harker did not trouble himself in the slightest degree about the superintendent's opinion—adverse or favourable, it seemed all the same to him; and at last he disappeared from Bubbley Parva altogether for a week, and the superintendent sat smoking his pipe and going over in his mind the way in which he should give his evidence in the case at the assizes. It would be, he felt sure, rather a feather in his cap, the way in which he had hunted out the culprit and secured him; and he felt perfectly self-satisfied, and wished that there might be a good murder every six months ready for him to hunt out the criminal.

"Lor bless you," he said, half aloud; "there aint much charnsh for a man when once I get my hy—"

The superintendent stopped short, for he heard a step in the yard, and directly after the sound of some one whistling a miserably doleful ditty in a very low tone.

"If it aint him come back!" he exclaimed, in a voice full of remonstrance. "It's too bad, that it is. What does he want?"

"How do?" said the sergeant, sauntering in quietly, and taking in at one glance everything the office contained.

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Harker, sir," said the superintendent. "Didn't expect to see you down again so soon."

"I suppose not," said the sergeant. "Any news?"

"No, sir—I don't know as there's anything particular. Small case of burglary."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; but I have the men—in there," he continued, nodding sideways towards the cells.

"How's Mr. Madron?"

"Pretty well; so the governor said when I was over a day or two ago."

"And Miss Riches?"

"Getting better, they say, sir. Bad news for her, poor girl."

"Mr. Burge busy, of course, over the case?"

"Oh, yes—and very hopeful, I suppose; but, of course—you know, Mr. Harker?"

"Yes, I know," said the sergeant, quietly. "And Mr. Harvey Parker—seen him lately?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't think he's been down here since you left. No, I haven't seen him down here since."

"H'm! haven't heard, I suppose, where he's gone?"

"No, not a word."

"That coachman, or groom, or whatever he is—there still?"

"Oh, yes, I believe so. None of the servants have left."

"That photographer, too; how's he going on?"

"Badly, they say—badly, sir. The new assistant the old doctor has down don't hold out much hopes for him. And now may I ask what brings you down again, Mr. Harker, sir?"

"Oh, only to make a little more inquiry about that farm for sale," said the sergeant, smiling grimly. "I am going to have a look round at two or three places to-night, for there's just another link I want to pick up; and if I don't find it either to-night or in the morning, I shall want you to run over to Harvestbury with me—I may get it out of your prisoner."

"I don't think there will be any link wanted, Mr. Harker, sir," said the superintendent, stiffly. "If there's anything you don't know in the case, I can supply you with it, if you are to go on with it."

"I told you I should carry it out, Mr. Burley," said the sergeant, in a quiet, cutting voice; "and as to the link I want, I find that you haven't got it, so we must hunt it out somehow before I run up again by the mid-day train from Harvestbury."

"The case is complete, sir, as complete," said the aggrieved superintendent.

"What case?"

"My case—your case, I suppose you will call it, sir; the case that I have worked so hard to perfect, but only to lose all the credit for."

"Ah, well, we won't argue that out to-night," said the sergeant. "I'm off now. Be in the way in the morning."

The sergeant departed, leaving the superintendent fuming and swelling with anger. His visitor paid a visit here, and a visit there, including a very long one to the Manor House; and then slept the sleep of peace at Widow Green's.

In the morning, though, he was up betimes, enjoyed a pleasant walk, and whistled till he had a prodigious appetite for his breakfast; after which he had another saunter round the town, and a good half-hour's chat with the cook at the Manor House, who declared that he was as pleasant a man for his years as ever she met.

Noon found him once more at the station, and, crossing the yard, he excited the superintendent's anger by ordering one of the men to put the horse into the official cart.

"Now, Mr. Burley," he said, "we'll drive over to Harvestbury, and I'll take the train there."

The superintendent looked as if he strongly objected to being ordered, and then, turning sharply round—

"Mr. Harker, sir," he said, "I've been turning what we said last night over and over in my mind, and I'm prepared to stand or fall by what I said; and that was that this case is as well got up as a case could be."

"Exactly; but don't put yourself out about it. Jump into the cart, and drive on, man; time's going fast. I'll tell you something as we drive along."

"That's right," he said, after a pause, as the horse stepped out boldly on the same track not long before taken by Lawyer Burge's cob. "Now, Mr. Burley," he said, "what about this case of yours?"

"Why, sir, I mean to say that it's got up as well as a case can be—as well as you could have done it yourself."

"Well, as to that," said the sergeant, smiling, "you shall have a chance of judging soon, and making a comparison. Your case was got up very well, no doubt; but you've been making it out of the wrong stuff."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant query.

"Only," said the sergeant, quietly, "that you've a great flaw in the indictment."

"A great flaw!"

"Yes. Burley, old fellow, you must leave off looking down upon us poor, ignorant London officials, and thinking that all the wisdom and gumption of the whole world is condensed down here in Bubbley Parva."

Mr. Superintendent Burley glared at him, swelled visibly at the chest, and threatened to shed several buttons, while his "hy" rolled round in its socket, as he made the whip-lash hiss through the air, and administered such a cut to the unfortunate horse he was driving as made it swerve violently on one side, sending one wheel of the official cart into a deep ditch, and the occupants over the hedge into a fresh-ploughed field, where—on recovering from the stunning surprise—they sat up and stared at one another.

"Not even good drivers," said the sergeant, drily, as he slowly rose, and began to rub the soil off his clothes. "Seems as if I'm to have more of the land than I expected. Hurt, old chap?"

Mr. Superintendent grunted, as he slowly rose to his feet in a strange, abashed way, and it was evident that no bones were broken; but he did not speak—only moved towards the hedge, and looked at it hopelessly, as the sergeant pressed down some of the briars, placed one foot on a stump, and leaped over with tolerable agility.

"There, get over," said the sergeant, running towards the horse, which was standing in the ditch, knee deep in water, and cropping contentedly the rich herbage; "get over, man—time flies."

"I don't see how I am to get over," said Mr. Superintendent Burley, heavily; for though Time might be able to fly, he, the representative of law and order in Bubbley Parva, possessed no wings.

"Jump," cried the sergeant, tugging at the horse's bit, and, with a little contriving, making him draw the cart out of its one-sided position—muddy, splashed, and a little scratched, but otherwise uninjured—on to the hard road.

Was it to be Mr. Superintendent Burley's hard fate to be supplanted in every way by this offensive London man? Jump! How could he jump? He had not jumped or tried to jump for twenty years. It was an undignified proceeding, too, and he did not like it; but while he hesitated he saw Sergeant Harker take the reins, climb into the cart, seat himself in the driver's place, and then turn his head.

"Now, Mr. Burley, when you are ready," he said, coolly; and, measuring himself for the leap, the superintendent planted one foot in the hedge, and—well, no, not leaped, but made a sort of flumping rush, his weight making way for him, and the next minute he was clutching the tufts of grass, and slowly climbing out of the ditch; his legs covered with mud, and a small portion of the blue cloth used in making uniforms for her Majesty's representatives fluttering idly from a thorn in the very centre of the hedge.

"I shall have to change that horse," said the superintendent, "as soon as I can get my hy on—"

"Never mind now," was the reply. "Suppose, instead, we change the driver;" and to the superintendent's intense mortification the sergeant retained the reins, and drove swiftly along the very centre of the road. "You see," he continued, "there's a certain officer in the force of whom I think a precious deal, and without being offensive, that officer aint you, Mr. Burley; so I'll try and make sure that he's driven safely into the town."

Mr. Superintendent grunted, rubbed his brow, and let his "hy" roll more fiercely than ever.

"You see, Mr. Burley," the sergeant went on, banteringly, "I'm beginning to think you're jealous of the poor fellow, and tried to get him killed in an accident with the cart."

"Humph!" ejaculated the superintendent, "I don't see what I've got to be jealous about."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," laughed the sergeant, as he touched up the horse playfully, and made the cart wheels spin; "but as I was saying to you just before you tried to break my neck— Eh? What? You didn't try to break my neck? Well, we'll say you didn't. But, as I was saying, you gentlemen in the country must not be in the habit of thinking too much of yourselves."

"We never do, unless we've got good reason," growled the superintendent, loftily, as he worked away industriously at the task of freeing his blue uniform from the clayey soil.

"Well, well, I won't argue that," said the sergeant, drily, and he smiled as he jerked the reins; "but what you want is to have a turn our way—to come up to London for a few months' practice, just to waken you up a bit."

"And pray what for?" said the superintendent, loftily. "Now, look here, Mr. Harker, sir; I've put up with a good deal from you since you've been down here, and what, after all, have you done but meddle and interfere, and—and—idle away your time; and all for what, sir?" he said, angrily, for his blood was up—"all for what, sir? What have you done?—what have you done? Tell me that—what have you done?"

"Found out that you've been blundering on in your ox-like manner from the very beginning," said the sergeant, coolly—"found out what I always expected to find."

"And pray, sir, what's that?" snarled the superintendent.

"Only a mere trifle," was the reply.

"And what's your mere trifle, sir? I insist upon knowing."

"Take it coolly, Burley. A man of your form has no business to get in a passion. Apoplexy, my good sir, apoplexy."

"But what have you found out?" said the superintendent, more irate than ever.

"Only that you have got the wrong man."

"The wrong man?"

"Yes, sir—the wrong man!"

"Waterside Sketches."

IF you are an angler, read Mr. William Senior's prettily got-up book of the above name. If you are not an angler—yea, even if you are one of the gentler sex—read it all the same, for within its leaves shall you find a sweet communion with nature. You shall be transferred to placid lake and rippling stream; to the babbling brooks, where speckled trout leap in the eddying pools; to quiet, still rivers, between whose verdant banks the water slowly glides, hardly bending sedge and reed, while creamy-blossomed meadow-sweet nods overhead, and scents the summer air. As you read, you may fancy you hear the buzz of insect; see the soft, silver-bosomed clouds float overhead; and hear the tinkle of falling water, whose humid freshness is borne upon the soft-breathed wind. Read the book by all means, for in both senses of the word it is a grant, and acts upon you like the call in one of Mendelssohn's Part Songs:

"Come, roam the shady woodland glen,
Thou child of toil and care."

Here you shall roam it while sitting in your easy-chair, and put the book down with a sigh of pleasure. Never mind the cost.

Usquebaugh.

The whiskey shops, by the way, are among the leading institutions of Clonmel. The population of the place is good, and in it there are no fewer than ninety whiskey shops. Few are nakedly and obviously public-houses. In most cases you enter a front shop, in the window of which are acid drops, Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, and boxes of *bonbons*. Inside you are in a region of tea, sugar, fitches of bacon, and boxes of candles; but in the dark, mysterious gloaming at the back of the shop is the spirit bar, with two or three boxes, and mayhap a snug parlour beyond.

Vexatious Law-making.

Every wanton and causeless restraint of the will of the subject, whether practised by a monarch, a nobility, or a popular assembly, is a degree of tyranny. Thus the statute of King Edward IV., which forbade the fine gentlemen of that day under the degree of a lord to wear pikes upon their boots and shoes of more than two inches in length, was a law that savoured of oppression, because, however ridiculous the fashion then in use might appear, the restraining it by pecuniary penalties could serve no purpose of common utility.

THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

White or Black.

"YOU see, it aint a bit of use to tell a lie, sir, unless you stick to it," was the piece of moral advice I once received in early boyhood; and whether I have followed that counsel matters not to the reader of this paper, as it has little to do with the remarks which are to follow. To pass at one stride to Lord Byron may seem strange, but, without wishing to appear irreverent, I cannot refrain from alluding to one of his stanzas, in which he speaks of the vast amount of duty that had of late fallen to the lot of the recording angel, who is said to have "stripped off both his wings in quills," and then been in arrear of pen work with regard to his account of human ills.

Now, amongst human ills, has it ever occurred to any thinking person how many lies must be told in this world during one of its revolutions—how many false utterances are made in twenty-four hours? Perhaps not; and though humanly an impossible calculation, how immeasurably vast—how appalling it seems! And yet, in spite of our boasted progress, how the habit of lying seems to be on the increase! It has become the fashion now to speak of "white lies," of "fibs," "falsities," "puffs," &c., &c.; but how, when the evil is stripped off even your white lie, it comes down to the old article—a lie as black as its origin.

To fairly attack this subject, one would have in the first place to secure the whole space accorded to "Starlight Readings" for at least a year, to the exclusion of all else; while, tired out by the constant appearance of the same matter, the readers would begin to fail in faith, and ask themselves whether the writer was not one of the class he tried to expose, and somewhat Cretan in his assertions. I am therefore about to confine myself to a few of the lies told in trade; and, what is more, to those which have come under my own notice, small though my experience has been in such matters.

Commercially speaking, lies are the pepper, rather plentifully sprinkled in the seasoning, which gives zest to the whole—that is, to the sale; and I am sorry to have to assert that the ladies have a great deal of this to answer for, since, in their irrepressible love of bargain-hunting, they indirectly ask for this obnoxious spice.

Now, as a matter of course again, commercially speaking, these little matters are not lies, only specimens of sharp trading, or, more properly speaking, "pushing," though to my unenlightened eyes these sharp trading falsities are very edged tools—a metaphoric shear expressly designed to use upon the lambs and sheep of daily life, till they are most thoroughly fleeced.

Go to your advertising box and portmanteau maker because you have received that civil appointment which takes you to Madras, and then up the country to Manmuncherabad. Deal boxes won't do; you must have elm—good sound elm—that shall resist heat and ants, and any amount of knocking about.

"Not a better trunk to be got in London, sir; best

seasoned elm; and, if you're going out to Indy, you can't do better."

And what do you know about elm, or deal, or seasoned, when the trunk is covered with some black material, or else leather? while our friend who sells you the common green deal, badly-made travelling cases chuckles and laughs in his sleeve at you, pockets your money, and rejoices; for he takes into consideration that, even allowing he stays in business, it may be years before you come back to tell him of how the box warped in the torrid heat and fell to pieces, or that the soft wood was soon devoured—that is, if you think the scoundrel is worth the trouble; while there are a few chances in his favour against his ever seeing you again—to wit, perils by land and water, disease, the well-known failings of the feline inhabitants of Manmuncherabad, &c. Well, you certainly could write and threaten to expose him; and what do you gain by the movement? Nothing.

I once knew of a most plausible "pushing" linen draper, who was always ready with some tremendous assertion in praise of his goods, and being excessively American in his ways he made great use of the figure of speech known as "hyperbole;" in fact, to so great an extent that his customers would sometimes turn upon him doubting eyes. But he was always ready.

"Fact, marm, I assure you. It's as true as I stand on two legs."

And of course, after that, who could have doubted his word? But then our friend had a conscience, being a very regular Sunday worshipper, and always repeating the responses in a very loud voice half a bar ahead of the clerk. I say "half a bar" ahead, for our clerk was always musical, and sang the responses after the fashion said to be through the nose. And on account of this conscience, and that outward ornament of the whitened sepulchre a starched muslin cravat, Mr. Measures, whenever he swore his refined oath that it was as true as that he stood on two legs, satisfied himself by standing upon one only until the bargain was concluded; and doubtless read prayers to his young men at night with a peaceable and contented mind.

Another tradesman, a contemporary—I beg his pardon, a professional man—an auctioneer, rather exceeded Mr. Measures in the strength of his assertions, lauding worthless goods to the skies with a startling earnestness, and drawing bid after bid from excited buyers until the apex was reached, when the article was knocked down, and with it the buyer's hopes; for our friend was that anomaly an honest rogue, and made no scruple of declaring the roguery of his dealings by shouting to the porter—

"There, take it away; it isn't worth a rap!"

But then this was always looked upon as genuine wit, and laughed at uproariously by every one in the room save the misled purchaser.

Why is it that everything we buy almost is bought under false pretences—in plain language, with a lie in its face? Dorset butter may be very good, but surely other counties can produce something equally pure to spread upon our bread with which we can be content without troubling the butterman to swear that he has it direct from Dorset twice a week. And this is the same rascal who vows that he is regularly supplied with sausages from the country—from Epping when not from Cambridge, and *vice versa*. Now, I don't

June 5, 1875.]

ONCE A WEEK.



CAPTAIN NARES.—"AU REVOIR."

mean to do so, but I am perfectly ready to come before a fraudulent trade mark or investigation commission, and swear that the villain buys his pork at Newgate Market, and has a sausage machine in the back kitchen; while the Epping carrier receives a gratuity for taking some empty flat wicker baskets backwards and forwards.

Every man has some gastronomic weakness, and when we know that Roman emperors loved the brains of woodcocks or sounds of mullets, an ordinary, everyday, nineteenth century man surely need not blush for a tendency towards sausages, stipulating merely that they shall be made of good wholesome meat, and in a cleanly manner. Well, then, are the good folks of Epping and Cambridge more cleanly in their ways than those of other places? I can vouch for the latter not being more cleanly in its dealings. Or is it that the pigs of those neighbourhoods are more cleanly in their ways, abjuring the porcine habit of wallowing in the mire? Again I can vouch for what I have seen at the former place, where pigs—I forbear, for, after all, a well-made sausage is a great adjunct to a roast fowl, and ought never to be divorced from it.

That old woman has doubtless many imitators—I mean the one who sold brooms and brought them from door to door, forcing her goods most importunately, and declaring always that she never got a halfpenny by any one she sold, an assertion—well, sink the word—a lie that never hardly failed of bringing out the purchaser, and making the old lady's pocket a little heavier; for somehow the thought of getting a bargain is such an excuse for the laying out of money in something not wanted. The remark of one purchaser, who must have been a very female Solon amongst the old lady's customers, is doubtless well known, but will perhaps bear repetition.

"Then how do you manage to live, Mrs. Gibbs, if you get nothing by what you sell?"

"Oh, you see, mum, it's the quantity as does it."

And really there are plenty of people ready to buy an article because they are told they can have it at half the cost, when the fact of its being offered for the same money in a legitimate way would spoil the sale.

Why have we mock auctions, where windows are covered with lies—lies on posting bills, articles put up for show that are lies in themselves, and are made expressly for such sales by lying manufacturers?—that is, if it is a lie to call an article one thing when it is another. I rather lean towards the fact of its being what I say. Why have we licensed men lying in rostra, aided and abetted by some half-dozen liars, whose every bid is a lie, since it is false? Baits, all of them, of a series of traps set for the unwary; while, after all, the baits are so imperfect—such very spoon baits—that when a fish comes hovering round the opening, half disposed to enter, they cannot refrain from turning round and metaphorically licking their lips, so scaring him away. They are not so intent upon their purchases but that they are obliged to stare round the moment a shadow darkens the door. Try them the next time you pass, and judge for yourself.

Will people ever learn that drapery goods of superior manufacture are never sold at seventy or eighty per cent. under prime cost, for that there is always a good market for them in the wholesale trade, where they can be disposed of at very little sacrifice? It seems not,

for the custom is now as old as the hills almost; and Duffer, Fluffer, and Company—not Co.—have only to whitewash their generally well set-out window for a change, paste large posting bills of lies all over the place of lies, set to the tune of "Alarming Sacrifice," "Fearful Depression," "Terrific Crash," "Failure," and a few others, and then come the customers to buy up the bargains, as they are called, at very fair profit-yielding prices, enabling D., F., and Co. to get rid of their old stock, clear away much rubbish at the same time, and then chuckle and rub their hands.

"Sir," said an eminent man once, "it's my opinion that to every wise person that exists at the present time, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine fools, and I'm one of them."

I wonder whether that was a lie!

Taking the contents of our London shops for what they are asserted to be, and then putting them to the test, I wonder how many would bear it! Adulteration is fast growing into a science, as proved by the perfection at which it has arrived. But it does seem too bad that the adulteration should be doubled—quadrupled, perhaps, for there seem no bounds to its extent. We buy, say, for a simple example, a quantity of what is said to be the finest Mocha coffee; but test proves that it is adulterated. With what? Chicory. Well, not a very serious matter, certainly, though the coffee has proved a lie. Chicory is harmless. But then the chicory is a lie too: the chicory is adulterated before use. And with what? Well, really, we don't know what to believe in these cutting days; and perhaps, after all, the tale that I have been told respecting a brown preparation made of roast horse liver may only be another lie, though the fact remains the same that the adulteration is adulterated.

We all know those basest of base liars, cheap pianos warranted for years: our very souls recoil at their base utterances—out of tune and harsh; but glossed over with veneer and polish, they pass muster in our homes, brushed by the "fast colours" in our wives' and daughters' dresses, colours as fleeting as those of the American regiments in the early part of the late war. Why, if one thousandth part of the lies were truth that we see announced everywhere, this world would be a vale of health, while disease would fold its sombre wings, and sink from sheer inanition into utter nothingness. Disease! Pooh! rubbish! Ill-health—out of sorts. Why, you may be cured of anything, from indigestion to intemperance, and from bad legs to bronchitis. You may be "beautiful for ever," which must necessarily give with it a sempiternal existence of happiness, so that "life pills" are unnecessary evils. But the perfection of life may even be enjoyed without medicine and—What a pity it is that we have not a little more faith, though even that would be useless without a very strong constitution.

But I shall be told that I'm using strong points and making use of too strong language—that these are merely instances of sharp trading, and my usage of the word "lie" is coarse and uncalled-for. Well, perhaps so, and I am in the wrong: sharp practice is only sharp practice, after all, and if I can make a few pounds by gulling my fellow-creatures, it is my duty to do so. Deceit is, perhaps, honourable; treachery towards trusting hearts—hearts too honourable of themselves, and too unsullied by contact with this world's scum, to

believe in open injury—is the correct thing; to *do* as you would be done by, a good moral if altered in its meaning to suit the times; and the world is, perhaps, none the worse for a little scraping, since it brings out the grain. So we'll say I'm wrong, and let us pray for wooden nutmegs, mahogany hams, millet flour, chemical wine, lard oil, and sugar honey; and if they make glad the heart of this man, and give him a cheerful countenance, I will believe that the age of miracles is on its way back.

But ere I conclude, I should like to know whence come the skins that are cut up to make "kid" gloves; how it is more champagne is consumed than the vineyards supply; what is really the meaning of the word "honesty;" and, lastly, whether I am right in what I have said, or whether I am wrong, or who is right or wrong, or what, or which, or— Really the subject is puzzling to a degree, and it seems that the advance of Civilisation has been at so swift a rate that she has left some of her household virtues behind.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE DUEL.

THERE exists a good deal of facetious writing about the heroic composure of a second in an affair of honour, and any one who took his idea from any such source would certainly have thought that I was the principal and Claridge my friend; for I was haggard and nervous, while he was as fresh as a lark and as cool as a cucumber. Nor do I flatter myself that our demeanour would have been reversed with our position; and perhaps it was better for the national reputation for coolness and courage that the Bourbon officer had not selected my face to puff his smoke in.

Slowly we drove in the early morning light along the streets—deserted save by an occasional labourer going to his work, or a group of pale and haggard pleasure-seekers, returning with draggled finery from some public ball—across the Place de la Concorde, along the Champs Elysées, to that wonderful triumphal arch, not as yet completed. Another carriage came in sight by a side-road there, and followed us at a short distance into the Bois de Boulogne.

It seemed to me a strange thing—almost too strange to be real—a horrible thing, a fearful thing, that I should be riding there by the side of my friend, now full of health and spirits, and that in another half-hour he might be a lifeless corpse.

What a fuss was made about hanging a murderer, and yet a man who had never harmed a soul was to be put to death because a half-drunken bully wanted a sensation. It was not my business to set the world to rights; but I could not help thinking there was something wrong here, and I was silent and thoughtful.

Claridge, on the contrary, was in his usual spirits—rather excited, but not weakly so—and he chatted away with Captain O'Firking and the doctor; joked about the Elysian Fields, and called the Bois de Boulogne a patient manufactory.

When we reached a certain spot, Captain O'Firking stopped the driver, and we alighted, and taking the case of pistols out of the carriage, turned aside into

the wood, passing through the trees till we came to an open glade.

When we were on the ground, I made an effort over myself and recovered my composure: it would never do to show less coolness than the other side.

They joined us presently:—the officer who was to fight and two of his companions of the night before, together with a second surgeon.

Directly his opponent emerged from the trees, Claridge raised his hat with a polite smile, which the other attempted to return; but there was less ease in his salute: he had two black eyes, and no doubt that rankled.

The two surgeons were acquaintances, and shook hands.

"Ah," said one, "what a pity messieurs the English do not learn the use of the sword. It would be then a much prettier affair."

"Yes," replied the other. "And the gun-shot wounds—I hate them. The pistol is a brutal weapon."

And they retired to a little distance together.

Then we four seconds measured the ground and loaded the pistols; and when all preparations were made, we placed our men sideways to each other, at twelve paces.

"A gentlemanly distance—not too near."

Captain O'Firking was to give the signal by dropping a handkerchief. Both men were to keep their eyes upon him till it fell, and were then to turn and fire.

He took his position midway between the two, and twelve paces to the side, so that each of the two principals had to make exactly the same turn when the signal was given.

The dew sparkled on the grass and leaves, the birds were singing in the trees, the sky was serene and cloudless, and there we Christians were gathered to assist two men to slaughter each other out of pure wantonness—for no cause, with no object, with no more possible advantage, however temporary or superficial, to either, than shooting a pigeon out of a trap without betting on it.

Fashion is a queer thing.

I took one of the pistols, cocked it, and handed it to Claridge.

There was not a quiver in his hand as he received it.

One of the other man's seconds delivered a weapon to him at the same time, and we retired.

I kept my eyes intently fixed on Claridge, in an agony of suspense.

The handkerchief dropped. The pistols exploded almost simultaneously.

Claridge did not fall; but a bit of cloth went spinning away from his coat side.

"Has it touched you?" I cried, starting forward.

"No," he replied, looking down at the rent. "It was a close shave, though, by Jove!"

I glanced across at the French officer. He was standing and uninjured.

"The trigger was set so very light, that I touched it too soon," said Claridge.

"That is enough, messieurs, surely," said I. "You agree with me, Captain O'Firking?"

"Surely—yes," he replied. "Both have proved themselves brave men. What more would you have?"

"I am content," said Claridge. "It is a stupid business altogether."

But the Frenchman spoke to his seconds, and stamped his foot with impatience. And then they all talked so rapidly to O'Firking that I could not follow them.

"What do they say?" I asked.

"They insist on another shot. It is a serious matter, you see. There has been a blow, and such a hard one."

"Cannot I have a turn with one of the others instead, then?"

"Impossible, my dear sir. You do not understand these matters, or the importance a Frenchman attaches to a black eye. I am afraid the matter must go on."

"Say no more, Jack," cried Claridge. "I am ready, if the fellow *will* have it. I am up to these confounded hair triggers now, and shall hit him next time."

"Lay your finger along the guard, not inside it, till you level," said Captain O'Firking, in a low tone.

"All right."

I handed the other pistol to Claridge, and again stepped back.

A second time the handkerchief was dropped, and the pistols were discharged—on this occasion with one report.

Claridge turned half round to the right, staggered, and came down on his side.

His adversary went straight over on his back.

I was kneeling at my friend's side, and raising his head, in a moment.

"I am hit in the shoulder," said he.

The surgeon ran up with a tourniquet, which he had prepared in case of accident, and now applied promptly.

"Let us get him home at once," said he.

And, supported by O'Firking and myself, Claridge walked towards the carriage.

"How is the other fellow?" he asked, faintly.

"Hit harder than you, somewhere in the chest," replied O'Firking.

"I hope I have not killed him."

"Not a bit of it; he will be all right. Lean harder on me."

As we left the glade, I looked back, and saw the others busied over their fallen friend.

We got Claridge into the carriage, and drove back to Paris at a foot pace, for a jolt drew a groan from him, and he fainted twice. I thought we should never arrive.

But we did, and the doctor examined the wound, extracted the ball and bits of clothing without extraordinary difficulty, and relieved my feelings, how greatly I cannot convey an idea, by saying that he did not apprehend any serious consequences unless the patient were imprudent. I was ready to take an affidavit that he should not be that while I had anything to do with him.

The first thing I did after the doctor had gone, and I was left alone in the bed-room of the wounded man—who had dropped off to sleep—was to fetch writing materials and compose a letter to Mr. Claridge senior.

I began by saying that his son had asked me to write for him because he had hurt his arm and could not manage his pen himself. Then I went on to say

that the accident was a severe one, though not dangerous; and so let out what it was, and finished up by giving all the details, adding that I would write every day an exact account of how he was going on.

When this letter was despatched I had my bed transferred to the sitting-room, which opened into the sick chamber, so that when the door was open it was as good as being in the room, as I could hear the patient if he moved or called for anything. But the first night I did not go to bed, though I might just as well have done so, as I fell asleep in a chair by Claridge's side, and he had to pull my hair when he wanted a drink in the middle of the night. My talents as a nurse improved, however, with practice, and I was determined not to leave him till he was up and about. In spite of the doctor's assertions I could not feel easy. I had heard a good deal of the serious consequences attendant upon gun-shot wounds, and whenever his hurt was dressed expected that tetanus, or erysipelas, or mortification would be found to have set in. And as it got better, it looked to my inexperienced eye so very much worse.

However, Claridge was in as healthy a state as a man could be at the time he was wounded, and all went well.

On the second day Captain O'Firking called to inquire. He had been also to ask after the Frenchman, who was still alive, though in a precarious state. He had been shot in the body, and the ball had not at present been extracted: that was the most serious part of the business.

When he left, Captain O'Firking asked if he could do anything for me, and I requested him to send me a copy of Euclid and an Algebra, at which he looked rather astonished. But I explained that I was an undergraduate, and going in for my degree examination in the following January, and he got them for me. So I spent the long hours of silent watching in getting up problems which I had learned when with Mr. Prosser, and had since forgotten; and, as the mathematical books I now employed were written in French, I had to pay such minute attention to make out the meaning, that I do not believe that my studies in that sick chamber will ever be erased from my memory.

On the fourth night, while I was grinding away at a double equation, Claridge groaned. I got up and went to his pillow side.

"Are you in pain?" I asked.

"A little," said he. "But it is not that. I would not mind ten times the pain if I were sure that fellow would pull through. Tell me honestly, Jack—is he dead?"

"No," I replied. "The doctors have better hopes of him. They have got the ball out."

"Honour bright and shining?"

"Yes."

"Thank God for that! I do hope he will pull through."

On the seventh day, I was leaning out of the sitting-room window, which looked upon the courtyard, when a postchaise, drawn by two reeking horses, came rattling in; and, seated inside it, I recognized the British face and figure of Claridge's father. I bolted downstairs like a cat.

"How is Robert?" he asked, anxiously, the moment he caught a glimpse of me.

"A great deal better—up to-day for the first time," I replied.

"Ah, that is well—the rascal! I knew your letter was correct enough, and was not in a fidget myself, but his mother made such a fuss that I was forced to come to ease her mind. And he is up, you say. Weak, of course?"

"Yes, weak enough; but hungry."

"Then he will do. I say," he suddenly cried, stopping on the stairs, and catching me by the arm. "I meant as I came along to abuse you for letting him get into this mess, but you look so pale and anxious that I won't. Come on."

"Had I not better go in first, and say you are here?"

"True, true. But don't be long about it."

Claridge was not a nervous man, and it was not necessary to prepare him very carefully for his father's arrival. So the two were soon together, and I left them alone for half an hour.

At the end of that time, however, I went back, and said that the convalescent had done enough talking for the first day of getting up. And Mr. Claridge acquiesced, and directed his conversation to me.

He talked about folly, imprudence, quarrelsomeness, in a very moral tone; but it was evident that he was rather proud of his son's spirit, now the affair was well over, and imputed no blame to me whatever, on the contrary. What Robert Claridge had said I do not know, but he must have put my conduct in a more favourable light than it deserved, for his father seemed by his manner to think that he was indebted to me.

"This has been a troublesome affair for you, Mr. Hamilton," he said, "and has quite spoiled all your fun. I am afraid we Claridges are a hasty lot. I was out myself once with Sir Jasper Plumper. You see—"

And he told me how there had been a very hotly contested election in his county town, and he had quarrelled on the hustings with Sir Jasper Plumper, and they had met and exchanged harmless shots, and it turned out afterwards that they had both fired wide on purpose.

Mr. Claridge would simply have gone ill if he had been obliged to stop indoors for twenty-four consecutive hours; so, as I was in great need of a walk myself by this time, and the wounded man could now move about, and help and amuse himself, I went out with the elder gentleman on the day following his arrival; and as he had not been to Paris for twenty years, and did not very often visit London, he enjoyed the gaiety very much.

Next day he went out alone, leaving me with his son.

"I'll tell you what, Jack," said this latter—"I believe that my father is as pleased with me as possible for getting shot through the shoulder, and giving him an excuse for coming over here without my mother. You must look after him, or he will be getting into mischief. Hallo! what's that?"

Crack, crack, crack-crack, crack. Crack-crak-crak. Crack. Crrrrrrrack.

"That's musketry."

"Good heavens! And my father is in the streets!"

Claridge's window looked out on the street. We rushed to it, but the thick of the fighting was going on round our corner, and we only saw certain episodes—

such as an unfortunate wretch, who was trying to escape past our hotel, shot down by two or three who pursued him.

It was just like rabbit shooting. He crouched and dodged as he ran, so that they missed him at first.

It was pop! pop! pop! And then over he went.

Another poor fellow—a soldier—had his leg broken, and tried to crawl into a courtyard, out of notice. But he was spied and bayoneted. That was a bad sight. He caught hold of the bayonet and muzzle, and wrestled with it, and pushed it away. But, crippled as he was, he was bound to have it.

We were seriously alarmed for Mr. Claridge's safety, but at last he burst into the room, and flung himself into a chair.

"Give me a glass of wine," said he, mopping his forehead. "That light claret stuff will do. What can all this be about? I was walking quietly along the streets, when all at once I found myself in the middle of a regular battle. I thought it was some sort of a show or demonstration, till I saw that they were actually killing one another, and heard the bullets whistle, and then I thought it better to stand up in a doorway. And a nice ten minutes I had! One rascal took a deliberate aim at me: he was laughing, just as if it were a joke! He only missed me by a foot! At last they all passed on somewhere else, and I got back here as fast as I could."

"And glad enough to see you, sir. I expect this is a revolution. The king has been very unpopular ever since he came to the throne. He seems to be a sort of James the Second, entirely in the hands of the Jesuits; and the people have been openly declaring they mean to pack the whole of them off ever since we have been here."

"They took you for a Jesuit, father," said Claridge, almost fainting after the excitement, in his weak state, but unable to resist the joke.

And certainly, a more un-Jesuitical figure than the squire's cannot be imagined.

The firing recurred at intervals for the next two days, and then the king fled, and things returned to their usual condition. But it was some weeks before Claridge could travel with prudence. And so it happened that we went to Paris in the reign of Charles X., and returned in that of Louis Philippe.

Things New and Old.

A Kean Story.

It happened one afternoon when the great tragedian, Edmund Kean, was advertised to perform his favourite character of Othello—a personation that perhaps has never been equalled in histrionic annals—he received a visit from his body surgeon, who had called on him with the kind intention of looking after his health. Being at that time perfectly well, the tragedian took upon himself to exchange characters with his medical friend, and prescribed some draughts for him, "to be taken immediately," which proved so agreeable that the dose was very soon ordered "to be repeated."

The pharmacopœia of Kean's cellar, which contained some of George IV.'s port royal, was not to be declined; and occupied in the pleasing passing of the glasses, the hour for commencing the performance ar-

rived much sooner than was expected, and Budd, the time-honoured housekeeper of the theatre, appeared to summon the tragedian to his nightly duty.

A crowded house was anxiously expecting him, the orchestra had been rung in three or four times, and had scraped through the antiquated overtures of old Rhomberg, till at last the spectators began to be impatient, and were calling for the tragedian in no very gentle terms.

In the hilarity of the moment, the illustrious Edmund consigned them to the eternal Tophet, and swore that he would not leave the house and go out to perform that evening to please any one. If they could get him on the stage without his having to go out of the house, he'd play, but not otherwise; if they couldn't, the audience must be content with the performance of his friend the surgeon, who would, as usual, give a medical certificate of his (Kean's) indisposition. This the surgeon readily agreed to do.

How was this obstinate determination to be got over?

Poor Budd was in the greatest perplexity; the honest housekeeper began to fear for the safety of the structure entrusted to his care. At length the very exigence of the emergency inspired him with an idea.

"Agreed, sir," said he. "Dress for your part—here are your things—tunic, trun's, burnt cork, and pomatum, all ready; and I promise you, you shall not have to go out into the air, but shall perform without."

"I agree to that, friend Budd," said Kean, triumphantly, seeing no way by which it was to be accomplished; "but you'll find your hopes nipped in the bud here, depend on it."

"We shall see, sir," said the housekeeper; "only dress and follow me, and you shall very soon find yourself on the stage without the trouble of treading the green."

Kean began to black his face, and Budd retired to put his project into execution.

Fortunately for the audience of the Richmond theatre of that evening, it happened that the coal-cellar of the dwelling-house was only divided from the pit of the theatre by the party wall that ran through the two structures. The pitites were very soon astounded by a most mysterious knocking in this direction, rivalling that of the far-famed Cock-lane ghost.

Thump—thump—thump—proceeded in quick succession from some invisible workers, and in a very few moments part of the wall began to give way—bricks and mortar tumbled about in all directions, affording serious apprehensions that the whole house was giving way, as a cloud of dust arose, a large aperture appeared, and from the dark recesses of the coal-cellar emerged the triumphant Budd, with the noble Moor, the sooty hero of the night, who thus kept his oath, and yet did not disappoint the audience.

"Sit up, John Thamson."

A weaver who lived in a village in Ayrshire, and occupied every Sunday a conspicuous "bottom-room" in the front "laft" of the parish church, was a shameless votary of Morpheus. Day after day, for years, John Thamson regularly laid his head upon the book-board at the reading out of the text, and there did he sleep, yea, sometimes snore, till the conclusion of the discourse. John seemed to think the text all that was

truly necessary; he "dreamed the rest." This at length became intolerably annoying to the clergyman, and two elders were sent to remonstrate with him on the exceeding sinfulness of his behaviour.

"I canna help it, sirs," said John; "I'm a hard-working man a' the week but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and the minister weel eneuch, unless ye ca' my head off, I canna keep my een open."

"Weel, John," said the remonstrants, "if ye will allow Satan to exerceese his power over you in this dorming, dwamming way, in the very kirk itsel', what gars ye sit in the front laft, where a' body amais sees you? Can ye not tak a back seat, where your sin might be less seen and heard?"

"Tak a back seat!" exclaimed John; "na, na, I'll never quit my cozie corner; my father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather a' sat there; and there sit will John, come o't what will!"

This remonstrance being found ineffectual, the minister resolved upon the desperate measure of affronting John out of his truly anti-Christian practice, by rebuking him before the congregation, and while he was in the very act. Little, however, did he know the principle of resistance which glowed within the bosom of the drowsy wabster. Next Sunday forenoon, as soon as John had, as usual, sunk into slumber upon the desk, and fairly begun his serenade, he cried—

"Sit up, John Thamson!"

"I'm no sleeping, sir," quoth John.

"Oh, John, John! can you tell me what I said last?"

"Ou ay, sir; ye said, 'Sit up, John Thamson!'"

Yankee Evidence.

In Pike county there was a trial for a general row, and a witness testified that one Saltonstall "jest kept sloshin' about." As this remark regarding the conduct of the chivalrous Saltonstall was frequently repeated, said the lawyer for the defence—

"Come, witness, say over again what it was that Mr. Saltonstall had to do with this affair."

"Saltonstall? Why, I've told you several times; the rest on 'em clinched and paired off, but Saltonstall he kept jest sloshin' about."

"Ah! my good fellow," exclaimed the lawyer, testily, "we want to know what that is. It isn't exactly legal evidence in the shape you put it. Tell us what you mean by sloshin' about."

"Well," answered the witness, very deliberately, "I'll try. You see, John Brewer and Sykes they clinched and fout. That's in a legle form, aint it?"

"Oh, yes—go on."

"Abney and Blackman then pitched into one another, and Blackman bit off a piece of Abney's lip—that's legle too, aint it?"

"Proceed."

"Simpson and Bill Stones and Murray was all together on the ground, a bitin', gouglin', and kickin' one another—that's legle too, is it?"

"Very; but go on."

"And Saltonstall made it his business to walk backward and forward through the crowd, with a big stick in his hand, and knock down every loose man in the crowd as fast as he came to 'em. That's what I call sloshin' about."

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS:

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE FLIGHT OF AN ARROW.

EARLY the next morning, Larry was damming up a fresh hole—a larger one than any they had yet attacked—and soon after the water was plashing away, as it was baled out with shovel and bowl. But it was breakfast-time before the pool was emptied and the sand laid bare, with just a glittering fleck here and there, showing in the sun how rich a haul might possibly be made.

To save time, breakfast was brought down to them; and a merry meal it proved, as the laugh went round about their personal appearance—the ladies tanned with the sun, their dresses weather-stained, and their duties those of menial servants; the men looking like navvies busy on the foundations of a river bridge, and all at a time when they knew themselves to be richer by far than many an aristocratic family of ancient line back in the old country.

Then, in the broiling sun, the work went on once more, and, to their great delight, they found this the richest of the pools they had drained. The sand seemed sown with little nuggets, water-worn and rounded, from the size of a shot to a tiny pea, and twice over the women went up loaded to the *cache*, while bowlful after bowlful of auriferous sand was washed and picked over.

It was a glorious task, out there in the free, bright mountain air, where every inhalation seemed to exhilarate and give fresh force to the jaded arms that wielded shovel or bowl.

At last, towards four o'clock, the last shovelful of sand was scraped out and washed, to prove richer than the first; water was let in, and the rocky hollow washed out, so as to display fresh scraps of gold lying shining in the various chinks and crevices of the hole. Then the ladies were despatched with their last load, and a fresh pool was dammed and the water diverted, Larry going to work again more merrily than ever, after a pipe—it being decided to drain this pool before they gave up for the night, and then they could commence early the next day.

In spite of all his efforts to appear cheerful, there was a sense of despondency hanging about Dawson that he could not account for. He fell to blaming himself for not taking Adams's advice, and starting a day or two sooner, calling it an accursed thirst for riches which kept him there.

He sat and chatted for a while to Mrs. Adams, till horrible fancies of what might be her sufferings should they be attacked drove him away, feeling like a murderer as he thought of the responsibility of those who were answerable for bringing those tender women there.

He then crossed over to where Mary was seated, busily working as usual, and as he threw himself upon a rock at her feet, it was with the impression that there was more of gentleness in her eye, and that she seemed half pleased to see him; but her first words undeceived him, for they were cold and measured, save when talking of her brother and his wife, and then she brightened

up for a while, but only to cool down again; and Dawson left her with a sigh.

"Larry," said Dawson, going to where the Irishman had smoked himself into a state of restful ease—"Larry, I've a mind to get the mules together to-night. We'll go down the vale, and drive them up close there to the hut."

"An' sure they won't stay there, Misther Dawson, sor, because the grass is so poor. Anyhow, we'll thry."

Starting together, then, they reached the spot where the last carefully hobbled mule was feeding, and drove them up a little beyond the hut, the lower end of the valley having a barrier that they would not attempt to pass—namely, a wide stretch of desert sand.

After this, rest.

The morning was glorious, and at daybreak the three men were busy once more at their golden toil, laughing and talking, and exulting over each new find; for there seemed to be no end to the wealth. As the gold was picked out, they threw it into a handkerchief spread upon the rivulet-side, for there was to be no help from the women this day until after breakfast; and they were seriously debating about making this their last day.

"There is the silver, even if the gold should be found wanting," said Adams.

And he laughed to think of how little value the white, shining metal had now in their eyes.

"Yes," said Dawson, as he picked out three or four nuggets from the bowl he held, and pitched them into a glistening heap as if they had been pebbles—"yes, we'll make this the last day, load up to-morrow or next day, and then, hey for civilization!"

After which Dawson sighed, stooped down to the water, and went on washing for gold.

"That's settled, then?" said Adams—"we go to-morrow or next day."

"Yes, I agree," said Dawson.

"An' so do I," said Larry, in a low voice; and he sang out aloud—

"'Wid his sprig ov shillelah an' shamrock so green.'"

Then there was silence—the men toiling on energetically, as if determined to get all they could out of the rock pools that day, before they gave up the task.

"An' it seems a pity, too, to lave so much good goold lyin' out in the sand an' askin' people to come and take it," said Larry. "Sure, but we'll come again."

"We must, Larry," said Dawson, stooping over a pan of sand. "We can only take about half away with us."

"Bedad! that's a bad job; but niver mind, we can aisily find the place agin wid that little compish ov yours, sor. Sure that's a fine invintion, a little thing like that always pointin' to where there's goold. I wondher the man who invinted it hasn't had a thry, an'— Be the howly Bridget an' St. Kenan's Well! who's that stickin' pins in me leg?"

"What is it, Larry?" said Dawson, quietly.

"Why, yer honour, I seemed to ketch me leg on a thorn, an' scratched it, only there aint none here. Such a shting as it give me; an' look, it's bladin'. Oh, bedad, I'm kilt! It's wan ov thim rattlesnakes, as owed me a grudge for knockin' over their father or mother, shtung me in the leg, an' I'm a dead man!"

"Nonsense! a snake!" exclaimed Dawson and Adams together.

Whiz!

Something struck the rocks by the pool-side, stirring Adams's hair as it passed, so close was it to his cheek.

"Down on your knees!" cried Dawson, dragging at Adams.

And the three men had just time to kneel down in the wet sand, when another arrow, and another, fell close to them, while Larry drew a keenly pointed, slender reed from the sand.

"That's the baste that grazed me leg," said Larry. "Well, it's betther 'an snakes, anyhow. Shoot away, me boys; ye can't hurt us."

That they were attacked by Indians there was ample proof, for another arrow dropped in among them, breaking its point against the rock, while they lay in safety in their little fortification, where it was impossible for the best marksman among their foes to do more now than send a shaft almost at random towards where they were crouching.

"I can't see the divils," said Larry, peering cautiously over the edge of the rock.

But there was no response; for Adams and Dawson were gazing into one another's eyes, each reading there the same terror, for one and the same thought had gone through their breasts like a knife—

"What of the women?"

It was no time for cursing their own folly in coming there unarmed. They might have been lulled into a feeling of safety; but had not an undefined sense of insecurity troubled them both lately, and they had not heeded it? But for the greed which they had felt, they might have been far back on their homeward journey; while now—

They knew it all, but it was too late. What was to be done now, was the question. The first thought was that they should make a rush towards the tent; but that would be like betraying the position where the women lay, and there was a faint chance that they might not have been discovered; but this was so slight a hope that they cast it to the winds. They must reach the hut, come what may.

"To run would be certain death for one of us," said Adams, gloomily.

"Yes," said Dawson; "they are Indians, so we must be Indians for the time. How near can we get to the tent if we crawl along the stream, Larry, from pool to pool?"

"About two hundred yards, yer honour, if we don't get drowned. Are ye goin' to thry that way?"

"Without you can show a better, Larry."

"I was goin' to say that way, sor," said Larry. "Bedad, it's glad I am that we dhruv up thim mules, Misther Dawson, sor, as they'd be makin' pincushions ov thim to stick their arrows in."

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed Adams.

For Larry was leaning over the edge of the rock in a way that immediately drew two arrows, one of which went through his shirt, and the other struck against the opposite rock.

"Fire away!" cried Larry—"who's afeard?"

For he had attained his object—namely, a corner of the handkerchief in which they had thrown the gold that morning; and he was now drawing it gently towards him as he sank out of the enemy's sight.

"Never mind that now, Larry," said Adams, excitedly.

"Bud I do mind, yer honour," cried Larry, securing the spoil, and tying the handkerchief up with careful knots. "Look at the praties a lot like that will buy, while thim haythen savages don't know its use."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Adams and Mary had been busily preparing the morning meal. They were light-hearted and happy, for it was an understood thing that they were soon to start on their return journey.

"And yet I like this wild life," said Mary; "these mountains, with their glorious tints, and the free air and absence of conventionality. I feel this morning as if a bird were busy in my heart, singing always of joy."

"It is curious how happy some people can be, while others about them are miserable."

A dull red glow spread over the face of Mary Adams, and she stood for a few moments perfectly silent.

"I know what you mean," she said at last, coldly; "but why do you trouble me about that?"

"Because I don't like to see you ill-use a brave, true-hearted man, who loves the very ground you walk on," said Mrs. Adams, with animation.

"Ill-use?" said Mary, quietly. "I never gave him a word of encouragement. I have always behaved with kindness, but with studied coldness. If I thought he—"

"Well, go on," said Mrs. Adams, with a smile. "Do you dislike him?"

"No," said Mary, sadly. "I think him a brave, unselfish fellow."

"But you think him ugly?"

"Indeed, no," said Mary, with animation. "I think him—"

She stopped short, for she caught her sister's merry, laughing eye.

"Mary, you love him!"

"Indeed I do not," she exclaimed, indignantly.

"But you mean to try?"

"No," said Mary, firmly. "Why should I encourage a man, and lead him on, only to afterwards make him wretched? I don't love him, and I feel I can't love him. There, I like him too well to give him my wretched cinder of a heart!"

Mrs. Adams's eye twinkled as she went busily on with her task, and Mary saw it, colouring the while with anger, as she asked herself whether she had been too demonstrative—whether she had said enough to make her sister think that matters might come to be adjusted in the way she evidently wished.

"There, don't glower at me like that, child," said the little woman, laughing up in the face of the "child," who smiled in return at the mischievous, happy look. "Now, then, let's be ready; and then what do you say to going and hoisting a signal for them to come back? What was that?"

"One of the mules," said Mary, looking out of the hut door. "They were all feeding up the valley the first thing this morning; they are now grazing back. Perhaps Frank is coming."

"Not he," said Mrs. Adams, laughing—"he has got the gold fever too badly; he will not stir until we signal, or go and fetch them. He wanted us to take something down, and I said I would not, because it was bad for them to keep on work, work, there in the wet, without a rest."

"You are quite right," said Mary, dreamily, for she was thinking over the past conversation.

"Isn't it comical," said Mrs. Adams, "this tidying up the hut? No tables, no chairs, no carpet. Isn't it like being Robinson Crusoes? But, I say, Mary, how rich we must be now!"

"Yes—very," said Mary, quietly.

"Well, you don't seem very much pleased about it," said Mrs. Adams, laughing; "and yet yours will be a good share."

"Why should I?" said Mary, sharply. "What has money been to me, but something to make my life unhappy?"

"My dear Mary," said Mrs. Adams, affectionately, "do you think it is wise to go on mourning about the past, when we've got the future before us? Say it was a horrible storm in this valley a month ago, and all was destruction and terror. Look at it now, all smiling sunshine, the fir trees rich with great red cones, the brushwood full of flowers, and the rocks covered with bright mosses and tiny herbs. Oh! what a picture I could paint about it if I had time, and we had not got to fetch them. Come along—the walk will do us good, and it will be a good half-hour before we can get them back."

Hats were tied on, and they started along the valley-side, keeping up where the pine trees grew, for it was easier to traverse, rugged though it was. As for the lower part of the valley, where the stream ran, it was one wild climb over rocks and boulders united together with plants.

"I suppose we shall get back to England soon," said Mrs. Adams. "I don't know but what I would rather stay here."

"I would, I am sure," said Mary.

And then they pressed on, saying little; for the exigencies of their walk took up all their attention.

"Let's try this way," said Mrs. Adams; "it will be a nearer cut."

And she led her sister round the lower side of a huge rock which stood up in their way; but they gained nothing by it, and, to Mary's vexation, found that they must turn back, for the ground was more wild and rugged than ever.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams; "and I wanted to get to them quickly!"

Turning back, they walked hurriedly towards the big rock, little thinking that this slight adventure had, perhaps, been the saving of their lives; for as they pushed on, and came to a little grove of small firs and bushes, through which they had to force their way, Mary, who was leading, stopped short, just in the act of parting the thick, elastic boughs, and remained there motionless.

Mrs. Adams was about to exclaim at her loudly, and bid her go on, but she was startled by the rigidity of the figure before her, and involuntarily crouched down close by her feet.

There was danger of some kind abroad. Perhaps they had been pursued by those ruffians, and found at last.

Mrs. Adams shivered, for she suddenly remembered that the men had left pistols and rifles at the hut, and probably they would be intercepted before they could get back.

Perhaps, though, it was only a snake, and Mary was

standing watching it, remaining still lest she should attract its attention. Frank had said there were numbers among the stones on the hillside.

At any rate, she would see; and rising very softly and slowly, she crept forward to where the boughs were somewhat thinner, and there peered forth into the more open space, to become on the instant fascinated—rooted to the earth—by that which had seemed to turn her sister into stone; for there, not ten yards away, and apparently watching her with glittering eyes, his low, crafty, retreating forehead glistening in the sun, the lips drawn back from his teeth, giving an aspect of malice to his cruel mouth—his face smeared with grotesque lines of paint, and his coarse black hair hanging loosely down his back—there, arrow in one hand, bow in the other, and knife and hatchet in his belt, stood an Indian.

And they were alone.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XLV.—MR. BURGE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT BURLEY sat for a few moments aghast at what he looked upon as his unwelcome companion's intolerable insolence.

"Do you mean to say that the young doctor did not commit that murder?" he gasped at last.

"I mean to say that the young doctor did not commit *that* murder."

"Then who did?"

"Ah! that's another thing. I say the fellow my fellows are watching in town; and when we've been and put that poor young chap's mind at rest, I'll go up and put the bracelets on my man."

Superintendent Burley sat in silence for the rest of the journey, every line of his countenance whispering scepticism; and it was in this spirit that they drove into the gaol yard—the warders looking very hard at the driver—with Mr. Superintendent Burley suffering from a sensation of looseness of person, as though he were shrinking up and undergoing a general collapse of nature. It is certain that had he tried to button or unbutton his tunic he would have achieved the task with ease. There was a limpness, too, about his cheeks, which caused them to hang down loosely on either side of his jaws; and as for his "hy," the right orb revolved fearfully, even till he had descended from the cart.

A few minutes after, they entered Tom Madron's cell, and, in spite of the superintendent's trouble, took with them enough of the sunshine of life to penetrate to the occupants' hearts, and to send gladness where for a time all had been sorrowful as it had been dark.

Jenny uttered a faint scream, and clung more tightly to the prisoner; but she was reassured directly by the friendly, open countenance of Harker.

"Don't let our coming trouble you, ma'am," he said, cheerfully. "Our friend here, Mr. Burley, has been doing his best to hang Mr. Madron; but I have the pleasure of telling you both that it is all a mistake, and he's got hold of the wrong man."

There was a look of honest pleasure and emotion in the sergeant's face the next moment, unused as he was

to display weakness, for, with a cry of joy, Jenny had sprung to him, caught his hands in hers, and kissed them again and again; while Tom sat motionless, and as if stunned, till the sergeant spoke, in a bantering, good-humoured tone—

"Why, you seem half disappointed, sir. I hope you're not angry about the news?"

"Is—is this true?" exclaimed Tom, starting up, and standing by Jenny's side, till she threw her arms round his neck, and sank sobbing upon his breast.

"Oh, yes, sir; it's true enough, you may depend upon that."

"Then I'm at liberty!" exclaimed Tom.

"Well, not exactly yet, sir," said the sergeant. "You'll have to be brought up before the magistrates and forgiven, and let off with a bit of country justices' advice to let this be a warning to you, and not to do so any more."

"But when shall I be at liberty?" exclaimed Tom, eagerly.

"Oh, very soon, sir—as soon as my friend, Mr. Burley here, can make it all right with the justices, and feel satisfied that you are not guilty."

"But you are sure the charge will be withdrawn?" exclaimed Jenny, piteously.

"Sure? Yes, miss, I'm sure enough. I'm almost sure I've got the right man; but I'm quite sure my friend here has got the wrong one. And now I must be off. I thought I'd come and put you out of your misery."

"I am, indeed, most grateful," cried Tom, shaking the other's hand; "but who is the man who—"

Tom stopped short, for the sergeant gave him a knowing wink; and further inquiry in the same direction was arrested by the coming in of Mr. Burge, who stared with astonishment on seeing how the cell was filled.

"Why, what's this the governor tells me about a mistake?" he exclaimed, in an injured tone—"about Sergeant Harker and Scotland-yard. Who the devil is Sergeant Harker?"

"I am—at your service, sir," said the sergeant, smiling.

"You—you! Why, you're the man who has been looking at the farm. You came to my office about it."

"Well, sir, you see, a farm would be my ambition," said the sergeant, demurely, "when I retire."

"But you're ruining my case," exclaimed Mr. Burge; "a case that I've worked at night and day, and got Valentine for, and the brief in such form as was never done before, and here you come and spoil all."

"Well, it is provoking, certainly," said the sergeant, drily.

"Provoking!" exclaimed Mr. Burge, glaring at him. "Spoil a man's case, and then say it's provoking! I call it scandalous, abominable, atrocious, everything that's villainous and damnable. I'm disgusted with such treatment."

Mr. Burge looked round, fuming and angry, till all at once he interpreted the meaning of the sergeant's glances, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"What an ass I am!" he exclaimed. "That comes of being professional, and letting everything give way to business. Madron, my dear fellow, I congratulate you, for 'pon my soul I thought ours was as black a case as ever I met with. And so you've found the right

man, eh?" he said, turning to the sergeant, who gave a comical cock of the eye, and nodded. "Ah, I see, I see," continued Mr. Burge. "Well, well, well—I'm not to be the lawyer, so I shall play the father. Now, then, my dear, I think we had better go."

"Time I was off, gentlemen," said the sergeant, nodding all round, when Tom advanced and shook hands with him, warmly.

"I believe, if the truth were known, I owe you my life," said Tom.

"Oh, I don't know," was the reply; "but there, we need not talk about that."

"I am indeed very grateful," said Tom.

"Well, then, don't say any more about it, please, sir," said the sergeant. "I dare say, though, they would have done their best to make an end of you. A good case like this, you see, sir," he whispered, "is a treat to our friend here—something out of the common to a man who is always nailing poor fellows for looking at rabbits, or stealing a few partridges' eggs. However, you may make yourself comfortable, for you'll hear no more about this affair after another hearing, only perhaps as a witness. Miss, your servant; gentlemen all, good day."

"One moment," exclaimed Tom, detaining him by the door—"that note in my room?"

The sergeant turned smilingly to the speaker, and looked at him in a half pitying way, as if sorry for his innocence; then he laid one finger up against the side of his nose, and vanished in company with the superintendent, who looked more ill at ease than ever.

The interview was shortly afterwards brought to an end by the entrance of a warder, who civilly announced that time was up; and now the fortitude that had sustained Jenny so far gave way, and she was led out by Mr. Burge, half fainting—Tom feeling more strongly than ever his position, as he leaped forward to help; but only to have the warder's broad hand laid upon his chest, arresting him upon the threshold, and before, in his indignation, he could resent it, the door swung to with a clang, and he heard the shooting of the bolts.

"This is harder than all," he muttered, with the unreasonable side of human nature making its way to the surface, for he did not stop to consider the difference that had taken place in his position during the past hour. Before the visit he was fretting upon the subject of the coming trial; now he was longing for liberty—the certainty of its coming doing nothing towards alleviating the suspense which urged him to pace the cell till utter weariness compelled him to be seated.

Tit for Tat.

Dr. Wilberforce and Lord Palmerston were on a visit in the country. The Premier offered to take the bishop to church in his carriage; the bishop chose to go on foot. A shower came on just as the carriage overtook the pedestrian; the Prime Minister put his head out of the window, with—

"How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk."

And the bishop retorted with—

"Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk."

THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Knotty Point.

I KNOW, you know, that I am a man who has given you a good deal of trouble of late upon political matters, and it strikes me very forcibly that I shall give you a good deal more, you know, before you have done with me. It's a great nuisance, isn't it? but you've got me, and you must make the best of me; for I am the working man. "A man's a man for a' that;" and besides, England hasn't much call to be ashamed of her different working men, and she owes much of her greatness to them. But leaving reform and politics out of the question, let me give you a hint, and let me make you understand that I work very hard for my living; and consequently I eat hearty, and that brings me to my question, which is—speaking between man and man—

"What are you going to give me to eat?"

"Well," says you, "what do you mean? What are we going to give you to eat? Why, what have you always had to eat? Bread and meat, and so on, eh?"

"Just so; but now look here, I'm like Tony Veller, I go a long way round to make things plain, and what I'm a-aimin' at is this here—I can't afford to give ninepence and tenpence and a shilling a pound for meat; so I say, What are you going to give me to eat?"

You see, for a man to work hard, he must live pretty well, and upon good, sound, wholesome meat, as good joints as he can get; and now, what with cattle plague, and the combination of the butchers, the price of meat is something frightful. Of course, I don't mean as we always want the best joints, because I know better, and in my bit of experience have learned how to do the best with a Saturday night's wages—laying it out in the most india-rubbery of ways, spreading it out till it forms a ring, and both ends meet, or lap a little way over; or performing that interesting experiment of seeing how far a sovereign can be beaten out to reach. That's a thing we are very fond of trying, and some of us have got very clever at it; not that I think as we deserve much credit, on account of having been obliged to learn. Some's much more clever than others at it, and at a push I've known men make a half-sovereign go as far as they would have got a sovereign to go at other times.

But now, as I said before, What are you going to give us to eat? That's a question that won't bear shifting on one side. We can manage to do without a good many comforts, but we must eat, and it won't do to talk to London working men about porridge or oat-cake. We are lions at work—tigers, if you like—and as we are at our eating; and after having tasted blood in the shape of good English or Scotch or Irish or foreign beef, why, it is not likely we are ever going to be contented without it again. But all the same for that, it seems that through disease all that tremendous supply of foreign bullocks from Hungary and Podolia and Galicia, and ever so many hard-named places, is to be cut off from our use because of infection, for they always have the cattle plague more or less over there.

One wise man says, have it killed at the ports where it is landed—Harwich, and such places as that. But, mind you, that won't do; for though you get rid of the carriage of foreign cattle through the country in that way, and send your carcasses up by rail to London, I'll tell you what you won't send, and that's what butchers call the offal, which in a bullock is, perhaps, worth fifty shillings; and that offal consists of the head, heart, tail, feet, liver, tongue, hide, and horns, the greater part of which would have to be made some use of where the beast was slaughtered, while all the time we want it up in our busy part of the East-end of London, where there is always so much poverty and distress. We want the eatable parts that are good and wholesome for poor folk who can't buy joints, and we want the hides, and horns, and hoofs, and blood to make work for those same poor folk who want it so often and so badly. So that if the foreign supply of cattle which comes to our shores is to be slaughtered as soon as landed, it ought to be in some handy spot close in to London, with plenty of ready means for sending it away where it is wanted.

Now, of course, many people will be dreadfully disgusted upon hearing of the offal of a bullock—a something not suitable for ears polite; but when the tongue shines red through the white sauce between the chickens, it is not despised; while as for the heart, was it not the chosen dish of the great Conservative, "Josef Sprouts," when returning to his native land?—the dish ordered in advance, stuffed and baked.

You see, poor people can't afford the prime joints, but there's plenty of good, wholesome food kept out of the London markets by killing down in the country. Now, if you'll only take the trouble to go to the Metropolitan Market, you may see unpacked load after load of mutton sent up all ready dressed; and what does that mutton consist of but hind-quarters—legs and loins—legs and saddles, if you like—nothing else. Now, then, of course those are the prime parts; but then where are your necks, shoulders, breasts, heads, trotters, and plucks? Why, left down in the country—kept out of the London market. I like a leg or loin of mutton as well as any man; but, if I can't afford them, I'm glad enough to get inferior parts before coming down to the bread and cheese; and you, by your dead meat trade, are making it harder and harder for me; while in the heat of the summer, now coming on, it will be ten times worse, for then the traffic will be nearly quite stopped.

It's of no use talking about stopping this, or putting down that, or studying this person's whims or that person's fancies. You've got a great city full of working men to feed, and you must feed it, and well too; and I'm very sure that the better you feed poor London, the healthier it will be. So if cattle plague comes and makes a hole in our supply on one side, we must be ready to fill that hole up by supplies poured in on another side. The traffic in foreign cattle is rather queer, certainly; and it don't look nice after a rough night in a Hamburg steamer to stand on the deck next morning, and see the tackle rigged up over the hold, and then see the chain run round the wheel, as the hook goes down, down, lower and lower out of sight, till a shout comes up from somewhere below; then the little steam engine is stopped, and the chain slackens, shakes, and after another shout tightens again, and by its vibration shows that some-

thing heavy is coming up at the end, creaking and groaning, higher and higher, till, ghost-like, up a stage trap comes a terrible apparition, with dull leaden eyes, lolling tongue, frothing mouth, drooping ears, and terribly prominent horns—a fearful apparition by night, but only a dead bullock by day, hauled out of the hold, where a score of its fellows lie waiting to be dragged out. Higher and higher; and now the poor creature is swung clear of the ship's side, a knife-armed hand is ready, the rope-loop round the horns is cut, and down, with a heavy splash, goes the poor brute into the rolling waves, to disappear in an instant. Twenty-two more slowly follow him; and, as one looks on, one blesses one's stars for two or three little matters, such as the fact of one's not being either consignor or consignee; that we are far away from the spots where sausage-machines pant and beat loudly; and then come wonders whether those uncomfortable, serrated-toothed gentlemen of the shark tribe are aware of the constant supply of solid food sent into the German Ocean in squally weather. For come rough nights, and the tier-packed beasts, like animals of higher organization, turn terribly sea-sick; and even fall to be trampled to death by their fellows, or die by being suffocated in the mud and filth about them.

And yet, in spite of such heavy losses by transit, it pays to transport fat cattle from the vast grazing grounds of Eastern Europe to satisfy our cravings, and because of the outbreak of a pest a great many of the advantages are sometimes stayed.

But it won't do. I say, What are you going to give me to eat? And now, I tell you, give me as much good wholesome foreign beef as you can—Australian if you like—since you can't grow enough here at home; and so as to give me all the advantage you can, have a new foreign cattle market on the banks of the Thames—a market that shall be handy to the mouths that want the meat, and provided with places for killing and dressing the carcasses directly the beasts have been declared by the inspectors as wholesome and sound. Why, two-thirds of the meat eaten in the metropolis is consumed in East London; and though the plan may cause some inconvenience to the dealers, the advantage to the many would be immense, and would soon be felt in the smaller size of the butcher's bill.

I'm a troublesome person, I know, and many great people begin to think me—the working man—a great nuisance; but you can't do without me, any more than I can do without my beef and beer; while, when I ask for ample food, and include in that food the so-called offal that is lost to our markets by country butchering and the traffic in dead meat, I think I am very reasonable.

You don't know these butcher's meat troubles so much in the country; but bear in mind we most of us live in lodgings here, have no gardens, and as to keeping a pig—ah! where do you go into a London working man's house and see two sides of bacon, a couple of hams, and some chins and faces? Not in many places. We are a very flesh-eating set up here, and I don't think it likely that we can be altered; so just humour us a bit, and by way of a treat make a push in the right direction, so as we may have a penny a pound off almost at once, and a chance of seeing the butchers sticking bills in their windows like the cheap bakers, and putting a genial glow in our pockets by the announcement of "Down again."

Sounds very nice, it does, to hear of sheep being killed in Australia for their wool and tallow, and beasts slaughtered in South America for their hides; and I says to a mate of mine at the next bench—

"Joe," I says—and I smacked my lips—"Joe," I says, "only think, sirloin of beef for about tuppens a pound."

"No," he says, in answer; "it won't do to think about."

And he was about right. Now, it is all very well trying to get more of that meat over here in an eatable condition, and it would be a great blessing; but it seems to me that while that grass is growing for us poor horses, we shall starve. For some on us is so prejudiced against new things that people are afraid to send in for our supply. Still they are doing a deal. We did try the charqui; but there was such a strong likeness to stewed boots there that one couldn't live upon it, unless dinner hours were doubled to give a fellow time to ruminate, ox-fashion. This new stuff of Baron Liebig, too, perhaps is all very well, and it seems that a man can eat nearly a whole bullock out of a tin can with a spoon, just like so much treacle; but, without taking cost into consideration, that seems coming it rather too strong; while always living upon soup isn't tempting. Meat will be plentiful enough by and by, preserved and potted; but this all takes time, and, however successful the preserves may be, we can't do without a constant supply of fresh cattle brought to our London market, killed on the spot, and then distributed to the hungry mouths waiting for it. Meat has been gradually getting dearer for the last ten or fifteen years—ah! I might say fifty years—and it's time something was done to alter it; for if matters go on as they are, we shall have to turn vegetarians, and you will find the want of our muscle and endurance.

"What's that leg of mutton a pound?" I says to a butcher the other day, we being ten in family, and leg being an economical joint.

"Fourteen," he says, chuff as you please.

"And what's that bit of beef?" I says.

"Same price," he says; and then he turned his back, and waited on another customer.

It looked a nice joint, so I waited five minutes, and then I says—

"Is that the lowest? Ready money, you know."

"My man," he says, "if I lived further west I could have eighteenpence a pound for them jyntes."

I walked home slowly, whistling "O, the Roast Beef of Old England!" but making it almost like a psalm tune, it was so doleful; and the missus did the market-ing, and we had for next day's dinner—but there, I won't tell you till you've answered my knotty question, "What are you going to give me to eat?"

Wouldn't it be a good spec for that butcher to do what the Yankees call pulling up stakes and making tracks west?

The Grasshopper.

In spite of the Yankee invention of a grasshopper mill, which ground these pests into fertilization, we read from America that the wheat and other crops in the west are being ravaged by these insects, and the governor of Missouri has issued a proclamation appointing a day of general fasting and prayer in order to avert the plague.



MARK FIRTH.—A SHEFFIELD BLADE.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XVII.—LATE FOUND, SOON LOST.

AUGUST was well advanced when I parted from the Claridges, father and son, in London; and the first thing I did, when I found myself free, was to visit Ellen's lodging, to see how she was getting on, and whether anything was definitely settled about her marriage yet.

"Is my sister in?" I asked the maid who opened the door, for it was the same who had often admitted me.

"Miss Romney, sir!" she replied. "Lor! Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"Why, she's left this three weeks. Went away to be married—she did."

"What, to Mr. Bruce?"

"Aye, that was the name she said—Bruce."

"Oh," said I, as composedly as I could. "I have been abroad all the summer, and have only just returned. That is why I have not heard of it. Do you know where she is?"

"No, sir, that I don't."

"Or where she went to from here?"

"No, sir."

"Nor when she is coming back to London?"

"No, sir."

There seemed to be nothing but negatives to be got out of the girl, so I went to Madame Tourterelle, who could give me no further information. Ellen had called upon her one day, to say that she was going off to be married in a great hurry, and could not do any more work for her. All money matters had been settled between them, and they had parted in a friendly way. But from that time Madame had heard no more of her.

As I was leaving the shop, the lodging-house servant came breathlessly up to me, with a letter in her hand.

"You flurried me so—I forgot," she said. "Miss Romney left this for you when you called."

"Ah," said I, feigning a relief I did not feel—"she was to have left a letter if I did not return before she was married. Thank you."

And I gave her a tip; hoping by that, and what I said, to silence the gossip my inquiry might excite. Inexperienced that I was!

I would not read the letter in the street, so walked on till I came to a tavern, which I entered. It was at a slack time in the afternoon, and there was hardly any one there.

I sat down in the farthest box, ordered some wine, and, when I was left alone, opened the letter, which ran thus:—

"DEAR BROTHER—Forgive me if it seems unkind and ungrateful, after all your goodness to me—taking me to London, putting me with Madame Tourterelle, acting every way so kind and like a brother, as many would have been ashamed of me, as things were, you being a gentleman, and me a poor girl. And what you did for poor mother, too! But I did not tell you quite all; for Peter—that is Mr. Bruce, you know, who will be my

dear husband when you get this—he is a gentleman born, and his friends would not let him marry me if they knew it, because I am not his equal, and they want to make him marry ~~another~~ woman, a lady with a great deal of money, whom he does not like one bit; and to avoid this he has persuaded me to go with him to Scotland and be married there. Because when it is once done, his father will come into it and make the best of it; and when he sees how happy I make his son, then he will like me. So forgive me, dear brother, for not telling you that he was a gentleman, as you will like him more for that when you see him, as does your loving sister,
"ELLEN ROMNEY."

The first reading of this letter turned me sick and faint. I swallowed some of the wine, and read it again and again, spelling over every sentence.

I could make nothing out of it, but the helpless innocence of a child: perfect confidence in this man Bruce, and the flimsiest of stories by which simple girl was ever deceived.

But perhaps I was suspicious—blinded by my first fears; prejudiced against the man who had gained her complete obedience in so short a time, and had used it to make her keep something from me; who had ignored me so completely himself, though knowing my relationship. Yes, that might make me ready to think worse of him than he deserved.

And then some of my acquaintances at Cambridge habitually spoke in such a cynical way of women. Could I judge of other men by them? No, they were professedly dissipated.

I could not trust my own opinion. Whom should I ask?

Mr. Glading rose to my thoughts immediately. Calm, charitable, experienced, I could confide in him implicitly.

I went down to Brockford that evening.

Mr. Glading welcomed me cordially.

"Here you are at last, Jack," said he; "come to keep me company. For Mary is away. She has gone to stay with some young friends about ten miles off, where there is a wedding and gay doings; but she will be home by the end of the week. I got your letter. Ah, Jack, that was a sad business! Duelling is a wicked practice. I do not see much difference between a duel for such a trivial cause and murder. Think of that seriously, for those who aid and abet are every whit as guilty as the combatants. And in you, who intend to be a minister of Christ! Oh, Jack!"

"I assure you I felt sorry enough about the matter," said I; "but I did not know how else to act."

"Indeed, and you look pale and ill," said the good vicar, with concern. "You have been anxious for your friend."

"Yes; but it is not that. I have received a severer blow to-day than his death would have been."

"Come, come, compose yourself, Jack," said the vicar; for when I found myself with a sympathizing friend, to whom I could speak, I fairly broke down. "Sit down, and tell me what it is."

"It is about my half-sister, of whom I told you. She has left town, and the situation I provided for her."

And I told him the whole story as minutely as I could, and showed him the letter.

As he read, his brow knit, his eyes flashed, his fore-

head reddened, his hand was clenched in a way I had never seen in him before.

"I was speaking just now of duelling," said he. "But were there no other way of punishing this fellow, I myself—God forgive me! You want cool counsel, and I am giving way to passion."

"Then you think my worst fears are correct?"

"I never heard a more improbable story," he replied, more calmly. "But you know the house in the city in which this Bruce professed to be employed?"

"Yes."

"Then go there to-morrow, and inquire if they have, or had lately, any clerk of that name; or one newly married, or away for a holiday."

I followed this advice, and met with every civility and assistance from the gentleman to whom I was introduced; but all he said proved more clearly that Bruce had told a false story. There was no one in their employment who was at present away from London, or had been for the last two months.

Then I went to the place on the borders of Scotland which was at that time the scene of so many clandestine marriages, and I advertised in the papers, in a manner which Ellen alone could understand if she happened to see it, begging for further information.

But all my efforts were of no avail, and my worst fears were confirmed with every day that she did not write to me. What could account for her silence but shame?

A left-handed relationship, such as existed between Ellen Romney and myself, does not often form a strong tie, especially when the lawful and unlawful children of the same father are in different strata of society; and only those few who are as isolated in the world as I was can fully understand how poignant were my feelings, how keen my regrets, how ardent my desire for revenge.

I blamed myself. I ought to have known the temptations and frauds to which a simple country girl, placed alone in the West-end of London, would be exposed, and warned her against them. I felt disappointed in her for not confiding more fully in me, and for taking such a rash step without waiting to consult me. But it was against the man who had played upon her ignorance and simplicity that my hate was aroused. And that was a sentiment which time never weakened, change of scene and stirring incident never obliterated. I hated him as a Corsican hates his enemy—with a bitterness which became more concentrated year by year.

But I did not know him. I sought revenge on a shadow. It is not in my nature to nurse a grief. When an evil is inevitable, I try to banish the thought of it. I do not say that this is wise or right, mind—on the contrary, I fear it may have a tendency to harden; but I confess it to be the turn of my mind.

I have always asked myself when in trouble, Can I do anything to avert or palliate the evil? And if the answer was in the negative, I tried to dismiss the thought of it. Any means were good to me for that—society, the conversation of friends, adventure, excitement, drink. However disinclined for mirth, I forced myself to seek it; and often when my friends have thought me in the highest spirits, I have had a pain at my heart which all my efforts were inefficient to still. Yet the experiment was always successful after awhile, for the

brain cannot receive two impressions simultaneously. But, I repeat, I do not defend the practice. Mental chloroform is a dangerous thing to meddle with.

In accordance with my system, I spoke no more on the painful and disgraceful subject, but went back to Brockford, to which place Mary had now returned, and endeavoured to forget all else in the charm of her presence.

What sorrow or annoyance could not her voice have charmed away?

In October I returned to Cambridge for the last time. What with the trouble about Ellen, and the prospect of so soon parting with companions who now seemed like bosom friends—as people to whose society you are accustomed to, when you may never see them again—that term would have been a melancholy one enough if it had not been for the necessity of reading hard to recover the wasted hours.

I missed Claridge, too, who did not come up. He wrote to tell me that his wound was nicely healed, but the family doctor insisted on his taking care of himself during the winter. He was in good spirits about his antagonist, who was not dead, but getting well, and who might have been killed in defence of his cause during the insurrection. "So that," added Claridge, "I have probably saved his life." An ingenious conclusion.

Time passed, and so did I—my examination. It was a very ordinary degree I took, but it entitled me to write B.A. after my name as much as if I had been a wrangler, and that was all I wanted.

But in the same newspaper which announced this interesting fact to a delighted world, I read a full account of the Paris duel, giving names and all particulars, and that damped the pleasure of seeing my name in print pretty considerably.

How did it come to be inserted, after being kept out of the papers so long, it was difficult to imagine. I now can guess.

It was extremely annoying. I wished to be ordained as soon as it was practicable; and the business was quite enough to stagger a squeamish bishop.

However, it could not be helped, and I hoped not to be identified with Claridge's second. After all, Hamilton was a common name enough. Or, in case of investigation, the circumstances of the case must excuse me. How could the Archbishop of Canterbury have acted differently before he was in orders?

You cannot judge, my reader, by present customs; forty years ago you would no more have dreamed of refusing to act for your friend under such circumstances than you would now of declining to lend him half-a-crown.

But I never got the chance of putting the matter to episcopal judgment, since I had not taken my degree a week before I received this letter from Mr. James Broderip—

"SIR—I enclose a cheque for £40 in payment of a debt of honour (so called), incurred by my nephew towards yourself. I was not aware that undergraduates were in the habit of preying upon one another to such an extent, and cannot now think it a common custom. As I could not for one moment entertain the notion of in any way inducing a gambler and a duellist to commit the sacrilegious act of taking Holy orders, I shall cer-

tainly not dispose of the living of Oakham, when it falls in, in your favour, as I had intended to do if your character had not been shown to be hopelessly vicious. As it is, I consider that this cheque finally settles all claims which you can have against myself or any member of my family."

I answered this stunning epistle by return of post, thus:—

"SIR—Your nephew knows very well, and probably you know too, that I never expected or wished that £40 to be paid. He forced the winning of it upon me by taunts, and persistently declined to win it back when I wished him to do so. But, as you doubtless instructed him how to get up the case, it is useless to tell you what you know well enough already. If you have the legal right to break off your bargain, you will doubtless do so. It was unnecessary to add hypocrisy to your dishonourable conduct. I suppose that I am robbed of my living, as my father was of his estates, because your nephew and fellow-conspirator has decided to go into the church. I doubt not he will be as good a clergyman as he has been a true friend. Since Judas was an apostle, he may even rise to be a bishop."

I wrote by the same post to Mr. Palmer, explaining minutely all that had occurred; sending copies of Mr. Broderip's letter and my reply, and asking whether I had any legal claim to the reversion of the living.

He replied, in a couple of days, in the negative.

The Grumbler.

"WALLACE'S WONDERFUL WATER."—A pamphlet has been sent me for review with the above title, and after reading it one looks to the front page expecting to see it illustrated with a portrait of the author, but no representation of Bottom the Weaver in his enchanted state is there. The author was, it seems, one of the umpires in the Wallace-Hampden controversy, and declares "that the surface of the earth is a plane surface." His earth seems to be, and he has evidently walked right to the edge, and fallen off into mental chaos. The best quotation I can give from the pamphlet is one which he professes to refute. It is from the answers to correspondents in the *English Mechanic* for January, 1872.

"WM. CARPENTER.—Your letter on the 'Bedford Level Experiment,' in answer to Mr. Coulcher, cannot be inserted. You either do not know or will not know the difference between a 'segment' and a 'tangent,' or a part of a circle and a straight line. You persistently insist on treating them as one and the same thing, and you put yourself out of court as a controversialist on the rotundity of the earth controversy by your moral or mental incapacity. Why not try to master some of the elements of science before you attempt to teach others? What would you think of a teacher of music who knew nothing of musical notation or of the laws of harmony; or of one who professed to teach arithmetic who knew nothing of numbers? We are sorry to be so

severe, but we firmly say that, from some cause or other, you do not understand the meaning of the words you use, and helplessly confound things that differ from each other. You may not think it, but we are nevertheless your best friend by refusing to insert your last letter."

The writer of the pamphlet gives on the cover a number of opinions of the press upon a former work—oddly enough, there is one from the *Bray Gazette*.

Why will not theatrical managers follow the example of Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. John Hollingshead, and allow their visitors to take their seats in peace and comfort, without exposing them to the attacks of the rude mendicants who rush out of their lairs at the corners of the corridors, and, in a "Your money or your life" tone of voice, order you to leave overcoat, walking cane, or umbrella in their charge? I say "order" advisedly. In some cases they almost insist upon its being done, and, *volens volens*, many a weak person submits to it, and the accompanying extortion. Occasionally it is pleasant to be able to leave outer clothing; as often it is not, for there are times when *un diable de vent* comes off the stage, and chills the spectator. And who, when leaving, cares about making one of an impatient knot of playgoers, waiting to have his bundled-up garment and roughened hat handed back in exchange for a ticket—if he has not, in absence of mind, torn it up? Retiring rooms for ladies are necessary, and the accommodation for gentlemen should be provided; but the violent, overbearing behaviour of some of these attendants—no, brigands—is getting beyond bearing. The following took place in my hearing at a theatre but a few nights back. The *dramatis personæ* were two gentlemen, in evening dress, and a Lurker in the way. The gentlemen each bore a light overcoat upon his arm as the Lurker sprang out.

Lurker: "Leave your coats, gentlemen?"

Gentlemen: "Thanks, no."

Lurker (*in an imperious tone*): "You are expected to leave your coats, gentlemen."

Gentlemen: "Pray, who expects it?"

Lurker (*with dignity*): "The management."

I did not hear what they said about the management which exposed them to the insulting annoyance, but I feel certain that I know what they thought.

But this is only one way in which the keen edge of enjoyment for a dramatic performance is blunted. Did you wish to secure your seat beforehand, and make the manager certain of your money by paying in advance, he causes you to be charged extra for booking; and then, when you have seated yourself, and are trying to smooth the feathers ruffled in the recent encounter, an attendant presents you with a programme. As a matter of course, you ought to see the bill of fare—but your friend waits. That scrap of paper, whose intrinsic value is, say, one farthing, is price sixpence, or as much more as you like to give; and the attendant will very offensively tell you that you must pay sixpence for it, in the hearing of the people around, if you feel disposed to rebel.

Next comes the man with the opera glasses, which you can do without, to pester you. He gives place to a friend with a book of the words, and then, when you

mentally exclaim, "Now we shall have peace," you are bombarded by the man with footstools, and settle down at last, thoroughly out of temper, and disposed to harshly criticise the piece produced for your amusement.

How slowly we move in theatrical improvement! Why, but the other night, with royal visitors in their box, during the intervals between the acts, voices were yelling loudly, in pit and gallery—

"Porter, gents—ale or stout—oranges and ginger beer."

And this at a West-end theatre. And yet we do improve, even to informing playgoers of the minor details of the performance: who turns on the gas, as well as who is the painter of the scenery; who dresses the ladies, as well as the name of the artist who designed those costumes. But the latest novelty in this direction is that which appeared upon a programme last week, where it was announced that the scenery was painted by Blank Blank, *Esq.*, and the dresses supplied—not designed, mind—by S. Somebody, *Esq.* Ahem! We are getting more refined.

How easy it would be to improve, and how profitable to managers. When I take a theatre—which will not be at present—I shall have attached a good staff of attendants, and I shall make my charges accordingly; for though John Bull is, like myself, a grumbler, he will pay generously for a good thing. The stalls and boxes shall be comfortable, and the pit and gallery so arranged that every one shall see. Attendants shall be attendants, and wait upon the guests; programmes, opera glasses, and footstools shall be supplied *ad lib.* There shall be buffets, with tea, coffee, soda and brandy, and wine for those who require the refreshments; and the attendants shall take round ices and tea or coffee to the ladies. No charge, ladies and gentlemen—no fees. You have taken your ticket for boxes or stalls, and paid for it. You need refreshment to enjoy my dramas—by all means have it. Some of you will drink and some will not, and so the matter will be balanced entirely to my satisfaction, and, I hope, to yours. Of this I am sure—you will enjoy your evening far better than on the old system, and mine can be carried out at a mere trifle more than you pay now. One shilling advance upon stall or box, and the thing could be done.

And pit and gallery—would I put them upon the free refreshment list too? Yes, certainly; but mind, mine would be a West-end house, with high-seated, comfortable gallery; and my pit should be an institution for the middle class playgoer without pride. Then as to booking seats; why, so far from charging any extra, I would follow the wise example of the managers of the Alexandra and Crystal Palaces, and give a reduction for tickets taken before the day. I would encourage fathers of families to deal wholesale, and let them have season tickets—so many at the cost of six—say nine; but, of course, not for unlimited entrance, on account of the danger of dishonest transfer—a ticket would be cancelled every entry.

There, the bilious fit is over for one day, and the manager who likes to take up my idea is welcome to it, and may his treasury rejoice. I cease to grumble, though not for want of subjects, for many are pressing for their turn.

Things New and Old.

A Bar Story.

When Mr. Huddleston (now Justice Huddleston) was at the bar, he was generally on one side or the other in all important horse cases. At the Gloucester assizes, which can generally boast of a bit of contentious business about the noble animal, he was invariably retained in cases of equine dispute. And it was said that he not only knew a great deal about the quadruped in question, but even more about the bipeds who had to deal with it. He had a hard nut, however, to crack in a Cheltenham attorney, who generally opposed him in equine cases, and always beat him. And he caught a regular Tartar more than once in Mr. Frederick Jacobs, who formerly carried on a very lucrative and extensive business at Cheltenham as a horse dealer. Mr. Jacobs was, if not fond of law, not afraid of it; and he more than once fought a touch-and-go case out, and got a verdict too, although the leader of the circuit—Mr. Huddleston himself—was against him. The latter, therefore, began to look upon Mr. Jacobs as a foeman worthy of his steel; and when, about eight years ago, he got him as plaintiff in the witness box for cross-examination—for the last time, as it happened—the learned and eminent counsel deliberately prepared, after his examination in chief, to settle him, and administer a chastisement which should not soon be forgotten either by the victim or the spectators.

Drawing on his gloves—as was his wont when he meant to be particularly scathing—and manipulating them carefully, finger after finger, he began by saying, in a sharp, harsh tone—

"Now, Jacobs!"

Mr. Jacobs, who was (like Bob Chapman) "Pooled out with skill from head to toe," to quote the words of a local poet, and had a magnificent head of hair and well-brushed whiskers, calmly retorted—

"Well, Huddleston!"

Hereupon an impressive pose was made by the astonished and indignant counsel, and the judge (Baron Martin, than whom no keener admirer or better judge of horseflesh was to be found on or off the bench) sternly rebuked the witness.

"Sir," he observed, "you must treat the learned counsel with more respect."

"My lord," answered the imperturbable dealer, "I am sure *you* would not be so forgetful of etiquette as to call me 'Jacobs' upon so brief an introduction."

His lordship, amid much laughter, nodded his acquiescence in this undoubted rule of social etiquette, and intimated as much to Mr. Huddleston—who, not noticing that the witness was respectfully addressing the judge, somewhat testily cried out—

"Come, Mr. Jacobs" (emphasising the prefix), "let me ask you a question or two."

The witness, with the most perfect but irritating *sang froid*, turned round, and smiling on his interrogator, remarked—

"Wait a minute, Mr. Huddleston. At present, I am addressing a gentleman. When *he* has done with me, I will give *you* every attention."

This rather hot rejoinder drew from all the young barristers present (who were not in love with their leader) and from the public in court a roar of laughter,

and even the grave seniors could not restrain expressions of satisfaction at the spectacle of the biter bitten. But the best was yet to come. Feeling that the laugh was against him, Mr. Huddleston changed his tactics, and smiling in return with a blandness which displayed his excellent teeth to great advantage, recommenced his attack by saying—

"Well, Mr. Jacobs, let me ask you, are you good at accounts, or do you employ a bookkeeper?"

Mr. Jacobs: "My head is not good at accounts."

Mr. Huddleston: "I thought not. Your head is much too good-looking to be good for much." (Laughter.)

Mr. Jacobs: "Well, Mr. Huddleston, in that particular attribute I certainly have the advantage of *you*."

There was such a roar of merriment at this sudden turning of the tables that it was impossible for the discomfited counsel to recover his temper and coolness, and Mr. Jacobs was very soon dismissed from the pillory, without receiving, after all, the rough handling which had been intended for him; and, to crown all, he got a verdict and came off with flying colours all round. I won't say that his victory over the cross-examining counsel had any influence on the minds of the jury, but I have not the slightest doubt that they enjoyed it immensely; for if there is one thing more than another that the public delights in, it is to see a lawyer nonplussed.—*Man about Town.*

An Honest Juror.

A thoroughly conscientious juror, an Irishman, named Pat E—, having been impanelled in a case, was, with the rest of the jury, cautioned by the judge, as they were about to adjourn for dinner, not to speak to any person, nor allow any person to speak to them, concerning the case in progress. Pat was impressed with this warning. On turning the first corner he encountered Mike H—, who wanted to speak to him about digging a well. Pat gave him a wild glance and passed on. Mike followed him, and, seizing him by the arm, said—

"Man alive! what is the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

Pat freed himself from Mike's vice-like grasp, and, planting a terrible blow between Mike's eyes, hurried home to his frugal meal. His troubled look alarmed his wife.

"In the name of all the saints, Patrick dear, what's the matter with ye?"

He made no reply, but, shaking his head, looked more distressed than ever; then took a seat at the table, and commenced eating in a hurried and most voracious manner. She ran to a neighbour, to have him come and see her husband. As they entered the back door, Pat shot out at the front. The neighbour followed. Pat started on the run, reached the courtroom four lengths ahead, and ensconced himself in the jury-box, greatly relieved. A moment after court was reopened in came poor Mike, both peepers closed, accompanied by constable Hoagland with a writ for Pat. Not daring to serve process there, the officer called the attention of the sheriff to the matter. The sheriff, in turn, notified the judge. The judge asked Pat to explain. Pat rose with trepidation, and said—

"May it please yer honour, didn't you tell us not to shpake to any one, nor allow any one to shpake wid

us? and sure Mike was bound to shpake to me, and the only way I could get out of it was to give him a mild whack between the eyes? for wasn't I bound to obey the orders of the Court?"

Of course he was. The judge was sound, and Pat was allowed to be a "desartless man," and permitted to go his way.

The Prize Ox Ode.

All hale! thou mity annimal—all hale! Yu are 4 thousand pounds, and am purty well perporshuned, thou tremenjous nuggit! I wunder how big yu was when yu was little, and if yur muther wud know yu now that yu have grone so long, and thick, and phat; or if yur father wud recogniz in yu his off spring and his kaff, thou elefanteen quodruped! I wunder if it hurts yu much to be so big, and if yu grode it in a munth or so. I spose wen yu was yung they didn't gin yu skim milk, but all the kreem yu kud stuff intu yur little inside, jest tu see how big yud gro; and afturwords they no dout fed yu on otes, and ha, and sich like. In all probability yu don't no yur enny bigger than a smal kaff; for if yu did yude brake down fences, and switch yur tale and rush around, and beller, and run over fokes, thou owful beast! O, what a lot ov mince pize yud maik, and sassingers! and yur tale, which kan't wa fur frum phorty poundz, wud maik nigh untu a barril of ox-tale soop; and cudn't a heap of stakes be cut oph of you, which, with solt and pepar, wudn't be bad to taik. Thou great and glorious insect! But I must klose, O must prodijus reptile! And for my admirashun of yu, when you di, ile rite a note untu yur peddygree and remanes, pernouncen yu the biggest ov yur race; and az I don't expeckt to have haff a dollar agin tu spair for tu pa tu look at yu, I will sa fairwel, and bring my howed to a hend.

Slightly Artful.

One of those peculiarly slab-sided, gaunt Yankees, which the prolific soil down east produces in abundance, lately emigrated and settled down in the vicinity of Chestnut Hill. He was the very picture of a mean, shifty Yankee; but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbours willingly lent him a hand. After he got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbour, and accosted him with—

"Wal, I reckon you haint got no old hen nor nothin' you could lend me for a few weeks?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied his neighbour, picking out one of the finest in the coops.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbour and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He set the hen on the eggs, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen of chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled—he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a Yankee without one—came to his relief: he would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. He then returned the hen and the eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so—

"Wal, I guess I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther."

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XX.—TO THE RESCUE.

THERE was not a moment to lose, for, from the way in which the arrows fell, it was evident that the Indians were coming nearer. How many there were it was impossible to tell, for they kept behind the stones and scattered bushes, and the only way in which their presence was made manifest was by an occasional arrow. For aught the adventurers knew, the savages might have discovered the hut, and be driving off the mules. Anyhow, the first duty was to try and rescue the helpless women; and, no other plan being opened, Dawson led off, crawling on hands and knees through the stones in the bed of the rivulet, and reaching the next pool, which had high banks, in safety.

Larry, whose scratch was tied up, followed closely, and Adams went last.

Safe so far. And Dawson led on again, crawling cautiously forward along the devious channel—now seeming to expose himself so plainly that his companions expected each moment to see him a mark for half a dozen arrows, then disappearing in safety from sight.

But what was plain to them was evidently invisible to the savages, who were attentively watching the dried pool where the adventurers had been at work; and twice over a sharp "click" told of the fall of an arrow upon the rocks, while the fugitives had already placed a hundred yards between them and danger.

It was a toilsome job. Now they were crawling over stones, now wading through water, and now suffering from thorns and spines, which attacked them virulently as the plants were thrust aside. But by sheer hard toil they continued to keep out of sight until they had gained, as nearly as they could judge, a point opposite to the hut; and as they crouched behind a clump of bushes, dripping with water and perspiration, the question had to be considered whether they should make a bold dash across the open space, or once more try the snake-like progress by which they had come—though here there was but little prospect of success, the course for half the distance being too open.

Dawson carried the day, for he said—

"When you have to deal with a manœuvring savage, you must meet him as much as you can upon his own ground—cunning for cunning, artifice for artifice."

So they continued creeping from rock to rock, and from bush to bush, until they were half-way up the valley-side. Another five minutes, and they would reach the tent and hut, where all seemed so still that it was evident to them that the Indians had not penetrated so far.

"Whisht!" said Larry, suddenly; "there's some wan comin'."

And they drew up short by a rock.

But the footsteps only proved to be those of the mules going lower down the valley in search of safety, and Dawson was hunter enough to read the signs.

"The Indians are up the valley yet," he said, "and have startled these brutes. Come along; another ten minutes, and we shall get our arms."

They pushed on towards the hut, when suddenly,

from some little distance along the valley, there rang out a shrill scream, and another, and another.

Dawson uttered one hoarse cry, and dashed off in the direction of the sounds like a maniac, closely followed by Adams; while Larry stopped short.

"Look at that, now!" he exclaimed. "Oh, bad luck to him, the villins! they've stole away thim two poor girls, an' that was thim a-squalin'. Oh, I'm a comin'; don't desave yerselves into thinkin' that Larry Carey isn't there whin there's a bit ov a fight on the way. I'll be for deludherin' some ov ye directly; bud a man can't do it widout his shtick, an' that's up at the hut."

Larry said these last words as he went off at a trot up the rest of the way, never stopping until he reached the hut, where, at a glance, he saw that there had been no violence, for there was the whole meal lying ready, without a single thing disturbed.

The rifles and ammunition stood in a corner, ready for use—the revolvers were hung on pegs; and in less time than it takes to tell it, Larry had turned himself into a bristling armoury, caught up his stick, and started off once more at a trot.

"Only to think ov our bein' such softs as to go widout our protectors!" he muttered. And then he started, as a faint scream once more smote his ear. "Hark at that!" he muttered; "it makes a boy's blood run cowlid. Oh, wait a bit, an' I'm wid ye; an' if I don't feel somebody's head for this, me name isn't Larry Carey!"

CHAPTER XXI.—NONE TOO SOON.

MRS. ADAMS, as she peered there through the thin foliage, stood for quite a minute motionless, glaring at the incarnation of craft and cruelty before her. She wanted to shriek, but her throat felt dry. She wanted to turn and run, but the nerve seemed to have passed from her; her limbs refused their office, and she remained motionless, waiting, as it were, for the savage to slightly turn his head in her direction and seize her.

But the seconds glided on, and still he remained in that fixed attitude, peering between the firs, and one hand held ready to fix an arrow in his bow. He was either watching something most attentively, or waiting for a victim to come into view down below there, in the hollow where the rivulet ran.

Could he see Mary? No, that was impossible. He would have sprung at her on the instant, if he had caught sight of her; and she, like her sister, was either fascinated by the horror of her position, or seeking to divine the savage's intention.

Watching down there in the hollow? Why, that was where they were gold washing, somewhere below; and this fiend was standing ready there with arrow and bow, waiting to send a shaft at Frank. Oh, yes, it was plain enough—they had been seen and watched. This was only one of a band of wretches, and the whole party would be massacred.

These thoughts and more flashed through the brain of the trembling woman as she stood there, not daring to move; and for a few moments everything seemed to swim before her eyes; but that passed off, leaving her clear to see all that happened, as if it were some nightmare in which she was a spectator, and could move neither hand nor foot.

From where she stood she could turn and look down on the bare hollow, and at portions of the valley below

the hut. She knew the spot well, and had strolled there with Frank in the cool, soft evenings, where they had together watched the colour fading from the mountain-tops. But how different now!

Matters were evidently coming to a crisis; for suddenly the sly, subtle look upon the Indian's face changed to one of animation. The rattle of a stone in another direction had taken his attention, and he turned sharply, to see below Dawson and his companions toiling cautiously up the valley-side.

In an instant he had bounded forward to gain a better position, where he went down on one knee, fitted his arrow, and remained waiting his opportunity to shoot.

Mary Adams saw all at the same moment, and her heart seemed to stand still; for she knew that in a few moments, if that arrow sped, Dawson, the leader of the group, going cautiously forward, would fall quivering to the earth, and the others— Yes, he was preparing for them by laying two more arrows close to his hand.

Twice he raised his bow and partly drew the string, and each time hesitated, evidently waiting for a better opening for his shot.

At last it came. Dawson stopped for a moment, and gave Adams his hand to help him up a steep piece: there was a satisfied smile on the savage's face as he drew the arrow slowly to its head. In another instant it would have winged its way with deadly aim; but Mary Adams sprang out from her concealment, and grasped the Indian's arm, with the effect that the bow twanged and the arrow flew harmlessly away.

With a low guttural exclamation of satisfaction, the savage sprang up and seized Mary, holding her at arm's-length, and gazing at her with glittering eyes. Then his bow was swung over his shoulder, his knife leaped from its sheath, his left arm was passed rapidly round his captive, and he began to drag her away.

It was not so easy a task as he had imagined, for, setting her teeth, Mary Adams struggled boldly with the savage, thwarting his every effort for a few minutes, and effectually keeping him at bay. At first her panting, silent struggles only drew forth a cruel, derisive smile; but, foiled in his every effort to draw her away, the Indian grew vicious, and, in a last desperate struggle to drag her along the rugged valley, he uttered a loud exclamation, put forth his strength, and by a clever sleight of hand released his hand, which the next moment he had twined in the poor girl's hair, forcing her head back, and menacing her with the knife.

Here a fresh surprise awaited the savage, for now it was that Mrs. Adams, who had remained paralyzed so far, shrieked loudly, directing his attention to her.

To leap to where she stood crying for help, and drag her to the side of Mary, was the work of a few moments, his eye glittering as he surveyed his captives, whom he caught by the wrists, and, with his knife held between his teeth, dragged away towards where his companions were in ambush.

The struggles of the women grew each moment fainter, those of Mrs. Adams being of little more effect than those of a child; while Mary was exhausted by what had gone before, and grew more feeble in her resistance, though it was sufficient still to embarrass greatly the savage's retreat.

At last, infuriated by her efforts, and evidently thinking that he would make sure of one, the Indian sa-

vagely wrenched at her arm, and threw her down, placed one mocassined foot upon her shoulder, and raised his knife, when, with a hoarse cry, Dawson sprang into sight, and leaped at him, stumbled in his haste, all unarmed as he was, and fell against the Indian, literally driving him back, and rolling him upon the earth.

The lithe savage recovered himself in a moment, even while Dawson was struggling up, struck at him savagely with his knife, and the young man sank back with a groan.

With a guttural laugh the Indian bent forward to complete his work, but leaped to his feet to encounter a new foe in the person of Frank, who, with a yell that was hardly human, sprang at him.

His was hardly a better fate than that of his friend. The ground was thickly strewn with pine needles, and his feet glided over them. He strove manfully to save himself, but in vain; and he too fell, the Indian leaping at him like a panther, and striving to plunge his knife into his heart.

But though prostrate, Frank was too much on the alert. The Indian's knee was on his chest, and his left hand upon his throat; but, ere the knife could fall, Frank caught the sinewy wrist in a grasp of iron, and held it firmly: the two men, with their muscles standing out, and gazing with deadly hate into each other's eyes, seeming, in their motionless rigidity, to be a group in bronze.

The fate of Frank Adams appeared sealed; for, though he was for the moment keeping death at bay, he was taken at so grievous a disadvantage that it was impossible he could resist for long. His enemy's knee was forced into his chest, the hand was tightening upon his throat, and the iron muscles that directed the knife seemed to grow in power.

For a moment the young man's eyes wandered to seek for aid. His wife was on her knees, with her face hidden in her hands; Dawson was lying wounded, apparently to the death; and Mary knelt by him, apparently helpless and dazed, holding one of his hands.

There was no help; he must trust to himself alone. And his eyes once more met those of his enemy, the hatred of race flashing from each.

He nerved himself for a last effort, trying to gather strength; but that fatal hand at his throat seemed to check all power, to drive strength back; and he knew by the mists rising before his eyes that he was growing weaker. It seemed so hard now to die thus—by the hand of a savage; at a time, too, when wealth and prosperity would be theirs. Setting aside his own life, too, there was the fate of his wife and sister; and at this a shudder ran through him. It was all over; he had done his best: trees, rocks, all seemed moving before his eyes; the Indian's head was growing more distant, and—yes—he was gathering himself up; in another moment that knife would be driven through his heaving breast. He was spent.

"Wife! darling!" he groaned, "if I could save you! That coward, Larry—to desert me at such a time! God of heaven! must I die?"

There was a sharp, ringing report, as, with a savage smile, the Indian wrenched his knife-armed hand free; then, by a spasmodic effort, he leaped to his feet, stood for an instant clutching at the air, and fell with a heavy, dull thud among the pine needles.

Almost before he had fallen, Larry had leaped into their midst.

"Oh, wirra!" he ejaculated, "that I should live to see such a day! I've shot the masther too! Why did I iver handle a gun, whin I'd got as good a bit ov black-thorn— Oh, ye divils, are ye there?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the gliding figure of an Indian, and an arrow quivered in a tree by his side. "Bedad, I'll deludher thim into thinkin' there's a ridgement ov us come to the rescue!"

No sooner said than done. Larry seized the double rifle he had laid down, and took good enough aim at an Indian fitting an arrow to his bow to plough the skin up on his arm, sending him back in full retreat from tree to tree; then from two more barrels he sent bullets crashing among the bushes, in the direction he judged their enemies to be; and afterwards deliberately fired twelve shots from a couple of revolvers.

This fusillade had the desired effect, sending the Indians back up the valley in full retreat for about a mile, while Larry hastily reloaded the pieces.

The Great Actor.

"LIPPINCOTT'S Magazine" gives the following biography of the popular Italian actor:—

Tommaso Salvini is of Milanese parentage, and was born in the Lombard capital on January 1, 1830. His father, as I have already said, was an able actor, and his mother a popular actress named Guglielmina Zocchi. When quite a boy, he showed a rare talent for acting, and performed in certain plays, given during the Easter holidays in the school where he was educated, with such rare ability that his father determined to devote him to the stage. For this purpose he placed him under the tuition of the great Modena, who conceived much affection for him. The training received thus early from such able hands soon bore fruits; and before he was thirteen, Salvini had already won a kind of renown in juvenile characters. At fifteen he lost both his parents, and the bereavement so preyed upon his spirits that he was obliged to abandon his career for two years, and returned once more under the tuition of Modena. When he again emerged from retirement, he joined the Ristori troupe, and shared with that great actress many a triumph.

In 1849, Salvini entered the army of Italian independence, and fought valiantly for the defence of his country, receiving in recognition of his services several medals of honour. Peace being proclaimed, he again appeared upon the stage, in a company directed by Signor Cesare Dondini. He played in the *Edipo* of Nicolini—a tragedy written expressly for him—and achieved a great success. Next he appeared in Alfieri's *Saul*, and then all Italy declared that Modena's mantle had fallen on worthy shoulders.

His fame was now prodigious, and wherever he went he was received with boundless enthusiasm. He visited Paris, where he played Orasmane, Orestes, Saul, and Othello. On his return to Florence he was hospitably entertained by the Marquis of Normandy, then English ambassador to the Court of Tuscany, and this enlightened nobleman strongly encouraged him to extend his repertory of Shakspearean characters. In 1865 occurred the sixth centenary of Dante's birthday, and the

four greatest Italian actors were invited to perform in Silvio Pellico's tragedy of *Francesca di Rimini*, which is founded on an episode in the *Divina Commedia*.

The cast originally stood on the playbills thus:—Francesca, Signora Ristori; Lancelotto, Signor Rossi; Paulo, Signor Salvini; and Guido, Signor Majeroni. It happened, however, that Rossi, who was unaccustomed to play the part of Lancelotto, felt timid at appearing in a character so little suited to him. Hearing this, Signor Salvini, with exquisite politeness and good-nature, volunteered to take the insignificant part, relinquishing the grand rôle of Paulo to his junior in the profession. He created, by the force of his genius, an impression in the minor part which is still vivid in the minds of all who witnessed the performance. The Government of Florence, grateful for his urbanity, presented him with a statuette of Dante, and King Victor Emmanuel rewarded him with the title of Knight of the Order of the Saints Maurice and Lazarus.

Later he received from the same monarch a diamond ring, with the rank of officer in the Order of the Crown of Italy.

In 1868, Signor Salvini visited Madrid, where his acting of the death of Conrad, in *La Morte Civile*, produced such an impression that the easily excited Madrilese rushed upon the stage to ascertain whether the death was actual or fictitious. The Queen, Isabella II., conferred upon the great actor many marks of favour, and so, shortly afterwards, did King Louis of Portugal, who frequently entertained him at the Royal Palace of Lisbon.

Signor Salvini's recent visit to America I need scarcely mention. Its triumphs are still fresh in the memory of the public, and the only drawback to its complete success was the unhappy fact that the eminent artist did not appeal to his audiences in their own language. I know of nothing more remarkable than the difference which exists between the Salvini of the stage and the Salvini of private life—the one so imposing, impetuous and fiery, the other so gentle, urbane, and even retiring. He is a gentleman possessing the manners of the good old school—courtly and somewhat ceremonious, reminding one of those Italian nobles of the sixteenth century of whom we read in the novels of Giraldo Cinthio and Fiorentino—*nomini illustri, e di civi costumi*. His greeting is cordial, and his conversation delightful—full of anecdote, and marked with enthusiasm for his art.

When I first became acquainted with him, I was of opinion that his interpretation of Hamlet was based only upon the translated text; but in the course of a very long conversation on the subject I discovered that he was well acquainted—through literal translations—not only with the text, but also with the notes and comments of our leading critics.

In speaking of the part in which he is altogether unrivalled, he said:—"I am of opinion that Shakspeare intended Othello to be a Moor of Barbary, or some other part of Northern Africa, of whom there were many in Italy during the sixteenth century. I have met several, and think I imitate their ways and manners pretty well. You are aware, however, that this historical Othello was not a black at all. He was a white man, and a Venetian general, named Mora. His history resembles that of Shakspeare's hero in many particulars. Giraldo Cinthio, probably for better effect, made out of

the name Mora, *moro*, a blackamoor; and Shakspeare, unacquainted with the true story, followed this old novelist's lead; and it was well he did so, for have we not in consequence the most perfect delineation of the peculiarities of Moorish temperament ever conceived?"

The costumes worn by Salvini in this play are copied from those depicted in certain Venetian pictures of the fifteenth century, in which several Moorish officers appear. When asked why he did not learn English, "Ah!" he replied, "I am too old; and even if I mastered it, I could not control my knowledge of it. When excited I should be lapsing into Italian, which would be very absurd. You asked me the other day why I do not play Orestes. I should make a queer young Greek with an Apollo-like figure nowadays! The time was when I looked the part and acted it well, and then I liked to play it. I must leave it, with many other good things, to younger men." Speaking about dramatic elocution, he said:—"The best method is obtained by close observation of Nature, and above all by earnestness. If you can impress people with the conviction that you feel what you say, they will pardon many shortcomings. And, above all, study, study, study! All the genius in the world will not help you along with any art unless you become a hard student. It has taken me years to master a single part."

Bubbly Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XLVI.—FOR HIS SAKE.

THERE is a very foggy street in London, named after that county north of the Humber. It is foggy metaphorically as well as really, and looks used up, worn out, and shabby at the best of times. It is that sort of street where you expect to see shabby men slipping out in a hurry, as if afraid of pursuit from the lady dwelling in the cellar kitchen on account of arrears of rent for that two-pair back. As a matter of course, you find their linen dirty, coats rubbed at the seam, frayed at the edges, and displaying a strong inclination to shed their bursting buttons. It was upon a first floor in this salubrious region that Harvey Parker had apartments. He said he liked the place "because it was shady"—which it was, in more senses than one. The Strand was near, so were the theatres and other places of amusement; and during this sojourn in town he had displayed a feverish love of excitement, going from place to place, drinking deeply, and smoking almost incessantly—to get rid of his thoughts, he said; and on the morning after the events described in the last chapter he was seated playing with a late breakfast, and turning over the leaves of the county paper, a copy some days old, which he had procured from an agent in Fleet-street.

His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a slatternly little maid-of-all-work, who stood at the door, wiping her hands upon a dirty apron as she announced that there was a lady wanted to see Mr. Parker.

"A lady!" exclaimed Harvey; "surely it can't be Jenny come up. No—of course not. She don't know my address. Who is it?"

"Didn't give no name, sir."

"What's she like?"

"It's me, Harvey," said a soft voice; and the young

man uttered an imprecation as his visitor glided into the room.

"What do you want now?" he exclaimed, brutally, as he half thrust the servant out of the room, closing the door after her, and then opening it again savagely, to find, as he expected, that the girl was listening. He stood, therefore, waiting till the girl had hurriedly descended the stairs, and then, once more closing the door, turned to face his visitor.

"You'll come worrying me once too often," he exclaimed.

"I should not have come now, only that I believe there is something wrong," was the reply.

"Wrong!" exclaimed Harvey, turning of a sickly grey. "What do you mean?"

"I am afraid that you are being looked for. I learned about it last night, and I came on as soon as I could this morning—and hark! there was a knock at the front door."

"Pooh! you're mad," exclaimed Harvey, looking paler than before. "What do you mean by coming here with your stuff? Now, look here—"

"Pray see that it is no one looking after you," exclaimed the woman, imploringly.

"I won't," was the sulky, defiant answer; but, all the same, he moved to the front window, which was open, gazed out, saw an elderly-looking greyish man at the door, and then returned, scowling and angry, towards where the woman stood gazing at him deprecatingly.

"Don't you think that it would be better for you to go away now for a time?" she said.

"I think it would be better if you would go away for a time, and a very long time too," he said, savagely.

"But, indeed, Harvey, there is something wrong. Mr. Drake, who knows everything of this kind, told me so."

"Come to the point," said Harvey, savagely. "You've come for money, so you may as well own it."

"Indeed—indeed, Harvey, I only came to warn you. Mr. Drake told some one last night that he thought you were—"

"Hallo, sir!" exclaimed Harvey, sharply, as the door opened, and the man he had seen outside entered the room—"are you aware that this apartment is private?"

"Quite right, Mr. Parker. My business is private," was the reply.

"And who the devil are you, and what do you want?" exclaimed Harvey, glancing towards the door, which his visitor instantly closed, and then turned the key.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed Harvey again. "What does this mean? Who are you, I say; and what do you want?"

"Sergeant Harker, detective department; and I want you—charge, murder," was the concise reply.

And the sergeant made a step towards him, while Harvey retreated behind the table.

"Stand back, you scoundrel!" he exclaimed, "or I'll brain you. It's all a mistake. I'm as innocent as a child."

"So much the better," said the sergeant; "you can prove that afterwards, sir. And now, look here: I've men below, and resistance is madness. I want you, sir; and, by heaven, I'll have you. There, now you can speak."

There was a brief struggle, during which the woman sprang like a tigress towards the sergeant, who, how-

ever, avoided her attack, but dashed at Harvey, seized him, and in less time than it takes to tell it, slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, and made them click.

"Now, my girl, no nonsense," said the sergeant, quietly, "or I shall be obliged to have you locked up as well."

"Should I be put in the same prison with him?" exclaimed the woman, eagerly.

"Not likely," was the answer.

"Look here," exclaimed Harvey, in a husky voice, "this is all some terrible mistake; but I suppose you could not help it. Only see here—let me go, and I'll give you a hundred pounds down."

"Thanky, sir," said the sergeant, drily.

"Well, take off these cursed things," continued Harvey, "and I'll get the money."

"I'm much obliged, sir," said the sergeant, smiling, "but you've mistaken your man, though I see that I've not."

"Look here," cried Harvey, "no one knows of this. Let me go, and I'll give you two hundred pounds down—Bank of England notes."

The sergeant shook his head, and whistled softly.

"Can't be done, sir—out of the question. And now, if you're ready, I'll have a cab brought up, and we'll go."

"No—no—no," exclaimed Harvey; "there, I'm rich now, and I'll give you four hundred pounds—five. No one will know it but ourselves. She will be true as steel."

"There, no nonsense, sir," said the sergeant, gruffly, "I'm not to be bribed."

"No, no; don't call it bribing," exclaimed Harvey. "It's only an arrangement between ourselves. I'll agree to give you seven hundred—eight hundred—"

"Thousand, perhaps?" said the sergeant, grimly.

"Yes," exclaimed Harvey, catching at his words—"a thousand; and no one shall know it but ourselves. Think—a thousand pounds!"

"Can't be done, sir," said the sergeant.

"But I am innocent, I am indeed," exclaimed Harvey. "You have made a mistake—and, just think: I can, and will, give you a thousand pounds to let me go."

"Couldn't do it, sir, for ten times the amount; and now, if you'll tell me where your hat is, we'll be off."

"No, no; not yet," exclaimed Harvey, piteously. "This is a horrible mistake. Look here; give me twenty-four hours, and you shall have the thousand pounds—twenty-four hours' start, and then take me again if you like. Do you hear? Only twenty-four hours. Not a soul would know, and you would be a thousand pounds in pocket."

"Much obliged, sir, but it can't be done. Hat on right, eh? Little more forward. Now, if you please, we'll have a cab, and—Confound the woman! Let go, do you hear?"

"Harvey, run, quick—run," cried the woman, hoarsely. "I cannot hold him long. Quick—for my sake, run!"

Harvey paused only for a moment to glance at the struggle that was taking place; for, watching her opportunity, the woman had crept behind the sergeant, and then flung herself upon him, pinning his arms to his side, and holding on with a despair-engendered strength that was astounding. Then, tearing hard at the hand-

cuffs, Harvey dragged one thin white hand through, dashed open the folding door that led into his bedroom; saw, as he closed it, that the sergeant was swinging the woman from her hold; and then, locking it, he leaped to the window, threw it up, clambered out, and then dropped some ten feet on to the wooden cover of a cistern, from which, with but little effort, he reached the wall which separated the yard of the house he had just left from the next. Along this he ran boldly, and reached the high wall which bounded the garden of Northumberland House. It was his only chance. A leap enabled him to catch at the coping; over this he scrambled, and another leap, and he caught at the branch of a tree, his weight bending it so that he dropped easily to the ground, and then darted behind some bushes, just as the sergeant, who had flung himself clear of his assailant and burst open the folding doors, ran to the window and gazed out.

"Hum! wall—tree—gardens," he muttered, softly. "Plucky thing to do—thanks to that lass. Don't matter, though," he said, coolly turning back; "I don't think he'll be a free man this time to-morrow."

And he turned back into the room, where the woman lay upon the carpet stunned, with the landlady, pale and alarmed, standing over her.

"Cold water and vinegar," said the sergeant, not unkindly.

And then he quietly descended the stairs, muttering, till he reached a couple of men who were awaiting his coming.

"Poor lass," he said, as he descended the stairs. "It was a brave thing to do, and I'm sorry I hurt her. What women will do, to be sure, for men; and the worse the men are, and the worse they treat the women, the more they'll do for them. Well, he's got off this time; but it's my belief I can put salt upon him before two hours are over."

And to effect this peculiar trapping process the sergeant despatched his men in two different directions, himself taking a third; while, ten minutes after, a stranger was slouching up and down before the house, where the woman sat weeping hysterically, and praying that Harvey might not venture to come back.

She need not have entertained any fear, for that was the last thing Mr. Harvey Parker thought of doing. The very thought of the police sergeant sent a shudder through his frame; and he shivered again and again as he glided through the park-like grounds, whose existence is known to so few of those who daily pass along the Strand.

A few moments' reflection told him that any attempt at concealment would be vain. His only chance of success lay in his taking a bold course.

Acting upon this, he brushed the few marks off his coat left by the wall, smoothed his hat, and walked quietly towards the entrance.

This was the hardest part of all, especially at a time when his nerves were thrilling, and there was an intense desire upon his part to race as if for his life. He restrained himself, though, and walked steadily and quietly on, without seeing a soul, until he came to the great, mansion-like screen which separates the grounds from busy Charing Cross, when, without a word, and touching his hat, the porter swung open the wicket, and Harvey passed through, and stepped into the first omnibus that drew up.

THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

The Wolf Rock.

BLUE-MOULDED, morbid, and misanthropical? Well, we all are at times. You want a change? By all means, have it then. Come and stand with me here upon the Land's End—on this far western pile of huge granite rocks, piled up course upon course, rugged but regular, massive but shapely, as if Titans had here worked to form grey buttresses to act as breakwaters to the mighty heaving swell of the great Atlantic. It is a calm day, and far out the ocean is barely dipped by the breeze; but beneath our feet the swell of bright green water comes rolling in, to break with a noise like thunder, dashing Nature's own fountains of spray high up into the air, and covering the rocks with glistening foam, while myriad cataracts stream back to the parent sea. The soft western breeze plays upon our cheeks as we climb carefully into this granite chamber—a natural niche in the rock. Climb carefully, for a slip would send us headlong to the vast abyss beneath—a black yawning chasm, about two hundred feet in perpendicular depth, though the granite buttresses tower above our heads. Another thundering roar, and the snowy foam sparkles in the sun—a roar living and vibrating. Different these to the roar of Fleet-street, as cab, 'bus, and cart roll by; but we have come for a change, and here it is.

"Half-way down hangs one who gathers samphire—dreadful——"

Nonsense; that is but a bird on its nesting-ledge, and here comes its mate, wheeling in rapid flight—a swarthy cormorant or shag. Birds again—grey-backed, brown-backed gulls, floating in mid-air, almost motionless, and then settling upon giddy ledges, where human foot has never trod. Below here, this rugged island of rock is the Peel, a mass of craggy points, ready to pierce the timbers of the stoutest ship that ever rode the wave. Farther out, the long ridge of black stone is the Longships Reef, with the tall lighthouse. Far away to the right—black masses, with silver fringes of water—rise the Brisons, famed rocks for danger to the mariner; while, right away, seven miles from where we stand, is the point to which I would call your attention. Shade your eyes with your hand, and look long and carefully. No, not there—that black rock, nearly covered by the waves that mantle it with creamy foam, is the Shark's Fin; but away here, more to the left. Now, just upon the horizon, where the sun streams down in well-defined rays from that cloud upon a glistening white point. Yes, there. No; it is no white wave, but a series of blocks of well-hewn granite, bolted, oge-tailed, and cemented, to form a lighthouse upon the famed—ill-famed—Wolf Rock: a wolf devouring the crews of many a stout vessel, through whose timbers its rugged fangs have been driven.

The white walls of a lighthouse in building—a similar structure to that before us upon the Longships, whose name brings up a sad tale of the bereavement suffered by one of the watchers by the lamp.

After nine years' absence from home, the son of one

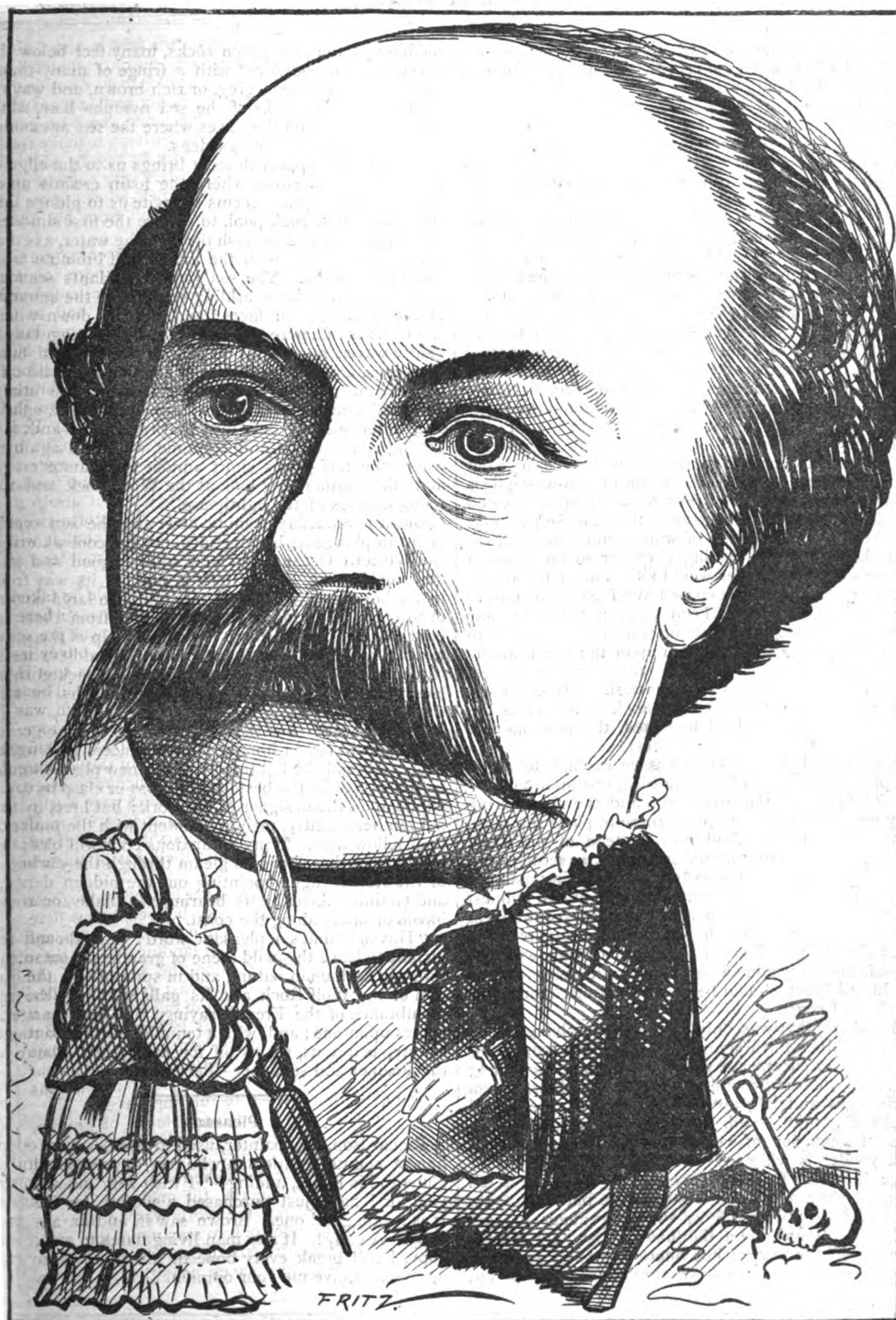
of the lighthouse keepers made his way to the Land's End, to learn that his father was on duty; but his informants made the customary signals to give notice that the keeper was wanted ashore. Eager and buoyant, that son hopefully made his way to a point where he could get the first glance of his father, perhaps to make fresh signals, when, heedless of his own safety, he slipped, stood clutching at nothing upon the very edge of that cliff for an instant, and then fell down—down upon the rocks beneath, to have the life dashed from his mutilated form in an instant.

Another look, and you see the white glistening granite once more upon the dreaded Wolf Rock; there, too, are the schooner, the steamer, and the two barges employed in the difficult task—difficult, for it has had to be carried on upon a rock bare only for a short time daily, and the first courses of masonry have had to be laid where they would be covered with water. Block by block the granite—from, I believe, the celebrated Lamorna Quarry, which sent so large a pillar to the first Exhibition—has been hewn into shape at Penzance, ready for fitting into its place; and night by night the busy steamer has brought in the barges to fetch their loads for the next day's work—some twenty blocks of granite; and in one week about 400 tons were conveyed the eighteen miles to this storm-swept rock, and laid and secured in such a way that it will probably bid defiance to centuries of gales, and tens of thousands of Atlantic billows.

The affairs of men, to be prosperous, should be taken at the turns of certain tides; and it has been so here. Long waiting was necessary, months of patient preparation, ere the Trinity House steamer could convey its little working flotilla to the place of danger—a spot in the great Atlantic so lashed by waves that a small boat of diagonally-laid planking, forming a double skin, was necessary to land the men, who worked for hours together drenched with the spray, till driven by the rising sea from their task. At first, the length of the working spell was short, but by degrees, as the edifice progressed, the time grew longer; till, at last, two tides were worked through, and ten hours of continuous labour were made available. The next day, twelve hours' toil were given; and, as the courses rose, the next spell was of thirteen hours' duration.

The calmest and finest of weather has, of course, been chosen for this life-saving work; but see, below here, how the great Atlantic heaves and pants in its sleep, and how difficult would be the task of landing amidst these rocks—one instant rocking upon the summit of the swell, the next dashed upon some vast granite boulder, which would crush in the bottom of our frail craft as if it were an egg-shell, or capsize us in a moment. But English workmen well directed can accomplish feats of daring, and here they have performed by acts what Canute is said to have tried by words; but that was before Britannia had learned to rule the waves.

No light task to move and land blocks of granite, weighing from two to three tons each, from a wave-rocked barge, upon a spot of rock—the barge compelled to keep a certain distance from the rock; but this was accomplished again and again, till one day, as the afternoon tide was rising, the work was so far advanced that the men undertook to stay upon the rock, toiling and fixing their iron-strengthened granite buttresses, till the advancing waves beat them away to



SIGNOR SALVINI.—“To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature.”

higher parts of the rock, where they crouched for an hour and a half, when the retiring tide allowed them to resume their labours.

Thirteen courses of masonry have been placed in position—ponderous, solid courses; while seven more such circles of huge stones are to be laid—twenty in all; the remaining fifty courses being of smaller proportions, though the completed structure is to be 120 ft. in height. Twenty-seven courses have been completed on shore, ready for fitting; and these bring the builders to the lower room of this pharos, to be used as a store for coals, oil, &c., while water will be contained in a tank below. Some idea may be formed of the strength of the edifice, when it is taken into consideration that the walls of this lower room will be five feet six inches thick, and formed of solid bolted and dovetailed granite, similar to that granite familiar to Londoners, with its large felsopathic crystals, in the construction of Waterloo Bridge; while the Land's End is buttressed with it in every direction, save where frown the slaty trap or basalt, and the wave-worn "grey Elvin," in the shape of "Carn" or "Pen."

To see the blocks placed in the barges, they might be supposed to be more ponderous than necessary; but a minute where we now stand, when a south-west gale is blowing, and hundreds of tons of water, white-crested and horrent, come tearing over the Longships, burying them in a wild chaos of water, whose spray leaps over the lighthouse, making it quiver to the base—a minute's experience then would tell us of what must be necessary on the more exposed Wolf Rock to ensure the safety of those who keep vigil, that a light may burn night by night—a star of warning and safety to those whose fate has cast them upon the great waters at a time when the sea in its anger treats the greatest "Amiral" that ever floated as though it were a cork, and would fling it bodily upon a rock as easily as the autumn gale casts a dead leaf upon the mud-stained, swollen stream.

A wild, wild place this; and as we watch, listening to the plaintive scream of the sea-bird, imagination blots out the blue sky, the warm sun, and the shimmering play upon the waters, to bring there in place the dark, tempestuous night. And now, instead of the white granite courses of the unfinished pharos, we see a bright, glowing star, burning clearly, and shedding its rays across the wild, tossing sea. The din of the tempest grows louder, the caves beneath our feet vomit forth the tons of water which thunder in, every piled-up mass of rock is the home of seething cascades, while we tremble lest some homeward-bound craft, eager to make the Lizard Point, should be slowly drifting towards this iron-bound coast.

But there, that was only a mental dissolving view; the sun shines forth again, the sea is one long shimmering silver sheet, save where the foam rushes along the shore, studding it with jewels of the brightest sheen. Here, right and left, are the grey and orange-coated blocks of granite—bald, too, in places, with the baldness of centuries of years; the black, jagged trap rock yonder is whitened with guano, and ledge after ledge shows its feathered occupants. There is a lull amongst the waves for a few minutes, but now again comes another vast billow, sweeping along to toss and be scattered upon the black, glistening masses rising from the water; but where there is a sheltered cove here, we can gaze down through the transparent

medium at the pale green rocks, many feet below the surface—rocks bordered with a fringe of many-tinted seaweed—red, amber, grey, or rich brown, and waving as if it were the locks of the sea nymphs' hair, while they lingered amid the caves where the sea anemones bloom in the submarine gardens.

A long and slippery descent brings us to the edge of a huge block of stone, where the foam creams up at our feet, and Neptune seems to invite us to plunge into the transparent rock pool, to endure the first shuddering embrace, and then dash through the water, as every nerve grows tense with the iodine and bromine treasures of the deep. The sea god's attendants seem to playfully splash the sparkling spray from the summits of the waves in our faces; and, peering down where the water is of a pure, pale green, and the brown tangle gently waves, one seems to picture the graceful bust, blue eyes, and rounded arms of many a mermaid fair. Sea dreams come over us; but the rising tide brings back wakefulness, as it sends a stream of fresh, sparkling water gushing over into that rock pool; and, forgetting sea nymphs and Neptune, we climb again to where the turf grows short amidst the granite crags, and take another long look at the Wolf Rock and the rising courses of the lighthouse.

But it is Saturday evening now, and the sun seems about to plunge its burning face into the cool waters of the Western Ocean; and now, after a good and gallant week's work, the steamer is making its way from its anchorage, with the schooner and two large barges in tow, bound all for Penzance and rest from their labour till Monday morning. With the help of the glass we can make out the foam from the paddle-wheels; while now a black cloud of smoke is wafted back, ensign-like, from the funnel, as the fast boat ploughs its way through the waves.

A noble work—one that, when complete [since completed], shall reflect honour upon engineers and workmen. Abroad the lighting up of the new pharos would be the signal for the bestowal of cross or clasp by royal hands upon the designer of the work; but here, in the old mother country, men are content with the praise of their fellow-men. Many an anxious crew will bless the bright light that sheds its gleam through the darkness of the stormy night—pointing out the hidden danger, and enabling them by its bearings to make for some haven of safety along the coast.

"Haven!" that's a pleasant word; and, though reluctant to leave this wild scene of grandeur, human nature will be human nature, and in spite of our admiration of the Wolf Rock and its gallant toilers, the remembrance of the French saying, "Il faut manger," comes upon one; and, with a ten-mile ride over a rough country before us, we set off for the same harbour as the steamer and schooner—Penzance.

Pleasant.

Richardson, the painter, used to speak of an open, honest country gentleman who one day asked him to come to his house, adding—"I wish very much to see you, for I have just purchased a picture by Rubens. It is a rare good one. Brown saw it, and says it is a copy. A copy! If any man living dares to say it is a copy, I will break every bone in his skin! Pray call on me, and give me your opinion."

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SOLDIER? SAILOR? TINKER?
TAILOR?

MARY GLADING was seated by the dining-room fire at Brockford, working an impossible violet—as big, nearly, as its neighbour, the cabbage rose—into a large frame when I entered.

"Oh, Jack! and here you are," she cried. "Let me have a good look at you. You are not a bit taller, and your whiskers have not grown an iota thicker. And yet you are a real, live Bachelor of Arts. What may a Bachelor of Arts do that other common people mayn't? But what is the matter? How serious you look. I am sure there is something."

"There is indeed, Mary," said I. "I am the most unlucky beggar on the face of the earth, I do think. Here I have gone through the University to qualify myself for that living which I have been taught to consider my own from childhood, and I find that I have been wasting my time and money for nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"That I am not to have it. Mr. James Broderip wants it for his precious nephew, so he has suddenly discovered that I am not very well fitted for a parson. I do not say I am; but I should have done as well as others, I dare say."

"Oh, what a wicked, wicked shame!" cried Mary. "Cannot you have him up before a magistrate—prosecute him, or something?"

"I have asked Mr. Palmer, and he says I am powerless."

"Mr. Palmer is in the plot; or, if not, he ought to have made it quite safe for you, and not have left anything to the honour of a mean thing like that. I'd go to another lawyer, and have both of them up. But ask papa about it."

"I mean," said I.

"And do you mind so very, very much?" Mary asked, presently. "I mean, I thought sometimes you did not quite like the idea of going into the church."

"No more I did; but I liked the idea of the living, because—"

"Because what?"

"—I hoped you would be my wife then, Mary."

"And cannot—you manage—to support a wife—in some other way?" she said in a low voice, and looking away.

"Mary—then you will?"

"Yes, Jack, I think so, if you are good."

It was ten minutes before I became coherent, and then I said—

"We shall have to wait a long time, Mary."

"All the better," she replied; "I do not want to marry before I am thirty at least."

"For you will want a carriage, and a pug dog, and all sorts of luxuries, now you have known Mrs. Courtland," I continued, ignoring the uncomplimentary profession of patience.

"There is no harm in a few comforts, if we can get them, dear."

"No; we should never get on under five or six hundred a-year, at least."

"I do not think we should, Jack. At least, not so nicely."

And then Mr. Glading came in.

For the first time in my life, he withheld his sympathy for my disappointment.

"I do not think that you were fitted for the duties of a clergyman," said he; "and I never approved in my heart of the arrangement by which you were to enter that sacred profession as a mere speculation. It is the custom, I know, but one highly injurious both to religion and the church."

This was a comforting theory: after all, the grapes were very sour. I then told him where the disappointment pinched, and declared my love for Mary, and her acceptance of it. But directly I began on that subject, the text ran out of the room.

"I am glad indeed of this," said the vicar, shaking me by both hands. "I have often wished it, but I feared that the very affection that you had for one another would prevent it. Mary seemed to consider you quite as a brother."

"That perplexed me too, sir," said I. "But I think it was sympathy and indignation that surprised her into a warmer feeling this morning."

"Very likely. Well, you know, my boy, I cannot leave her much—hardly anything, indeed."

I stopped him at once on that topic. And then we turned to the subject of professions.

The church was quite out of the question, without the living of Oakham: proof sufficient of my unfitness to hold it, by the bye.

The law I had no taste for, and it was a tedious business.

The army I had a great taste for, but it was not conducive to matrimony.

My future career became the stock subject of conversation in the house, and one day Mary came to me in triumph, with a newspaper in her hand, and pointed to a column of advertisements exactly suited to my case. The only difficulty was to make a choice. You could secure an income of from three to five hundred a year for half-a-crown; or you could invest a couple of hundred pounds, and realise a speedy fortune. I thought I would risk half-a-crown, at all events, on the off-chance of getting a hint how to apply for Government offices, &c.; and in return for my money, I received a list of receipts for making Persian sherbet, lollypops, and gingerbread, which I was to sell from a cart at street corners, my profits of course depending upon the amount of custom I secured. Then I answered one of the grander advertisements, promising enormous profits on an outlay of five hundred pounds; and, in reply, I got an appointment in an obscure street in the Waterloo-road, which I kept, and so made the acquaintance of two gentlemen with large noses and fussy, dirty hands, who wore a great deal of sham jewellery, and had a wonderful patent which only required a little capital to work it to make the fortunes of all concerned.

I said I would think about it, and did so, but not much. Then I applied to an agent, who promised mounts and marvels, and introduced me a week afterwards to a very fine and handsome lady, who lived in luxuriously furnished apartments, and had unlimited influence with a nobleman who had a seat in the Cabinet, and would certainly appoint me to a lucrative

post under Government if she spoke to him on my behalf. This she was ready to do on my advancing her one hundred pounds on her note of hand. I expressed my willingness to deposit that sum, or double the money, with a banker, to be paid to her after I had got the appointment; and was told that my offer would be considered, and I should hear further. But I didn't.

These inquiries had the effect of turning my thoughts into a commercial channel. The most practical man I had ever yet known was Langley, and he intended to devote his life to business; why should not I do the same?

There must be plenty of openings in the city of London for a man with a little capital, if I could only discover them; but there was the difficulty. How to get an introduction?

This came from a very unexpected quarter: no other than Mrs. Courtland.

When that lady was informed that Mary had given me her promise, she did not conceal her opinion that she had done a very foolish thing, for the widow was a very outspoken lady. She told me that she had no objection to me personally, rather the contrary; but I was too poor.

"Beauty fades;" said she, "cleverness in one you see every day becomes troublesome; love is a capricious thing you cannot count on; but money is a solid good."

"And for that reason I want to make money," said I. "And it seems to me, on looking round the world, that merchants are richer than other people, so I am going in for commerce. Some lawyers make large fortunes; but they are men of great talent, and I am not that. But any one with common sense may succeed in business, and I do not think that I am an absolute fool. As for social position—"

"Social position without money is a sheath without the sword," interrupted Mrs. Courtland. "I applaud your resolution, and if you are successful, you shall marry Mary."

I thought to myself that when I did that it would be without consulting her; but I made no such impolitic remark aloud.

Soon after this interview, Mrs. Courtland introduced me to a real business man, the son of an Indian officer who had been a great friend of her late husband.

Mr. Clive Waite had himself held a commission in the Indian service; but as the climate did not suit him, and he had a great turn for commercial enterprise, he retired upon his father's death, an event which had occurred some three years previously, and employed the property which then came to him in the establishment of a comparatively small, but sound and *bona fide* business in the city of London.

He was a man of between thirty and forty, of a straightforward and pleasing address, and I took a fancy to him at once. We dined together, and I explained to him exactly how I was situated, and what I wanted, and asked if he could give me any useful hints.

After thinking a little while in silence, he said—

"I can make you this offer. I should like very well to increase my business, and I have daily to refuse good things because of my limited capital; and if I found a man who could bring five or six thousand pounds into the business, I could at least treble it. But mark me, I must be sure of my man. A partner-

ship is a very serious matter; and if he were too reckless, or too timid, or too idle to work, or had no aptitude for business, I would not go shares with him for any price. I would borrow his money, and give him a fixed per centage, perhaps; though I should not so very much care about that, for I want help in the actual work quite as much as capital. Now, would you like to act as my clerk for a few months, to learn the business, and see what it is really like? I should then be able to see whether it would suit my purpose to join with you, and you would be able to see the amount of business actually doing, and how it could be extended. Then if at the end of a certain time, the duration of which would of course depend upon circumstances, we decided to enter into partnership, well and good. If we think it better not to do so, you will have learned double entry, and gained some insight into business—will not have wasted your time, in short."

I jumped at this offer, and on the very next day took lodgings in London—for I had been staying at Brockford ever since I left Cambridge—and commenced office work.

That same bookkeeping by double entry was a nut to crack, but I cracked it. The business of the office, too, seemed invincibly mysterious at first, but it got gradually commonplace with use.

I do not propose to give any account of it, for its journal has been written already in certain ponderous ledgers, which I do not suppose will ever be read; but it was something of this kind, in case some suspicious reader should conclude fraud or illegality from entire silence.

Suppose the Otaheiteans wanted stays, say. Some enterprising native of that island sent to England for the article demanded by his countrywomen. We got hold of the order; bought the stays wholesale for so much, charging a per centage; settled for their freight, getting a profit there again, and sold them to enterprising native.

In the same way, if an order for skates came from Jamaica. But our principal business was with the Cape of Good Hope. I do not imagine that I had that natural aptitude for business which had enabled Waite to start alone and form a connection for himself; but under his clear guidance, by close attention during office hours and diligent reading of books, pamphlets, and papers in the evenings, I soon attained to a creditable efficiency. For I did not execute this or that task mechanically, but took a genuine and strong interest in all that was going on. The hope of gaining money causes grown men, with intellects, to delight in roulette, and invests even blind hookey with interest; and the details of mercantile transactions, though dry, are infinitely more amusing than watching a monotonous ball rolling about a basin, or perpetually cutting a pack of cards.

A sum worked out for its own sake had always been to me a detestable operation; but a calculation of positive profit proved to be as delightful an amusement as I had often experienced.

And yet I do not imagine that I was naturally more avaricious than the majority of my fellow-creatures; and if I had not had an object, I could have been contented on a very small income. But money meant Mary.

At the end of six months, Clive Waite came to the

conclusion that a partnership would be of mutual advantage to us, and I had satisfied myself that, at any rate, it would be a good thing for me. So we were joined in the bonds of commercial matrimony; and I wrote to Mr. Palmer, whom I had apprised of my intentions, and receiving my little capital from him, invested it in the business.

The life was pleasant enough, apart from the interest of my daily avocations; for Clive Waite was an agreeable man, welcome in many houses, and he introduced me into a pretty wide circle of acquaintances. Dinner parties, balls, theatres, concerts, often concluded the day's work.

And then I met Mary at Mrs. Courtland's whenever she was staying there; or I ran down to Brockford from Saturday till Monday.

Altogether, with an agreeable present and a smiling future, my existence was very far above the average of enjoyment; but it was utterly uneventful, and if its calm current had flowed on unbroken, I should certainly never have written my memoirs.

But at the end of a year it became necessary (for reasons connected with the death of an agent, and the failure of a firm in the colony, which it would be tedious to particularise) that one of us should go out to the Cape. Waite's physician had warned him that return to a hot climate would very likely be his death, so I agreed to undertake the journey—which, indeed, but for one circumstance, I should have enjoyed the thoughts of.

That, of course, was the separation from Mary. But I did not anticipate being absent above a year; I was going for a purpose which would expedite our marriage; and, above all, it could not be helped! So I did not give way to an undue amount of melancholy.

There was, indeed, another matter which caused me some anxiety. I had lived in constant expectation of poor Ellen being left in a state of distress, and applying to me for assistance; and, though I had never heard of her directly or indirectly up to that date, she might seek my aid while I was away.

So I made arrangements with Mr. Glading for her support in such an eventuality, and left directions both with my partner and Madame Tourterelle that she was to be referred to him.

The Grumbler.

ONE is not the only Grumbler in London. Here is the murmur of a contemporary about the "specials" of the daily newspapers:—

"The Queen's cheery message, I have no doubt, was specially gratifying to Captain Nares and his comrades; but it is exceedingly irritating to find the papers speaking of it as an act of the most gracious condescension and thoughtful consideration on the part of her Majesty. I should like to know whether the sovereign of these realms could possibly have done less. It is an insult to her Majesty to suppose for a moment that she would have allowed her gallant sailors to leave their native land on a perilous and adventurous expedition without some expression of interest in their undertaking. And yet, from the ridiculous way in which this simple act of her Majesty's has been belauded, one would fancy that the country was quite prepared to see

the ships set out without any mark of royal recognition whatever. A grosser insult to the Queen than is implied in the extravagant laudation of the natural and ordinary act of wishing a kindly farewell to her own sailors, as I said before, I cannot well conceive. Well then, again, there is the sickening and mawkish twaddle which the 'specials' have written about the departure of the expedition. Oh! how devoutly thankful we all have reason to be that none of these pests of modern journalism can follow the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and disgust us with their abominable tittle-tattle. The most offensive of all bores is your 'special correspondent,' with his tawdry sentimentalism and his 'graphic' (Heaven save the mark!) style. I suppose the 'special correspondent' has done more to lower the dignity of the Press, and shake the public faith in its veracity and trustworthiness, than it is possible to compute. At the same time, there are 'specials' and 'specials,' and before 'graphic writing' was a *sine quâ non*, the 'special' was a useful institution; but you cannot have both 'graphic writing' and veracity—compelled to choose between the two, the conductors of the penny dailies have, unwisely it seems to me, chosen the former.

The 'special correspondent' has ruffled me: I must cast about for an anchorage in smooth waters."

Poor man! When these gentlemen perform so utterly thankless, arduous, and at times disgusting a task, from the way in which they have submit to annoyances in their attempts to thoroughly do their duty by the paper they serve.

In one's weakness, one has always had a very great liking for these articles; and when the *D. T.* has supplied a column or two by Sala, one has seized it with avidity, and been sure of a pleasant, chatty discourse, the gleanings of a brilliant writer full of information, and able to place it happily before his readers. Again, with Archibald Forbes in the *D. N.* many a pleasant half-hour has been spent, as with George Henty in the *Standard*. It is quite true there are "specials" and "specials," but the tribe hardly deserve so hard a touch.

Now, not being a lady, I cannot tell how *les dames* fare under such circumstances; but I have my suspicions that many of the atrocities which I see perpetrated by the fair sex, in which they render hideous those beautiful, shapely heads and flowing locks with which nature has adorned them, are due to the barbers—I beg pardon, coiffeurs—who have suggested that they should torture their hair into the terrible shapes so common in the streets. I say I cannot tell how ladies fare under the circumstances; but I do appeal against the annoyances to which I am subjected when I visit the barber. It is an old complaint, and it has been grumbled at again and again; but still it exists. We remember how the gentleman in *Punch* responded to his tormentor by declaring that he liked his hair thin on the crown, and was fond of dandriff; but that declaration would not do for more than once, and the barbers' annoyances are endless. I declare honestly that I have tried every barber's shop within my reach to get a quiet shave or cut, and only at one place can I obtain the shave. There the man is taciturn, even to rudeness, and he never worries one; but he nearly takes the skin off with the beard. Then, as to cutting, there is only one shop where I can get cut in peace; but,

unfortunately, the operator is such a cripple with the scissors, that after the operation I generally feel as if it were necessary for me to go to Jericho, and tarry there till my hair has grown again—only that I comfort myself with the recollection that I am so insignificant an item in this busy world that I shall not be noticed by a soul.

It is a nuisance, though, that the moment one is helplessly swaddled in the long cotton print that smells so strongly of scented soap, the barber should commence his attack. I go to be shaved, and he tries first to persuade me to have my hair cut.

He fails.

Will I have a brush up?

No, I won't.

Will I have my hair shampooed?

As I have been in my bath two hours before, I decline.

My hair is splitting at the ends, I had better have it singed.

I decline to be treated like a horse, and I shudder at the smell of burnt hair; so I wait impatiently till the man has given the last upper scrape which always threatens to take off one's lower lip, sponged me, and wiped me, and am about to rise, but he dabs a powder puff on my chin, makes a great white patch there, which I am obliged to stop and have wiped off; and then, with a sigh of relief that all is over, I again essay to rise, but there is a tiny hair brush thrust under my nose, and ere I can stop the actor, my moustache is streaked with some powerful smelling fluid, which scents the air on either side of me as I walk for the next hour.

I am chuckling rather, in spite of annoyance, at having defeated Mr. Raser; for I have told him I want nothing from the shop, and, as aforesaid, have declined to have my hair brushed, though in his artfulness the moment he commenced he contrived to pretty well ruffle it by laying his hand upon my head, ostensibly to hold it steady while he soaped my chin. And now I coolly walk up to the glass and rearrange it myself.

"That's a nice pair of brushes, sir," he insinuates blandly—"only fifteen shillings the pair."

I come away hot and fretful. When I have had my hair cut, and those wicked little short bits are down my neck, fidgeting me as they will fidget, my temper is absolutely frightful, and I dare not go home for two hours, lest, what with the barber's irritation and the effects he has left behind, I should be so excited that I should begin kicking the cat, making use of bad language to the servants, or boxing the children's ears—for nothing; though, of course, that would be no loss, they would be sure to earn the punishment some time or another.

What are barbers above all other tradesmen, that they should be such pests; and how is it that they will continue such insane practices—practices that must militate against their prosperity in the long run? If any hairdresser thinks it adds to his profit that his young men should pester his customers into purchasing things they don't want, pray let him banish the idea from his brain. I could point out a score of shops that after entering once I should never enter again, and also find a score of friends who feel the same; when at either place, if treated in what I may term a decent

manner, one would have been a regular attendant for years.

I would go with a Tennysonian, unshorn crop, but my better half objects; and I would go wholly unshaven, but again I am told that a beard does not suit my peculiar type of beauty; so I have to suffer, for the barbers insist upon going by the motto that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;" and every bird they get in hand they pick, and pluck, and cut in the wing, in the most merciless way.

There is a capital institution for the education of the deaf and dumb. If the managers would pick out the dumb, train them, and make them barbers, the poor things would all gain fortunes. Fancy, what an Utopia! a silent barber's shop!

The old Chinese rhyme says—

"Who soaps my chin,
And tickles my skin
With a straw or a pin—
My barber."

For "tickles" read *irritates*; for "straw or a pin" read *tongue*; and for "skin" read *temper*.

Things New and Old.

A Smart Boy.

In the office of one of the hotels, recently, a gentleman snapped his finger to a bootblack, and, as he put his foot on the box, he said—

"You look like a good, smart boy."

"See here, mister!" replied the boy, as he rose up, a brush in either hand. "I've had that game played on me a dozen times, and now I want to know whether this is a cash shine, or whether you are going to pat me on the head when I get through, and tell me that I'll be governor of Michigan some day?"

Snow Blindness.

Here is a preventative of snow blindness which I heard of when in California in 1873. I was told that any one having to travel upon snow in sunshine, if they blackened the skin round the eyes for about an inch, snow blindness would be prevented. Any kind of black paint, or a burnt stick, is all that is needed to avoid what is most painful—and I can speak of it from experience, having suffered while crossing some of the high passes in the Himalayas. The remedy here given seemed to me curious, and I could scarcely believe it sufficient to accomplish the result; but further inquiries confirmed what I was told. At least, it was stated to me that the old trappers in the Sierra Nevadas used this precaution as a protection to their eyes. It was also stated that the same means were used by the people connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, and that they again first of all learned it from the Indians. I have not had an opportunity of testing this myself, but if you give it publicity it may be of use to all those who are going on Arctic expeditions; to the members of the Alpine Club—I ought to say of all the Alpine Clubs, for there are many Alpine Clubs now in Europe; and it would be, if it has any virtue in it, of the greatest service to all who may have to travel on snow, be it from necessity, or in the pursuit of scientific objects.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXII.—A CONFESSION.

"I'D like to see the masther an' Misther Dawson," said Larry, as he thrust in cartridge after cartridge. "But I must be ready to protect the ladies, love an' bliss thim! Who'd iver have thought I'd live to shoot a man dead as a herrin'—ugh!" He shuddered as he glanced in the direction of the prostrate Indian. "Bud it's very horrible, though he's an ugly, copper-coloured baste. Bud it's such an ondacent way ov puttin' an ind to a man! If his head had given way, now, like an egg, from a tap ov me shtick, why, that would have been an accidint; bud to knale down there as I did, an' take aim an' shoot him in cowl'd blood—och! it's very horrible, an' I don't know what Father Doolan will say to me at all whin I go to confiss. Perhaps, though, he'll let me off aisy whin he hears that it was only a haythen baste, as had niver sniffed howly wather or said an ave in his life. Ah, would ye! Bedad, I'll—"

Larry started up, and was about to draw trigger, when he let the revolver fall.

"Och, masther dear, how ye freckened me, as I thought that Injun baste had killed ye, an' I was jist comin' to see, only I was obliged to lad."

"Only half choked, Larry," said Adams, who had clapped the Irishman on the shoulder. "Quick! give me one of those rifles. Those fellows will be back directly."

He took a rifle and revolver, and then caught up his wife, whispered a few loving words of comfort to the trembling woman, and led her to the shelter of a rock. Then he ran to Dawson.

"Not much hurt, I hope?" he exclaimed, as he stooped down where Mary was sitting with the poor fellow's head resting upon her knees.

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" she said, hoarsely, as she gazed down with a passionate, longing look, "he's dead, he's dead—gone without one kind word, without one tender look—dead, to save my worthless life! And I loved him—oh, I loved him with all my heart!"

There were no tears, no outcries or loud lament. It was one loud, hoarse whisper, that ended in a deep, agonized groan, as she gazed down upon the inanimate face, and then bent forward and printed a kiss upon the dank, cold forehead.

"He's not dead," exclaimed Frank, whose hand had been thrust into his open shirt. "His heart beats, and the wound may not be mortal. Here, Larry, can we carry him to the hut? We dare not stay here."

"Can we carry him!" said Larry. "Here, give us a hoist, masther. Let me git him aisy over me back an' shouldher, an' you lade on wid the ladies, an' I'll trot wid him all the way."

Frank hesitated, but it seemed their only chance; and after a little management, the helpless figure was placed upon Larry's back.

"All right, yer honour," he said, cheerily. "He gave a bit ov a groan, thin, poor boy. Away wid ye, quick."

Larry proved equal to his task, and Frank, bearing the weapons and helping his wife—thanks to Larry's feint with the firing—they reached the tent and hut in

safety, where Dawson was left to the care of Mrs. Adams and Mary, while Frank and Larry proceeded to put their little home in a state of defence.

Fortunately, as has been said, they had chosen the site as being a stronghold in case of such an emergency; and, with plenty of ammunition and provisions, they seemed to have a fair chance of keeping an enemy at bay for any length of time, always providing that they did not succumb to some feint.

"Bedad!" said Larry, wiping his face, as he sat behind a rock, rifle in hand, commanding the approach to the hut—"bedad, masther dear, I'm about bate, an' if I don't have a taste ov whiskey I shall miss the next Injun."

Adams smiled, and supplied the needful stimulus, which Larry drank with a hearty smack.

"Ah, yer honour, that's the right sort," he said; "an' I hope the ladies was only freckened—not hurt."

"Not at all, Larry," said Frank, watching anxiously for the approach of danger. "How am I to thank you for saving my life?"

"Be jist givin' me wan ov thim cowl'd throu't I see on the table, an' a bite ov bread in me fist, yer honour, for I fale as if I'd got a grate imptiness in me inside."

"You must be starving, Larry," said Adams, laughing.

"Sure, sor, it isn't me; it's the hollowness," said Larry, devouring his food. "An' how's Misther Dawson?"

"He's reviving, Larry. I'm in hopes that the wound won't prove bad."

"Faith, an' not it," said Larry; "he's too shtrong a boy for it. An', bedad! what a lump he is too, I say."

"Look, Larry, isn't that—"

Crack!

Before Adams had ceased speaking, Larry, who had sighted an Indian stealing into sight, took a sharp aim and fired, the savage falling like a stone.

"Bedad! I'm beginnin' to like rifles," said Larry, coolly reloading. "Ye can hit wid thim such a long way off."

Crack!

This time from Adams's piece; and another Indian, who had been making for a rock in the centre of an open space, fell, rose again, fell, and then got up and tottered away.

Then followed perfect silence, for this second check had sent the savages back dispirited; and the two watchers remained for hours at their post, with only one incident to take their attention. That occurred about an hour after the first man fell, when a couple of Indians leaped out, rushed to where the dead man lay, and caught him up between them, uttering a yell of defiance at the same time.

Larry took aim, but he did not fire; took aim again, and then laid down his piece upon the rock.

"Sure," he said, "it would be like shootin' neighbours at a funeral, an' I'll let thim go."

All seemed so quiet afterwards that Adams crept down from the rock upon which he lay, and went into the tent, where Dawson was lying with eyes half closed, and a look of calm content upon his face to which it had been a stranger for many days. Mrs. Adams was watching him; and behind sat Mary, quiet, subdued, and with a soft light in her eye, as it met her brother's, which made him wonder.

The noise of his entrance roused Dawson, who looked up hastily.

"Ah, Frank," he said, with a smile, "I'm very lazy, am I not? Only for a day, though. I'll be with you to-morrow—willing, if weak."

Frank shook his head.

"A mere flesh wound," said Dawson, "and it has made me turn feverish; but I shall be better to-morrow. How about holding out?" he whispered.

"I think we can keep them off," said Adams, in the same low tone. "When they attack, the loss of a man damps them for the time, and they retreat. What we have to fear is a surprise."

He returned to his post, to find everything unchanged. The shadows were lengthening in the valley, and night would soon be coming on, and Adams thought of it with a shudder. But there was no retreat; the night had to be faced, with all the dangers it might bring, and he knew enough of the vindictive nature of the Indians to feel sure that they would not fail to take ample revenge for their slain. Old recollections of Indian raids of which he had read, of the tortures inflicted, and of the women dragged away into captivity, troubled Adams as he lay at his post watching for the coming danger; while Larry, close at hand, seemed, in his ignorance of such matters, as peaceful and content as if resting under a tree after reaping an acre of wheat.

"An' why not?" he said, upon Adams creeping to his side and smilingly telling him how contented he looked—"an' why not, masher dear? Sure it's quite time enough to look the throuble in the dirty face whin the throuble comes. P'r'aps we've got a bad fight before us; p'r'aps we haven't; so what's the good ov bein' onaisy till we know? Anyhow, we've got the best of it."

"But they may starve us out, Larry, if they cannot drive us."

"But it will take a long time, sor. We shall want wather first; bud I can deludher thim, an' go an' fetch it in the night. Be aisy, an' let's get rid ov these copper-coloured ragamuffins; an' thin, as soon as Misther Dawson is better, we'll load up an' git back to Frisco. An' if we should come here again, sor, it must be without the ladies. What's that, sor?"

Larry pointed down the valley below them to what seemed to be a moving bush—moving sometimes only; at others it remained stationary, but only to progress slowly, a few feet at a time, apparently in the direction of the lower part of the valley, where the mules were grazing.

"Now, that's mighty shupid," said Larry, "for a man to go an' dress himself up like a Jack-in-the-Green, an' thin crawl along the ground. Thim Injun boys must think we're as wise as they are themselves."

Crack! went Larry's piece, the bullet striking a stone on the nearer side of the moving bush, and sending up a shower of fragments, but doing no more harm than frightening the bearer of the bush into an upright position, and making him turn and flee for his life back to the cover where his companions lay.

This incident, trifling as it was, served to show the enemy how thoroughly those whom they attacked were on the alert. And evening came on, and then the shadowy night, dark and moonless, when it was impossible for the keenest eye to penetrate more than a few yards.

Dawson was sleeping very easily, the fever caused

by his wound not seeming to be upon the increase; and now Mrs. Adams crept out to the rocks to watch beside her husband, feeling, as she told him, so much safer than when alone.

It was a terrible night. The close, heavy darkness seemed to shut them in; and, as they strained their eyes to meet the coming danger, every neighbouring crag or block of stone seemed to take an ominous threatening shape, while every bush apparently sheltered an enemy waiting his opportunity to send a deadly shaft whizzing through the air.

At any other time, so close and silent a watch must have brought sleep in its train to help besiege the watchers; but the perils of the position set the drowsy god at defiance, and they watched on hour after hour, with no further alarms than those they conjured up, till towards morning, when, just as Larry was straining his eyes in a vain effort to make out whether a dark object, thirty yards below, was animate or inanimate, Mrs. Adams uttered a faint cry, and pressed her husband's arm.

Adams started on the instant, and felt a cold chill steal through his brain; for, apparently, while they had been watching in front, danger had crept into the camp from the rear—how he could not tell, unless some daring enemy had been lowered down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff; and if one, how many more?

For there, rifle in hand, was just dimly seen a tall figure, evidently preparing to take aim.

Larry and Adams brought their pieces to bear at the same moment, and at the next movement of the figure they would have fired, had not a second misty form come out of the darkness, and, apparently taking the first by the hand, led it back towards where stood the tent.

"That was a lucky escape for him, anyhow," said Larry. "It's a mighty bad habit that släpe-walkin'; bud I suppose poor Misther Dawson was dramin' we wanted help, an' so came widout givin' us the password. Well, we'll know him if he comes agin, for here's to-morrow mornin' at last."

In effect, the distant mountain tops were showing faintly grey in the first dawn of the day. The shadows, by contrast, low down in the valley, looked darker, but that could not last now for long; for with the rapidly brightening light, the rocks and bushes seemed to lose the grotesque forms with which they had been endowed during the night; danger seemed less perilous; and at last, with the broad day, the watchers gazed at the weird grandeur of the rocky valley, scanning each bush, each clump of firs, and each crag, but seeing no signs of an enemy.

The Croydon Sewage Farm.

WHAT is to be done with the sewage of great towns is undoubtedly becoming more and more one of the great questions of the day. The Englishman requires a great deal of teaching before he can be made to understand that the acts of his ancestors were not perfect; but the stern reminders of epidemics, the frightful state of pollution of our rivers, and the growth of the evil, all tend to force upon us the fact that it is not wisdom to pour the filth of our towns into the nearest stream, and then use the same water for our

household supply. Endless have been the plans proposed for disinfecting and deodorizing sewage; works are in existence for turning it into artificial guano; but, as a rule, nature's simple chemistry is ignored, when the natural deodorizer and disinfectant of sewage is the soil. But there are exceptions to the rule, and one of these is the Croydon Sewage Farm, now under the management of Dr. Alfred Carpenter—to which place, lately, a body of about one hundred and fifty gentlemen interested in such matters were invited, that they might see the effect of the scheme, and taste its produce; for, as Dr. Carpenter observed in his after-luncheon remarks, he had been told that by means of irrigation with sewage abundant crops might be obtained, but the product was not fit to eat. To prove the fallacy of this latter argument, a sumptuous luncheon was spread in a barn at the Park Farm, Beddington, whose constituents were composed, as far as possible, of the product of the sewage farm. For instance, the beef was from a heifer fed and fatted on the meadows; the bread was from wheat grown there; the fruits and vegetables, the butter and cream, and salads, all were from the farm; and the mayonnaise of trout was composed of fish caught in the Wandle, which meanders through the farm, and into whose bed the effluent purified waters flow.

The works are of the simplest nature, and what engines there are obtain their motive-power from the flow of the sewage water. These engines are simply revolving strainers, placed at the end of the Croydon sewer; and as the black stream comes from the town, their office is to stop and retain the more solid particles of the refuse, which are carried into a receptacle, mixed with straw, and sold as manure to the neighbouring market gardeners; while the strained liquid sewage passes on to the farm of 500 acres. That is all. There are no chemical manipulations, no more costly appliances, nothing but culvert and drain—a series of veins, so to speak, to circulate through the farm, and flood it with the revivifying, fertilizing mixture, from whose effects the grass crops glow of a wondrous emerald green; four or five crops of rye grass are cut a year; the swedes and mangold wurtzel grow into monsters, and the various domestic vegetables look succulent and rich. As to the grazing cattle, they look all that can be desirable in their sleekness; while the corn grows thickly and well, many-stalked from a single grain.

But it may be asked, Is not this at the cost of a tainted atmosphere? Nothing of the kind. There is naturally the regular drain-like odour in the straining-house, but that is all. As the liquid sewage percolates through the soil, the earth immediately, by its own chemistry, deodorizes it; and as far as appearances go, where the effluent water passes out into the Wandle, after percolating through the soil, it is pure and drinkable—certainly too clear to injure the fish in the stream. It will be seen, then, that the works of the Sewage Farm are simple in the extreme; that the liquid manure has but to be led upon the land to make the poor soil rich, and at the same time rid a great town of that which is not merely a nuisance, but a positive source of danger. Again, as to a drain on the farm, Dr. Carpenter pointed out the fact that the sewage is never allowed to stagnate and grow putrid in cesspools or great receptacles, but is made to flow

at once over and through the land. In fact, unless told, a visitor to the Croydon Farm would be in profound ignorance of the fact that the land over which he walked had been, and was, in process of irrigation by sewage; for it must be borne in mind that town sewage is so diluted with water that, as a rule, if evaporated, the solid matter would be only some fifty grains to the gallon.

After a careful inspection of the farm on a most unfavourable day, the party partook of the luncheon, and thoroughly proved their satisfaction with the produce of the soil. In the after-speeches, Earl Fortescue, Mr. Grantham, M.P., Mr. Macartney, M.P., Mr. Watney, M.P., and the member for Linlithgow, expressed their belief in the project, which has now been in force nearly fifteen years, and the party broke up, the general feeling being that this simple and highly successful plan is worthy of general adoption; for, after all, its germ is but the simple teaching of nature herself, whose winds and soils are the proper disinfectors of the impurities of our towns, while we have hundreds of thousands of acres of poor land awaiting the revivifying floods that go to pollute our streams.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XLVII.—FREE.

THERE were only four persons in the omnibus when Harvey got in, and they did not take particular notice of his presence; but to his horror, instead of going on directly, the vehicle remained stationary a score of yards from the gates, and as he sat on the opposite side, he saw a policeman walk leisurely up, peer about for a minute or two, and then quietly mount guard, as if he expected to see the man of whom he was in search rush out like a rabbit from a hole, ready for him to play the part of terrier dog, and capture him on the spot.

It seemed like an age to Harvey Parker, and still that omnibus would not move on. Twice over the policeman glanced in his direction, and looked as if about to come up to the vehicle; and it required no slight effort for its occupant to restrain himself from leaping out and tearing across Trafalgar-square.

Then the excitement seemed to culminate, for a second policeman walked up to the first, a few words of conversation ensued, and then the second man walked towards the gates.

If he were to escape it must be now, thought Harvey, and he half rose in his seat. The gate-keeper must have seen him enter the omnibus, and he would point it out to the policeman, and he would be taken like a rat in a cage, for even now the omnibus would not move on. Fool that he was to get in!

He could bear it no longer, and he moved towards the door, catching the conductor's eye as the man stood upon the step, and seemed to read that which occupied his mind.

"Something up at the 'ouse, sir," said the man, grinning; and then, to Harvey's horror, he shouted to the nearest policeman, "Wot's the row? Somebody trying to steal the poodle dawg?"

Harvey sank back aghast, expecting each moment to be dragged out, and ignominiously led off to the station.

"It would be a game if some one did try to collar that there lion off the top. Right, Bill!" shouted the conductor.

At last! Harvey's breath came more freely as the omnibus jolted over the stones, halting for a passenger here and a passenger there; but at the sight of a policeman a cold perspiration bedewed his forehead, and he recalled the stories he had heard of how rapidly the news was always spread through the force when anyone was wanted.

"Good heavens!" he mentally ejaculated; why, he had entered a Westminster omnibus, and it was crawling down Whitehall. They would pass Great Scotland Yard in a moment. Yes—why, they were stopping there, and there were policemen hanging about the entrance. It was terrible; and yet at other times he had always been ready to laugh at the official bluntness.

On again, and his breath coming a little more freely; but still he was not easy in his mind, for the shabby individual who got in at the corner of the Yard, and had taken a seat opposite him, where he remained breathing very loudly, might be a policeman in plain clothes, ready to track him like a dog. It was with a sense of relief that is inexpressible that Harvey at last saw the man leave the vehicle, an example which he himself followed at the end of another half-mile, mingling with the busy throng, and trying to arrange his future plans.

"They'll watch every station, and keep an eye on every hotel," he said to himself; "and I'm not going to give in like this. Where had I better go?"

Then it struck him that he did not want a temporary asylum, but one where he could rest for months, perhaps years, till this horrible affair was forgotten. And was he to give up Jenny?

He swore an oath that he would not be defrauded, but would prove a match for them yet; and then a grim smile spread over his countenance.

"They won't be watching for me there," he muttered. And then he walked hastily on, till, fancying his hurried motion was exciting attention, he slackened his pace, and entered a poor-looking coffee-house upon the Surrey side of the water. He sat pretending to sip the abominable decoction placed before him, and skimming a greasy copy of the previous day's paper; but all the while busy with his thoughts, carefully scanning every customer who entered the place, and busily making his plans for the coming night.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—JENNY'S VISITOR.

JENNY RICHES sat in her room trying to read, but ineffectually, for her head ached, and her mind felt confused. She had been very ill since her interview with Tom Madron; and though all doubt as to his future fate was supposed to be set at rest, still she was in trouble, and her nights were sleepless as her days were weary.

No one could be kinder than the Burges, Mrs. Burge being incessant in her attentions. They could not, however, administer medicine to the troubled mind, and Jenny still kept weak and pale of cheek.

Somehow, scarce a thought of her cousin crossed her mind. He was, she believed, in London somewhere; but his absence afforded her very little concern. Mr. Burge had given her some hint respecting

the property arrangements, and he had told her something respecting the letter she had received from the Bedford-row solicitors; but she had given but little heed, for, as she said to herself, what was money to her now?

"How long would it be before he would be set at liberty? What a bitter, painful time it must be—how he must suffer!" she thought for the hundredth time; and then she asked herself whether she should ring for lights, for it was getting more than dusk. No, she did not want lights—the warm, dull night was more congenial in its darkness. And she sat gazing through the window at the dimly seen blackened clumps, which by day were shrubs of rich growth—for the lawyer did not starve upon his practice at Bubbly Parva.

Then by some strange coincidence Jenny began to think about Harvey, and as she did so an involuntary shudder passed through her frame, and she shiveringly drew a little shawl closer around her shoulders.

She would have the lights now, and the blind drawn over the French window. It was cold enough for a fire. Surely she was not going to be worse, she said to herself.

Then she thought she would go and sit with Mrs. Burge, only that would seem so strange, after saying only an hour before that she much preferred being alone. How weak and foolish she was!—it was quite childish. Why, here if she was not going to cry!

Jenny tried hard to keep back the tears, and then, rising from her chair, determined to go and join the family, who were in the front of the house, when her heart gave a great leap, and she stood as if fixed to the spot; for there came a low, distinct tap on the pane, and directly after she could see that there was a dark, shadowy form outside.

There was no room for doubt, for now came a couple of taps, and directly after she plainly heard her own name—

"Jenny! Jenny!"

Her heart leaped again. Who was it? Had he been set free? Had he been so mad as to escape from prison? Surely not; and yet, why was he here?

Again there came the impatient tap, and her name was repeated—

"Jenny! Jenny!"

He could see her, then? Of course; was not her dress a light muslin, and sure to show plainly amidst the darkness?

"Here, Jenny, come here," came again from the window, sounding as if the speaker had pressed his lips to the glass.

In spite of herself, she felt as if she were drawn towards the window, feeling all the while a sense of trouble and disappointment that Tom should come there instead of calling and asking to see her. There was something repugnant to her feelings in this clandestine act.

The next moment, though, she started—

"Harvey!" she exclaimed—"you here?"

"Here, Jenny, open the window," he whispered, just loud enough for her to hear.

And, without pausing to think, she raised the little fastening, the glass door swung open, and he caught her hand in his.

"Harvey!" she exclaimed, "why do you come like this?"

"I want to talk to you about something," he said, hurriedly; "and I don't want the Burges to know that I've been."

"Harvey, I have no money," said Jenny, hastily, as if she thought that must be the object of his visit.

"Pooh, rubbish!--I don't want money," he said, hastily. "Where's your hat or bonnet? Put it on, and come out here: I must say a few words to you. You have a shawl?"

For a moment Jenny hesitated; the next, weak as she was, she had laughed at her fears, and stepped out upon the gravel walk, the soft night breeze southing around, moist and heavy, while the darkness increased each moment.

"Come lower down the garden," he whispered. "I don't want to be overheard."

She walked slowly by his side down one of the paths, wondering what could be the object of his visit if he did not want money.

"No one in the house could hear what you said here, Harvey," said Jenny, stopping short at last, for a vague sense of uneasiness oppressed her.

"I don't know; I'm not going to say what I have to tell here," said Harvey. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No," was the quiet reply. "Why should I be?"

"Ah! why should you be?" said Harvey, mockingly. "Then come down here through the gate, and we'll walk up and down the lane. I've something very important to tell you."

Jenny hesitated for a moment or two, and then gave way. It was only Harvey, her cousin, after all; and they had known each other from childhood. The next minute they had passed together through the gate in the great red wall, which faced south, and supported Mr. Burge's best peach and nectarine trees, just as a light appeared in the room the young girl had so lately left, and a voice called her by name.

Tent-Pegging.

A FEW days since we went to Hurlingham Park to see the *al fresco* entertainment provided by the Royal Irish Lancers. First came tilting at the ring, in which a dozen soldiers, who were afterwards to show their proficiency in the new game, dashed across the springy sward on horseback, and bore off on their lances the series of rings hung up before them as a test of their steady aim and their skilful horsemanship. But we had read in our history of tilting at the ring, and it was to see the novel tent-pegging that most of us had faced the cold wind and the frowning sky. So a buzz of expectation rises from the drags and carriages thickly surrounding the ground when the sergeants are seen to drive the targets—ordinary tent-pegs lightly inserted into the soil—and to drop the flag, which is the signal for the first rider to make his effort. On he comes, urging his steed with voice and heel to attain the necessary speed, giving his lance a flourish or two, and finally, as he nears the peg, balancing it for his aim as he whizzes by. He fails, and so do eight of his immediate successors, some striking the ground wide of the mark, and others steer-

ing so unsuccessfully that it is scarcely worth while for them to make *en passant* the critical effort. Then starts a Lancer favoured by both skill and fortune: as he approaches the mark—protruding, be it remembered, but a few inches above the turf—he steadies the lance in his firm right hand, he draws his arm back for the instantaneous lunge, and as his spear flies round, over his head, there is seen transfixed upon it the tent-peg which was the immediate object of all these furious gallops. As men and horses warm to their work the practice improves, until at last about one peg in three charges becomes the average of the game. There is on this occasion no competition between chosen sides, for it may fairly be assumed that these twelve Royal Irish horsemen could safely hold their own against all comers—at any rate, in England.

Before we had finished admiring not only the skill of the horsemanship, but the pace and *élan* of the horses—a legacy, by the bye, of the departed 9th Lancers—a new exhibition was promptly prepared; and very amusing were the speculations of the drag occupants concerning the use to which the baskets of oranges now introduced were to be put by riders who must so clearly be athirst after their labours. The guesses, however, were soon set at rest, when three oranges were placed on as many three-foot sticks, planted in a straight line several yards apart from each other; and the glitter of a dozen swords was seen against the inky horizon at the far end of the field. The signal is given, and from out the line there breaks a horseman at full gallop, with his sabre flourishing brightly in the dark distance. One by one, though as it seems almost instantaneously, the golden oranges fall to the ground, sliced in two by the dexterous blade, as the soldier whirls past us towards the clump of trees at the end of the course; and before we have time to fully appreciate his perfect execution of the feat, he is trotting leisurely back, to take his turn at the pastime. No one of his comrades fully emulate the skill of their leader, but all do fairly well, and in few instances is the tearing gallop accomplished without one at least of the oranges dropping before the swordsman, though the blow often fails to do more than dislodge the fruit from its resting-place. Then, after a handkerchief placed upon the grass has been several times picked up on the sword of the soldier as he races by, a halt in the games is sounded, and there are led forth from the stables the plucky little ponies whose riders are to do battle at polo between Civil and Military.

It is soon seen that the Civilians are too strong for their opponents, energetically although the red defends itself against the blue; and when, after some most exciting rallies, the Civilians score five goals to two, no one is surprised. Some time before this, however, the Royal party has driven away, and long ere the ground would naturally be thinned when so capital a contest was going on, the unfavourable weather compels the wraps to be produced, the hoods of the carriages to be put up, and a general stampede to become the order of the day. But it is very evident, from the general interest taken in the afternoon's proceedings, that we have not seen the last of the new Indian game, and that tent-pegging, with its collateral illustrations of cavalry horsemanship, is destined to take a firm hold upon the players as well as the spectators at Hurlingham.

THE
READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

In Our Midst.

UP Gower-street, the long, dull, and dreary, where the cabs roll echoing along, and in the silent night the echoes sound like the rumbling in some huge water pipe; up Gower-street, where the dismal grinding of the organ sharpens every nerve, and sends the horrors throbbing through every vein and artery—music no longer, but a loud, long wail, sobbing in the windows, and beating for entrance at the doors; up Gower-street, where the dwellers grow hardened to sad sights—where they know the brougham of the great physician or surgeon—the cab conveying the out-patient, or that which bears the in-patient to his couch of suffering; where the face of the pale student who has not yet ceased to shudder at the sufferings of his fellow-man is as familiar as that of the reckless or studious one to whom a groan or heart-wrung agonized cry is part of the profession; where weeping relations—poor, common people, who have left their dear ones in the great hall, or perhaps been to spend an hour by their bedsides—are but everyday sights such as may be seen near each great hospital.

Up Gower-street there's a crowd, which in London is but another word for a magnet which draws to itself the sharp needles of the streets; ay, the blunt and broken ones, too—everything steely clings to it, while the softer material falls away.

Only a woman crying! Not much that. We may see that every day in our streets, and in most cases turn shuddering away, thinking of the dear ones at home—wife and daughters—sisters or betrothed, and saying to ourselves, "Can this be woman!" But here we can stand with pitying feelings welling up from our hearts. Only a woman crying! but with such tears gushing from her eyes as Rachel shed when moaning for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not. A poor, untutored, unlettered woman, who has not learned the art of controlling her feelings. She has just come out of the great, gaunt, cheerless building; staggered along for some distance, blinded with tears; and at last, oblivious of all but her own bitterness, sunk down upon a doorstep sobbing wildly, for she has been to see the stalwart son who was to have been the prop and stay of her old age, and they have shown her a gaunt, pale, wild-eyed figure that knew her not; and she has come away broken-hearted, and, unlike Joseph of old, too forgetful of self to seek a place where she might weep.

Rocking herself to and fro, and moaning bitterly, till a friendly arm is offered, and she is led away, the crowd parting to let her pass, with many a rough, sympathizing word uttered; and then with her burden of sorrow she slowly totters along the gloomy street, followed by a straggling crew of children, ragged boys, girls top-heavy with babies tied up in shawls, and wonderful above all other things for their vitality. To see them day by day, and the risks they run, the only wonder is that their babyhood does not form their shroud, and cover them effectually from further advance towards adolescence.

And now a cab drawn at a foot's pace towards the great door of the hospital—to so many the jaws of death. A little crowd here even, to see the patient carried in by the two stout porters. A little crowd here, when it might be a case of fever or something else—infectious, contagious. But no; this is no fever case, but one for our skilled surgeons; for the poor lad is bleeding, bound up, and fainting. Crushed by machinery. His finger was caught by the cogs of a printing machine—the hand, the arm drawn in, and crushed right up to above the elbow, so that, what with loss of blood and the shock to the system, it will be a clever surgeon that can save his life.

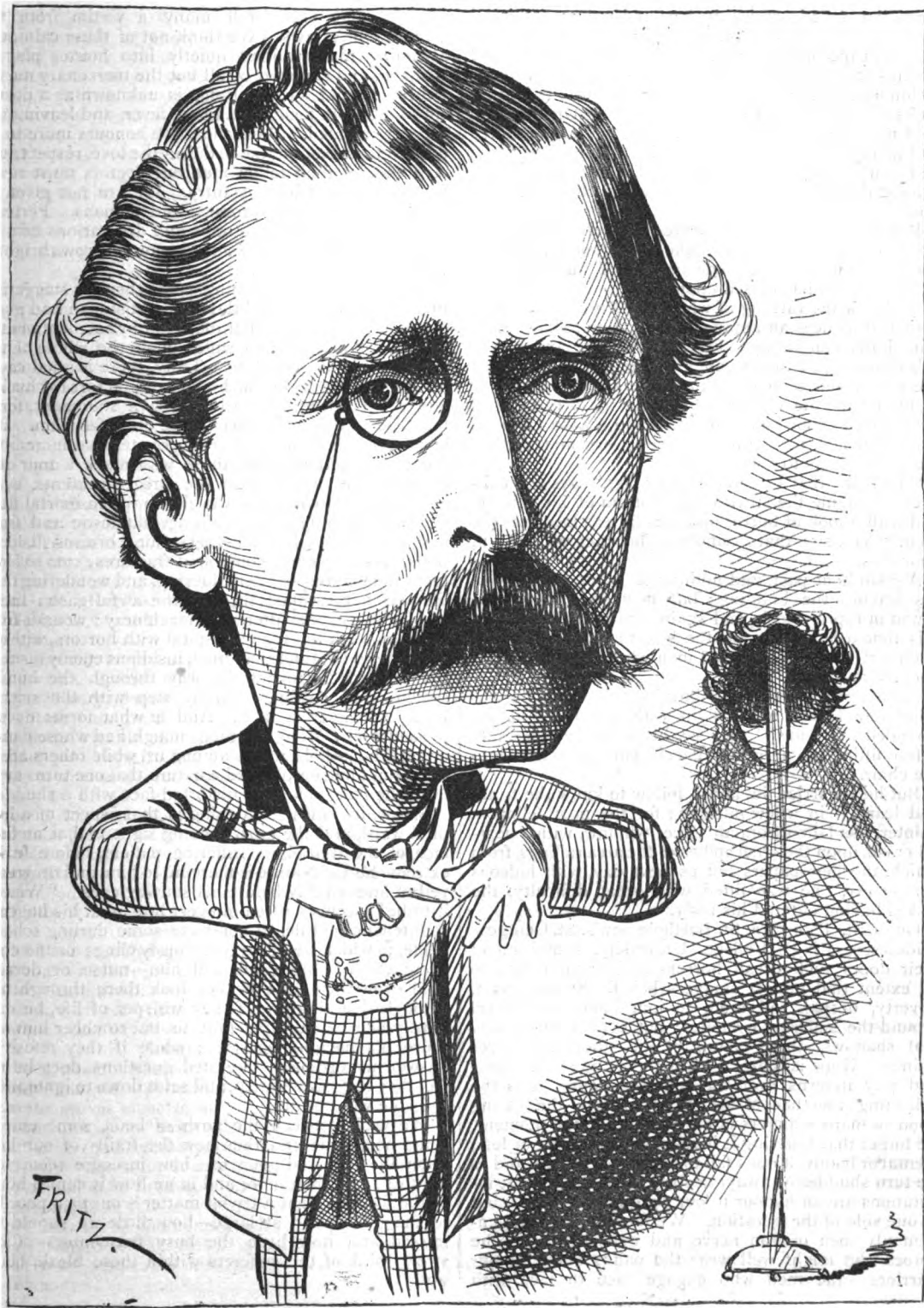
But he will have the best of skill here, and every appliance that surgery can devise to allay his sufferings—everything but the tender hands of those he loves; while it will take all his hopefulness to fight against the sorrowful thoughts of his maimed and helpless future. He, a poor wounded one of the great army fighting for life—battling day by day with poverty, from childhood to old age; and he early stricken down in the contest.

And now another carriage stops the way; and the porters are not wanted, for the occupant steps out, evidently with his wife, upon whose arm he leans slightly as they go up the steps. To a casual observer there does not seem much the matter, for he smiles as he speaks cheerily to his companion; but somehow his lip seems to be quivering, and he stops at the last step to give one look round, and not at the dull brick-and-mortar street, but upwards at the bright sky flecked with fleecy clouds, and there's an agony of longing in that look, which tells of the panting of the soul for health, and of a shadow hovering above him which seems to hide the future from his hopeful gaze; and as he still looks up, loth to enter, his glance seems to have within it something of that we see upon the emigrant's face when on shipboard with the anchor a-peak, and the sails shaking out—it seems to say, "Farewell."

But he has returned to the present, and with his lips really quivering, he enters the great portal, and the door swings to behind him; while who can say how he will quit the place—alive and hopeful, past the great danger, and with some wondrous operation performed by skilful hands; or merely the lifeless clay, with the spirit returned to its Maker?

An out-door patient creeping up by the aid of a stick—one who cannot summon the fortitude to quit his home, though he would be better in the hospital—better in body perhaps, but worse in spirit; for he would be homesick, and suffering in mind for the homely comforts and the familiar, ministering hands.

And now another pallid, quivering object, leaning upon the arm of friend or relative. He can hardly walk, and must be suffering from some severe internal disease; but he has been by three times, and though his hand grasps the order for admission, yet he dare not enter, but muttering "Not yet, not yet," draws his companion away, and totters on until he is fain to rest upon a step. But who can wonder that he should flinch and shrink back when the dread moment arrives? How many who enter the hospital feel that for them there is written above the portal, "Who enter here leave hope behind"? The great gloomy building has by them been considered as a forlorn hope to try when every other



SOTHERN.—"That'th Tham."

means has failed; and with shattered nerves, and mind and body worn by disease, they may well shudder and turn from the building, when the robust in health could hardly enter such an abode of pain and sorrow without a clutching at the heart. And then, too, who is he that seeks a home within the English Maison Dieu but the poor man, perhaps the bread winner of a large family? and he enters, perhaps, with the knowledge that while he is battling with disease those at home are fighting against the wolf poverty, who has lain down at their door.

But the poor fellow has nerved himself at last, and slowly crawls up the steps, takes one glance round as his fellow-sufferer did some quarter of an hour ago, and the portal has closed upon him.

And now the rattling of wheels, and a cab turns the corner at as near an approach to a gallop as the shambling horse can get up. Emergency here; and as the cab dashes up, a man springs off the box and runs up the steps; and then come the porters with their chair to lift out of the vehicle a groaning mass of charred humanity, wrapped in a blanket, and whose cries on being touched thrill through one's very marrow, till the door swings to once more.

"Yes, sir—that's crinoline, poor lass," says the cabman, arranging the straw in the bottom of his vehicle, and with a look of horror upon his face as he closes the door. "Yes, sir—that's crinoline; but they will have it, poor gals."

A good hour past, and nothing seen but a few visitors leaving the building; but now once more that sound of rapid wheels, and again a cab driven up, with this time a policeman on the box, to jump down and fetch out those iron-nerved men whose aid is so frequently sought.

No brand from fashion's burning this time; but another one fallen in the fight with poverty—another wounded—no! hush! they say he is slain, and hesitate before lifting the nerveless, flaccid, collapsing form into the chair.

But he is carried in, and I follow to know the truth, and learn it in a few minutes; for the poor fellow, a painter, has fallen from an upper window, with a fearful crash, upon the cruel spikes of the area railings, from which, the newspapers tell us next day, with hideous perspicuity, "he was lifted with great difficulty, the spikes having entered his body."

Guy's, St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, St. George's, Middlesex, King's College, University, round all of their doors such dread horrors still abound, and to an extent that almost staggers belief. Sorrow, pain, poverty, despair, all seem to join hands and revel around the suffering wretches; but even to these dismal shadows—these clouds of life—there are silver linings. Hope is there; faith is there; mercy is there; and pity mourns over the suffering poor. It is the collecting together of scenes of misery—the gazing upon so many sufferers at once; and, for the moment, we forget that suffering is inevitable—that more or less, mental or bodily, it must fall to each one's share; and as we turn shuddering away, we forget that these great institutions are an honour to our country, and glance but at one side of the question. We forget the quiet, gentlemanly men of iron nerve and determination—the heroes who might well wear the palms borne by our warriors—the men who engage face to face with

disease, and pluck full many a victim from the grim dragon's jaws. We think not of these calm, unassuming men walking quietly into houses plague-stricken, and shunned by all but the mercenary nurse; we forget that such a thing is unknown as a doctor shrinking from facing the worst fever, and leaving the sufferer unaided. Well, there are honours more to be desired than empty titles; and in the love, respect, and reverence of their fellow-men our doctors must revel, for ours is not a loud country. We are not given to showy uniforms, and crosses, and ribbons. Perhaps it is as well; for the uniforms and decorations tarnish and fade, while the name once honoured grows brighter with the lapse of years.

The figures seem startling—nay, they are staggering to the belief; but doubtless the statistician had good grounds for declaring that more fall by accidents in the streets of London than suffer upon the whole of the railways in our kingdom. Truly, there is good cause for wooden boards of much-abused directors to chuckle and rub hands upon hearing such a statement, for it must be gratifying to their sense of self-esteem. But leaving out those who suffer in private, what incredible scenes are witnessed by those who make a tour of a hospital! In addition to the street accidents, what else have we to show of the ills to which mortal flesh is heir? Burnings and scaldings, domestic and from manufactories; falls, including sprains, bruises, dislocations, and simple and compound fractures; cuts so fearful that one turns away shuddering, and wondering that life has not escaped through the awful gash; limbs crushed, torn, or shattered by machinery; wounds from blows, enough to fill any hospital with horrors, without stopping to consider that cruel, insidious enemy disease, mining and burrowing its way through the human system, and battling step by step with the science brought to bear upon it. And in what forms does it present itself? Many common enough, and whose names are sad household words among us, while others are of so fearful and complicated a nature that one turns away from the pale, suffering, distorted face with a shudder.

Saddening, most saddening is that aspect of a hospital ward, and the most moving sight is that anxious face of the trembling, suffering patient, before in his extreme horror Nature is merciful to him, and draws the veil of insensibility before his starting eyes. "What is it to be?" seems written in every line upon his haggard countenance. Life, to complete some darling scheme—life, to which we all so tenaciously cling; or the cold, silent grave? Who will tell him—nurse or doctor? And even then does he not look them through and through doubtfully? If they whisper of life, he dare hardly believe, fancying that 'tis but to cheer him and rouse his flagging energies; while if they refuse to answer his anxiously reiterated questions, does he not feel that they give him up, and set it down to ignorance?—for he will not die!

We walk between the rows of beds, some empty, some occupied; and then how the frailty of our hold upon life is forced upon us—how insecure seems the tenure! And then more and more how it comes home to the feelings what a trivial matter is our own poor life to the great world at large—how little we should be missed, and how little the busy frequenters of our street think of the sufferers within these bleak, blank walls.

To place our hospitals at a distance would, doubtless, rob them of much of their usefulness; but to the sufferers what a boon would be the sight of the emerald turf, the varying shades of green in the woodland, the enamelling of the hedgeside flowers, and the softened beauty of the skies undefiled by a dingy curtain of smoke! Why, in some cases every breath inhaled would carry with it health to the sufferer; while not alone the eye would be charmed, for there is the never-failing fragrance floating upon every breeze, be it merely the sweet scent of the parched earth after a refreshing shower, the scent of clover or bean-field, or wafts from some flower garden; while, again, for those who lie upon their wearing couch, ever would come the gushing melody from the love-tuned throats of birds innumerable pealing from the hidden depths of the wood, from the meads, from high in some single tree, or far up in the ringing arch of heaven, where beneath ethereal blue ride the silver flocculent clouds, till the setting sun changes them to gold.

But perhaps one is wrong; and for want of certainty, after painting a sunny picture, the dirty cloth must come and smear it out on account of false perspective. So e'en let it go. But if ever idolatry becomes the fashion, from the advance of civilization and the love of the Greek classic lore, we intend to set up for our household goddess the rosy maiden, Health.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XIX.—WHICH TRANSPORTS ME TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EQUATOR.

ONE day, a week before my departure, I was leaving the docks where the ship which was to carry Jack and his Luck was lying, when whom should I meet but Edward Langley—but a very different Langley to the undergraduate of a year and a half ago, dressed in purple and fine linen, and affecting the society of that select class of Cantabs who had less respect for brains than for trousers. He was clad in sombre garments, of middle-aged cut; his neckcloth was all awry, and his unbrushed hat was of the description called by rude boys “shocking bad!”

“Well,” said I, after we had shaken hands, “you have settled in London then, as per programme?”

“Yes,” he replied; “and you have taken a leaf out of my book?”

“I have.”

“Are you by chance the Hamilton of ‘Waite and Hamilton?’”

“The same. I wonder we have never met before.”

“It was not likely. We have had no business transactions together; indeed, I am not in that line. I go in for stiffish speculation.”

“Ah,” said I, “that would not suit me.”

“No; you have something to lose. I have not—or rather had not, for I have been pretty lucky as yet.”

“Then you have laid the foundation of that same fortune?”

“Yes; it is easier work than I had even bargained for. Human folly, mixed with human cupidity, forms the most malleable substance to work in that can be conceived.”

“I dare say; but I suspect that I have as much fool as knave in my composition, judging by your standard, you cynic. So I keep clear of all that. But I wonder we have not met elsewhere.”

“I never go anywhere.”

“Well, you may not be very gay; but you belong to some club, I suppose?”

“No.”

“There are some houses at which you visit?”

“Not one. I shall form no acquaintances, indulge in no amusements, until I have made my fortune.”

“But, my dear Langley,” cried I, “you will injure both your mind and your body by such seclusion.”

“Do you remember our old friends, the Spartans?” he replied. “A Spartan boy’s breakfast was hung up in a tree, and he had to fast until he had hit it with an arrow. It was a fine plan for making good shots. Well, I have not hit my breakfast yet, and cannot allow any distraction until I have. But I make an exception in your favour. Come and look me up any afternoon you like. My office is in Share-alley.”

“I would with pleasure, only I am off to the Cape next week.”

“Really? What, for good?”

“Oh, no, only to settle some affairs, and return.”

“I see; you did business with Tardy and Balancer, I suppose? They are all right: good for twenty shillings in the pound. Well, when you come back, then.”

And so we parted.

Between the necessity of fully mastering the details of the business I was going upon, and the prostration of mind to which the prospect of parting with Mary reduced me, I have not often had such a bad time as that week was. The last two days were spent quietly at Brockford, alone with her and her father; and what a miserable business it was!—everybody trying to be cheerful, and forcing conversation, with a dead load at the heart all the time.

And then came that horrible parting, when I was so terribly distressed that I upset Mary, who was otherwise inclined to take a very calm and hopeful view of the matter.

Altogether it was a great relief to get to Blackwall, and on board the fast sailing *Hottentot*, where I had a berth, and a curtained shelf, and a wash-hand basin, and a dead light, all to myself; a luxurious state of affairs, which was not properly appreciated at the time, when the accommodation seemed to be too bad, and the number of cubic feet allowed for breathing room too stifling, for any creature but a cockroach to exist in. I learned better in after-voyages, when a fellow-traveller has trod on my face in the act of climbing into the berth above my own; when I have had to fall into a *queue* to await my turn for an unsatisfactory wash of the “lick and promise” order; when the only light obtainable in the middle of the brightest day has been that of a rancid oil lamp, and the lungs had to get on us well as they could upon concentrated essence of bilge water.

We never know when we have got to the lowest depths. I seemed to have reached them now, mentally, at all events. My spirits never took so long a time about reaction as on that occasion; for I was not certain about Mary’s love, and that doubt increased the danger of absence terribly.

There had always been a latent uncertainty in my heart, but I had suppressed it, smothered it, refused to

admit it to myself; but at this critical moment it would make itself heard and felt.

Of her affection, and of her own belief that she loved me, I had not a moment's suspicion; but had the passion of love ever been awakened in her at all, or at any rate to the extent which her nature was capable of? She had a sincere friendship for me; and when I was in tribulation she might have mistaken her feelings towards me. If we were married at once, or if the opportunities I had hitherto enjoyed of being constantly in her company were continued, friendship would probably soon ripen into a warmer passion. But how about my chances during a protracted absence?

She never seemed to wish for the time of our marriage to be hastened. And this was not merely patience; she was evidently quite contented to remain as she was, and thought it a pity to disturb a pleasant state of things.

What girl in love was ever so cool as that?

It was not, either, as if she had a cold nature. On the contrary, she was ardent, impetuous.

Of course, I was supremely silly to torment myself with these reflections; lovers sometimes are. I can only urge in excuse that my stake was so enormous. Since I had lost my sister, Mary's love was the only thing I had to care for in the world.

And one must care for something, thank God!

An autobiography, to be honest, must be sometimes trivial in its confessions, and therefore I record the vulgar and humiliating fact that I tried to raise my mind from the sentimental gloom which brooded over it with a couple of stiff tumblers of rum and water. You have heard of the recipe before, under the poetical title of "Having recourse to the Wine Cup:"

"Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle."

It sounds prettier like that, but it is all the same thing. The "bumper" did me no good, however; indeed, it made me gloomier than before, if anything. Nothing short of positive intoxication would have given me any relief; and I was not prepared to make such a fool of myself before a shipful of strangers.

So I went up on deck, and, leaning over the bulwarks, watched the rapidly receding houses of Southend, and thought what an idiot I was.

"I suppose equanimity will return some time or another," I said to myself. "For if this melancholy condition of mind lasts much longer, I must beg a lump of ballast, tie it round my chest, and take a header."

But relief came. The wind was blowing very freshly, and, as the *Hottentot* went tearing through the mouth of the Thames, I perceived a gentle undulation, which became more and more decided as we got farther into the Channel, till by the time we reached the Nore the noble ship was plunging about like a retriever in a turnip field.

Well, it is the custom to be funny about romance and love-sick fancies, and at my age I am inclined to join in the general "Ha! ha!" Yet I can never forget that my regrets must have been very pungent, when the seasickness which dispelled them was welcome. If, my reader, you ever take a long voyage, or a short one

which lasts over a couple of days, do your utmost to get some one to supply you with perfectly plain water gruel while you are ill. Swallow a little whenever you can, and you will suffer just half as much, and recover just as soon again.

When getting better, live on apples and champagne; then promote yourself to biscuit and cheese and tea, and bless Jack Hamilton. As for preventing the malady by any nostrum whatever, it is all moonshine; but I have given you a really valuable hint, though a homely one, and, at all events, that is better than a dull log, which I shall cut very short.

We started in April, and when I got over my seasickness I was told that I was in the North Atlantic Ocean. And then, after a terribly long, dull series of weeks, we were subjected to the tomfooleries customary on crossing the Line, and I was informed that I was in the South Atlantic Ocean. But they looked much the same.

As we got on, the weather grew hotter, as you might guess without my telling you. We saw ships occasionally, and got absurdly excited about them. We saw flying fish and Portuguese men-of-war, which really are very pretty; and we were becalmed, which set all the passengers quarrelling. And we had a storm, grand but uncomfortable.

The passengers were not naturally an irritable set, and we generally got on very well together, playing at whist or chess whenever we were not feeding or sleeping. But it requires an angelic temper to stand a tropical calm. The captain and his mates were excellent fellows, but I could not help looking upon them as my gaolers. And they were so provokingly at home, and indifferent about getting to the end of the voyage in an impossible hurry, that I could not love them as they doubtless deserved.

During nine months of the year, England is one of the worst countries in the world, except in exceptionally dry seasons; but in May, June, and July she is the very best. Fancy having to spend that kernel of the year in the melancholy contrivance they call a ship!

I confess that I abused my luck in very unmeasured terms at times, especially when we were becalmed, or my adversaries at whist held all the trumps. When we were spinning away before a favourable breeze, or I had four honours in my hand, the scheme of the universe looked better.

After two months and a bit—which possessed the properties of the famous bittcock, and seemed longer than all the rest of the time—I went on deck one morning, and saw, not sea and sky only, but an enormous mass of rock, with sheer sides and a perfectly flat top, rising out of the former in relief against the latter.

I rubbed my eyes, and looked again. It was still there.

"What is that?" I asked the captain.

"That is Table Mountain," he replied, quite coolly.

"Table Mountain! Why, that is at the Cape!"

"Exactly; and so are we."

I could have embraced that captain. I would even gladly have subscribed to a testimonial to him, only the fashion of rewarding people for doing their ordinary work in that way had not come in then.

"And so there really is such a place as the Cape of Good Hope! Do you know, I had really begun to doubt it, and expected it was sea right away till we got

round the world and back to the other side of England again." I further remarked, "But I do not see any land or town; surely Africa cannot be one isolated rock!"

"You will see both the coast and the town fast enough in an hour or two," said the captain, laughing. "You have had voyage enough, it seems. How would you like to be going on to India, like most of the others?"

"Poor wretches! Not but what you have made us as comfortable as any animal not amphibious can possibly be at sea, captain," I hastened to add, fearing lest he might go about in dudgeon, and give me another week of it.

In a few hours I feasted my eye—only one, the other was shut: field glasses were in futurity—on regular, neat, white, clean little Cape Town. Not so little either, when I came to land. Land! It was worth the voyage, almost, to experience that sensation, and get a good fresh dinner, and a glass of Constantia. And then the friendliness and hospitality of the people! I hardly needed my letter of introduction. Ten families, at least, contended for the honour of receiving me as their guest, as warmly as if the absence of a strawberry mark proved me to be a long-lost brother. It is true that I got sick to death of Cape Town before I had done with it, but that was not the fault of either the place or its inhabitants.

I trespassed on the hospitality of my new friends for a few weeks, and then set up an establishment of my own; for I had serious business—which no one now would care to hear about—to transact, and I soon saw that my stay would necessarily be a longer one than I had anticipated.

It rather wounded my English pride at first to find that I was a shopman in the place, and that a regular store had the names of Waite and Hamilton conspicuously placarded about it; but it was quite a matter of course, and I soon got used to that. But to be a merchant in London, with a partner to share my labours, and Mary to visit, was a different thing from carrying on the business alone in Africa; and the two years and nine months of my exile were the weariest days of my life.

The business, indeed, prospered to a certain extent; and if other matters had gone happily, that fact and the pleasant society of the town would have kept me from repining. But, oh, the letters I received from home!

"Will" and "Shall."

ONE of the incidental effects of the interest in orthography which has of late been occasioned by "spelling matches," has been that of calling a good deal of attention also to etymology and syntax. Many of the common mistakes in the use of language have thus been brought to notice. Some of these errors have excited a much smaller proportion of remark than their importance demands. Among this class may be prominently mentioned the misplacement of the auxiliaries "will" and "shall"—an error which Mr. Richard Grant White has laboured hard to correct. It would save us a good deal of time if writers for the press would read his chapters on the subject.

The employment of "will" for "shall," in many cases where good usage requires the latter, is not only a mistake which very often occurs, but one which appears to be increasing in frequency. The use of "shall" for "will" is far less common; and, indeed, is so seldom heard that we shall not stop here to remark upon it. But the number of persons who habitually say or write "will" in certain connections where the word ought to be "shall," and "would" where it ought to be "should," is, even among well-educated people, very great. Indeed, we doubt whether there is one in five of our college-educated men who often does not make this mistake. It is very certain that a great many of them do make it, not only frequently, but habitually, and that there are not a few of the young men who have graduated with high honours at our principal universities who show very plainly that, however much Latin and Greek they may have learned, they are, at least in the particular respect of which we are speaking, very deficient in acquaintance with their own language.

Perhaps the most marked and noticeable form in which the mistake we have just mentioned is made, occurs in questions asked for the purpose of ascertaining the wishes or commands of others in regard to the questioner's action. "What book will I get for you at the library?" "Where will I wait for you this afternoon?" "Doctor, will I take any more of those pills?" "Mamma, what dress will I wear to the party?" Obvious as the error in these and similar instances is, it is one which is often heard from persons who would be very much surprised at the suggestion that they ever talked bad grammar. In fact, there are a good many people who use this form of expression without being aware that they do so. And there are great numbers of parents whose children habitually employ it who have become so much accustomed to the phraseology that it would take some time to convince them that the children use it at all.

There is, when we consider the matter, perhaps less reason for surprise that so many people misplace the words "will" and "shall" than that anybody ever learns to use them correctly. There are, it is true, certain rules in regard to their employment. But these rules are not easily remembered, and besides, they are necessarily expressed in language entirely incomprehensible to great numbers of persons, including, of course, all little children. If a little boy were obliged to wait till he could understand, for instance, the formal statement of the distinctions between the meaning of "shall" in connection with a nominative of the first person and its meanings in connection with a nominative of the second or third person, in order to be able practically to make the distinction, he would most assuredly acquire habits of inaccuracy in regard to its employment which it would be very hard to break by the study of rules. And, indeed, we do not believe that the correct use of "will" and "shall" could by any possibility be perfectly learned by any formal rules. No rules that could be given in regard to the matter could be so expressed as to cover all cases. It is one of those points, of which there are so many in the use of language, respecting which accuracy can only be attained by example and practice. Unfortunately, the example which is, in regard to this point, set before young people by persons of otherwise excellent education is in very many cases far from advantageous.

Things New and Old.

Putnam's Ride.

The Connecticut turnpike, for many years the great mail route between New York and Boston, extended nearly east and west through Greenwich. Directly across its course on the eastern skirt of the village was a rocky bluff, stretching north and south. The ledge has since been blasted through, and the valley partly filled to accommodate the travel; but at that time, on reaching the brow the road turned northward, till it could bend around the ledge, and return beneath it in a line nearly parallel with that above, passing, however, a little farther southward before it resumed the eastward direction. At the point of turning eastward, and on the upper or west side of the road, the historic stone steps commenced—seventy or eighty in number—by which worshippers coming from the east ascended directly to the ancient Episcopal church, which stood on the brow of the cliff and on the south side of the road. Putnam's head-quarters were on the same road, about half a mile west.

And now for the event. He is said to have been present the night before at a ball, given two or three miles distant, and to have remained till after the small hours. The "Cowboys"—Americans who helped the English—are believed to have given information of that ball, and the dragoons were ordered out from the lines nearer New York, hoping to effect a surprise. Ascending the hill west of Greenwich, they were discovered, and the alarm was instantly given. Putnam, who had just retired, was roused, and having no moments to spare, came out of his head-quarters, and mounted, with his coat on his arm (so runs the tradition), and rode furiously along the turnpike. Coming to the bluff, he did not take the steps, for they were several rods to the right of him, and the church was between; nor did he follow the road to the left, which would have delayed him, and exposed him to the fire of the troopers, if they were near; but he plunged his horse over the almost precipitous rocks into the road beneath, which he followed, gaining time and shelter.

It was a break-neck leap, and has given to that part of Greenwich the name Horseneck, which it still bears. Yet it is not absolutely incredible. To test the matter, a horse has been led up to the same spot, but with great difficulty.

It is possible that in his flight he was upon a few of the lower steps: it has been so related. It may have seemed so at the house, but probably it was not so. It is also affirmed that in the narrow valley between the bluff and the next swell of ground the doughty general rose in his stirrups, and shook his fist at his pursuers, now huddled together on the verge; but this may be only a mythical embellishment.

It is, however, unquestionable that there he met General Mead and three or four companions, armed, advancing on foot, to whom he shouted, with characteristic roughness, as he dashed along—

"Curse ye, why don't you run? The British will have you!"

They turned, and on the second swell of ground, about half a mile from the bluff, received the fire of the troopers, the balls falling at their feet.

Not one of the stone steps now remains in place. They were built, with utilitarian economy, into the wall which supports the filling of the new road into the valley; and the grass grows and the scythe sweeps over the footprints of history—but, in this case, those of the worshipper rather than the hero.

A happy repartee fitly concludes this relation of facts.

Some years ago, a large manufacturer of the vicinity visited the spot, accompanied by a number of friends, who listened with much interest to a recital of the story. One of the party was a young minister of the Established Church of England, who stood with averted face, pretending to be regardless of the narrative; but when it was finished he turned and said—

"That's nothing: the British hunters do more than that every day."

The response came quickly:

"But the British dragoons did not dare to follow Putnam there."

That Dog.

A few months ago S. and myself had occasion to make a trip up the Missouri. While waiting at Sioux City for a boat, we saw some of those white Esquimaux dogs, and S. became possessed of the idea that it was necessary for his happiness that he should have one of the breed; so we hunted up the proprietor, and opened negotiations. We found that he had none to spare at the time, but that he expected some puppies would be born to the world in a month or six weeks. That suited S. well enough, as he expected to return to Sioux City in about three months, and a bargain was struck.

Well, we came back; but S. had by that time got out of conceit of the dog, and did not want him. I insisted on his sticking to the bargain, and succeeded in getting him and the proprietor of the dogs together.

"Mr. W.," said I, "when we were here some three months ago, you promised to save for us an Esquimaux puppy. Were any born?"

"Oh, yaw; de puppies was born."

"Well, have you got one for us?"

"Nein, I don't got any."

"Why, how is that? You remember you promised to save one."

"Well, mine vriend, I'll tell how it vas" (confidentially, and drawing close). "Now, you see, de puppy dog he live in de shtable mit de horse, and" (very pathetically) "de horse he got step-ped on to de do-ag, and de do-ag he got di-ed."

And thus it was that S. did not get his puppy; but I made him engage another.

While up the river I heard the following story, showing how an animal can rise, when necessary, superior to its nature:—

"You see," said the narrator, "the beaver took to the water, and the dog was after him. First the beaver was ahead, and then the dog. It was tuck and nip whether the dog would catch the beaver, and nuck and tip whether the beaver would catch the dog. Finally the beaver got across the river, and the dog had almost caught him, when, phit! the beaver skun up a tree."

"But," said a bystander, "beavers can't climb trees."

"A beaver can't climb a tree? Snakes! he had to climb a tree, the dog was a crowdin' him so!"



Once a Week.]

DOWN BY THE SEA.

[July, 1875.]

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A SCHEME.

HOURS glided by, and the sun began to have great power, heating rocks even to burning point. Dawson was weak, but cool and free from fever; and when Adams went into the tent, it was to see him lying with closed eyes, holding Mary's hand clasped in his, and she, far from starting up and seeming abashed at the position, sitting still and subdued, apparently wrapped in the one idea that she was his nurse, and it was her duty to bring him back to strength.

A hasty meal was eaten, and plans made for watching. To attempt to reconnoitre was set aside as dangerous, but with Dawson's glass every part of the valley was swept in search of enemies, and in vain.

So passed the day, without sign of attack or sound to tell that there was an enemy below.

At last, towards evening, Larry exclaimed, with delight—

"Bedad! they're gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Adams.

"Yis! Look there at the bastes; they wouldn't do that if there was an Injun or any wan near!"

And he pointed to the mules, which had been gradually feeding nearer, and now quietly trooped all along the valley.

"Why, if there was an Injun there, they'd smell him a mile away. It's all right, sor. Let's reconnoitre."

But Adams first went to lay the matter before Dawson, who immediately took the side of Larry, and gave his opinion that the Indians must be gone.

A careful search proved this; and on going farther and farther up the valley, carefully watching every rift and ravine, they came to the conclusion at last that the Indians had made for the table-land above, from which they had descended and made their attack.

"Good-bye, an' good luck to them!" said Larry, snapping his fingers. "Sure, we're too many for them."

"For the present, Larry. They'll come back again. I should say they've gone for reinforcements."

"Oh, the Frinch will come agin,

And they'll bring tin thousand min,

Says the Shan Van Vogh,"

sang Larry, softly. "Well, let them, sor; an' be the time they'd get back let's show them that we hadn't time to attend to them, because we were wanted back at Frisco."

It was a serious matter to contemplate, that journey back; for now, in addition to its perils, they had a wounded man to transport, besides the gold.

"I tell ye what, sor," said Larry, hitting upon a bright idea, "ivery pound ov Misther Dawson that the mules has to carry manes a pound ov goold left behind. Sure, let's explore a bit, an' find a nice place where we can go up into the mountains for a week for the binifit ov our health, an' be that time Misther Dawson will be able to handle his legs agin. Thin we can come back an' pick up the treasure, an' away we go."

Larry's plan was too good to be slighted. If they left, the Indians would return, and, finding them gone,

give up the pursuit; and at the end of a fortnight or so they could return in safety. The only difficulty was getting away without leaving a trail.

The next day Dawson was still too weak to be moved; but after carefully seeing to the *cache*, and piling over it a few more pieces of rock, preparations were made for the departure, the mules collected, and the following morning saw the tent struck, the various impedimenta of food and provender carefully stowed, and the little train set off, choosing the stony way up the valley, right in the track they supposed the Indians to have taken—hoping, however, soon to strike upon one of the ravines that led higher up the mountains.

Their progress was very slow, for the wounded man was weak; but, as they expected, at the end of three or four miles they found a valley striking off at right angles to their course, and fortunately it proved less rugged. It was evidently the bed of some mighty torrent in the winter-time; but now here and there along the bottom were tiny rock pools, whose sand, when turned up, showed flecks and scales of gold, making Larry shake his head thoughtfully, as he paused for the mules to drink at one of these holes.

For this was only to be a trip in search of health and safety until the danger had passed; and now that they were out of the track by which they might expect the Indians, they determined to make the trip as leisurely as they could.

The valley sloped upwards rapidly, and their journey was evidently to be one climb until they could descend into some pleasant, peaceful valley. Dawson, weak as he was, undertook to note the direction they took, and keep their bearings by the compass, that there might be no erring on their return; and Adams and Larry often lingered behind to watch carefully, and see that they made no perceptible trail by which they might be followed by their crafty foes. As for Mrs. Adams, she rode gently on her mule, generally far in advance, smiling to herself as she saw the course that affairs were taking, and, with all a woman's match-making love, contriving plans for leaving her sister undisturbed in the company of the invalid.

Valley after valley, all tending upwards; huge rocks on the right, and huge rocks on the left. Patches of towering pines, that seemed mere sticks in the distance, but which grew and grew as they approached, till they stood beneath their shade, and found them mighty monarchs in size. Now they paused beside a cold, clear, mountain stream, and now by a tiny lake, deep and dark; but every hour's journey taking them higher and higher, till they surmounted a ridge which seemed to stand as a gate between two valleys.

A cry of admiration burst from the lips of Mrs. Adams, as she sat upon her mule—fortunately with her husband by her side—for she had looked down upon one of the most glorious vales of verdure she had ever seen. Far as the eye could reach was one fertile garden, shut in by the mountains; and she clapped her hands softly together as she thought of a sojourn in the pleasant land, so bright and peaceful, after the wild region of rocks and chasms they had traversed.

To her great surprise, her husband jerked the mule's bit before she had half satiated her eyes on the verdant feast, and drew the beast back below the ridge, just as Larry came hurrying up from the rear.

"There's a party of thim Injun boys down below there," he said; "an' they're comin' this way."

"Yes," said Adams, huskily; "and in front there, in the valley, is a whole tribe. Which way are we to go?"

CHAPTER XXIV.—WANDERINGS.

THEIR position was perilous in the extreme—sheltered behind that ridge from the Indians below in the great valley, and not even certain that some of their scouts had not seen so prominent an object as a woman riding upon a mule; and on the other side, coming in the very track they had followed, and as if in direct pursuit, there was another hostile band.

A short council of war was held on the instant, and the position reviewed. There was no escape, either backward or forward; their only chance was to find some ravine running off at right angles with the mountain, and seek safety there.

It was a wild region of rifts and ravines; and fortunately there was what seemed to be a mere split between two rocks close at hand. From where they stood, it seemed too narrow for a mule to pass through; but it was their only chance, and they made for it, to find as they drew nearer that it widened out considerably, and, save that the mules had hard work to climb over the rugged stones, the way was easy.

The question even now was whether they would get through before the Indians appeared. The stumbling of a mule would have been ruin, and the wonder was that one of the heavily laden beasts did not fall; but one by one they followed their leader, led by Larry, while Frank kept guard over the rear till the last had passed through, and the sound made by its hoofs became inaudible in the narrow ravine, as he stood listening.

It was none too soon. He had hardly glided through himself, and taken up a sheltered position commanding the opening—rifle poised, and finger on trigger—when the first Indian came in sight of the ravine, then another and another, till, from the murmur of voices, it seemed to Frank Adams that there were twenty or thirty, and they had paused just opposite the rift.

Had they discovered something, and were they going to search it? What could they have found? Had a mule cast a shoe, or had something been left behind? Whatever might be the case, his duty was plain—to defend that pass till the last, so as to give the others a chance to escape. It seemed a mad thing to do, but no other course was open. While his ammunition lasted he could keep fifty Indians at bay, for they would not make a rush—of that he was sure. But then they could easily pursue them and run them down. Heavens! how sick he was of this constant life of dread—this hunted existence! Well, it was nearly at an end now; and wealth could not be won without trouble.

He listened. There was the same babble of voices to be heard, and he supposed that the Indians were consulting about their movements. How far had Larry got by this time with the mules?

"Whisht!"

"What! you here, Larry?" exclaimed Adams.

"Sure, an' where would I be, whin Miss Mary's ladin' the first mule, an' the others are playin' at folly me lader, like so many four-futted babies?"

"But you should not have left them, Larry," said Adams, reproachfully.

"Ye see what it is to have so many masthers," said Larry, with much solemnity. "Miss Mary sez, sez she, 'Go an' help Misther Frank,' she sez; an' I looks at Misther Dawson, an' he nods his head. Well, what could I do afther that bud come an' look after the rear-guard, yer honour? An' here I am."

It was no time for bandying words, so Adams remained silent; and the two men lay there, in positions which covered the rift, for quite an hour, Adams consoling himself with the thought that two of them could more effectually keep the Indians off, and that, though Dawson was wounded and helpless, he could still guide, so that there was a chance of escape.

The full hour passed, and then the murmur died away. Another hour, and all was silent. And now, at his repeated request, Adams consented to let Larry go forward and reconnoitre.

"Shure, I'll go along on the flure, like a lizard," said Larry.

And, leaving his rifle behind, he crept away from stone to stone, and was absent about a quarter of an hour, to come running back with the joyful intelligence that the Indians had passed over the ridge, and were now far down the slope of the great valley, where another body was advancing to meet them.

Saved, then, again, and by the narrowest chance! They started forward at a trot, and made for their friends, following the course of the long, narrow gorge for miles before they overtook them, anxiously waiting at the entrance of this strange rift, where a couple more branched off in different directions; for they were in the land of rifts, ravines, and gorges. The region where they wandered was one network of such valleys, separated by mountainous crag and high point, the valleys wandering vein-like in every direction, the smaller running into the larger, and these again leading down to the plain.

The meeting was a glad one, and, there being now no fear of pursuit, they agreed, after a rest by a mossy nook where there was water and a little pasture for the mules among the bushes, to journey gently onward, always away from the great valley, where it was evident that the Indians had made a temporary settlement; and then they could pause wherever nature offered them a pleasant resting-place, since all they required was undisturbed tranquillity and pleasant, quiet journeying, where the invigorating mountain air blew freely. This life-giving breath Dawson drew in at every inspiration, and already his cheeks looked less pallid and strange.

And now, as they wandered on from resting-place to resting-place, a day or two's freedom from peril bringing back elasticity of spirit and lightness of heart, Larry would be what he called "makin' frinds wid the bastes, whisperin' saycrets" to this long-eared mule, tickling the ribs of that one, but invariably accompanying his attentions with a handful of sweet grass, or a bunch of tender shoots cut from some shrub. The result was that the mules followed him like dogs, and a word or a whistle would, after a halt, bring them trotting up to him at any time ready for loading, the poor brutes the while being ever ready to nuzzle up against him, and rub their noses upon his hand.

"Sure, an' why not?" said Larry, when, with a smile,

Mrs. Adams one day talked to him about it. "I don't think it's Christian-like to hit the poor bastes as can't handle a stick agin. An', sure, there's no pleasure in it, like there would be in bittin' at a rowdy, or an Injun, or a boy at home. An', besides, it would be ongrateful to the bastes to larrup thim for carryin' our traps. Look how a word kapes thim in order an'— Ah! arrah, Pepe, ye baste, lave Don John's tail alone! How would ye like me to be comin' behind an' bitin' yours?"

He shouted loudly at one of the mules playfully nibbling at a brother in front; and the result was a toss of the head and a bit of a caper, and all went well once more.

Mrs. Adams laughed merrily to her husband about the change in his sister; and Mary knew it, and acknowledged it with a soft, gentle smile.

"Can't you find time to stay with us a little while?" said Mrs. Adams, banteringly, one morning, as the little train was passing along a mountain track that was like a broad shelf, with the almost perpendicular slope of the eminences on one side, and a tremendous precipice on the other.

Mary looked up, for she was on foot, and her eyes rested on those of her sister for a few minutes.

"You are laughing at me," she said, softly.

And the next minute she was walking by the side of the mule which carried Dawson.

The direction they had taken had been carefully noted, and the compass brought constantly into requisition, till on this day, during the noontide halt, when the sun was pouring down the full fervour of his beams, Dawson announced that, in a direct line, they were not more than eight miles from the golden valley, as they had named the scene of their sojourn. They were up on a mountain-side far above it; and, judging from analogy, Dawson was of opinion that on passing round the shoulder of this mountain they would come upon either a valley or a table-land, which, if presenting satisfactory features, should be their resting-place for the next week.

The Boy O'Connor.

DR. HARRINGTON TUKE publishes, in the *British Medical Journal*, an account of the condition and history of the lad Arthur O'Connor, now committed to Hanwell Asylum, and recently arrested at Buckingham Palace at the spot where he had three years since committed an assault upon the Queen. In 1872, when O'Connor was arraigned for treason-felony, Dr. Tuke testified that O'Connor was "clearly of unsound mind and entertained insane opinions that rendered him dangerous to others." On that occasion, it was given in evidence that he had had a sudden idea to shoot the Queen, but had abandoned that course for one of intimidation. He had intended to attack her Majesty in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Day of Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. Being turned out of the cathedral at two in the morning, he had returned at eight; the crowd preventing his reaching it again, or getting near the royal carriage. Persistently tracking the Queen, he at last got near her Majesty's person; climbing the iron railings of Buckingham Palace, he had time to present a pistol at the Queen's head before her attendants could arrest

him. Upon him were found a coherent but insane document, purporting to be a pardon for the Fenian prisoners, and an order for O'Connor's own execution. Other insane documents were produced. These the counsel for the prosecution objected to receive. The counsel for the Crown (the present Lord Justice Coleridge) showered ridicule upon the plea of unsoundness of mind, and considered it a "sacred duty" to reject it. The jury adopted the advocate's view, and he was treated as an ordinary criminal, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and a whipping. The latter part of the punishment was remitted by the Queen's clemency. The subsequent history of O'Connor, his letters to the Queen from Australia, asking, among other things, for the post of Poet Laureate, and his present condition, show, however, that Drs. Tuke, Maudsley, and Sabben were on this occasion right, and that the lawyers were wrong. One of the Queen's physicians and Dr. Tweedie saw O'Connor recently, with Dr. Tuke, before his arrest. The *British Medical Journal* publishes O'Connor's own written account of his present condition. It runs as follows:—

"Physical symptoms: Back like ice; want of ability to swallow food. Sinking in stomach. In cold weather, one moment deadly cold, the next burning hot—pains in the head—completely stupefied by cold weather. Mental: Want of rest—thought constantly revolving upon religion. Visions at night of angels hurling men down precipices to die for ever because they had not given up all they loved and go and sell Bibles to the unconverted. Sense that unless I gave up the drama, witty and convivial society, novel writing, and the world completely, I should be everlastingly damned. In a word, one unceasing mania concerning Jesus Christ—the intellect warring with extreme views, yet unable to crush the ever-revolving mania. Sense of utter want of constitution and energy in comparison to what I ought to be. Naturally I am a poet, loving the dramatic writers and poet of nature; and at one time of my life, ere I become physically debilitated, quite unsusceptible to the present mania, which leaves me no rest day nor night. Of late my brain agony has terribly increased. I awoke the other night raging to commit suicide; the idea occurred as a very delightful one, and just as I was about to spring from my bed to act upon it, it passed off, and left me trembling all over and utterly horrified. Since then my feelings have risen to absolute madness continually, and I know very well it is all physical disease—a dead liver, or something of the kind. My home is very wretched, it is in fact a hell to me. Naturally I am devoured by energy, running in walk, and in everything else, but when stupefied by dyspepsia scarcely able to drag a foot." Dr. Tuke adds to his report of the case:—"I freely forgive Lord Coleridge for his personal attack upon myself; it was possibly his professional duty to break down, by every possible means, a witness hostile to his own views; but he must surely now deeply deplore his share in a proceeding which consigned a sick and insane boy to degrading punishment, and to a prison instead of a hospital, thus perhaps rendering him a hopeless lunatic; he may also regret that he treated a medical witness with much discourtesy, and ridiculed scientific evidence that has ultimately proved correct; and he must feel deeply

that his unfortunate advocacy very nearly resulted in injury or alarm to the Royal Mistress it was his special duty to protect and defend. I trust the case of Arthur O'Connor may lead the English bar either to more extended study, or induce them to receive with greater attention and respect the evidence of those who make medical and other scientific investigations the pleasure and business of their lives."

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER XLIX.—OFF THE SCENT.

SERGEANT HARKER sat in his private office, whistling that doleful tune of his, and playing to it a castanet-like accompaniment, by tapping with his long nails upon the lid of his desk. Tiring of that, he took to making a target of the said desk lid, and a javelin of a penknife, which he darted at the lid, so that it stuck again and again.

Even this last pursuit palled after a time, and with a sigh the sergeant took from a pigeon-hole a packet formed of something wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, and neatly tied with tape.

The untying of the tape and the unfolding of the paper revealed some carefully cut sandwiches, the work of Mrs. Sergeant Harker; they were square and neat, and evidently cut with a sharp knife—the butter was liberal, so was the mustard, as plainly revealed when the sergeant raised the bread, and disclosed the pinky slices of silver-side of the round of beef, glossed with their metallic purply-green reflections.

The sergeant ceased whistling as he began to eat, saying a kind of grace first, evidently of thankfulness to his wife—the grace being "Bless her old heart!" Then he searched in another pigeon-hole above his desk, and brought out a leather-covered flask, with a curiously secured top—one which required unlocking before it would unscrew—the key hanging at the owner's watch chain, the sergeant having a wholesome care of what he drank, lest at some time or other hocusing might be practised. He then carefully wiped the mouth of the flask, and smelt before tasting: divers little acts of caution probably induced by the nature of his trade, for there were times when people with whom the sergeant was in professional *rapproch* would have willingly put something unpleasant of savour in that same flask, especially at such times as those when it was a match between wits, and life or death the stakes.

The sergeant tasted the contents of his flask, smacked his lips, and then stopped an attempt of the whistling by the insertion of a sandwich between his lips, working so hard that in a short time he was able to carefully fold up the paper, knot the tape, and place both in his pockets ready for future use.

He had hardly flicked away the last crumb, and removed the last tiny piece of gristle from between his teeth by means of the javelin penknife, when there was a knock at the door, and an attendant constable ushered in "a gentleman who wanted Sergeant Harker"—the said gentleman being Tom Madron.

"I am glad I have found you at last, sergeant," said Tom, eagerly. "I've been twice before."

"Yes—I know," said the sergeant, looking hard at

the haggard face before him; "but it would have been no use if you had seen me."

"What! no news yet?" said Tom, bluntly.

"Well, I won't say no news," said the sergeant. "I don't make a point of telling my doings, as a rule; but if it's any satisfaction to you to know it, they—"

"You still keep to that foolish notion, then?" exclaimed Tom, angrily.

"Yes," said the sergeant, quietly, as he locked up his flask. "I still keep to the same foolish notion I had on the day I was down at Bubbley Parva, and you were released. It's no use for you to be cross about it, sir, for it's all as plain as a pikestaff. The day we missed him, he went, of course, to the very place I never thought he'd go to—down to Bubbley Parva. He had an interview with his cousin—"

Tom clenched his hands.

"—And then they went off together in a fly to Ousby Station, where they took the night mail for Bath."

"But this cannot be," exclaimed Tom, pitifully—"it is impossible."

The sergeant slightly shrugged his shoulders, and then went on—

"The station master can swear to it, sir; and I'm quite satisfied that he's right. I traced them to Bath, and there I found that they had taken tickets for London. That's all I've got to tell you, so far."

Tom Madron tried hard to get a little more information, though all the time he dreaded to hear that which the sergeant might have to impart, and at last he left him, after obtaining a promise that he should be sent for as soon as there was anything worth imparting.

He left the sergeant's office in no very enviable state of mind; indeed, since his obtaining his liberty, he had felt and acted like one almost bereft of reason. The first news that awaited him was that Jenny had disappeared; the next was that the man upon whom now rested the burden of the horrible charge from which he had himself escaped, was Harvey Parker.

All search for Jenny had proved vain. Mr. Superintendent Burley had discovered a few footprints in the garden—that was all the information obtained, until in his despair Tom bethought him of the sergeant; and rushed up to town, had an interview, at which he learned that he might have saved himself his journey, for the sergeant was coming down to Bubbley Parva that day; and a couple of hours after his arrival he half maddened Tom by telling him that without a doubt Harvey Parker had been down to the town, and fetched away his cousin.

How had it been managed? was the problem Tom had now to solve. It was so hard, he told himself, that no sooner was he freed from that terrible ordeal, the charge of murder, than he should be subjected to suffering that was, if anything, more poignant than the last. For a long time he would not believe it possible; then he allowed the possibility of the departure of Jenny, but consoled himself with the idea that she had only left by force. He knew that of her own free will she would never have accompanied her cousin, unless he had some hold upon her—something by means of which he could induce her to do as he wished.

During his search for information, Tom Madron went twice to the Manor House, and also to Jack Filmer's,

where he closely questioned Fanny, whom he found faithful to her post, attending on Jack.

There was no information to be obtained though from Fanny—only her declaration that it was quite impossible that Miss Jenny would have gone with her cousin unless she had been made.

Tom found no consolation there; but he consented to go up and see Jack Filmer, who stared at him in a helpless, pitiful way for some minutes before he seemed to recognize his visitor, and then he feebly nodded his head and pointed to his forehead.

"Can't you give me some stuff to do me good here, sir?" he said in a whisper. "I'm all wrong here—all gone like, and don't know what I'm about half my time."

Almost mechanically Tom stood at the bedside, earning well poor Fanny's gratitude as he gradually grew more interested in the sufferer's case, and questioned and advised, and then promised to send in medicine.

"And you—you don't—don't think he'll die, sir?" sobbed Fanny, in a choking voice, when they were downstairs again.

"No," said Tom, sadly, for his thoughts were more upon his own trouble. "No, I don't, indeed. He's very much shattered in the mental powers; but I hope good nursing and care will put him right. At all events, we'll try, Fanny; and you shall marry the poor fellow, and make him a happy little wife."

Poor Fanny, she only sobbed the more, for she fancied that the words were said to encourage and cheer her up.

She had to hide her tears, though; for just then from above was heard poor Jack's moaning voice, complaining that he was left all alone for hours together, and that everybody who knew him would leave him to die.

"Is he often like that?" queried Tom.

"Oh, yes, sir, every day; and he even says, sometimes when I give him his physic, that I am trying to poison him; when—when I'm sure I'd give my life to lie down and save his directly, if it would."

Tom said a few encouraging words, and then left, as low-spirited as the poor girl herself; but he came again and again to see Jack Filmer, interesting himself more and more in the case, as he saw the poor fellow's struggles to get back to strength and reason. And it was here, in his hours of trouble and suspense—worse almost than those which he had passed in prison—that Tom Madron found the greatest relief; for Fanny's little heart bled for him, and she was always ready to chat about "poor Miss Jenny," in a way that was consolatory to despairing Tom, whose life seemed clouded more blackly now than before.

It was during one of his visits to the sick house that Tom had described, and was giving some instructions to Fanny about the medicine to be administered, when Jack Filmer's voice was heard calling—

"Mr. Madron, sir—here, please, quick!"

Tom and Fanny rushed upstairs, to find Jack supporting himself on one arm, and gazing wildly at them.

"What is it?" exclaimed the doctor.

"I got it in tight—tight," whimpered Jack, "and said it all; and—now it's all gone again, and—oh, I'm a poor miserable devil."

"There, there," said Tom, soothingly, "be calm; it will all come right in time."

"But I'd got it," cried Jack, feebly, "and—yes—there it is again, and—"

"What?" cried Fanny, clasping his hand in hers.

"No!" groaned the poor fellow, pressing one hand to his hot forehead, "I can't make it out; but it'll all come right some day, if I don't die."

CHAPTER L.—VERY DARK.

"NO, I won't die, Fanny," said Jack Filmer, feebly; and he repeated this again and again, day after day. But all the same, poor Fanny, who was worn by watching and anxiety to a shadow of her former self, though she tried hard, could not find it in her heart to believe him.

"I know he'll die—I'm sure he'll die," she sobbed one day, as she sat in the little shop, and rocked herself to and fro; for, after being more peevish and fretful than usual, Jack had sunk into a heavy sleep, wherein his repose seemed so profound and his aspect so fixed and ghastly, that she stood shivering by his bedside for awhile, listening to his breathing, till its deepness and regularity somewhat reassured her; and then she went softly downstairs to cry, where there would be no fear of her sobs disturbing him.

It had been a day of extra anxiety for her, since Jack had been more than usually fretful. Though not perceptible to her, it was evident that Tom Madron's treatment was working favourably upon the invalid, whose brain grew more active: thought was there, and busy thought—recollection too; but thought in a state of chaos. His ideas were jumbled and mixed: the head of one subject was joined to the body of another and the tail of a third, with the result of frightening Fanny, and making Jack himself sink back on his pillow and weep weak tears of despair.

"Are you coming to sit with me now a bit?" he said to her, in weak, querulous tones. "Ah, that's right, sit down, and bring your work. I like to see you sew glass plates together with the beef tea."

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" sighed Fanny.

"Yes, I know," he moaned; "that's all stuff I'm talking, and I can't get things right in the camera, and the picture's fogged, and I won't pay him a penny. I'll fight him for the bill, and—"

Poor Jack ceased babbling, with a look of pitiful appeal on his face, to which Fanny responded by raising his head, turning the pillow cool side uppermost, and laying her soft, fresh hand upon his burning forehead.

"Ah, that's better—I can think now," again sighed Jack. "If you were to put more soda in the water when you wash my face, Fanny, I think I should come clearer, and know what I want."

"Try and go to sleep, now," said Fanny, soothingly.

"How can I go to sleep," he said, pettishly, "when I've got that work to do, and everything fogging? There's something wrong with the developer, Fanny. Look here," he whispered, "I get my glass plate and lay the butter on thick, and then in comes the doctor—no—no, that aint what I want to say, you know," he groaned. "My head's all broke loose, Fanny, and when I want to say one thing, it seems to me as if some one came and put another thing into my mouth."

"Then try and sleep," whispered Fanny, kissing his forehead.

"That's nice," said Jack. "That makes me think again. You don't want to kill me, do you, Fanny?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack!"

"No, I don't think you do, only sometimes it comes like a little black thing turning a handle, and the wheel goes round, and it always comes out—'She's going to poison you with the stuff!'"

"Oh! Jack, Jack!"

"Yes, I know," he said, impatiently; "it's all bosh, and I'm wrong in the head, and those boots must be soled and heeled now."

"Try and sleep, Jack, darling, for my sake," whispered Fanny.

"Yes, yes, I will," he exclaimed, looking at her earnestly.

And then he closed his eyes for awhile; but as soon as Fanny tried to withdraw her hand, he started awake again, and stared at her eagerly.

"Oh, yes, I know now," he cried, excitedly. "I know now. I clean my plate, and pour on a good, clean, level film of collodion; and then I put it in the bath, and let it stay; expose it in the camera all right; whip it into the dark room, and begin to develop; and then all's wrong—everything fogs. Fanny!"

"Yes, dear."

"Come closer, and let me whisper."

Fanny laid her ear to his lips, but he remained silent.

"Fanny," he said again.

"Yes, dear."

"It's all gone," he moaned. "I was going to tell you; but it was like a cloud coming over my mind, and I can't think what I was going to say."

"Then try and go to sleep now, and it will all come back again by-and-by."

"No, it won't," he cried, angrily. "It'll never come back if I don't figure it out. If it does, it will come back with all sorts of things mixed up with it, same as when the boy put the collodion in the wrong bottle, and—That's it—that's it!" he cried, excitedly. "It's come back—it was about the developer and the picture, and when you begin to develop it's all wrong; and—let me whisper."

"What, dear?" said Fanny; for his lips moved close to her ear, but she could not catch the words.

"I think," he said, in a frightened way, "it's because the devil comes and mixes blood with the stuff in the bottle."

"Oh, try and go to sleep," said Fanny, earnestly.

And a frightened expression overspread her face, as she bathed the sufferer's temples with some cold fluid, under whose influence Jack lay perfectly still, only babbling at intervals about old Burge's money, and the rent of twenty bottles a year, and the Euston-road; when, as has been said, Fanny stole downstairs to cry in solitude, and bemoan the fate of the man for whom her affectionate little heart bled.

"I won't leave him, never—never!" she cried; "and I'll learn to do the photographing myself; and if he does—does go mad, they sha'n't take him away, no matter how bad he is; for I'll always take care of him myself; and I was a wicked, cruel girl ever to treat him as I did, and all this is a punishment to me for my bad behaviour."

Fanny then had what she called a good cry, ending by wiping her pretty eyes, and stealing to the stair foot

to listen whether Jack was awake; but, as she could hear him still breathing regularly, she returned to her chair.

"No, I'll never—never leave him," she sobbed again, and—

"Nobody will ever want you to, I'm sure, Fanny," said a quiet, grave voice at her elbow.

"Ah, Mr. Madron, I didn't hear you come in," said Fanny, starting.

"Well, and how is our patient, Fanny?" said Tom.

The little maiden recounted all that had taken place.

"And it's a sign that he is getting much worse, isn't it, sir?" said Fanny, eagerly.

"It's a sign that he is decidedly better," said Tom, smiling. "Why, from your account, his brain has been far clearer than it has been since his accident. It must be a matter of time."

"Oh, if it's years, and years, and years, I won't care," said Fanny, excitedly, "so that he really does get well."

"And you'd wait for him till he was quite an old man, eh, Fanny?" said Tom, sadly.

"Yes, that I would," exclaimed Fanny, but blushing the next moment. Then, to hide her confusion, she said, "Have you any news about Miss Jenny, sir?"

Tom made no reply, but turned towards the staircase, just as there was the sound of some one turning restlessly in bed, and, in a weak, piping, querulous voice, Jack Filmer was heard to say—

"Left all by myself, to die like a dog, and I can't get those photos printed, because the rent aint paid. Fanny! Fanny!"

"I'm here, Jack—I'm here," exclaimed the little maid, brushing eagerly past the doctor, and hurrying upstairs.

"You oughtn't to leave me—you know you oughtn't," whimpered Jack.

"Hush! don't dear, don't say so," she whispered. "You were asleep."

"I wasn't," cried Jack, querulously. "I wasn't asleep. I'm never asleep. I haven't been asleep for a month, because—because—because— Why haven't I been asleep for a month, Fanny? Aint it because of that camera?"

"No. It's because you were not sleepy, perhaps," said Tom Madron, quietly entering the room, and examining the patient.

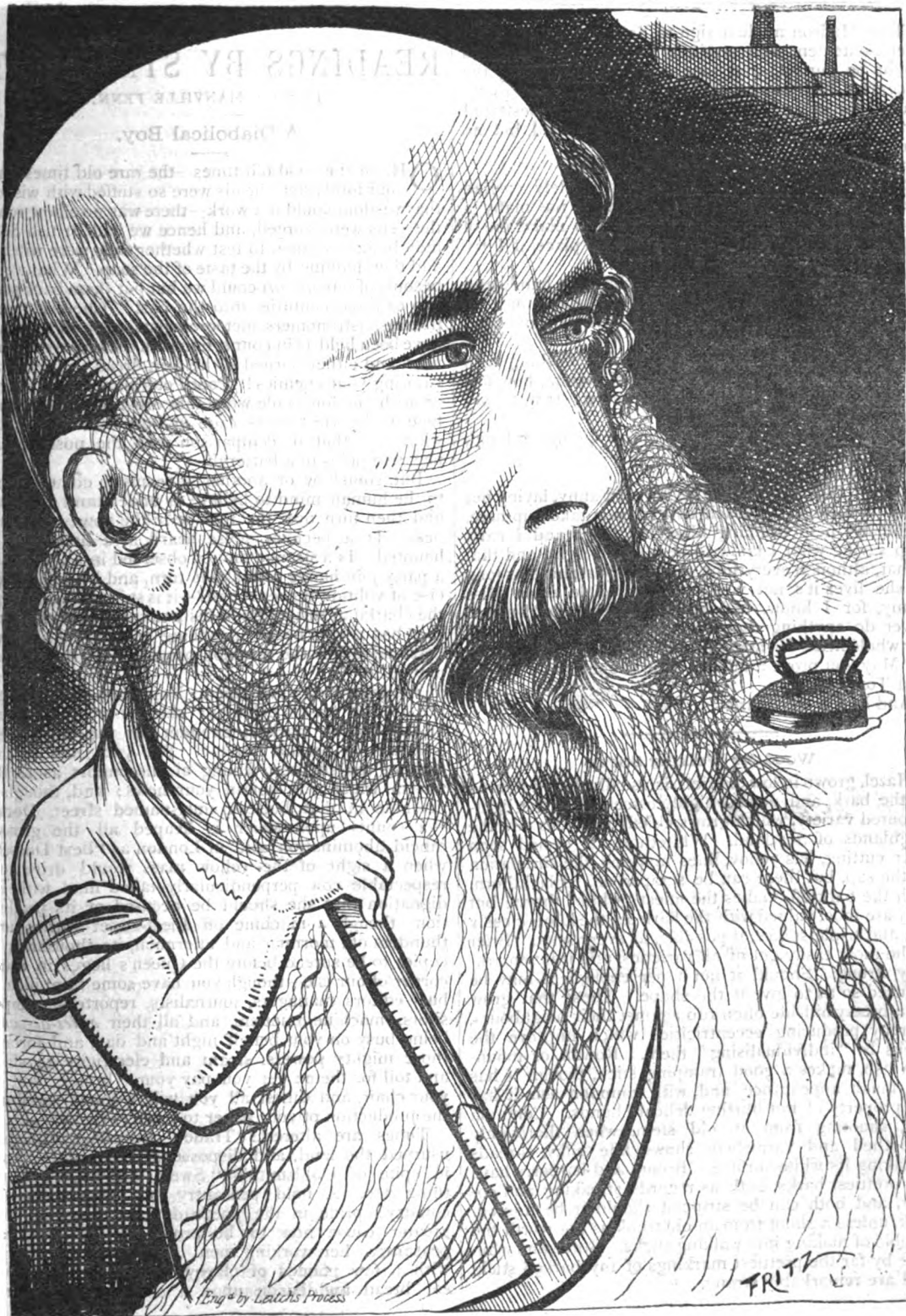
"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Jack. "I can't take you to-day—I'm not taking likenesses now, and I won't take the old gentleman any more. Won't you ask him to come and see me—and about the money! Where's Mr. Harvey?"

Tom Madron shuddered, and looked hard at Fanny, who returned the gaze.

"I know all about him," cried Jack, nodding his head in a self-satisfied manner; "but it's the collodion and the developer, and the blood in it," he whispered. "Half-a-crown a dozen, you know, after the first. He said I should not get on, and laughed about it; but no—no, I won't go to the races, and let her think me lazy. Ah, yes, you're there. Did you think me lazy?"

"Oh, no, no, Jack; but how did you get so hurt there?" cried Fanny.

"Got hurt! Did I get hurt?" said Jack, feebly. "Oh, yes, it's the developer."



MR. CRAWSHAY.—IRON.

Tom Madron made a sign to Fanny to be silent, as over-excitement and straining of the weak faculties might be hurtful; and then, after quietly giving the necessary instructions, he turned to leave the room, Fanny following him downstairs, where she hesitated for a few moments, and then her lips parted, but no sound came.

"What is it, Fanny?" said Tom, kindly.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Fanny, completely carried away by her earnestness, "you've done me many a good turn, and said many a kind word to make me of better heart. Don't think I forget my place, if I try to say one word to you in return."

"My dear child," said Tom, taking her hand, and detaining it, as he smiled sadly down at the little worn face before him, "I can bear kind words well, and need them sorely."

"Well sir," said Fanny, her pale face flushing with excitement, "it's like this: I can't help seeing how low and down you are about all this trouble. It was very dreadful being put in prison."

"There, my good girl," said Tom, dropping her hand, "say no more."

And he turned to go.

"But I must say it now, sir," cried Fanny, laying her hand on his arm. "Much as I've been taken up here, I couldn't help thinking about all that; and I can't help saying what I know to be true and right, and that is that, although everything seems very strange, as long as she lives it's not you as need trouble about Miss Jenny, for I know, and know well, that she'd never, never do anything that would hurt you as has had her whole heart for many a long day."

"May you prove a faithful little prophetess, Fanny," said Tom, moodily.

And he left the house.

Wood for Walking Sticks.

Hazel, grown in low districts, is usually dark-coloured in the bark, and not so highly esteemed as the light-coloured variety, which grows chiefly in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland. Whitethorn, if peeled soon after cutting, has yellow lines marking the circulation of the sap, but these can be scraped off. Blackthorn, with the bark off, makes the finest "white" thorn; but they are most valued with the bark on, the knots closely set, and triple spikes, if possible, at every knot. Brier is the most easily got of all varieties, and it is remarkably strong. Should it not taper enough, it may be reduced so as to give it the shape. Those that grow on a breezy hillside often rub against their neighbours, thereby producing eccentricities which improve the sticks by "individualising" them. Rowan, or mountain ash, makes a good tramping stick, though it has not much appearance, and, with common ash, it has the property of not hurting delicate hands. Common ash, shooting from an old stem, when thoroughly smoothed and varnished, shows fine silky threads streaking its white surface. Broom and barberry have the prettiest barks, both as regards streaking and colour, and both can be stripped should it be injured. Oak, unless a shoot from an old trunk, is not worth the trouble of making into walking sticks. Gorse and whin give by far the prettiest markings of any barked stick, and are remarkably strong.

THE READINGS BY STARLIGHT.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Diabolical Boy.

OH, for the good old times—the rare old times when our forefathers' heads were so stuffed with wisdom that wisdom could not work—there was no elbow room, the cells were gorged, and hence we had British Solomon boiling women to test whether they were witches, and then judging by the taste of the soup. What would become of our *savans* could we but put them back some two or three centuries into the past? Chemists, electricians, astronomers, meteorologists, one and all, would have been held as in connection with the powers of darkness, and either burned or held in dread. Fancy galvanizing your enemies! Poor Peter Simple was stirred up with the long pole when fate drove him to take refuge in the wild beasts' cage at Portsmouth Fair; but what was that in comparison with the positive and negative poles of a battery?

But, somehow or another, it seems to come natural to the human mind to believe or understand all it can, and then turn over the residue to the powers of darkness. Is a peculiar noise heard in a house?—it is haunted. Is a strange motion observed in a table when a party join hands to make it turn, and by some exercise of volition it goes round?—it is spirit influence, and the charlatan thrives upon his weak neighbours. And so it has always been. Anything not thoroughly "understanded" of the common people is spiritual, sinful, diabolical.

You take your newspaper. You learn how matters are in the far-off colonies; chuckle over the state of the money market; shudder for the wickedness and horrors passing around. But you read all this without the slightest feeling of discomfort as to the way in which you obtain your news; and, though a machine in that butter-county-named street, Dorset—a county upon which is heaped all the greasy, rancid abomination sold in London as "best Dorset," when a sight of the yellow mass would drive any respectable cow perpendicularly-tailed mad with indignation that she should be accused of its production—though a machine off Fleet-street rattles and thunders off, morning and afternoon, its thousands of copies to be spread before the Queen's lieges in every corner of our isle—though you have some faint idea of busy editors, managers, journalists, reporters, composers, machine minders, and all their *aides-de-camp* being busy on your behalf night and day, and forcing those mighty powers, steam and electricity, to slave and toil for them; yet you pay your "bronze," lol in your chair, and digest all you will, without ascribing the production of your paper to matters diabolical.

Times are altered! Trade's unfeeling train has usurped the land, and dispossessed the swain; and, in spite of Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn," a good thing too. A bold peasantry may have been its country's pride in the poet's day, but England has greater cause now to be proud of her educated peasantry—her working men. To follow the plough with a few pounds of clayey soil upon each boot, eat bread and bacon upon a stile, or to perform

farming operations all the year round, may be, and doubtless is, very necessary; but there is something very plodding in the life, and year by year we see the machine taking the place of the man—ploughing, sowing, reaping, mowing, threshing, drilling, draining, stacking, drawing loads, and tending greatly towards making us expect a steam farmer's boy ere long. Times are altered; and, in spite of many backslidings, we are getting a little above ascribing quite so much to Satanic agency. But there was a time when one Faust lived upon the earth; when this real benefactor of his kind devoted time and energy towards the introduction of printing—for to him some ascribe the honour; when this scholarly man tried to introduce printing by means of movable types, and was set down as a sorcerer, a wizard, a man who had sold himself to the devil, and entered into a compact, signed, sealed, and delivered—signed in Faust's own blood.

Report says that, to rebuke a sneering lawyer, a quiet old clergyman gave a new reading to a passage of Scripture, and instead of rendering it, "And the devil was a *liar* from the beginning," turned it into "And the devil was a *lawyer*," which chimes well with the popular documentary evidence carried down to us in legendary lore. What a pity that this Faust Diabolus document was not preserved, so that the wording might be perused; though one of the great pests of a legal deed would be wanting, since the compact was entirely of a personal nature, and had nothing to do with Faust's "heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns," words which most lawyers know by heart—at least, those who have any.

And yet, strange as may seem the assertion to all but the initiated, the devil exists still in every printing office; for the term has been handed down and borne by the dirty, paper-crowned, ink-smeared, copy-seeking, galley-brushing boy, from time out almost of knowledge. Memory goes back years and years, and I can see again a devil I knew—a thin-faced, bright-eyed boy—tramping morning after morning, after an early breakfast taken in two courses—the coffee at home, and the bread always (bread and butter or dripping sometimes) 'out upon the pavement, as he hurries along to Clerkenwell, a walk of miles and furlongs from his home at Camberwell, hurrying along lest he should be late. And though a devil himself, it almost seemed as if a namesake was continually at his elbow to tempt him to gaze upon a shop window here, a few boys at play there; for though promoted to a man, since working for his living, the boy would not be driven out of his heart, and intense longings for games of marbles, buttons, peg-in-the-ring, would tug at him to keep him from the path of duty. And what long roads were those of Walworth, London, and Blackfriars, in those days! and what traps there were to ensnare a boy having in his pocket a sixpence for the purpose of providing a fourpenny dinner and twopenny tea! Everywhere apples, gooseberries, nuts, oranges, stale pastry. Ah! It was no wonder that at times the commissariat department proper was neglected, and the diabolical interior supplied with lemon acid, bull's-eyes, or ha'porths off the stale board.

There he is, puzzling over the intricacies of minion, brevier, and long primer, trying to read the reversed letters that he scrubs with a solution of potash strong

enough to make his hands smart. That's he, with the smudge of ink across his face; for though in the days of manhood one's hand perhaps seldom touches one's face, yet boys, especially boys employed at dirty trades, have a strange *p penchant* for rubbing and smearing their faces with fingers of the foulest.

The expression, "Poor devil!" is common enough; and in those days the poor devil of the printing office fared not well: a kick here, a cuff there, foul words hurled at him continually; and, poor devil, he was always having accidents. Did he not stumble against the forme of 8vo, and kick out two pages, which lay with their "furniture" behind the "chase" in a hopeless mass of "pie?" Did he not let the brass galley fall upon the face of the imposed type, and batter no end? Who was it dropped the lower case of nonpareil because it was so full he could not bear it? Who, when called upon to roll, took too much ink, or not enough, or missed part of the type, making "monks" and "friars" innumerable?

He found in some cases the language of "the chapel" anything but edifying, and such as would have made Caxton think twice before opening his office in the Sanctuary. But then, there were golden times for the devil: dinner hour, and a threepenny plate of roast pork and a pen'orth of potatoes in Goswell-street—fourpenny plates being the ordinary size, but a penny reduction being made in favour of the small boy and regular customer. And then, too, tea-time, when for a penny there was a glorious cup of coffee—not tea—such coffee as cannot be obtained now, three slices of bread and butter, and a peep at *Bentley's Miscellany* or *Ainsworth's Magazine*, very stained, stale, and dirty though they were. What intellectual feasts were these, and how greedily discussed until the inexorable clock pointed to half-past five, and work had to be resumed! And then, again, the temptations. Why were those plates of pork so small and savoury that they only seemed to act like wedges sent into the internal economy to make room for more, while, with twopence in his pocket, Goswell-street, the tempting in treasures, had to be passed on the way back? Who amongst us has not yielded to backsliding, as our devil did, by investing a penny in something by way of "sweets" or dessert, bringing down his five o'clock meal to a cup of coffee? or, worse still, when the treasure bought with the spent penny was unusually toothsome and delicate, did he not fight as long as he could, and then go back and spend the last? No tea that night, no bread and butter, no adventures of Richard Savage; nothing but repentance, and a feast of reason at a shop where pictures were sold at a half-penny plain and twopence coloured—where tinsel was supplied, and Richard Cœur de Lion, with his legs stretched out very widely, might be made resplendent in a white satin tunic and golden scale armour—that is, made all glorious by a boy millionaire.

Out of the limbo of the past, too, comes Young and Delcambre's patent composing machine, with my devil turning the handle to set a beater at work, driving down letter after letter set in motion by the piano-like keys, while the boy read over as well, to see that there was no cessation of the supply of any particular letter. What has become of the *London Phalanx*, and its articles, most interesting to a mind of eleven, upon Joanna Southcott? Surely it must have been to Bell-yard where the heavy galleys of matter were carried.

The *Family Herald*, commenced as a broad sheet with a cut of the machine, exists still in altered form, but we fear the machine has been discarded—a machine the idol almost of a genial, gentlemanly man. But, *redivivus!*—was not the machine again, with vast improvements, exhibited in 1862, and is the day to come when those busy, educated fingers shall no more go, almost by instinct, from box to box, till word by word, lines, pages, books, creep up, and the wisdom of the world is spread before her children in nearly every language under the sun?

There goes our devil again, crawling by gaslight, after eight o'clock, on his evening journey home; down St. John-street, across Smithfield, without the heart to have a jump over any of the pens; through Cow-cross, along Farringdon-street, Bridge-street, Blackfriars-road, and after a pause at the Surrey Theatre, in wonderment of what might be going on inside, and what a grand thing it must be to see the "Black Pirate; or, the Demon of the Yellow Sea," homeward—past the Castle with its Elephant, to the familiar lane and its garden, and even then not too tired for a game. Oh, for the elasticity of those young days!

But the other day, out of Cheapside, and down a narrow lane leading to the river, between one and two, there were the modern representatives of my devil, scampering and racing about outside a huge printing office that would have excited the admiration and envy of Caxton, Faust, Guttenburg, the Aldines, and the rest of our typographic heroes. There were the modern devils, paper-capped, oily, and ink-smudged, deep in "fly the garter," rounders, and every other sport in which limited space and time would allow them to get rid of some of their pent-up effervescence. As in the days of yore, so now, except that machinery has made many alterations; and, yes—no—yes—even in Blackfriars-road. So, what ho! Hebe of the Spiers and Pond domain! Ambrosia here, and then hey for Camberwell; but we'll take a lift by train—by London, Chatham, and Dover line.

A Reason.

The Abbé Boileau being asked why he always wrote in Latin, took a pinch of snuff, and answered, gravely, "Why, for fear the bishops should read me."

Accommodating.

A minister who, after a hard day's labour, was enjoying a "tea-dinner," kept incessantly praising the ham, and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at home was as fond o' ham as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of one.

"It's unco kin' o' ye—unco kin'; but I'll no put you tae the trouble o' sending it, I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me."

When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly; his inventive genius soon cut the Gordian knot—

"I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither end wad mak' a grand balance."

The hint was immediately acted on; and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XX.—A CHAPTER WHICH WILL NOT, I FEAR, BE FOUND CHEERFUL.

THE very first letter, so anxiously looked for, which I received from Mary had a depressing effect upon me, though why, it would be difficult to explain. It was kind, frank, cheerful enough; in fact, a delightful letter, supposing Mary and I had not been plighted lovers.

What disappointed me was the absence of that element which excites "roars of laughter" in a court of justice when love letters are read out during a breach of promise trial; the lack of those expressions which sound so silly to strangers, and have such a depth of meaning for the ears to which they are addressed; just as dancing appears the most ridiculous buffoonery to the man who is stone deaf and cannot hear the music. For you may safely assume of the wisest, hardest-headed, most unromantic, worldliest men or women living, that if they have never written or spoken nonsense they have never really been in love.

But the second time I heard from her it was no morbid, self-tormenting anxiety that I felt, but a real and stunning grief.

The letter came after I had been settled in Cape Town for seven months, and it had a deep black border.

It is a horrible thing to see that dark shadow of the contents of a letter in England, when you are within a few hours' journey of your correspondent; but for the exile the pain is immensely aggravated. And the more eagerly he has been longing for news, the greater is the shock.

It was given to me in my office, but I dared not open it there, before witnesses; so, leaving the budget of business communications which were delivered at the same time unattended to, I retired to my private room, locked the door, and, with a trembling hand, tore open the letter.

"Oh, Jack, why are you not here? Why are you so far that you cannot come to me, to speak of him with me? Oh, how shall I ever write it? Papa, dear, dear papa! Jack, I am alone—I have had the greatest loss. The typhus fever was very bad at Brockford the month before last, and dearest papa was constantly with the poor, sick people, as you know he always was. At last it got better, and old Jane, in the second almshouse—you will remember—she had it last, and died of it; dearest papa being with her all through, and the only one there at the end. And then, when all his work was done, he said—it was the very evening of old Jane's death—that he was quite tired out, and could eat nothing, though I got him some buttered toast, which you know he used to like when he had done too much, and could not fancy his dinner. And he went to bed before ten, and without having prayers—so unlike him. In the night I heard him walking about, and talking out loud, and, being frightened, I put on some things, and went to his room with a light. And, Jack, he did not know me, but looked at me so dreadfully! I got him back to bed, however, and Susan ran for the doctor, who came, I believe, quite quickly, though it seemed so long. But, Jack, dearest papa got very

much worse; and though I nursed and watched him day and night, I could do him no good. Oh, Jack, dear, it seems impossible that we should have lost him; but it is the dreadful truth. He was quite conscious the last two days, and talked so much of you, and sent you his best love, and hoped you would never forget the religious truths he had impressed upon you early—when we were both little. We have never thought enough about them, either of us, I fear—having one so good always before us for an example, too. He considered you quite as his son. Oh, how I wish you were here, that we might talk about him together; but that cannot be. There is no one else who knew him, and was so close and dear to him as we two; though all who came near him loved him, and Mrs. Courtland has been very, very kind. She came to help nurse him—she who has such a dread of infection!—and she has taken me to live with her. But I am very wretched. Dear Brockford—I love every stone in it; and London seems such a cold place.”

I was strongly attached to Mr. Glading, and this news was a terrible blow. And then the knowledge that Mary was in such sorrow, and desired my presence so strongly, and to be separated from her by so many thousands of miles, gave me a maddening sort of feeling, which it took weeks of reflection upon my favourite piece of philosophy—that “it could not be helped”—to moderate.

The next time I heard from Mary, some four months afterwards, she was still in great sorrow; but in the following letter I saw with relief that time the consoler had had the customary effect, and that she was recovering her wonted spirits.

And yet a sentence in that letter cut me to the quick.

“Do you know, Jack,” she wrote, “I sometimes wish that you had never asked me to be your wife. We seemed to be united by a closer tie while I looked upon you as my brother. And, indeed, that is the character in which I find myself generally considering you, especially since my loss. If we are ever really married, I dare say it will be different then; but at present our engagement seems a sort of barrier between us, and I wish sometimes for the old days when we called each other brother and sister. I hope my saying this will not pain you—I write just what comes into my head.”

Pain me! She could have no idea how much. Those words of hers confirmed what I most dreaded.

This chapter is almost entirely composed of extracts from letters. Here is another, out of one which came about a year and a half after my arrival, and which I did not think much of at the time, though I remembered it too well afterwards.

“I met an old school and college friend of yours at a party last week, and I have seen him several times since—a Mr. Tempest. Do you remember him well? He does you, and talks a great deal about you. He told me the old story about Mr. O’Meary and the fireworks at Eton, and says that they all treated you shamefully. They were boys then, he says, and that is their only excuse; for Broderip’s after-conduct, when he was a man, he declares there is nothing to be said.

People call him—Mr. Tempest—a very handsome man. Do you think him so?”

It was more than half a year after that before I received another letter from her, and there was something constrained in the tone of it which alarmed me.

And then I got this letter from Mrs. Courtland—

“MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON—Pardon me if what I am about to say in any way hurts your feelings, but as a true friend both to Mary and yourself, I cannot resist urging you to return to England as soon as your affairs will permit. When I knew of your engagement I ceased to encourage eligible young men to come to my house, as, thinking that I was acting in Mary’s interests, I had previously done; and I have never said a word in your disfavour, so do not look upon me as an enemy. I only desire what is best for the dear girl’s happiness, and, from what I have seen of you, I believe you are fitted to ensure it.

“But, in spite of Mary’s undoubtedly strong attachment to you from childhood, pardon me if I doubt whether she has ever felt the passion called love towards you. If you could once be married, I do not doubt that would come; or even if you were constantly with her, if it is not too late, which I hope is not the case. But you have now been absent for two years, and Mary is very much admired. In one quarter, especially, she has undoubtedly excited one of those violent passions which often prove contagious.

“I do not say that she returns this; but she listens, and she may do so. What I do repeat is, come home and plead your own cause in person as soon as you can.”

That letter put me in a state of mind which must have given the society of Cape Town an idea that I was going melancholy mad.

I wrote to Mrs. Courtland, thanking her; and to Mary, saying that though it was still the great hope of my life to call her mine, I should be miserable if I thought she was influenced by pity rather than love, or allowed a promise extorted from her by a feeling of sympathy and early friendship to destroy her happiness. Perhaps I allowed a tinge of bitterness to give a tone to this letter; but I did not intend to do so, though I felt very bitterly.

At the time I wrote I did not expect to leave for a year longer; but an unexpected arrival from England enabled me to hasten my departure by six months, and I took my passage by the first ship that sailed.

If my friends, civil and military, really felt half they said at the parting dinner they gave me, they were very charitable; for I must have been but poor company at times, as the reader of this chapter may well imagine.

The *Bas* was one of the smallest traders that made the voyage. She had not much accommodation for passengers, of whom there were only two besides myself.

It was in no absolutely desponding mood that I bade farewell to the Cape of Good Hope, though the assertion does sound rather like a bull. There was nothing, I thought, in Mrs. Courtland’s letter to make me despair of my chances.

The very offer I had made to Mary, to set her free from any positive engagement, might bring her to consider the question of our marriage seriously; or, at all

events, my presence might decide her wavering inclinations. "*Les absens ont toujours tort.*"

And then, the business was flourishing; and, though not absolutely wealthy, I was in a position to support a wife in comfort.

Altogether, though there was great cause for anxiety, I saw none for despair; and the mere feeling that my face was set towards home and England was invigorating.

But it is just possible that you may have had enough of my sentimental yearnings, speculations, hopes, and fears; so we will cut this chapter short, if you please.

Things New and Old.

A New Process for Preserving Fish.

From time to time we see from the newspapers that large numbers of fish, unfit for human food, are condemned by the officers of Billingsgate, Liverpool, Manchester, and other large fish markets. The reason of this, of course, is that the fish have, through bad packing, want of the use of ice, or long transit from a too great distance, lost their original freshness and flavour. The fish-eating public will, therefore, probably hear with pleasure that a new patent process is on the point of being brought out whereby not only the present loss may be avoided, but the supply of fish to the public market much increased. A French gentleman of the name of Gorges has, for many years past, been experimenting on the preservation of fish, and has at last discovered a fluid which will effectually bring about the long desired result. For this fluid he has taken out a patent, which has been practically tested. Fish of various kinds were simply placed in a bath of the solution for two hours only; they were then taken out of the solution, and placed in a cellar for six days. A party of gentlemen interested in fish culture were then invited by Mr. Frank Buckland, inspector of salmon fisheries, to taste the fish preserved by the patent process, and the verdict of those present was most favourable. The fish, salmon especially, was found to have kept its flavour and colour. Delicate fish, such as soles, mackerel, red mullet, turbot, &c., were found quite up to the mark, and, though three days from the sea, as palatable as though fresh from the fishmonger's stall. The importance of this invention applied on a large scale is very great. Many hundred tons of sea fish caught in far distant localities are now lost as food to the inhabitants of large towns, because the time required for the railway journey is too great; for instance, many boatloads of garvies, herrings, sprats, mackerel, &c., are now used for manure, whereas, by right, they are due to the public markets. Many fish are, for the above reasons, not forthcoming from the Northern Isles and the west coast of Scotland, still less from the west coast of Ireland, where turbot, ling, haddocks, whiting, &c., are naturally very abundant. The Cornish pilchard and mackerel fisheries would also be benefited by the use of this new fluid. Should, again, its use prove to be as efficacious as stated by Mr. Henry A. Wolff and Mr. Ignatz Witkowski, who are associated with Mr. Gorges in the matter, English wholesale dealers may expect consignments of excellent fish in our large markets from America as an article of diet; and it is

not impossible that whereas we have now offered for sale in poulterers' shops prairie grouse, American turkeys, &c., so our fishmongers may hereafter be able to offer to us the celebrated "white fish" of the American lakes, the brook trout, the great lake trout of Lake Huron, and the shad, of which, as a dainty, the Americans think so much.

Something to Eat.

What have we for dinner to-day? Beef! What have we for dinner to-morrow? Mutton! What did we have yesterday? Mutton! What the day before? Beef! And so on—beef, mutton, mutton, beef; or may be beef, beef, mutton; or perhaps mutton, mutton, beef. One feels disposed to say grace with the school-boy sometimes:—

"Mutton hot, mutton cold;
Mutton new, mutton old;
Mutton tender, mutton tough;
Thank the Lord, we've had enough."

So great is the sameness of our dishes. Of course we vary it with fish and fowl; we taste game, and also sip the sweets; otherwise we should become often foolish—turn ox-headed and sheepish of profile; our locks would become woolly, and our movements bovine, our ways ruminant. Surely there must be some other animal suitable for domestication, and the gentle mercies of the butcher; for we long for change—we being the feeding world. If Jacob could feast on savoury meat dishes, made up of the flesh of young goats, why cannot we? Yet no one tries it nowadays. But a little while, and eland was to be the coming beast—that great cow-fashioned deer. The Acclimatization Society met, and ate of it, declaring it toothsome—sapid—delicious—full of gravy; but we got no further. If I went to a butcher's and asked for a sirloin of eland, that butcher would think me mad. Various other beasts were talked of and eaten, but they came not into use; and here we stick, finding out more and more, day by day, that our ancestors exhausted the food supply. Those great mammals the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus ought to be attacked, educated into an expectation of the poleaxe, fed into tenderness of flesh, and bred and interbred till they cease to be pachydermatous. Fancy what glorious joints! Elephantine sirloin, rhinoceros brisket, and a round of hippopotamus—what a way round it would be! These ideas are suggested by the grand banquet of horse, ass, and mule flesh just eaten at Paris, where, after smacking their lips over the juicy joints, the promoters announced that, to try to overcome British prejudice against these kind of meats, the honorary medal would be given to any one who would set up a butcher's stall in England, and twenty pounds—gold, not meat—would be given for distribution amongst the poor of the district. 'Tis true the prejudice does exist, and will not be removed; for the hungry think upon the horse, ass, and mule as beasts of burden, and doubtless fear that the flesh might lie heavy. Breed horses for the purpose, and they would eat; but after the noble animal has gradually gone from bad to worse, ending his days perchance in a cab, the translation to the butcher's stall fails to excite appetite, and eaters turn their heads another way. Let us, then, bless Tallerman and the Australian meat-preservers, and long for something new.



Once a Week.]

MARY GLADING.

[July, 1875.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXV.—A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

THE heat of the day was past, and they were again journeying on slowly and leisurely, like travellers passing the time for their own pleasure. Now mineralogy was in the ascendant, and they examined the specimens Larry picked up or chipped off for them; now it was botany, and the curious hillside growths were culled, till, turning the shoulder of the mountain, they came upon an unexpected sight, filling up, as it were, a hollow scooped out among the mountains, which shut it in. Just below them was a lake, whose waters in the evening glow sparkled with the tints of all the precious stones. Here, close down to its edge, were groves of pine; there, rugged, bare rocks, and again, in patches, brushwood and clumps of mountain growth. A score of places presented themselves at once where they could set up their tent, and find rest and shelter from the winds that might blow cold in this elevated region, while the lake promised fish, and water-fowl for their guns.

Taking a last observation with the glass before descending to the shores of the lake, all was proved to be as Dawson had calculated. Certainly, within ten miles must be the golden valley, for they recognized point after point with which they had been familiar. The mountain, too, which they had climbed was one they had often watched of an evening when it was tinted by the sunset rays. All, then, was so far satisfactory that they determined to at once set up the tent in one of the fir groves, trusting to their fortunate star to be unmolested by any wandering band.

A suitable spot was soon found, and the mules set free to graze, while Frank and Larry prepared their tent. Mary left Dawson resting on the fragrant pine needles, while she went to aid her sister in preparing the evening meal; but she was playfully told to go and look after her invalid.

Mary stood looking at the speaker for a moment, as if in resentment; but the soft light playing in her eyes grew brighter, and, in a dreamy, thoughtful way, she turned and went slowly down the slope, amidst the tall fir trunks, standing up like pillars in some vast temple, till she was by Dawson's side.

He motioned her to sit down, and she took her place by his feet. His next act was in silence to hold out to her his hand.

There was a minute's pause, Mary Adams gazing long and earnestly in his face, with a look full of appeal, trust, and hope. Then she placed both her hands in his without a word.

No word was spoken—no word of love had been spoken—but Mary knew that he had heard what she said on that dreadful day when he had offered his life for hers, and lay half insensible, bleeding for her sake; and in her heart of hearts she had told herself that she was his—his for ever, let him demand her when he would.

The sun sank lower, leaving the lake of a deep dark blue, unruffled by a breath of wind. The silence of the place seemed awful in its solemnity, save when it was broken by a merry snatch of song from Larry, who

was putting finishing touches to the fir branch hut that had been hastily rigged up; and at last when, tired with his toil, Frank Adams cast down his axe and joined his wife, it was to find her alone, sitting with the evening meal prepared, and a pleasant smile of satisfaction upon her lips.

"Where's Mary?" he said, about to throw himself down upon the fragrant pine boughs that had been cut.

"Come and see," was the reply; and, leaning upon his arm, she led him down towards the shores of the lake.

It was getting dusk now, and, as they entered the little pine clump, for a few minutes they could not make out where those they sought were seated. But a pressure from the hand of Mrs. Adams called Frank's attention to a group upon a fallen tree, and as they paused there it was to make out, plainly defined now, Mary, with her waist encircled by Dawson's still feeble arm, and her head resting upon his breast.

Adams and his wife advanced, talking aloud, but the others did not stir; and when at last the fresh comers stood before them, and Mrs. Adams playfully announced supper, Dawson said, quietly—

"So soon?"

A minute after he said, in a deep, soft voice—

"Frank, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Then for the first time she raised her head and looked at him, to say, almost in a whisper—

"I made no promise."

"Not in words," said Dawson, quietly; "but I am quite content."

"Owly say,

You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;

Don't say nay,

Charmin' Judy Callaghan,"

sang Larry, at a little distance. Then directly after he shouted, as a noise came from a distance, "Ah! who's that squalin'? Bedad! an' will ye be quiet? There niver was such a set ov bitin' an' kickin' devils let loose before, since Adam gave all the bastes a name. There, I mane to ate an' slape now before I do any more work, for I'm cryin' out intirely for me mate, an' I've caught me eyes winkin' twicet."

CHAPTER XXVI.—DELUDDERING THROUT.

TEN days of peace by the beautiful mountain lake soon passed away, without a single interruption. Dawson grew stronger each hour, and his eye flashed brighter. Then they fished for the delicious lake trout. Larry's old Irish experiences, in what he called, with a twinkle of his eye, "fishin' widout lave," came in useful here, and he had great success.

But not at first. For two days he came back empty-handed, though Frank had been more fortunate with his gun, and the ducks he brought in made a pleasant meal.

"I don't like it," said Larry, rubbing his chin. "There's thousands of throuth there, for ye can see thim swimmin' about in shoals. Bad luck to them! bud they won't be caught, an' ye can't go an' bale out a big hole like that lake; ye might get tired. The bastes are artful, that's what it is, an' don't like to be caught honourable. Why, yer honour, I've knowed gintlemen come wid their grand fishin' poles, an' flies like butther-

flies, an' thry all day an' niver get a fish—thryin' honourable, ye know. Bud whin Mickey Daly an' I went quietly ov a night an' did a bit ov poachin'—och! the fishes wor delighted, an' we caught as many as we liked. Now I wouldn't be a bit surprised," said Larry, thoughtfully, polishing his stick with a handful of sand and some grass—"not a bit surprised if the devils out here are as cunnin' an' wicked as they are at home. Bedad! an' why not? Human nature's the same all the wide world over, an' why not here?"

Dawson laughed, for the Irishman's ideas amused him.

"What will you do, then, Larry?"

"What will I do, yer honour? Why, I'll be aven wid thim. 'Play black,' sez they—'a shpade.' 'Arrah! sez I, 'an' I haven't got wan. Thrumps! an' that thrick's mine.' On we go agin, an' I let thim take a diamond thrick, whin, thinkin' to have me, they play diamonds. 'Whisht!' sez I, 'an' I've got ye agin!' an' I thrumps once more an' wins. That's how I'll do thim, yer honour, Misther Dawson, sor."

"Well, that sounds all very well, Larry," laughed Dawson; "but I'm not a bit the wiser. What do you mean to do?"

"Do, sor? Why, that's what I've been tellin' ye. They won't play fair, so they must play foul. I chated thim whin I played thrumps, but they niver knew it, so I must chate thim here. That bit about the cards was what Father Rooney called an appylog."

Dawson nodded.

"Ye see, sor, it's plain enough that the fish won't be took fair, so they must be got wid a bit ov wickedness. I'll have to go and poach for thim, same's I do at home. Only think ov the little scaly beggars bein' so artful."

"Why, Larry," said Adams, laying down his pipe, "how can it be poachin' when there is no law against taking the trout?"

"Whisht, yer honour, an' what do the fish know about laws, an' all that sort ov thing? They niver heerd the word poachin' in all their lives—not even in Injun."

"Exactly—that's what I say," laughed Adams. "But then I can't argue."

"Ov coorse not, yer honour. Ye've not studied throut an' salmon as I have all me life, an' don't know all their artful little ways. It's the iday ov the poachin' that plases thim, not the name ov the thing. Ye see, a throut's a kind ov baste that likes to be tickled. Thry it in any strame where there's wan lyin' by the side, an' just say tickle to him wanst wid yer fingers, an' he'll lay over laughin' in yer hand, an' there ye have him, ready for the gridiron."

"But you can't tickle trout in a lake, Larry."

"Ov coorse not, wid yer hand, yer honour, unless ye had fingers a hundred feet long; so ye tickle thim wid the iday ov bein' poached for, an' catch thim like fun. It's the wickedness ov the thing as they likes, for they're a bad lot, they are, thim fish—a cowl-blooded, haythenish set, an' only fit to be ate. I don't wondher at the ould saint goin' an' praychin' to thim as he did, an' much good it's done thim. Ah, the devil a bit! It would want a dale ov praychin' to make a daycent boy ov any wan ov thim."

Larry had evidently a plan ready; for soon after he set to work with an axe, lopping off boughs from the pines, and cutting down two or three smaller poles,

which he cut in lengths, lashed together at the ends, and then crossed them with others, till he made on the sandy shore of the lake a decent little raft, about six feet by eight, strong and sufficiently buoyant to easily bear a couple of men. On this he placed a rice bag and his fishing tackle, cut himself a rough oar to paddle with, and then waited for the night to set in.

There would be but little exertion, so Dawson decided upon accompanying him, for the voyage was only to be a few hundred yards out in the lake; and at last, when the surface was like one purply-black sheet, spangled with the glittering diamonds reflected from above, they pushed off, and anchored by means of a heavy stone, let down by Larry with the thin rope used for lashing on the packs of the mules.

"There, yer honour," said Larry—"there's for ye. Ye might think ye were out on a lake in ould Oireland, an' the kaypers on the watch ashore waitin' to catch ye. The throut are down below there, thinkin' it's a rare game; an' if we could see thim, bedad, an' it's sartin that they're smellin' roun' that shtone I've put down, an' rubbin' themselves against the rope. Now, I'll have first thry." And he lowered a baited hook, which had hardly reached the bottom before tug, tug, there was a sharp snatch or two at the line, and Larry began to haul up a good-sized fish. "Faith, an' what did I say?" he exclaimed. "Bud, whisht! I mustn't shpake too loud, or they'll be off."

Dawson had now lowered his bait, and after a minute he had similar good fortune.

"It's their nature all the world over, as I said before," said Larry, in a whisper, as he hauled in another, and placed it in the rice bag. "It'll be a good dish we'll have for the ladies, an' a fine feed in the mornin'; an' no fear ov starvation so long as we kape close to the water, an' know enough nat'ral history to dale wid the fish. Didn't we deludher thim?" said Larry, as he bore his heavy bagful of fish up to the hut. "Here's Misther Dawson caught about half, an' enough left in the pond there to go at for months to come—the artful little bastes. An', mather, dear, what d'ye say to the poachin' now?"

A Pleasure Trip in Rome.

A "MORN the loveliest that the year had seen, first of the spring, and fresh with all its green," was our *compagnon de voyage*, and heightened the golden complexion of Father Tiber himself as the "ripple, slowly rolling, plashed and played along the bank."

Motlier crew never ploughed the Thames between Fresh Wharf and Ramsgate. Members of Parliament bent on escaping from "the noise and smoke, and questions wearisome, and the vain splendours of Imperial Rome," chatted pleasantly with Mothers of the Gracchi, nothing loth to suffer what sea change could be got from the far-famed prawns of Fiumicino washed down with Capri. Archæologists, young and old, grouped themselves round Professor Fabio Gori, the "Old Mortality" of Roman antiquity, steeped to the lips in Martial and Vitruvius, and Dion Cassius and Procopius, as two subjects—I beg their pardon, "denizens"—of the Model Republic, remarking that the Tiber "wasn't a patch on the Mississippi," were politely requested to compare the history of the two rivers. Bursch Grog-

genburg, from Munich, maintained a dropping fire of interrogatives at an English engineer as to the projected port at Fiumicino; and a genial old Glasgow merchant, reminiscent of Motherwell and "Jeanie Morison," and the Clyde at Blythwood, divided his attention between two charming nieces, one not so handsome as literary, the other not so literary as handsome, whom an Anglo-Indian officer dubbed the Fourth Grace and the Tenth Muse.

The paddle steamer in which we "trod the maze of the river down," might have plied in her gay youth between Hungerford and London Bridge, and heard Albert Smith exclaim, as he boarded her, "Once more upon the waters." Indeed, a Frenchman profanely hinted that she was the identical boat with which Fulton made his first experiments on the Seine. Wheel to guide her movements she had none; but a rudder, that Professor Gori was asked about, was worked by a beam, on which a man, poisoning himself on his epigastrium, swung to and fro, sometimes overhanging the river, but generally putting the subject hats on a precarious and uncertain tenure. *Vix e conspectu* of the Ripa Grande, with its dim suggestion of Chelsea, we shot the bridge of the Civita Vecchia Railway, and passed on the left, beneath the slope of the Aventine, the Marmorata, or landing-place of the unwrought marble of Carrara.

A little farther on the right we saw the dilapidated hunting chateau of Magliana, once the favourite seat of Leo the Tenth, and the place where he closed his brilliant reign so suddenly as to have received neither the viaticum nor extreme unction. We were now in the reach of the river, where the Vatican obelisk, brought at the instance of Claudius, in a craft expressly built for the purpose, from Alexandria to Rome, was landed, and conveyed on rollers to the Campus Martius; and where, as Strabo says, a whole fleet of lighters used to lie moored, to receive the cargoes of sailing vessels before these could venture up to the city.

The Campagna on either side is by this time a wilderness, savage and silent, recalling the *asphodelon leimóna* of the Odyssey, and patrolled by wild buffaloes, of which, however, we saw but few, the heat being not yet great enough to drive them to the river. Now and then a shaggy horse, worthy of some hetman of the Ukraine, galloped furiously along the bank, and, neighing defiantly at us, rushed back to his solitude like the wind. On the river itself there were few signs of animated nature. No swan piloted home her young flotilla. Only here and there, at long intervals, the kingfisher hovered on the "margent green," competing with a peasant, haggard and listless, as he threw his unhopeful line. Meanwhile, the Tiber had lost nothing of his ancestral tinge of chocolate, or *café au lait*; and though Virgil once calls him "*cæruleus amnis*," he said it not in flattery, as Mr. Hare surmises, but in allusion to the river god, a deity always represented as "cærulean." And now the river bifurcates, and leaving the salt marshes of Ostia to the left, we entered the Fossa Trajana, or canal of Trajan, which, connected by Pope Paul V. with Fiumicino, is now the only branch by which the Tiber is navigable.

Now on dry land we stood like Macaulay's Horatius, and forthwith the party divided into groups, some to join Professor Gori in his antiquarian ramble over the meadows of Porto—the Isola Sacra; others to enjoy

the fish dinner of Fiumicino, unsurpassed, it is fair to say, when ordered beforehand, by either Ship or Trafalgar, at Greenwich; and others, of whom I was one, to ascend the castellated tower of the port, and survey the wide expanse of sea and land from the lighthouse. I am not going to describe the Campagna, after the famous description by Hans Christian Andersen, or even attempt in part what has been performed by the master pen of Gregorovius. Are they not skilfully utilized by Hare in his last two volumes—another proof that, as "restored Rome" is a German city, so the Italy of pictorial literature belongs by right of conquest to the Teutonic races? Rather let me remark on the sanitary side of the subject, and point that the true cause of the unhealthiness of the Campagna is the telluric poisoning—the "*intoxication tellurique*" of Léon Colin, which, as it is due to the vegetative energy of the soil wasting itself "on the desert air," can be neutralized only by cultivation and the absorption of that vegetative energy by root and other crops.

No doubt the process of tilling the ground will be a perilous one. All inert soil, when disturbed—as in the canalization of Central France; in the construction of the forts of M. Thiers round Paris; in the frontier farms of the Algerian Tell—evolves a telluric gas which causes a fever identical in its main features with that caught in the Campagna. This subtle gas, or vegetative energy, though aliment to the plant, is poison to the animal; and its effects in the process of cultivation are to be met by the common nervine tonics, and above all, by employing frequent relays of hands.

Garibaldi's suggestion, that the soldiers of the Italian army should be told off in detachments for the work, is an admirable one. The warfare in which they will serve is not less honourable than that of the field of battle; and, after all, they will be engaged in no ignobler employment than that to which the veterans of the Tenth Legion often put their hands. What cultivation can do for the Campagna is at present being demonstrated on the margin of Trajan's Lake, where a eucalyptus plantation is thriving apace, rendering the neighbourhood innocuous, and asserting its right to be considered the pioneer of the reclamation of the Agro Romano.

But short-lived is the day at Fiumicino, if you have to return, as you came, by river. Nothing can be more tedious than the voyage up stream; and the companionship you made light of in the morning now becomes more than welcome to cheat the flagging hours. Prescient of this, we had luncheon cooked aboard; while the steersman—or rather (revoking a previous phrase about "Pleasure at the helm"), the performer on the trapeze—was acquitting himself in a manner that would have ensured rounds of applause at the Alhambra, and keeping the boat as well in mid-stream as the frequent and sudden river bends will allow.

We sat down at four p.m. under an awning to a prandium undreamt of by Lucullus. No peacock, no scarus fresh from the Tyrrhene, no conchyliæ of the lake with garum sauce; but a turbot that would have brought the "moisture of anticipation" to the lips of Juvenal's bloated patrician; the sweetest of lamb and green peas; the roast turkey, flanked by sausages weeping fat tears over their approaching dissolution; and a dish of quails, just netted, in all their plumpness, on their arrival from Africa. We drank in *culilli* of Alban wine to the

general joy, capping the toast of Pholoë with that of Lesbia, till the shades of evening found us at coffee with its Cuban accompaniment.

And now the night was coming on. The acrobat at the stern was still swaying on his beam in sympathy with the river bends, till just off San Paolo, "at one stride came the dark," and navigation was forthwith a thing of jeopardy. To the reproach of the Tiber Steamship Company, there were no lights on board, and nothing but a twinkling point at intervals served to define the bank. Presently, as we "went sounding on a dim and perilous way," shouts were heard ahead, answered from the paddle-box, and the acrobat was descried at the extremity of his beam, bringing the rudder hard a-port. But all too late. A barge laden with wood was drifting down with the current, and before the two men on board her could turn her aside, the steamer ran into her, and capsized crew and cargo. One of the poor fellows was fished up; but the other, I regret to say, went under, and his body has not yet been recovered. This is the second time within not many days that a Roman pleasure trip has ended with a tragedy; and, indeed, it must be confessed that "public security" does not rank among the boasts of the Eternal City. Having managed to shoot the railway bridge without *contretemps*, we were all thankful to get on shore again; and many must have shared my feeling, as I drove through the silent and moonlit streets of the Trastevere to the English quarter, that, deplorably as the day had concluded, no thanks were due to the Tiber Steamboat Company that it had not closed with a disaster more deplorable still.

Bubbly Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER LI.—NEWS.

"SOME one wants me!" exclaimed Tom Madron, starting up from an attitude of the most extreme dejection.

"Yes, sir," said his landlady, looking very prim and tight about the mouth.

"Who is it, then? Why don't you send him in?" said Tom.

"Oh, it's that *gentleman* who was about to buy a farm, and who looked so innocent, and who, after all, was nothing but a spy, and a—"

Tom Madron stopped to hear no more, for before half his landlady's remarks were uttered he was at the entry, grasping Sergeant Harker by the hands.

"Well?"

"Well, sir, how are you?" said the sergeant, quietly, as he entered unasked, gave a friendly nod to the widow, receiving in return a fierce frown and a toss of her head, as that lady made her way back to her own part of the little house.

"Well?" exclaimed Tom again, impatiently, as the sergeant closed the door, leisurely unbuttoned his coat, and sat down. "Well—what news?"

"It's all right, sir, and I've brought my prisoner down to Harvestbury."

"Good God!" exclaimed Tom—"not Mr.—"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Parker—safe enough this time, cunning as he was."

Tom was silent, with emotions of a varied nature contending within him as he stood gazing at the calm,

imperturbable face of the sergeant, which seemed to invite the questions he could not utter.

"And where—"

Tom's voice grew husky, and he ceased speaking; for he had again and again, whatever the future might prove, clung to the hope that Harvey Parker—*her* cousin, perhaps now her husband—might escape from the horrible fate that had so short a time before been impending over him.

"There, sir," said the sergeant, kindly; "it's getting late, and I sleep at the inn to-night; but if you wouldn't mind putting up with me here for an hour, and giving a tired man his pipe or a cigar, and a glass of something and water, I don't mind being a little more open than usual, and telling you how and where I took him."

"One word first," said Tom, hoarsely. "Miss Riches?"

"Quite safe, sir, and in motherly hands; but ill—very ill."

"Where?" said Tom, excitedly.

"London, sir; and there—sit down: it's of no use for you to think of getting up to-night—the last train has gone an hour ago; and take my word for it, she is in no danger, only suffering from shock and exhaustion. There, sit down, sir," continued the sergeant, filling Tom's meerschaum, and, lighting it, beginning to puff great clouds of smoke tranquilly into the room. "Now, sir, if you please—work's done, and I should be glad of my customary 'levens. You see, working men, as a rule, take their 'levens in the morning. I take mine last thing at night."

The widow, being summoned, brought in the necessary hot water, uttering a faint snort or two of anger, responded to by the sergeant with a smoke-beclouded smile of tranquil enjoyment; and then the door was closed, and, slowly stirring his glass of grog, the sergeant said—

"I was quite right, sir; Mr. Parker came down here, saw his cousin, and by some means got her to leave with him. There, you need not start, sir—truth's truth. I fancy the fact of it was, the poor girl was ill and nervous, and hardly knew what she was doing. At all events, he got her away to a fly, and took her from place to place, till he got her to a decent hotel in Surrey-street, Strand. She was lifted out of the cab there, the landlady told me, quite insensible; and it seems that he meant to try and cross to Ireland the next day; but seeing how Miss Riches was, the landlady took upon herself to send for a doctor, and he—the doctor, you know—told Parker that he'd have to answer for the young lady's life if he attempted to move her. I suppose he stormed and raved, and all the rest of it; but it was no good, and there the poor girl has been lying for long enough. She had no business to move from the house when she did, and exposure and excitement brought on a severe attack. But there, she has been in kind, motherly hands, well nursed, and has, unknown to herself, been the means of bringing that relative of hers into the reach of my hand."

Tom shuddered.

"He couldn't leave the spot many hours together where she lay, bless you!—not he; but kept coming to it again and again, night and day, till that happened which I knew well enough must happen, sooner or later. He walked right into the arms of one of the men I had looking out for him."

Here the sergeant stopped to fill his pipe again, and paused for a few minutes before lighting it; while Tom sat with his head resting upon his hand, trying to control his eagerness to know more.

"My man took him safe enough; but if he hadn't, I should before many minutes were over, for I had a plan which I knew must come right in the end. You see, sir, there was a woman in the case, and it was through her that Mr. Harvey Parker got clear once before. I knew well enough that she would know some of his London pals, and, sooner or later, though he mightn't want to see her, she would want to see him, and wouldn't rest till she found him. So I watched her. She was cunning, poor lass, very cunning, doubling about like a hare if she thought anybody was watching; but it was of no use, I tracked her and tracked her, losing her and finding her, and every day getting nearer, till last night, when she led me right to where he was waiting in a side street, and my man had taken him. He bore it very badly, and abused the poor girl shamefully, accusing her of betraying him, spite of all she said, till we ended the scene by calling a cab and taking him off."

"But Miss Riches?" said Tom.

"Oh, I went back to see about her, sir, and you may take my word for it that you have no call to be uneasy. Ill she is, certainly; but with first-class nursing, and a capital doctor, who told me himself that she was doing well, and only wanted rest and time to be quite right."

"And does she know about—"

"About her cousin, sir? Certainly not. Wouldn't have been such a madman as to hint at such a thing. I told the landlady quietly that she was to be well taken care of, and that some friends of hers would be up to see to her; and by this time Mrs. Burge is with her."

"Mrs. Burge!" exclaimed Tom.

"Well, yes," said the sergeant, quietly, and with a twinkle in his eyes. "You see, I have gals of my own grown up, and I thought of how I should like them to be treated if I had gone aloft—that is, you know, sir, if men in our way ever happen on such promotion—and so I went on to the lawyer's as soon as I got down to-night, and saw the old lady off to the station, took her ticket for her, gave her the address in Surrey-street, Strand, on a card, and popped her into a first-class carriage before I came on here to you. And now, by your leave, sir, I think I'll turn in and have a good sleep, for I haven't been comfortable in my bed for a week on account of not getting my work done, and—Ah! well, yes, I'll shake hands if you wish it. Good night, sir, good night."

"Good night, sergeant, good night," said Tom, huskily, for he was deeply moved. "Good night, and God bless you!"

The Grumbler.

WHAT would life be without the opportunity of indulging in a good, honest growl? The pressure would be too great, and mental disease would be sure to result in cases like that of your correspondent, who is of an excitable nature.

This week I have been journeying here and there, performing the part of what the French call *Flaneur*, or

say *Gandin*, and a few things have proved annoying. To wit, the corners of our great thoroughfares. Almost without exception, at these angles there is a large tavern, from out whose open doors are exhaled odours of spirituous liquors, and from within comes a busy hum—the former seeming to attract a number of the drones of this busy hive, who certainly have no money to spend at the taverns, but hang about longingly, and incommode the bystanders and omnibus passengers who there seek for seats. Take any great corner—say the Elephant and Castle, the Angel at Islington, or the omnibus-stopping place by the Euston and Hampstead-road—and what have you there? Generally, a policeman beating his white Berlin gloves together. But does he do anything to clear off the unwashed, unshaven loiterers who block the way? By no means; and the consequence is that these places are a perfect nuisance to every passenger. Surely the publican cannot like it, for his golden legends about stout and ale are rubbed most unmercifully by the shabby shoulders, and often they must hinder those who would enter for refreshment. As to the uses of these people, it is possible that they may possess utility; but the air in their vicinity is not made fragrant, neither do the uttered thoughts which float around conduce to the improvement of the nation's morals.

I leave the corner, and get into the first omnibus, evidently very much against the will of the conductor, for there is only room for one inside, while there are at least six empty seats on the roof. But it is coming on to rain, I am susceptible to colds, and I have neither overcoat nor umbrella. No sooner am I inside than the occupants of the omnibus begin to stare me out of countenance. Of course I have no complaint to make against the six who fill the seat on my left, but the five on the right rigidly sit fast—not one will move—and it is always so in tram-car or omnibus; our delightful insular politeness displays itself in all its glorious colours. Without doubt, not a person on the nearly full side but knows that another is wanted to fill up the complement. But move? No; let some one else.

It is quite time that the tramway and omnibus companies either did of their own accord place divisions along the seats; giving to each passenger his or her place, or were forced by Government to do it. To a lady with any feeling of refinement, it is perfectly abominable. At one end of the long seat there is ample room for the sitters, and where she has to take her seat she is compelled to wedge herself in between two men who resent her coming.

But to return to my omnibus. I have not been in my place five minutes before the vehicle stops. The conductor thrusts in his head, looks hard at me, and exclaims—

"Any goods inside as 'ud oblige a lady?"

Now, I should be very happy to oblige a lady; but as there will be another omnibus by in five minutes, and a tramway car in two; as if I go outside I shall get wet through, and probably be laid up; and as the lady in question is provided with waterproof and umbrella; and as, lastly, it is more to oblige the omnibus company by giving them an extra passenger, I sit firm; when the conductor, according to the custom of those public servants, turns round and shouts out, "There aint a gentleman inside, mum;" when three other men glance at me and snigger together, and the 'bus goes on.

Now, I grumble at this sort of thing. I look upon it as offensive, and I venture to think it ought not to be.

But let me come to another kind of travelling—I mean that by rail—and let me instance the Metropolitan and District Companies. There is a vast traffic carried on here, and often it is a mere scramble to get your ticket and obtain a place. In the first instance, when the train draws up at the platform, it never stays long enough for the passengers to alight and take their places in peace; and often and often, when one has taken a first-class ticket, one is compelled to jump into a second or even third-class carriage, or lose the train. Now, in such cases I want to know why it is that, when the peripatetic ticket-examiner risks his life by darting in upon you and examining your tickets, say in a second-class carriage, he looks at my first-class ticket, says nothing, but pounces upon the unfortunate third-class ticket-holder who has got into the wrong carriage either purposely or by mistake. He makes that unfortunate pay up. Why does he not return me my difference between a second and first?

Again. Say, for economy, I take a second-class ticket, and get into a compartment that should hold ten passengers. Why are more deliberately thrust in by the company's servants, till sometimes we are steaming together as many as fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen, and that in the atmosphere of the Underground? If a tramway car conductor takes too many passengers, he is fined. Not only are the police on the alert, but the company themselves have been fining the men half-a-crown for every time they break the law by taking too many. This is as it should be, hard as it is upon the men, when people insist upon forcing their way in, and wish to stand or sit upon the knees of friends. Why cannot the railway companies do likewise? If they would add another carriage or two to each train, the necessity would not arise; but the way in which the trains are packed sometimes now, morning and evening, is a perfect disgrace.

I wish to be honest in my grumbings, and to err on the side of leniency; but when companies are so hard upon their passengers, summoning them for getting out when the carriages are in motion, or getting in after they have started, it seems time to speak. I believe something has been said about example being better than precept. The railway laws say that no servant shall get into a train in motion. Your guard never gets in until it is going on; and when young and active men see this antic played, it is only natural that they should try to be imitative, even though it may prove to be to their cost.

If I am unjust, I apologize; but when I am out, I should like to take my omnibus at a corner in comfort. I should like to wait for it where the pave is not befouled by spitting and swearing roughs; I should like to have the place I pay for when I get in. I should prefer not being held up to derision as no gentleman. I should like time to get into my railway carriage; I should like to travel by the class I pay for; and, lastly, I should prefer to have room for my knees, and not be compelled to nurse an old gentleman of seventy, or a fat dame of fifty who has a bundle. If the party to be borne were "sweet and twenty," I might not complain—for a mile or two; but after that, who would not be a Grumbler?

An Old Joker.

AMONG the numerous miscellanies published in France under the name of "Ana," none is more esteemed than the collection entitled the "Menagiana," published after the decease of Giles Menage. It was compiled from notes of his conversations by some industrious French Boswell, whose name has not been preserved. Many editions of the work have appeared in France, but it is believed that no English translation of it exists. It is proposed to present in this article translations of some of the anecdotes and observations contained in the "Menagiana," after a brief notice of the life of Menage.

He was born on the 15th of August, 1613, at the city of Angers, where his father held the office of king's advocate. From his youth he was remarkable for his extraordinary memory. Every attention was bestowed by his father upon his education. In dancing and music he made no progress; indeed, he was so deficient in the latter that he could not turn a tune. When only nineteen years of age, he was admitted to the bar in his native city, and in the same year to the bar of Paris. After some years spent in this profession, which was little to his taste, he quitted it, and became an ecclesiastic, receiving some benefices which were not burdened with the care of souls; indeed, the receipt of the revenue derived from this source seems to have been the only clerical work to which he was expected to attend. This change of calling enabled him to lead a life of learned leisure. Having selected Paris as his permanent residence, he was taken into the house of the celebrated Cardinal de Reta. Here the freedom of his satirical remarks upon some of those who frequented the house involved him in quarrels, and in a few years led to his removal to the cloisters of Notre Dame, where he held receptions for the learned on Wednesday evenings, to which he gave the name of *Mercuriales*. His memory was most retentive, and from this great storehouse, and the resources of a polished mind, Bayle observes that he "could say a thousand good things in a thousand pleasing ways." His opinionative and somewhat overbearing disposition involved him in numerous petty quarrels.

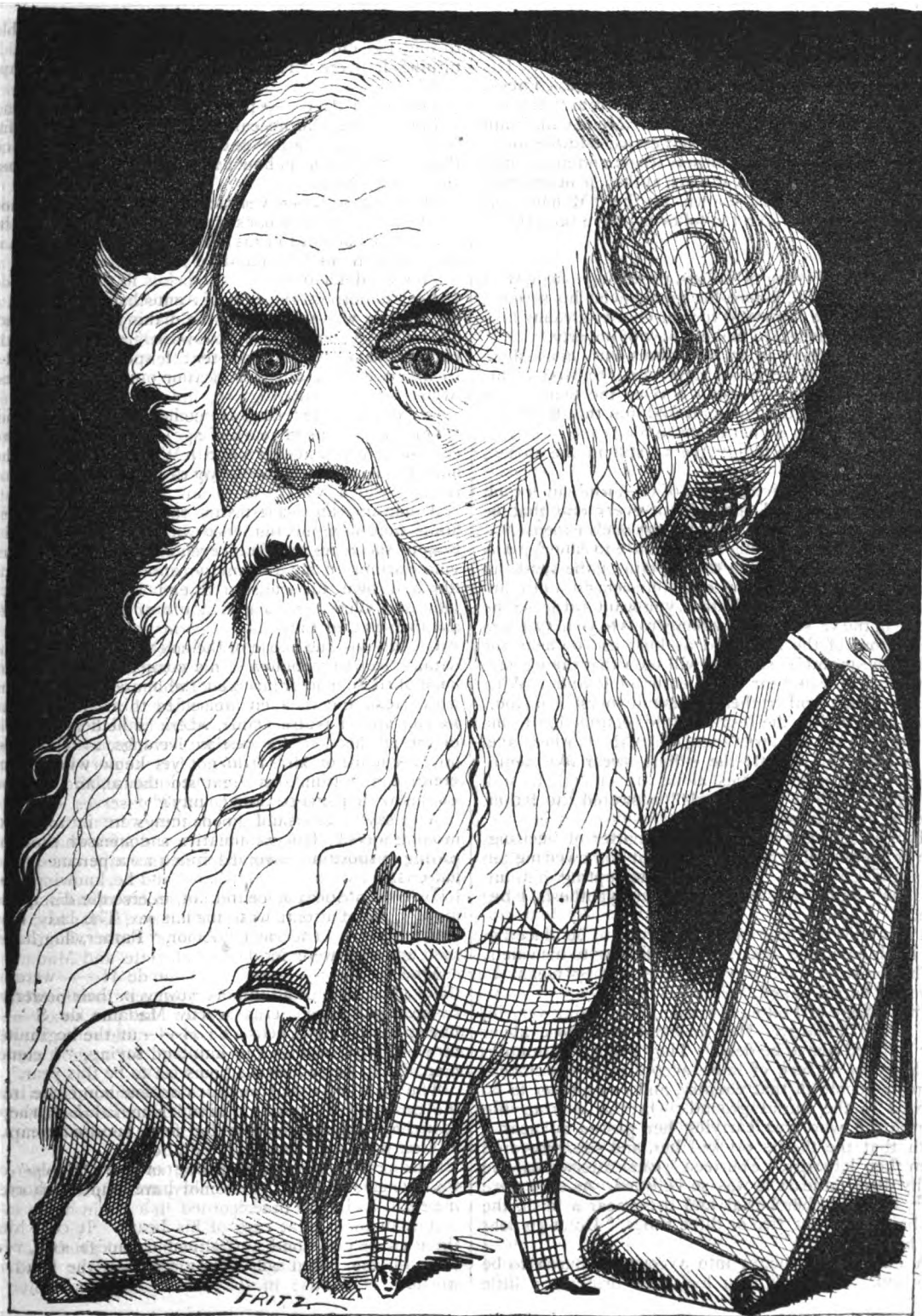
His ecclesiastical office did not, in his opinion, unfit him for gallant attentions to the fair sex, so far as compliments were concerned. Among those whom he most admired were Madame Lafayette and Madame Sévigné.

His pecuniary position was now very comfortable. Having sold his paternal estate, he purchased an annuity with the proceeds; a considerable rent-charge on two abbeys belonged to him, and for a short time he received a pension from Louis XIV.

In his youth he had failed to secure admission to the Academy, owing to a satire which he had published, entitled *Requête des Dictionnaires*, and a second attempt met with no better success.

It was remarkable that in his latter years he experienced considerable loss of memory, and afterwards recovered it. This he has recorded in a Latin hymn to Mnemosyne.

In 1650 he published an "Etymological Dictionary of the French Language," giving his views as to the derivation of words; in 1685 he produced a similar



SIR TITUS SALT.—ALPACA.

work upon the Italian language, with which he was remarkably well acquainted. Many satirical works, of only temporary interest, proceeded from his pen. His poems comprised pieces in four languages—Greek, Latin, Italian, and French. He also wrote "Annotations upon the Civil Law." The "Menagiana" appeared after his death; the successive editions of it were augmented with new observations and anecdotes. He died at Paris in the year 1692, at the age of seventy-nine. He is now best known by the "Menagiana," from the pages of which the following have been translated:—

Camus, the Bishop of Belley, preaching one day at Notre Dame, said, before he commenced his sermon, "Gentlemen, we commend to your charity a young lady who has not enough to make a vow of poverty."

A Gascon, who was on bad terms with his bishop, took an oath that he would never pray to God in his diocese. As he was crossing a river, the boat began to split open, and the boatman told him that there was nothing for him to do but to make his peace with God. The Gascon said to him, "Are we still in the diocese of Bazas?"

The Abbé de la Victoire said of G—, who never took a meal at home, and spoke ill of every one, that he never opened his mouth but at some one's expense.

A Jesuit who was going from France to America was strongly recommended to the captain of the vessel in which he embarked. The captain, seeing a storm approaching, said to him, "Father, you want sea legs; the rolling of the vessel would be dangerous to you. Get into the bottom of the hold, and as long as you hear the sailors swear and bluster, this will show that there is still hope; but if you hear them embracing, and making peace with each other, then commend yourself to God." From time to time the Jesuit sent his companion to the hatchway to see what was going on. "Alas! father," said he to him, "all is lost; the sailors swear like demons. Their blasphemies alone are enough to sink the ship." "God be praised!" answered the father. "Come, come, all will go well."

Two persons conversing upon a matter of business, one of them said, "Suppose, sir, that you owed me ten thousand crowns." The other, interrupting him immediately, said, "Assume some other hypothesis, I beg you."

The Count du Lude caused a shroud to be placed in his tomb before he died, saying, referring to his valets, "These rascals look very much as if they meant to have me buried naked."

In a village of Poitou, a woman, after being very ill, fell into a lethargy. Her husband and those about her believed her to be dead. They wrapped her up in nothing but a piece of linen, according to the custom of poor people in that country, and caused her to be carried to the burial ground. On the way to the church, he who was carrying her passed so near a bush that the thorns pricked her, and she recovered from her lethargy. Fourteen years afterwards she really died; at least it was so believed. As they were carrying her to her burial, and drew near a bush, the husband cried out, two or three times, "Don't go near the hedges!"

A child was brought into a country church to be baptised. The curé, who had been drinking a little

more than usual with some of his friends, was not able to find the office for baptism in his ritual, and said, turning it over, "This child is very difficult to baptise."

The Abbé de C— preached at Saint Merry, and did not please. Monsieur de Santeuil said, "He did better last year." Some one said, "He did not preach then." "And that is how he did better," replied Monsieur de Santeuil.

Monsieur de L— went to Rome to try to be made a cardinal, and came back without succeeding. As he had a very bad cold in his head, some one said, "It is because he returned without a hat."

The Cardinal de Richelieu being ill, Monsieur de Bautru happened to be in his antechamber whilst a great talker was there, who was making a great noise. "Why do you wish me not to speak?" said the loquacious person. "It is true that I speak much, but I speak well." "I am half of your opinion," answered Monsieur de Bautru.

In a court where there was much noise, the judge said, "Tipstaves, let us have silence. It is strange that we cannot have this noise stopped. We have decided," he added, "I know not how many causes, without hearing them."

A country vicar said to his parishioners, all whose lands were in vineyards, "You know, my dear friends, how much harm the holy vintagers have done your vines in times past; I inform you that our good prelate has had them all transferred to between All Saints' Day and Christmas, when they may hail and freeze as much as they please."

Count — was like many others who bear the name without having a county. In a company where I was, he wished to banter an abbé, who, according to the usual custom, had called himself by this name without having any benefice. "Mr. Abbé," said he, "there is one thing that bothers me; we have been acquainted for a long time, and I do not yet know where your abbey is." "What, sir!" replied the abbé, "do you not know that it is in your county?"

At Rome, when public penances were in use, and more frequent than at present, a confessor thought proper to order a public discipline as a penance for a lady. The lady told her husband, and he, knowing that his wife was delicate, offered to receive the discipline for her, because that was customary. The lady, who was present, said to the confessor, "Father, flog hard, for I am a great sinner."

Madame de S— and Madame de H— were in the decline of life, and did everything in their power to conceal their age. This is why Madame de S—, paying a visit to Madame de H— at the beginning of every year, was in the habit of saying, "I come, madame, to know how old you wish to be this year."

The first time that Monsieur de Casaubon came into the Sorbonne, they said to him, "Here is a hall where they have been disputing for four hundred years." "What have they decided?" said he.

Cardinal de Perrott, speaking of the "Rebly" of Coëffeteau, said that "he would have made it shorter if he had had more time."

A man took great care of his beard. It cost him three crowns a month. Cardinal Campege said, "In the end, the beard will cost more than the head is worth."

Madame de Coaquen, whose eldest sister is a duchess, seeing that her youngest sister was also to be married to a duke, said, "Between two stools, I come to the ground." Was a trivial proverb ever used more appropriately? [This refers to the right of duchesses to sit on stools in the presence of the king or queen.]

Monsieur de M—— directed that he should be buried in the dress of a Capuchin. A woman, whose husband he had caused to be killed, commenced crying out, in the midst of the funeral procession, "It is no use for you to try to disguise yourself—our Lord will know you well."

Father d'Harrouis said to me, "When Father Bourdaloue preached at Rowen, all the artisans left their shops to go hear him—the merchants their business, the advocates the court-house, the physicians their patients. When I preached there, the next year, I restored everything to order: nobody left his work."

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXI.—CALM AND STORM.

I HAVE always had a deep respect for those travelers who, not being of the fraternity of sailors, yet understand all about their voyages, and can take observations, and notice the difference in the stars, being as familiar with the Great Bear as if they had fed him with beans, and recognizing the Southern Cross as distinctly as though they had carried it; who speak boldly of jib-booms and spankers, call their journals logs, and commence each day's account of uneventfulness with long. so-and-so, lat. so-and-so.

For my part, directly I get on board ship I am live lumber; instead of keeping a log, I become one. In a few days, indeed, I learn the starboard and port sides of the vessel; and in the eager watching for meals, induced by sea air and ennui, I learn to measure time by bells; but I forget these accomplishments before three months' residence on shore, and have to acquire them all over again on my next voyage.

I once, when dullness approached the suicidal line, attempted to box the compass; but had to throw up the sponge before one round was accomplished.

One of my fellow-passengers was a Colonel Macallum, a gallant Scotch gentleman, who had spent all his manhood in India, and had retired from the service on his hard-earned pension and what he had saved. He had been landed at Cape Town, on his way from India, six months before—to die, everybody thought; but he had doubled on death and the doctors, and was now as well as a man could be with a diseased liver and a bullet inside him, poor fellow! His wife, who had preceded him, and three little ones, transmitted to England at intervals, awaited him in a house at Cheltenham; and he looked forward to the comfort of their society, and the relief he anticipated from the mineral springs, with an honest trust in the future which appealed strongly to my sympathy. I hoped that he would find content in his native land; that in six months he would not loathe the climate; that Mrs. Macallum would like white servants as well as black ones; that the children would not worry him; that his health would improve; that the lack of occupation

would not turn all his nerves into feelers, stretched out to catch the east wind. But I had known Anglo-Indians, and I trembled.

Well, the colonel held some very strict religious opinions, and was fond of discussing them, and, as I could not agree with him on certain points, we argued. I objected to him that he did not seem to have the slightest respect for poor Charity; he retorted that I was a Latitudinarian.

"Alas!" said I, as my nautical and my geographical stupidity occurred to me, "I am neither a latitudinarian nor a longitudinarian."

"I never heard of the latter denomination," he remarked, gravely, after considering for a puzzled minute; and I never tried a bad pun upon him again.

On the other hand, I played a great deal with him at chess, a game which I did not understand much about; but he soon beat me into sufficient proficiency to make a fight, so as to be mated hard, and even occasionally to snatch a victory.

The third passenger was a mighty hunter, whose name was Fletcher, and who had devoted the last three years to shooting lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, crocodiles, and deer, with an occasional native for a treat, in the interior of Africa. He was now returning to his native land, with a large collection of skins, horns, and tusks, each of which had a sensational story attached to it, told so graphically, naturally, and modestly, that he was a delightful companion for a long voyage.

Mr. Fletcher would not play at chess himself; but he liked occasionally to watch the game, and then he was a nuisance, for he got excited, and offered advice. Then the colonel upbraided him, and he dived into his cabin, where he would remain for hours, writing hard at the book he intended to publish on the wild sports of Africa; and for which I predicted a great success if his pen proved to be as graphic as his tongue. It was principally at night, as we leaned over the bulwarks at the stern, smoking, and watching the straight phosphorescent road of fire which stretched away in our wake, while the ship glided swiftly on in her silent course, that he told us of his wild gallops, his ambuscades, his adventures with the savages, and his hair-breadth escapes; and then the colonel, who was naturally rather reticent, would be drawn into speaking of some Indian campaign, the details of which were full of a romance, heroism, and devotion which would never thrill the nerves of Englishmen at home. That is the fate of those who fight on distant frontiers. The captain of the ship, too, would often join our party, and diversify the reminiscences of past perils in the jungle, the forest, or on the battle field, with stories of the dangers of the sea. He had been shipwrecked twice; had sailed in a ship that was burned in the middle of the Atlantic; had gone through the subsequent horrors of three weeks in an open boat, short of water and food; and had fought with pirates in the China seas. So that his stock of yarns was considerable, and he was not likely to be outspun by the landmen.

He was a very favourable specimen of a class of men for whom I have a great respect and liking, which was a fortunate fact, as the skipper can add to or subtract from your comfort during a long voyage to a very great extent indeed. As for us three passengers, in a fortnight we became firm friends; and such was the difference between our ages and occupations, so many points of

sympathy had we in common, and yet so little did we clash, that there really seemed a probability of our performing the unparalleled feat of spending three or four months together on board ship without hating each other. With a favouring breeze behind us, a smooth sea beneath us, and England before us, for three weeks there was little credit indeed in preserving an equable frame of mind. But on turning out of my berth one morning at the expiration of that time, I missed that gentle swaying which rendered shaving a ticklish operation, and on going on deck found that the rigging was full of wonderful and supplementary sails, in spite of which the *Bos* crept in a very leisurely manner through the smooth water. Before noon it was a dead calm. The canvas drooped like a flag in a cathedral; the ship lay on the water as motionless as a dead whale. And the heat! I have never been in an oven while the batch was baking; but if it is possible to live in such a situation, it would give a correct idea of the atmosphere we breathed, and the sensations we experienced.

You have read of the pitch seething through the planks of a vessel in such a position? Well, that was actually the case; and one kept getting caught like a fly on a "catch-'em-alive O!"

To remain below was beyond endurance; chess was an impossible exertion; languor stopped the tongue of the storytellers, inured as they were to intense heat. We could do nothing but sprawl listlessly under the awning which was spread over the deck, and I remember wondering that it did not catch fire and shrivel up into tinder. It was almost too hot to eat, and I think we lived principally on liquids, like snipes; for the only thing to be said in favour of our situation was, that drinking was such a pleasure as dwellers in a temperate zone cannot imagine.

So we sweltered for three days, like a ship of the lost on the lake of Acheron.

"Oh, captain," said I, on the fourth morning, "why don't you pipe all hands to whistle, if that is good for raising the wind?"

"Do you want wind?" asked the skipper, grimly.

"Do I want wind! Am I a locust? I am dying for a breath of air."

"You do not mind how much, perhaps?"

"Not a bit."

"That is fortunate. I expect we shall have quite as much as we want, without whistling for it, before we are twelve hours older."

And he turned aside to talk to his chief mate.

"Aye," he replied, "I know we are going to have it. I have watched the advent of storms, but I never knew the barometer fall so far or so rapidly in all my life."

He pointed to a murky appearance on the western horizon, which gathered, spread, and deepened minute by minute, like the wrath of a demigod.

In an hour the whole sky was overcast, and the sun's rays were obscured, though untempered. Indeed, it was hotter than ever.

The awning was taken down now; the sails furled; while all the sailors were hurrying about, in spite of the intense heat, hauling at ropes, arranging and securing, in a way which looked strange to eyes so very lubberly as mine. To see men playing at managing a ship, when there was not a breath or a motion, had quite a comic effect. Not but what I could realize pretty well what

was coming. I had experienced some storms at the Cape, and knew the symptoms.

"Are either of you two scientific?" I inquired of my fellow-passengers, who stood with me on the poop, watching and waiting. "I should like to know why the heat and oppression are greatest when the outburst of the storm is nearest."

"It wants to get us white hot before it begins to hammer us," replied Colonel Macallum, with a laugh.

This grim jest was his first attempt at humour since we had sailed; but a Scotchman, however grave by nature, is always in high spirits on the eve of storm or battle.

Suddenly, almost while he was speaking, the gloom thickened almost to darkness; and then a long, jagged weal of the intensest brightness scarred the storm cloud, as if it were the tempest demon lashed on to the attack with a whip of fire.

Then came the thunder: explosion upon explosion, swelling into a roar, increasing in volume until the sense of hearing seemed insufficient to receive the crash.

"Hold on all!"

And the hurricane was upon us.

The wind rushed at us with a power which made the strong man feel as helpless as a sick child; bore the stout ship over on her side, and sent her tearing along like a bird overmastered by the breeze. The sea seethed and boiled as if the floodgates of the world had been opened; the lightning darted incessantly.

It was impossible to distinguish rain from spray, the roar of the wind from the thunder. We might have been whirled from the sea, and carried along in the clouds, for what the senses could distinguish. All was mist, confusion, deafening noise, and dazzling violet flashings. It was happy that all preparations had been made beforehand: for the first half-hour no orders could have been heard, nor, if in any other way intimated, could they have been obeyed.

Half an hour, was it? Perhaps only ten minutes; perhaps an hour. I have no correct idea of the space of time which elapsed before there came a slight relaxation in the fury of the outburst. Probably a witch does not know how long it takes her to whirl from her hut to the summit of the Brocken; and the confusion, the rush, and the roar, the wild revel of the spirits of the storm, were quite up to the mark of a witches' sabbath; and we had to cling quite as tightly to shroud or belaying pin as ever weird sister did to her broomstick.

At last a lull came. I cannot think of a better term, though that seems inappropriate when one man had to bawl as loud as he could into another's ear to make himself understood. Still, the violence was not so extreme, and it was possible to communicate, and even to stagger along the deck from one coign of vantage to another. The captain now motioned to us passengers to go below; and, one after another, we managed to tack to the cabin stairs, and struggle down into shelter.

We could not converse without danger of bursting blood-vessels; we could not see to read; so the best course to adopt seemed to be to grope our way to our respective cabins, change our dripping clothes, turn into our berths, and await the result; and this we did. But as the portholes, and all other contrivances for the admission of air, were, of course, hermetically

closed, after an hour or so's gasping we were shifted back into the large saloon; and there we remained, lighted by one miserable lamp, practising patience.

By this time the sea had been worked up into a most hilly condition, and the *Bos* groaned and strained, and rolled and pitched in so tremendous a manner, that some symptoms of sea-sickness, against which I had flattered myself that I had been inoculated for that voyage, returned; and my two companions, who were better sailors than myself, were also affected. But as we were not very bad, this was, perhaps, an advantage.

It is as well to feel a disinclination to move when you are bound to sit still; and when there is a difficulty of getting anything to eat, loss of appetite comes very apropos.

Ah, well! I may speak lightly of that time, but it was a very trying one. To have to remain quiet in the full expectation of being drowned makes the hours creep very tardily. Death is not so very terrible a thing when he places his cold hand on one whose hold of life has been weakened by illness. Few men worthy of the name fail to face him boldly when their chance of safety lies in their own exertions; but to have to sit still, with the pulses beating with full health and vigour, and the brain neither clouded nor excited, and trust yourself entirely to fate and the efforts of others, is quite another strain upon the nerves.

If I had been the only passenger, I should not have known the full extent of my danger; but both my companions had had considerable experience of storms, and they had never known so severe a one. With plenty of sea room, the good ship might indeed hold her own against all attacks of the elements; but they evidently suspected that the chances were the other way. Not that either the soldier or the hunter showed any timidity. Colonel Macallum observed, with grim satisfaction, that his family would be just as well off whether he were under the sea or above it; and Fletcher was most concerned for his collection; but both were evidently convinced of the existence of some considerable amount of danger.

And, for my part, would any one care much if I were drowned? I thought it very probable that the event would not moisten many handkerchiefs, not even of Mary's. But this reflection did not prove very consolatory. I had strong objections to drowning, of a purely personal and selfish nature.

In the course of the night I thought that the supreme hour had actually arrived. I had dozed off to sleep, and was aroused by a shock so violent that the side of the ship seemed to have been struck with a gigantic sledge-hammer wielded by a Titan. We were thrown from the sofa on which we lay to the floor, and the vibration was so tremendous that I thought the planks must have started. As if to favour this idea, a torrent of water came pouring down into the saloon, wetting us to the skin, and setting everything swimming.

Scarcely had we scrambled to our feet, when there came a crash.

"There goes a mast!" cried Fletcher. "Where are you off to?" he added, to me, as I staggered towards the door.

"On deck—I had sooner be drowned in the open air," I replied.

"Better stop here for the present," said the colonel, "you will be in the way just now; there is always some confusion attending the cutting away the wreck of a mast. Wait a bit; if we ship another sea like that, I shall go up myself."

"Yes, a few more would swamp us," said Fletcher. "And the door at the top of the hatchway must have been carried in."

None of us slept any more.

Soon after daylight the captain came down for something he wanted. He looked very grave, though his words were reassuring.

"I think the worst of it is over now," said he.

"We have lost the mizen-mast, have we not, captain?" Fletcher inquired.

"Yes; but that is not the worst of it. Five of the hands are gone too."

"Five!"

"Aye. Three were washed off by that heavy sea which struck us, and the other two were carried overboard with the wreck of the spar. The first were Las-cars; but the others were Englishmen, and first-class sailors. It's a bad job!"

And he went off again.

In a few hours the fury of the storm had so far moderated that we determined to go on deck, and see how matters were looking. I shall never forget my sensations on first poking my head above the gangway. I had been out in rough weather, and seen a considerable swell; I had heard and read often enough of waves "mountains high;" but I had never pictured such a grand sight as now met my eyes.

If I were an artist, I could paint the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea from bare remembrance of it:

"And the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left."

Only our walls were all alive.

To stand on the deck of a large ship, and see those masses of liquid fermenting emerald towering above one, was simply awful. To imagine that they would not swallow one up next moment, seemed to be pushing hope to an absurd pitch. And yet the threatening mass melted away mysteriously, and we engaged another.

But how miserable the decks looked!—bulwarks in several places smashed, the boats gone, everything movable swept clean away. And aloft, the jagged end of a mast, cordage tangled and untidy. Eye-witnesses alone can tell how forlorn a ship which ought to have three masts looks with only two.

As the force of the wind had now gone down to an ordinary gale, the steward got the fire lighted and a meal prepared. And towards the close of the day the captain tried to set a little sail, and—confound it! I never could manage naval terms. But the matter was that we were driving before the gale, clean out of our course; and the captain wanted to stop that proceeding, and sail sideways, so as to go the proper way—which was towards Europe, not Africa. But he could not manage it, and the bit of sail went into ribbons presently. It was still blowing remarkably hard, and it kept that up for twenty-four hours longer at least, which was uncomfortable to a degree.

And it was not blowing us in the right direction either, that was the provoking part of it.

Things New and Old.

Art Criticism.

A critic writing of a picture in this year's Exhibition says:—"Where Mr. Herkomer has failed, and irretrievably failed, has been in his scheme of colour. The chromatic difficulties before him were indeed well-nigh appalling in their magnitude; but he has lacked the cunning to overcome them. He had to paint a very sea of ancient, wrinkled men, with white or bald heads, and in scarlet coats. He seems to have shrunk from the perils involved in placing a vast mass of scarlet on canvas; but in his perplexity he has fallen into the opposite extreme, and, to judge from the hue of his Pensioners' uniforms, the manufacturers of cloth for the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, must utterly repudiate the use either of cochineal or of madder in the process of dyeing. The poor old gentlemen are enveloped in gaberlines of what Lady Morgan used to call 'dun-duckety-mud-colour,' which have been clumsily ruddled with red ochre to make them look spruce. The result is a pervading brickdust hue in the picture—torrid without being rich, and subdued without being sober. There are a great many paintings in the Exhibition which, to borrow a term from the cook's vocabulary, are 'underdone'—that is to say, crude, wet, and *criardo* in hue. Mr. Herkomer's colour is, on the contrary, 'overdone'—not to the mellow brownness of a Stradivarius violin or a landscape by Hobbema, but to the parched and dusty overbaking of a joint and potatoes which have remained too long in the oven."

The Boudoir Sleeping Car.

The carriage, instead of consisting of one grand saloon like the Pullman cars, is divided into small compartments—a design which Colonel Mann, the inventor, probably thinks will appeal to the Englishman's love of seclusion. The boudoirs are fitted up for either four or two individuals, the sleeping berths, like those of a saloon steamer, being placed one over another. The steps by which the upper sleeper mounts to his couch serve in the daytime as a handy little table, at which the passenger can write comfortably, and the lower berths make admirable sofa chairs. The operation of bed-making, by the most simple and ingenious of processes, can be performed in a couple of minutes. When the passenger is tired of his well-carpeted and upholstered private room, he may stroll up and down the corridors, in which there are a refreshment bar and lavatories. Electric bells are at the disposal of each passenger, who by them can summon an attendant, whose special duty it is to wait upon the occupants of the cars. The beds, it should be mentioned, are placed across the carriage, an arrangement that prevents rolling. This, together with the smallness and privacy of the compartments, constitutes the chief speciality of the Mann, as distinct from other sleeping cars. In the winter, the carriages are uniformly heated by hot water pipes from beneath the carriage; and they are beautifully lighted by the celebrated lamps of the Silber Light Company, and, if required, by reading lamps placed over each passenger's shoulder. The ventilation is admirable, including in its scheme freedom from dust. Hot and cold water are supplied to the dressing-rooms;

there is even an ice safe amongst the manifold conveniences of the carriage, which, being of American design, it is scarcely necessary to add, abounds in ingenious devices for saving labour and making things generally easy for everybody. The roof is unusually high, and gaily painted. On the whole, it is difficult to conceive railway travelling with a greater minimum of discomfort. By partly using polished walnut panels instead of padded cushion backs, "stuffiness" is avoided. The windows, which are double, never rattle.

Keeping Pets.

It will be remembered that on two different occasions during the past three years proceedings have been taken against Mrs. Chantrell by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for cruelly starving a large number of cats and dogs at her house at Rottingdean, near Brighton. Convictions were obtained in each prosecution, and Mrs. Chantrell appealed against both decisions.

Armed with orders from the Vice-Chancellor, a party lately took an early train for Brighton, and, arriving at Rottingdean, the house was found to be barred and barricaded to prevent their admission. Reinforced by constables, the sanitary inspector, and a veterinary surgeon, the party determined to force an admission. Great stones were hurled at the gates and front door, and eventually Mrs. Chantrell, armed with a bludgeon and poker, appeared on her doorstep, and defied the party to enter. Admission was speedily gained, when not a single animal could be found on the premises, although the remains of several dead animals were seen. The doors of several rooms were locked, which Mrs. Chantrell refused to open, alleging that the keys had been lost. A search was made, and every room was examined, but without discovering anything more than the traces of dead animals. Ultimately the living animals were found in an adjoining cottage, they having been removed by Mrs. Chantrell subsequent to the order of the Vice-Chancellor alluded to. An indescribable scene of misery and suffering pervaded this place. The attenuated frames of living cats were found with the carcasses of dead animals, and, in a cupboard, skeletons of upwards of fifty cats were disclosed. In other places a number of dogs were found in the last state of emaciation and disease, upon seeing which the veterinary surgeon assured Mrs. Chantrell it was an act of cruelty to permit any of her animals to live. The actual backbone of one of the dogs was exposed to view, and another dog—a shrivelled, wan-looking creature—gave birth to a pup during the visit, and, being pressed by hunger, shortly afterwards devoured it. Those persons who witnessed the eager, ravenous struggles of these wretched brutes to obtain food which was thrown amongst them will never forget the scene of weakness and ferocity which followed. Mrs. Chantrell obstructed the search with threats of violence, and persistently refused to permit any of the animals to be destroyed. Her loud language caused a large crowd to assemble round the house, which at one time threatened to break in for the purpose of putting an end to the cruelty, and venting its indignation on the strange person who had caused it. The police managed, however, to keep back the crowd; and, a sufficient quantity of poison having been procured, the whole of the animals, excepting two, were put out of their misery.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXVII.—ANOTHER CHECK.

IT was a pleasant fortnight that they spent by the shores of that clear-watered lake, ever changing in its hues—now glittering and shimmering like silver in the sun, now mirroring the shapes of the mighty mountains which surrounded it on all sides; or by night, smooth and tranquil, with a long path of light seeming to pave a way to where the great round moon poured down beams which sent the tiny waves rippling to break upon the sand like fluid phosphorescent light.

The days passed there were for rest, and Frank and his wife rambled often through the pine woods, whose wholesome resinous perfume seemed to load the air. It was a dreamy, lotus-eating existence, and Larry declared it to be grand for the "mule bastes."

"Only look at Don John," he said to his master; "did ye iver see such a coat? Look how it shines, yer honour; an' fate the fat he's got on his ribs. Arrah! now, be quiet," he shouted at the mule, which raised its head from where it was grazing, laid its ears back, and gave an unmistakable kick. "Is it wantin' to pick a quarrel ye are? or did ye think ye could touch me ribs by raisin' yer leg in that unconvenient way? Now be aisy, an' go on atin' an' gettin' sthrong."

The mule went on with its grazing, and Larry led the way to another.

"There's Pepe, sor; he's as sthrong as a horse, an' quite fat. It's wondherful how they've all improved. I tell them to make good use ov their time, for there's some hard work for them to do by-and-by. Bud it's proud they ought to be, carryin' goold as crowns is made ov, instid ov a dhirty load ov shtones such as some poor neglected bastes would have to bear, an' sore places comin' on their backs at the same time. Arrah! an' that's a fine mule, that Pepe. Look how purtily the baste waggles his ears whin the flies come tazin' him, an' how he makes much ov the little bit ov tail he's got, an' it isn't much. Thim bastes, sor, will carry a wondherful load, see if they doht; an' only want a rowl in the sand now an' thin to freshen them up for their next journey."

And now a month had glided away; and, as they sat watching the glorious tints upon the mountain tops as the sun painted upon them the glories of his last rays, Dawson said, with a sigh, and a dry look of humour upon his face—

"I'm very sorry, but I feel quite well now."

"Sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams.

"Yes, sorry that I must assume once more the position of protector instead of protected. It is utter nonsense that I should idle any more. But," he said, glancing round at Mary, "the holiday has been very sweet."

Mary was busy over some piéce of work, and did not seem to hear.

"We must be up and doing again," continued Dawson, who seemed, as it were, to be rousing himself from the peaceful, dreamy state into which he had fallen. "I've lain by too long, and now, Master Frank, I mean to resume the reins of government."

"With all my heart," said Frank, lazily; "but, do you

know, there must be something in this soft mountain air that is enervating as to moral tone, while it is exhilarating to the nature. I could go on living here for ever. It is a pleasure merely to exist—to breathe the pure breezes, to sniff up the scent-laden air, to sleep such restful slumbers and wake up so strong and refreshed, to eat and drink and think so little. Heigho! Dawson, old fellow, gold and civilization and the world seem to be of very little consequence when one can live in such an Eden. What do you think of it, Larry?"

"Sure, an' it's very nice," said Larry, who was smoking; "bud it don't seem quite perfect."

"Not perfect?"

"No, yer honour, not for me. Sure, haven't ye two gentlemen got the society ov the ladies, same as Adam had in his Eden? while poor Pat, as Misther Dawson's so fond ov callin' me, has got nothin' better 'an the mules, which is a highly respectable kind ov bastes in their way, bud still they aren't Christians."

"Then you would not like to stay here always, Larry?" said Mrs. Adams.

"Sure, an' I wouldn't," said Larry—"specially in the winther; an', be the same token, isn't the tobacco runnin' so short it won't last above a week or two longer?"

"Larry's quite right," said Dawson. "The tea, too, is running low, and the flour and rice. We've plenty for some time, but these things won't last for ever."

"An' the throat aint so wicked as they were," said Larry; "they're gettin' converted from their evil ways, an' won't take to the poachin' like they did at first. Not that it matthers much, for I'm ready for thim in two or three other ways if they won't bite."

"We came out silver hunting," said Dawson, after a pause.

"And we have hunted gold," said Adams, "and have grown so enervated in the mountain valley that we care for it scarcely at all."

"But now comes a general waking up," exclaimed Dawson. "Back to the big city is now the order; for it is not prudent to remain here. Because we have been unmolested so long, we are tempting fate. I don't want to be a bird of ill omen; but not only may the Indians find us here, but nature may turn unkind and send us storms, for the season is getting on. I take my place as leader once more, then, and say it is not prudent to stay. The mules are strong and hearty, our treasure lies waiting us to claim it, so to-morrow let us be well on towards the valley, and load our beasts for the journey across the desert."

At daybreak the next morning the little tent was struck and wrapped around its light pole, the mules laden with the food and such few things as they felt that they must have; for with such a weight of treasure awaiting them they could not afford to burden the mules with tools and packages that would be of little service now. The light valises and specimens collected here and there were tossed aside unwillingly, but the necessities of the position bade them do it; and at last, cleared of everything that they could dispense with in the homeward journey, they gave a farewell look at the peaceful lake, and started for the golden valley.

"Sure, this won't do, if there's to be much ov it," said Larry, wiping the perspiration from his face. "The mules is that skittish wid rest an' feedin', an' now

nothin' to carry, that they're killin' me intirely, an' I'll have to load thim up wid shtones."

But they grew steadier as they journeyed on, falling into their old places, and following their leader in regular Indian file.

As they plodded along, Dawson, who had thoroughly fulfilled his word of once more taking the lead, gave out his orders for the march, the most important being that they should get as close as they could to the valley before sending out a scout—who, by the way, was to be himself—and then, if all proved safe, they were to stay just as long in the place as would be sufficient to load the mules with the treasure. After this was done, what remained could be covered with fragments of rock, and fetched at some future time.

Strange forebodings began to oppress them as they neared the valley, but it was not spoken of by a single member of the party, lest it should dispirit the others. The journey was a series of descents along ravines that looked as if they were the beds of mighty torrents during the wintry storms, when they would be filled with snow-drifts. Once or twice they had a ridge to surmount, but these were slight; and they wondered now at the height to which they must have climbed almost imperceptibly in their wanderings.

In spite of the dispirited feelings which they might have attributed to the breaking-up of their pleasant camp, no obstacles appeared, and they trudged on till the sun grew unbearably hot, and towards midday they picked out as sheltered a spot as they could find, and came to a halt, with the faint, dull roar of the cataract coming at intervals to their ears.

This, it was decided, was as near to the valley as it would be prudent for them to go; and now came the reconnoitring.

"I have been an idler for so long that I shall take up that duty," said Dawson.

"You are too weak yet," remonstrated Adams.

"Not I," was the reply. "Whatever you do, keep close with the mules until our return; for it is possible that there may be Indians hanging about the place."

Adams promised; and after going to Mary's side for a few moments, Dawson made a sign to Larry, and the two well-armed men stepped onward along the high ravine, which, some distance ahead, opened into the golden valley.

For a time they confined themselves to walking steadily on through the glaring sunshine, which made the very rocks too hot for the hand to be rested upon them.

"Sure an' this will give the finishin' touch to my complexion, sor," said Larry, in a whisper. "I've felt meself turnin' black for a month past, an' now I'm bein' finished. I suppose that was how the nagurs first got turned that colour."

"Don't talk so loud, Larry," was the reply—"a whisper goes flying down these hollows in a way sometimes that is startling."

"I'm spacheless, yer honour," said Larry, trotting on close behind his leader. "Bud whisht! what's that?"

Almost involuntarily he stepped behind a rock, closely followed by Dawson. But it was a false alarm: a piece of stone, loosened by a bird or some little animal, fell, rattling down from high up the slope of the ravine; and smiling at their nervousness, they stepped on once more, till they came close to the entrance to the valley,

where they halted for a few minutes in a shady nook to gain rest and breath.

"We shall have to be careful here," said Dawson, "and go slowly, keeping always under shelter. And mind this, Larry, if we do come upon the savages, we must not run towards where our friends are hid."

"An' why not?" said Larry, scratching his head.

"Why not? Because it would be drawing the Indians to where they are. If it comes to that, we must try and lead the wretches away."

"Anyhow ye like, yer honour—I'm wid ye," said Larry.

They now went cautiously down from the ravine, sheltering themselves among the brushwood, till they stood once more in the familiar valley, with its bluffs, points, and rifts, all familiar to them from their long sojourn. Everything was still in that noontide heat but the reptiles and insects; for here and there upon the hot stones a tiny brown lizard ran rapidly along, to disappear in some rift; a kind of grasshopper chirped, and kept up its monotonous and tedious noise among the parched, mossy herbage; and once they saw a small snake, alarmed by their approach, glide among the stones. So silent did everything seem in that blazing heat, that a less cautious man would have been content to step boldly out; but Dawson had learned no little by experience, and he went on from shelter to shelter, as one might be expected to go who is prepared to receive an inimical shot at any moment.

There was the rivulet, with its golden sands and nugget-haunted pools flashing back the sun; there the place where they had been attacked; across the valley the opening to the rift where the silver lay, and not far off the rocks that towered over the *cache*, and the spot where their hut had stood; behind them was the entrance to the cañon, out of which came the deep bass roar of the waterfall. But everywhere the place looked deserted, and free from even a suspicion of danger. The hot sun beat down on rock and pine from the dazzling sky, and the very air seemed to quiver and vibrate, as they scanned the place from the shadow of a clump of small firs.

The hut seemed to be standing safely, and that meant that the gold had been untouched. They were not quite sure, for their observations had been taken from the farther side of the valley, but they were satisfied; and going on, farther away still from the open desert, they found more and more shelter.

"This is about where thim beggars played at bow-an'-arrow wid us," said Larry, in a whisper, as they halted once more among some stunted pines, which grew from amidst the rugged stones, one of which stood up square and massive upon a little flat clear piece of sand; and he pointed towards the pool in the rivulet where they had been so busy. "Bedad! if I had the rascals now, I'd—"

Larry's whispered speech came to an end, for Dawson's hand was clapped upon his mouth, as the latter peered anxiously back along the route which they had come. Larry looked in the same direction, and there about five hundred yards back, and between them and the ravine where the rest of the party awaited their return, was an Indian, coming along with bent head and cautious look from side to side, evidently tracking their footsteps.

One Indian only; but his tribe must be close at hand.

What was to be done?

Escape was impossible, for this keen-eyed enemy was certainly tracing them step by step. They could see him evidently at fault now and then upon the stony ground, and he would again and again disappear in the little clumps through which they had passed; but when he came out it was to be pursuing their trail with unerring eye, and in a few minutes he would be up to where they stood, for not only had he their footmarks, but the broken and trampled bushes through which, for the sake of shelter, they had forced their way.

Dawson examined the lock of his rifle, and a stern, hard look came into his face; but Larry, after rubbing his chin for a few moments, made a gesture of dissent, handed Dawson his rifle, and wetted the hand which held his stick, going through the pantomime of being in ambush and knocking a man down.

"If ye shoot, it'll bring all the varmints down upon us, yer honour," he whispered. "Come along, an' I'll show ye. D'ye see that bit ov a rock?" he continued, pointing to the mass right in their path.

Dawson nodded.

"Very well, thin—he's follyin' us be our fate; so whin we get there, ye shall go on an' I'll dodge back, an' take up me quarthers behind that shstone. He'll come slithering along like a shsnake, the baste, an' thinkin' we're on in front, whin—whoosh! Oh, the nate tap he shall have on that copper-coloured head ov his! I'll tache him to play the shsnake after us!"

The plan was good, and they went on a dozen yards, when, making a side leap, Larry landed himself among the bushes, and made his way back to the big rock, where he took up a favourable position with upraised stick, and such a smile upon his face as he might have worn if feeling for heads outside a tent at Donnybrook.

And all this time, and ever coming nearer, the Indian crept cautiously on, tracing step by step, with unerring fidelity, the trail taken by the two adventurers.

The North Pole.

THE attempt to discover a north-west passage was first made by a Portuguese, named Corte Real, who was licensed by Henry VII. for the purpose, on condition that he sailed under the English flag, and, after paying the cost of his expedition, gave to the king a fourth of the revenue of any unknown land he discovered. In 1585 a company was formed in London called the "Fellowship for the Discovery of the North-West Passage," and it was on the behalf of this company that Captain Davis sailed to the straits which bear his name to this day. From the year 1745 to 1818, Parliament offered £20,000 for the discovery of this passage, the reward being modified in the last-mentioned year by Government promising that £5,000 should be paid when either 110, 120, or 130 degrees W. longitude should be passed, one of which payments was made to Captain Parry in 1824. Below is a chronological list of all the voyages which have been made to the Arctic regions for the purpose of exploring:—

1553, May 20.—Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition to find a north-east passage to China sailed from the Thames. In 1558 the ships were reported to have

become entangled in the ice off Lapland, and the whole of the expeditionary party perished.

1576.—Sir Martin Frobisher sailed from the Thames to find a north-west passage to China, when he reached what was afterwards known as Hudson's Bay.

1585.—Captain Davis's expedition in search of a north-west passage.

1594.—The Dutch expedition, under the command of Captain Barrantz, sailed in search of the north-east passage.

1602.—Weymouth and Knight's expedition.

1610.—Captain Henry Hudson first sailed in command of an expedition in search of the north-west passage to the Pacific. He made four voyages in very quick succession, and in the course of his adventures discovered the bay which now bears his name. This was discovered by Frobisher in Queen Elizabeth's reign, though Hudson ventured farther north than the Elizabethan adventurer. Hudson, on his fourth voyage, while wintering in this bay, was thrown into a boat with four others by his sailors, and left to perish.

1612.—Sir Thomas Button's expedition sailed.

1616.—William Baffin sailed with an expedition, and reached the bay now known as Baffin's Bay. The extent of this discovery was much doubted, until the expedition of Ross and Parry proved that Baffin was substantially correct.

1631.—Foxe's expedition.

1742 to 1769.—1742, Middleton's expedition sailed; in 1746 Moore and Smith's, and in 1769 Hearne's land expedition set out.

1773.—Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Melgrave, set out on his expedition.

1776, July 12.—Captain Cook, with the *Resolution* and *Discovery*. He never again reached England, being killed by the savages of Owhyhee, on the 14th of February, 1779. His expedition reached Sheerness on the 4th of October, 1780.

1789.—Captain Duncan's voyage.

1790.—Captain Duncan sailed for the Arctic regions.

1795.—The *Discovery*, Captain Vancouver, returned from a voyage of survey and discovery on the north-west coast of America.

1815.—Lieutenant Kotzebue's expedition.

1819–1822.—Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin's expedition in the *Dorothea* and *Trent*.

1818.—Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry in the *Isabella* and *Alexander*.

1819, May 4.—Lieutenants Parry and Liddon in the *Hecla* and *Griper*. They returned to Leith on the 3rd of November, 1820.

1821, May 8.—Captains Parry and Lyon in the *Fury* and *Hecla*.

1824.—Captain Parry set out on a third expedition in the *Hecla*.

1825, Feb. 16.—Captains Franklin and Lyon, after having attempted a land expedition, started from Liverpool.

1827, June 22.—Captain Parry made his fourth voyage, once more in the *Hecla*; sailed from Deptford in the Thames, and, after reaching a spot 435 miles from the North Pole, returned on the 6th of October.

1833, Oct. 18.—Captain Ross's expedition, after having been absent for four years, and when all hope of his return had been abandoned, arrived in Hull. In

1830 he discovered Boothia Felix, and on the 31st of June, 1831, he came to a spot which he considered to be the true magnetic pole. The appearance of his ship created much surprise and curiosity, many going hundreds of miles to see it. The hull was all stripped of its paint, and had the appearance of having been newly planed.

1835, Sept. 8.—Captain Back and his companions arrived at Liverpool from their perilous Arctic land expedition, after having visited the Great Fish River, and examined its course to the Polar Seas. In December of this year the Geographical Society awarded to Captain Back the king's annual premium for his polar discoveries and enterprise.

1836, June 21.—Captain Back sailed from Chatham in command of a war ship, *Terror*, on an exploring adventure in Wager River.

1845, May 24.—Sir John Franklin and Captains Crozier and FitzJames, in the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, left England for the Arctic Seas. The fatal result of this enterprise is well known.

1850, Jan. 20.—Commanders Collinson and M'Clure, in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, sailed eastward in search of Sir John Franklin, and on the 26th of October Captain M'Clure discovered the north-west passage. On September 6th he discovered high land, which he named Baring's Land; on the 9th, other land named after Prince Albert; and on the 30th the ship was frozen in. In a sledge expedition, and on October 26, reached Point Russell, and from an elevation of 600 feet he saw Parry or Melville Sound beneath. The strait connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans he named after the Prince of Wales. The *Investigator* was the first ship which traversed the Polar Sea from Behring Straits to Behring Island. Captain M'Clure returned to England, September, 1854, was knighted, and rewarded with a gift of £5,000, an equal sum being distributed amongst his officers and crew.

From 1848 to 1865 no less than twenty-one expeditions were sent in search of the Franklin expedition, five of which were equipped by Lady Franklin, chiefly at her own expense. Some of these expeditions resulted in very valuable discoveries, and the remains of many of the officers were found, which proved with certainty that they had perished.

1858.—Swedish-Norwegian expedition, by way of Spitzbergen.

1868, May 24.—German expedition left Bergen, and returned in October, 1871.

1871.—The *Polaris*, under Captain Hall, an American, having reached a higher latitude than any ship had yet attained, the crew were cast ashore at Smith's Sound, and brought to England in a Dundee whaler.

1872, June 13.—Austro-Hungarian expedition, under Lieutenant Weyprecht and Lieutenant Payer, left Bremerhaven, and returned 1875.

A new Occupation for Women.

The latest thing in the advertising line is a lady who seeks for employment as an "ornamental guest." She will assist at dinner or evening parties—by her grace, her wit, and beauty contribute to the entertainment of guests; and she will do everything in the highest style of art. But she demands handsome compensation!

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER LII.—AT FILMER'S.

THOSE were palmy days for the gossips of Bubbley Parva; and so much were the varied phases of the murder talked over, that the principal grocer felt it in his orders for "Best black"—a class of tea retailed by him to his customers at three-and-three—to the extent of nearly a quarter of a chest.

"Only to think," was the form of expression used over and over again—only to think of its being young Harvey Parker after all, and not the doctor! The sinfulness of this world was awful. And then, rightly enough, parents read those sons who had a tendency to being "wild," long homilies about the evils of betting in every shape and form, pointing their moral and adorning their tale with the history of Harvey Parker, who, in place of being a gentleman of wealth and position in the county, had chosen to be a blackguard, descending the acclivity of evil faster and faster, till he had sunk into a black Slough of Despond at the bottom, where he lay as a criminal, charged with a foul and unnatural murder.

Burge junior had his days and nights made miserable in consequence by his parents, who joined in telling him that no good could come of his habit of frequenting the billiard-room of the principal inn, where he was guilty of the heinous crime of playing pool with sundry other young men of his age—one of the homilies hitting him with peculiar force at breakfast one morning, upon an occasion when his conscience pricked him, and he felt rather low-spirited, from having lost overnight the sum of seven shillings and ninepence out of his rather moderate allowance. Albeit, it is only fair to say that, if Burge junior had been a winner to the same amount, he would have felt perfectly easy in his conscience, and smiled serenely in his sleeve.

It was upon Mr. Superintendent Burley, though, that the stroke fell most heavily. He shrank visibly, and walked about muttering to himself in a terribly abstracted way. He walked up and down by night in front of Tom Madron's lodgings, longing to rearrest him; and kept watch and ward at the railway station, lest an attempt at evasion should be made by the man whom he looked upon as his lawful prisoner, and whom in his own mind he still maintained was the criminal.

"I didn't have my hy on him—on him for nothing," he muttered, "and it'll turn out to be him after all, in spite of all your fine London ways. Go up to London for a bit of practice, should I?" he continued, quoting the sergeant's words, with bitter, sneering emphasis—"perhaps I should, and perhaps I shouldn't. But wait a bit—wait a bit, my fine fellows, and you'll see. I've got my hy on that doctor yet, and when once I get my hy on a man there aint much charnsh for him."

Mr. Superintendent Burley carried his convictions so far as to dog Tom Madron about, in a most clumsy and blundering manner, hunting him from place to place when he went his round to see the few patients who would be treated by him, for prejudice had been busily at work; and after people had made up their minds that Tom ought to be hung, they were not well disposed to have him to consult when nature had dealt hardly by them, and they were suffering from some nervous ailment. The behaviour of Mr. Superintendent, too, had

its effect, for people said there must be something still wrong, or else the superintendent of police would never be always seen so closely after the young doctor. So closely did Mr. Superintendent carry out his principle of "keeping his hy on a man," that he followed Tom several times to town; and, to do justice to all, this was at his own expense, and the disbursements necessary never appeared as items in the public books of police expenditure for charge against the county.

For the first few days Tom Madron resented all this strongly; but he soon allowed it to pass unnoticed, fully as his mind was occupied by other and more pleasant thoughts.

Neither was Mr. Superintendent Burley allowed to be at peace by his special enemy, for again and again was he disturbed by visits from Sergeant Harker, who came into the yard whistling softly his regular minor ditty, such a one as may be heard at the side of a cart team or after the tail of a plough in some ribbed field in the shires.

And to a man of more discernment than the Bubbley Parva superintendent it would have been plain that his adversary was not easy in his mind. He did not seem satisfied, but prowled about as if looking for something, he knew not what. And this was the case. The sergeant had taken the man he had run down, had lodged him in gaol, had the preliminary magisterial examinations, and had him committed for trial. He had had the woman who gave him so much trouble carefully watched, watched her himself, and then compared notes with his lieutenants; but made nothing more out.

It was evident that Sergeant Harker wanted what he would have termed links, and, among other places, where he searched for those links was at the house of Jack Filmer.

It was curious to witness the mingling of shrewdness and simplicity in his countenance as he conversed with Fanny in the little downstairs shop, where they were interrupted often by the sighs and restless mutterings of poor Jack upon his weary pillow.

The sergeant won upon Fanny's heart by the interest he seemed to take in poor Jack.

"Seems so very hard," he said—"such a young man, too! Twenty-eight, I think you said he was?"

"No, not for two years," said Fanny. "He was only twenty-six last birthday."

"Poor young chap!" said the sergeant, feelingly—"makes it worse. And what may those be for?" he asked, pointing to Jack's chemicals. "Indeed, ah! for taking pictures, are they? Well, I've taken French leave to bring a few oranges in my pocket. So refreshing, you know, to any one who's feverish. Do you know, I had a gal who was bad for —"

"Fanny! Fanny!" came from upstairs; and the young girl, with a hasty apology, rushed from the place, leaving the sergeant, with an orange in each hand, pacing hastily about, seeing everything at a glance; holding back a print in the window to peep across at the Manor House; then peering into the cupboards, and looking into corners.

"There's more to come out yet," said the sergeant to himself, sniffing about like a disappointed dog, and rubbing his nose with an orange. "I'm not satisfied—I'm not satisfied—I'm not satisfied!" he kept on repeating, till Fanny suddenly tripped back into the room.

"Oh! you're there, are you, my dear? Well, how does he get on?"

"Oh, sir!" said Fanny, hard pressed to keep back the tears, but glad enough, from the life she led, to find some one to whom she could unburden her heart. "Oh, sir, he's no better, I'm sure; and I can't make him out. It seems as if there was always something on his mind that he wanted to talk about."

"To confess, eh?" interrupted the sergeant.

"Well, I don't know that you'd call it confess," said Fanny; "but it's something he wants to tell, and no sooner does he get ready to tell it, feeling that he's all right, than it all goes again, and it seems almost to drive him mad."

"Something on his conscience, eh, my dear?" said the sergeant, whose face seemed perfectly blank, but whose ears, to a keen observer, might have been seen to twitch furiously. In fact, the greater part of the sergeant's energy was at such times condensed in his ears. "Something on his conscience, eh?"

"No, sir, I don't think it's that. Poor fellow, he's never done anything wrong, so he can't have any conscience," and Fanny wiped her eyes.

"P'raps not," said the sergeant, drily. "But what does it seem like, eh? What is it you think troubles him?"

"I can't tell you, sir, indeed," said Fanny; "I wish I could. I often think that if I could tell, or just give him a word, he'd go on instead of breaking down, and all turning blank again."

"S'pose you let me see him," said the sergeant. "Let me come up with you as a friend who has brought him some oranges."

Fanny hesitated for a moment, and then signified her assent, leading the way to Jack's scrupulously clean bed-room, where a bunch of flowers diffused a pleasant perfume from the cracked jug whose water imparted freshness.

Jack lay muttering feverishly, and took no notice of the visitor, who sat down close by the bed, and in a cool, matter-of-fact way that won Fanny's admiration, began to peel an orange, and pull the divisions apart. After this he picked out the pips with the point of his penknife, and placed a piece to the invalid's lips.

"That's nice," said Jack, eating the cool, pleasant fruit with relish, but quite ignoring the giver; "that's nice—more."

The sergeant gave Fanny a meaning look, and received one all gratitude in return, coolly continuing his self-imposed task the while, till, as Jack Filmer ate segment after segment with great gusto, his eyes fixed themselves upon the giver, and by degrees the light of recognition brightened them, till at last he lay and stared hard at his visitor, refusing the last scrap of orange, and shading his eyes to get a better view.

"You have come after me, then?"

"Oh, yes—I've come after you," said the sergeant, quietly, but with a sharper twitch than ever to his ears. "I don't care!" said Jack, excitedly, "I didn't do it."

The sergeant leaned a little more forward, and Fanny flew round to the other side of the bed, to where she could throw an arm over Jack, as if to protect him, while she stood at bay before the sergeant.

"Well," said the latter, "we won't argue that."

"I didn't do it!" cried Jack. "Let him say it as he will. I wouldn't touch his dirty money."

Fanny tried to speak, but her words seemed to choke her. The sergeant, though, had words at command, and he tried to lead Jack on.

"I'll tell you how it was," said Jack, eagerly. "He came smack into the studio, drunk as drunk, and begins aggravating me, till I ups with my fist and knocks him down; and then you comes in, and they goes to the races, and forty in the bull's-eye—three throws a penny—gingerbread—colours—Fanny got up behind the carriage—"

Poor Jack trailed off into a babble of mingled inconsequent ideas, and the sergeant gazed at him earnestly.

"And out crept a mouse!" said the sergeant, with a sigh. "Poor chap, I thought we'd got something better on hand. You see, his mind goes back to things that happened some time ago. I shouldn't have known him, but he knew me."

"Had you seen him before?" exclaimed Fanny, eagerly.

"Well, yes, my dear—once," said the sergeant. "It was one night in the Euston-road, when there was a bit of a row, and—"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Jack; "and—and—and I've got it again. You wouldn't let the policeman take the charge."

"Ah, to be sure—I wouldn't let the policeman take the charge," said the sergeant, studying Jack intently, as if striving to read all the incidents of the wretched squabble to which Jack had alluded—the trouble, in fact, which resulted in Jack leaving his employ and setting up in business for himself. "I thought, though," he said aloud, "that you had something better to tell me!"

"So I have," said Jack, eagerly—"so I have. I—I—Smith's is the best collodion: it doesn't dry in lumps all over my brain—inside, you know—inside my skull. Fanny, there, says it's all nonsense, and that my head's quite clear; but it can't be—can it? because if it was I could go to the races and see her, and—and—Fanny—Fanny, put your cool hand here again," groaned the poor fellow, pressing the little soft hand to his burning forehead. "The works are all wrong, and it's a bad lens, and all cracked and starred, and every picture I try to take's all fogged."

He ceased speaking, lying with closed eyes, till, in obedience to a gesture from Fanny, the sergeant stole quietly downstairs, where he waited till she descended softly, with a finger to her lips.

"He'll get clearer in time," said Fanny's visitor, as he stood at the door. "Don't you fidget about him, my little lassie. He was nearly killed, you see; and people don't get back to life so easily, when death has had a grip at them. I shall come and see you again in a day or two."

Wants a Wife.

Peter Cowles, of Amherst, Massachusetts, wants a wife after the following pattern:—"I would like a woman that has a sort of brunette complexion; dark flowing hair, little mite curling; dimples on cheeks; mild, gentle, slow, with pleasant eyes looking out of her head. I don't want a glass-eyed or a lantern-jawed woman, one that is cross as blazes, and talks all over the town."

Carlos.

IN MEMORIAM.

A THEME for Landseer was his head,
His drooping ears so soft and fine;
His speaking eyes and face benign.
But dog and artist both are dead.

Save that his nose was somewhat grey,
Save that about the caudal root
His curly hair had ceased to shoot,
He showed no symptoms of decay.

There are would mock his master's care:
"Only a dog!" I hear them say.
But there are friends of human clay
That master could far better spare.

Quite equable and free from whim,
His temper was so sweet and mild
That there was not a village child
But loved to toy and play with him.

He begged with such a winning grace
That none with food at their command
His silent pleading could withstand,
Or drive him harshly from the place.

The little cat, whom all contemn,
Who in his kennel nightly slept,
Over his corpse strict vigil kept,
And mewed a piteous requiem.

I wander by the river's side,
Where, when it parted him from home,
He barked. The ferryman would come
And, smiling, waft him o'er the tide.

So may the Stygian boatman, grim
And ghostly, once forego his gains,
And, with a tail-wag for his pains,
To fields Elysian carry him.

His temper lamb-like, yet his heart
Was lion-like; and when he saw
His comrade in the mastiff's jaw,
Forward he sprang to take his part.

And heeded not the savage tooth
That pierced his throat and tore his side.
Oh, had he thus in glory died
We had not felt such bitter ruth!

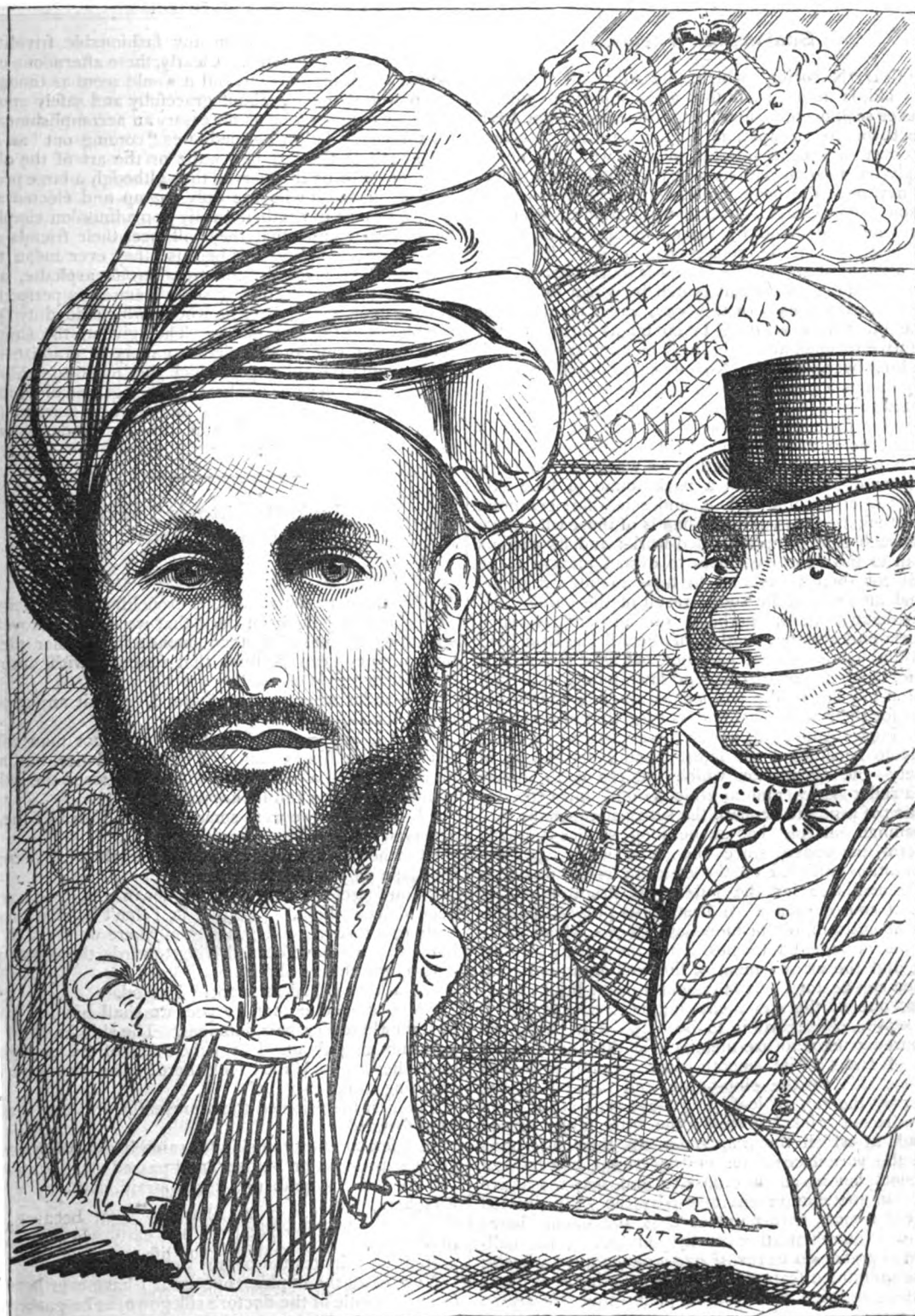
But to be poisoned in his prime!
Oh, cruel, careless hand that spread
The meat which laid poor Carlos dead,
What penalty demands thy crime?

Oft may thy dinner disagree,
And in thy nightmare phantasies
May thy poor victim's dying eyes
Gaze in thine own appealingly!

LEWIS HOUGH.

Making Life Happy.

By declining to eat things that you want because they are unhealthy, by going to bed early when you want to sit up, and by making your life wretched in a thousand ways, you have a chance of living to a ripe old age, if that is any satisfaction to you.



THE SEYYID OF ZANZIBAR.—A FRIENDLY VISITOR.

Skating on Wheels.

LONDON society, which, like Athenian society of old, is at once cultured and comfortably idle, is for ever seeking some new thing—inventing some fresh object for its occupation. There always attaches, moreover, a special interest to that which is novel, simply on account of its novelty; and the new book, the new play, the new picture, continually secures, by reason of its newness, an amount of interest which it would never demand by reason of any other of its qualities. Then, too, society has a great fancy for getting hold of any excuse for its favourite habits, and for providing a convenient crutch by which to support its pet weaknesses. In this way, when croquet first came in, it was at once taken up as affording the incentive to open-air gatherings of both sexes, which had long been wanted. No one cared anything about the game as a game; and no one, when it was played, wanted to find in it anything save an admirable opportunity for flirtation, an object for out-door parties in the afternoon, and a vehicle for the morning toilettes, which never look so effective as when set off by a foreground of green and a background of blue sky. But croquet became serious and scientific; energetic clubs took its rules out of the hands of those who made it all such easy, simple-minded work; and its patrons began to have the bad taste to expect players to be ready for their turns, and to take an interest in the actual and not in the social result of the game. So, notwithstanding, or perhaps on account of, such earnest undertakings as that of the All England Club at Wimbledon, croquet has died out as a fashionable game, much as sphaeristike, and lawn tennis, and Badminton bid fair to die so soon as any one undertakes them for their own sake, and not for that of their surroundings. And what, under these circumstances, is likely to become of the latest fanciful occupation of society—the occupation which induces it to mount upon roller-skates, and to glide up and down the dry surface of asphalt beneath the sultry summer sun?

Summer skating has made long strides towards general patronage since the days when the ice-locomotion initiated on the operatic stage was first made available for the public at Brighton. It is still, of course, seen at its best in its present stage—that of indisputable fashion—at Prince's, where it has every advantage that the position of the prettily situated rink and the arrangement of the well-organized committee can bestow. At Hans-place, on a bright afternoon, one of the most characteristic scenes which the season can afford is to be seen—that is, by the favoured ones who are members of this most exclusive of clubs. The smooth, dark ground, protected on one side by the club-house, and flanked on the other by the row of leafy trees that separate it from the adjacent cricket ground; the little tables dotted round, at which the *chaperones* sip their afternoon tea; the varied costumes of the cricket players and racquet players, as they pass to and fro; the active share in the amusement taken by the gaily dressed ladies, whose gentle influence is paramount here; the way in which the courtly conduct of the ball-room is preserved in the *al fresco* dance upon wheels; these prominent features of summer skating at Prince's combine to give it an air of picturesque *bizarrierie*,

such as we rarely find in any fashionable frivolity on this side the Channel. Clearly, these afternoons on skates are in high favour, and it would seem as though the power of moving about gracefully and safely upon wheels would soon be as necessary an accomplishment for the young lady who meditates "coming out" as is the knack of the last new waltz or the art of the old cotillon. For be it observed that, although a large proportion of those who are duly put up and elected at Prince's make use of their hardly won admission simply because they know that they will meet their friends at the skating-rink, and not because they ever mean to venture themselves on the treacherous asphalt, all who join the moving throng show themselves perfectly at ease upon the eight little wheels which do duty for the blades of the real skates. They give up the shopping, or the ride, or the picture gallery to practise in the morning the agile sport which they mean to exhibit in the afternoon; for, unlike the other games of which mention has been made, this one must be learned in comparative private before it can be prudently so much as attempted in public.

Jack Hamilton's Luck. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE "BOS" PLUNGES.

WE three passengers were crouching in the least exposed nook on deck that we could discover, snatching an unsatisfactory smoke; for neither men nor chimneys can perform that function with entire comfort in a gale of wind.

"I wonder where we are," said I. "Is it any good to ask the skipper?"

"Not a bit," replied Fletcher; "the poor man will tell you something or another with confidence, but, as he has not had a glimpse of sun or star since the gale commenced, how can he know?"

"I should say we were somewhere off Sierra Leone," observed Colonel Macallum.

"Farther than that, I fancy," said Fletcher. "Nearer the Cape de Verde Islands, I should say."

"You forget the eccentric manner in which we have been driven about. The fact is, I don't believe anybody can form a good guess even where we are. We know that we have been driving towards the coast of Africa, and that is all."

"And that is bad, is it not?" I asked.

"Not altogether; for I expect we shall have to put in somewhere to repair damages. The ship has had a rare knocking about. I hear the wreck of the mast got under her keel. Hallo! look there! The carpenter is speaking to the captain."

The first mate joined them presently, and the three went forward.

In a few minutes the skipper came back, with a very grave expression on his face, and passed close to us.

"We are not quite dry, I am afraid, captain," said Fletcher.

"No, there is a bit of a leak," he replied, and hurried below.

In a few minutes the pumps were at work.

Now, of all the unpleasant sounds I have ever heard, from the rustle of the doctor's silk gown, as he gathered

it up to get a good sweep with his birch, to the singing of a bullet close to the head, the thump, thump, thump, thump of the piston which is ejecting water from the hold of a wounded ship is the most depressing to the spirits.

The "bit of a leak" proved a very considerable bit, for, after an hour's pumping, there was no diminution in the volume of water; nor could the carpenter, who was groping about with his assistants, get at the damaged part.

We had been somewhat short of hands at starting, and the loss of those five men, when the big seas struck us, and swept the mizenmast and boats off, was now severely felt.

We three passengers of course volunteered to take our turn at the pumps. Poor Colonel Macallum was worn with illness and weak, though—game to the backbone—he would not give in while he could stand and work. But he was soon utterly exhausted.

Fletcher, however, was a very powerful man; and I myself, at the time, was strong and wiry, with a constitution better suited to bear protracted fatigue than that of many who appeared more robust; and we did as good service as any of the sailors, who, poor fellows, had had hard work and little rest for many hours, while we were fresh.

But what can nations do against Time? The Titans against the Gods? Passion against Fate? Human thews and sinews against the steady, ceaseless, effortless pressure of the sea?

The leak gained on us.

It was evening when the pumps were first manned. We toiled in gangs, turn and turn about, through the night; and in the morning we had three feet more of water in the hold for the result.

The wind had moderated, though there was still a very high sea running, and some sail had been set, which perhaps increased the strain (so I heard some saying), and widened our wound. But to make the land seemed to be our only chance—a poor one, truly, in such a sea.

And yet, when day dawned, and the sun, bursting through the scattering clouds, revealed a distant line of coast, towards which the ship was heavily reeling, it infused fresh spirit into some of us, though the more experienced began to say it was of no use.

"If we only had the boats!" said Fletcher.

There was but one small one left uninjured, and that would be crowded with six or seven men. Besides, it was next to impossible that she could live in the sea which was running.

The water still gained on us, and the ship worked on heavily, like a beaten horse in miry ground.

Looking forward, after an hour or two, I could see that there was a small island between us and the mainland, and I thought I could perceive the wreck of a ship upon it—an earlier victim.

But now the men refused to work any more at the pumps, and the captain did not urge them further. Our utmost exertion, he owned, could not keep the ship afloat for another hour, and the time was precious if we were to attempt any other means of escape. Some of the sailors had sneaked away hours before, and had managed to get at the rum. Their chance of life was quite gone by this; no power could save them. Several of the others now rushed to the only boat, and pro-

ceeded to get it clear and lower it. The captain did not attempt to prevent them by force: he only told them that their selfishness was useless. But they did not heed him, and managed with difficulty to get the cockleshell into the boiling water.

We saw them ride over one wave, another, a third. And then they were swallowed up.

The rest of us set about lashing spars and barrels together to make a raft. Not with much hope of doing any good, but it is better to die fighting.

"We have no women or children on board, I am grateful for that," said the captain.

He was a cheerful little man, and naturally sought for a bright side to everything. But matters looked very bad, I thought, when he could find no consolation save in the reflection that his passengers were of proper age and sex for drowning.

How the process of forming the raft was carried on, I cannot tell; all seemed to me inextricable confusion. But somehow a few planks, spars, and empty barrels were got over the lee side of the ship, and lashed or chained together—the captain and his chief mate working hardest, a few of the sailors seconding their efforts with a will; we three landsmen doing what we could, but expending our energies in useless labours. When a very rude and imperfect framework of a raft was formed, all who were sober scrambled on to it; for the poor old *Bos* was labouring very heavily now, with her deck terribly near the surface of the water, and all momentarily expected her to sink beneath our feet.

The island could be seen very distinctly now, with the wreck I had noticed upon it. Why should we not reach that land on those planks? It seemed to me probable enough; but I looked in vain for any expression of hope on the faces of my companions.

Yes, that is not a figure of speech. I perfectly remember glancing first at one, then at the other, clinging as we were to the floating beams, now up to the arm-pits in water, now clear of it, and seeing either dogged resolution or subdued terror—nothing else.

For my own part I, in my ignorance, could not help hoping. While we were on board ship I felt myself quite helpless, entirely at the mercy of others; but now, drifting towards the visible shore on a spar, I felt as self-helpful as any other man—more so than most. At Eton, in the summer time, I had bathed three times a day, and had won all sorts of prizes for swimming, diving, headers, &c.; and that love for the water had stuck to me ever since. I was a veritable Wet-Bob, and a remarkably strong swimmer—an accomplishment which sometimes tempts its possessor to his death, sometimes only serves to prolong his agonies; but sometimes it saves him, too, and it always inspires him with a feeling of confidence in a struggle with the water.

We were about twenty or thirty yards from the ship; just losing the advantage which having her to windward gave us, when a loud, general cry caused me to turn towards her.

Then I saw the waves washing clean over her, and heard her decks break up with a noise like thunder. Then she seemed lifted up by some unknown force, so that her stern rose clean out of the water; and so, head foremost, she rushed to the bottom.

A great liquid pit gaped above her as she sank. I could see into it, for we were sucked back directly to

its edge. The sides fell in, and we went with them. I remember gliding down into the gulf, but of what happened directly afterwards I have no idea.

How I got clear of the raft, why I was neither suffocated by the water or maimed or stunned by the masses of broken wood which were dashed and hurled about by the waves all around me, it is impossible for me to imagine. My preservation awes me when I think of it, it was so like a miracle. From the moment of perceiving that we were being swallowed up, sucked under by the vortex of the sinking ship, all is misty, unreal, dream-like. I have a faint impression of rising to the surface; of clinging to an oar or spar; of drifting on, sometimes submerged and almost choked with the water, at others riding over the waves, and seeing the rocky shores of that island, apparently at no very great distance off. But distances are relative, and a short walk is a very long swim. Then I have a hazy remembrance—more like a half-recollection of something told me in childhood than an actual experience—of at length approaching the rocks, of seeing pieces of wreck dashing upon them, of knowing that if I were cast up amongst them I should be crushed, and of quitting hold of what I had been clinging to, and swimming off to the side to find a safer landing-place. After that, there is no recollection, however faint, of how I got on shore. I must have been as nearly drowned as is possible without death ensuing.

I did get on shore, but cannot tell how. Perhaps a dolphin gave me a back, in hopes of a song; or a compassionate mermaid landed me; or a gigantic crab clawed me up on to the rocks, and then did not think that I looked wholesome. It is more probable that I struggled up through the surf and breakers in a blind way, without knowing where I was or what I was doing; and it is astonishing what dangers a creature will surmount in that condition.

The other day I was crossing a certain little river by a lock, and saw a boy fish a poor puppy out of the water. The animal had a bit of rope round its neck, showing that it had been thrown into the river by murderous hands, with a stone or brickbat attached. But the weight had not been fastened with that security which humanity demanded, and had come off presently, leaving the half-grown mongrel to float or swim to the spot where his rescuer found him. Well, I stood and watched the poor little beast on the bank, now struggling up on its legs, then falling down in a puddle of its own distilling, blind with exhaustion, without a stir in its saturated tail, and I thought of myself when I was washed ashore on that African islet. There was humility in the comparison, but none the less accuracy perhaps for that.

While I was yet in the surf a curtain fell upon the drama of my life; it seemed to be the final black one; but no, it proved to be only a drop scene, and it rose again discovering the hero of this piece lying on a little patch of sand and shells, amidst the black masses of volcanic rock, a precipice towering over him, the sea dancing and glittering in the foreground, and the moon—the tropical moon, which is to the English one what a paraffin lamp is to a dip—lighting up the scene.

As I struggled into a sitting position, much in the condition of that puppy, I could not make out where I was or recall what had happened; there was some-

thing so unreal about everything that it would not have surprised me to hear soft music and see a ballet.

But a sensation of pain dissipated whatever was histrionic or romantic in the appearance of surrounding objects, and forced the uncomfortable reality of my position upon me. My clothing consisted of a shirt and pair of drawers, terminating at the knee, together with a silk handkerchief knotted round my waist, and containing certain papers representing money, and a letter or two which I particularly valued, wrapped up carefully in a piece of oilskin which I had used in packing my sponge, but had applied to the preservation of that which it was most important to me to save when it became evident that the vessel would go down. I was hungry, thirsty, weak, and every part of my frame which did not smart, ached.

With such stimulants I soon began to recover my scattered wits. I must have remained senseless on the beach for many hours. It was early morning when we took to the raft, and now it was moonlight. Was it the first night or the second? The sea had so gone down that I was almost inclined to think the latter—indeed, it was nearly calm.

What had become of the others?

As the thought occurred to me, I got up on to my feet. I was cut and bruised all over, but had no bones broken, and could walk; and with the exercise strength returned.

I halloed and shouted, but no answer came back. There were pieces of wreck strewn about the shore—nothing living, nothing that had lived. But what was that? On a reef, some five hundred yards out, there rose the hull of a stranded ship—the bows in the air, the stern almost submerged. Was I dreaming still? Had I not seen the *Bos* go down in her own whirlpool? Oh, yes—that moment was too horrible to have been imagined. And then it came back that the wreck had been visible from our deck when we gave over pumping.

The tide had just begun to ebb; when it was quite out the wreck would be easily reached. Perhaps some of my late companions had made for it. Fletcher—no, poor Fletcher had told me that he could not swim. The colonel was in a weak state of health—I could not hope for him. But the captain might have saved himself, and so might some of the crew. Certainly, the probabilities were strongly against the strongest swimmer; for when the raft was drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship, it was a hundred to one that he would receive a disabling blow from one of the spars or other objects that went tearing down in a mad dance with him. Yet I had escaped, why not others? It was a maddening feeling to think that they were all drowned—a feeling to be put away, if possible. I had powerful aids in distracting my thoughts from the fate of others—namely, hunger and thirst, and a position of very doubtful security. After a little search, I found a place where it was possible to scale the wall of rock, and soon clambered to the highest part. The islet was very small—a mere volcanic bubble, which had seethed up and hardened there on some occasion when the earth boiled over in those parts. A barren rock, every foot of it visible in the moonlight from where I stood; inhabitable but by birds, of which there were plenty. The rain had collected in the hollows, so I quenched my thirst, and again looked round me with more care.

There was a larger island at some little distance, six or seven miles say, and the mainland did not appear to be much farther.

As I was gazing, the day began to dawn, and I descended to the beach again, with the intention of searching every part of it carefully for some signs of my late companions, and afterwards making my way to the wreck. But an absurd difficulty caused me to reverse this proceeding—I had no shoes or stockings; and, though I could walk barefooted on the upper parts of the rocks, it was a different matter below the line of high water, on a shore which was entirely composed of shells.

Walking to the ship certainly necessitated cut feet; but, when I once got there, I might probably find shoes of some sort, also something to eat. It was undoubtedly the wisest course to visit the wreck first.

There it rose, firmly wedged on the reef in the position mentioned—the stern somewhat lower than the bows. The tide was quite low now, and there was apparently a dry path to the reef; but this appearance proved to be deceptive. There were rocks, and then intervals of water; and then patches of fine shell, such as that which formed the beach of the island—very bad walking for a barefooted child of civilization; and at length I came to where a channel, some thirty yards broad, separated me from the higher mass in which the ship was jammed.

She was torn, shattered, and rent frightfully. It seemed a wonder that she had not gone entirely to pieces. I stood for some minutes gazing at her decks, but there was no sign of life. I called, but none answered.

The Bursting of Boilers.

MR. ABEL, in a paper read at the Royal Institution, quotes the following from a report on the state in which boilers are worked:—An examination of the details given in Mr. Fletcher's reports as to the cause of explosions reveals a really appalling state of things under the head of "defective condition" of the boilers. In one case the plates are described as having been reduced by corrosion in places to the thickness of paper; in another, they were "in some places not more than from one-thirty-second to one-sixtieth of an inch thick;" in another they were reduced at the primary rent "to the thickness of a knife-edge;" in another, the plates were in some places "eaten into holes, which were roughly patched by means of bolted cement patches," while many of the rivet-heads were eaten off. These are merely examples of many similar descriptions.

Very few explosions in 1873 appear to have been due to the neglect of the attendants, but by far the greater number to that of the boiler owners or the makers. The ignorance or criminal neglect, or worse, which appears occasionally to be displayed in the sale, purchase, and use of second-hand boilers is illustrated by the following two examples:—A boiler which burst in December, 1873, on a rag-puller and waste dealer's premises, scalding three persons to death and injuring five others, was found to have given way on its first trial by its then owners, simply from old age and decay. At the earliest period at which its history could be traced it was purchased second-hand, and worked for five years; it was

then left exposed to the weather for five years, and afterwards sold to a broker for £5, who re-sold it as old iron for £8. It was then sold for £18 to an engineer, who sold it to its last owners with the assurance that it was safe at a pressure of 60 or 70 lbs. to the square inch.

The jury at the coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "Accidental death," but "desired to express their disapprobation of the conduct of the engineer who sold the boiler as in good working order when the flue-tubes were in some places less than one-sixteenth of an inch thick."

The other illustration is that of a large boiler which is graphically described in a professional journal of high standing as having been worked to within an inch of its life, being only removed from its seat because it would hardly hold water. On this boiler there was a patch, more than two feet long, covering a crack of the same length; the patch had only six bolts, three on each side, and was made tight with a piece of old carpet smeared with white lead. Had this boiler burst, the verdict would in all probability have been, as in the other case, "Accidental death," though it was worked almost to the last to 35 lbs. pressure.

The explosion, early in January last, of a boiler at North Shields, and of one at Sheffield, affords further illustration, if it were needed, of the fearful danger continually incurred, even by those well acquainted with the properties of iron and steel and the limits of their powers of resisting strain or pressure, in the employment of boilers long after they have ceased to be trustworthy. At Shields, at a large manufactory of chain cables and anchors, the boiler which exploded had been worked beyond a pressure of 35 lbs., while it was unsound, over-patched, and quite unsafe at that pressure. Seven persons were killed and about twenty others injured, and a vast amount of property was destroyed, the buildings within 500 yards appearing as though they had been bombarded. At Sheffield, where the explosion of a boiler not many days afterwards killed two persons, injuring several others, a leakage had been observed in the boiler some time before the explosion, but had not been repaired, and a plate fractured by the explosion had been greatly reduced in thickness by corrosion. This boiler appears to have been worked up to the day of the explosion at a pressure of 40 or 50 lbs., and the workmen employed are stated to have expressed fear at working in its vicinity.

Things New and Old.

Mooring a Boat for Bottom Fishing.

Mr. J. C. Wilcocks, of Teignmouth, has just published a new edition of his admirable work, "The Sea Fisherman," a book which should be in the portmanteau of every visitor to the seaside. Mr. Wilcocks can also discourse on fresh water angling. Here is some of his sage counsel:—"In lake, pond, or river fishing, with a rod, it is usually the custom to secure a punt or boat at both head and stern, or it may not remain sufficiently steady for the angler to fish comfortably. In bobbing for eels in tidal rivers, the following method is adopted with two anchors: The first anchor having been let go, the boat is backed down stream, say twenty yards, when the second is dropped. The cable of the first anchor is then hauled half on board, made fast, and,

the second cable having been hauled taut, the boat is kept steady between the two anchors. Supposing the bottom to be in this case so exceptionally hard that an anchor will not bite—which I am informed is the case in some localities on the Thames—another kind of anchor might be used if in dead water, as in this case, where a few inches of mud has been deposited on the hard bottom. These anchors might be termed scraper anchors, and would act much after the manner of the mushroom anchors used frequently to moor out lightships. They could be made of triangular plates of iron, a foot to each side, cast with a hole through the centre to receive a shank eighteen inches long, an inch thick at the top, tapering to three-quarters of an inch at the bottom, with an eye and ring, as usual, on grapnels. The centre of the iron triangle might be three-quarters of an inch thick, tapering to three-eighths of an inch at the edges. Two of these scrapers might be used after the same manner as in eel bobbing, above described. Another method would be to attach to the inside of the palms of two anchors a triangular piece of stout sheet iron, a foot wide at the lower edge (leaving the bill of the anchors projecting an inch), and tapering to a point at the crown of the anchor. The lower edge might be riveted through the palms, and lashed with wire through its apex, close to the crown. I am inclined to prefer this latter plan to the other methods mentioned. Vessels are often secured by lump killicks when a fixed mooring is required on a smooth bottom. These are merely pieces of iron, say two and a half feet square and five inches thick, cast with an eyebolt in the centre. When these are lowered to the bottom they sink in, more or less, and, as they exclude the water from under them, they hold by suction as well as by their weight. I am of opinion, however, that lumps of at least thirty pounds would be necessary—one out forward and another out aft—to fix a good-sized boat or Thames punt in position; and, as two fifteen-pound anchors could be made to do the same work, I should prefer them, being less weighty."

A Sketch from the Real.

Lushby-on-the-Lees had a history before the invention of railways. The train will whisk you down there in five and thirty minutes now, unless you should be unfortunate enough to go down on accident-day, which is periodically recurrent without being a fixed observance. Time was, and not such a long time ago either, when the northern coaches used to draw up at one or other of the old hostleries that still stand gauntly enough in the cobble-stoned High-street, and the cheery note of the guard's bugle brought the shopkeepers to their doors three or four times a day. That same High-street was lively by comparison before the station was built a mile off, and the iron house superseded the greys and bays, and substituted the shriek and clangour of the engine and its following trucks for the brisk rattle and hearty tan-tarra that brought out the stablemen, the horseboys, and the jolly host and hostess of the White Hart, to see who wanted luncheon of steak and pigeon pie, with a tankard of home-brewed, or what was the same thing, of Lushby-on-the-Lees ale. For, as the inhabitants used to say, Lushby was celebrated for two things, its ale and its water; the former being appreciated chiefly by the residents, and the latter by visitors who came down in the fishing season to the

Anglers' Rest, where a famous roach swim and several deeps and pools, where the initiated used to go for chub and jack, were a very good excuse for idling away a calm summer's day, or vindicating a London reputation as a keen sportsman who cared neither for wind nor weather, but would pull out the two-pounders while less robust persons were snoring in bed. There were times when the little dark-panelled parlour of the Anglers would be quite full of company, so that the big pike in his long glass coffin over the mantelpiece would have that orange-coloured eye of his obscured by tobacco smoke, and the legends under the various cases recording how a gigantic perch had been taken with a single hair-line, and a barbel of enormous girth had been fetched out by a gentleman who, if the truth had been known, was very much afraid of him, but had thereafter found himself a celebrated character and an authority at the Walton Club. All these memoranda, I say, were undecipherable by the light of the two thick tallow candles that flared in iron sconces on the table, amidst fragrant mixtures containing lemon peel, or reels and winches, lines, floats, top joints, and other implements of "the gentle craft," which were only cleared away when the early supper of eggs and bacon appeared, with its jolly accompaniment of a big fragrant loaf, and a bigger brown jug, crowned with a frothing "head." It was the winter season, and Lushby had its beauties even then.—*T. Archer.*

Our Tongue.

Mr. Washington Moon has written a new work on bad English. Some of the errors which he singles out are decidedly amusing. For example:—

"A furrier lamenting, in an advertisement, the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade,

"'Earnestly requests ladies to bring to him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and boas.'

"Another advertisement ran thus:—

"'Two sisters want washing.'

"Here must have been a strange sight:—

"'He rode to town, and drove twelve cows on horseback.'

"A gentleman advertised for a horse

"'For a lady of a dark colour, a good trotter, high stepper, and having a long tail.'"

Better, more amusing, more instructive, and more credible is the following illustration of the inevitable ambiguities involved in accurate language. One gentleman observed to another—

"'I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them.'

"'Were you ever blind?'

"'Oh! no,' replied the other.

"A further lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject.

"'Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and you had never seen one of them?'

"'Yes, such is the fact.'

"Here followed a still longer pause in the conversation, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled, said—

"'How can it be that you never saw one of them?'

"'Why,' was the answer, 'one of them was born after I left.'"

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MANY A SLIP.

THE silence in the vale seemed awful now, not even the chirp of a grasshopper being heard in that glow of heat. For a few minutes Larry had heard the rustle made by Dawson as he went on, in accordance with their ruse. Then he had evidently stopped, and was listening, perhaps covering with his rifle the way the Indian must come, in case Larry might miss.

Larry listened—not a sound.

"Bedad! an' it's astonishin'," said Larry to himself, "how mighty heavy this bit ov shtick is whin ye howld it up so long. Bad luck to Masther Copperskin whin he comes! for it will rest all the heavier on his dhirty head."

How long it seemed, and not a token of the savage coming, not even the faintest sound, rustle of leaf, or movement of stone.

"Ah, bedad! an' he's gone some other way, the chatin' thafe!" grumbled Larry to himself. "An' he won't come this road at all. Oh, the omadhaun, whin if he'd only shown his shadow for a moment, I'd have known where to find his head, an' have given him as purty a tap as iver fell from a bit ov blackthorn! Now which way will he be gone, an' what 'll I do now?"

Larry's face was screwed up in perplexity, as he glanced behind him to see if it was possible for him to be taken in the rear; but no, that was well protected by rocks, and he went on watching and listening.

"Ah, an' he's gone intirely—perhaps to fetch some more ov the blagards; an' makin' a fool ov me like this, the desaver—lookin' so thruthful an' sure to come by as he did! Bedad! he shall have a hard wan for this if he—"

Crack!

There had not been the faintest sound, and Larry, whose arm ached tremendously—"like a whole shcore ov rhoomyticks," as he expressed it—as he stood there close to the square block, saw the Indian's bent head suddenly come into view, and the stick fell like lightning.

The Indian saw him, and was in the act of darting back as the blow fell; but he was too late, and without a cry he rolled over among the brushwood, face downward.

"Did it hurt?" said Larry, derisively, as he ran to the Indian's side, and took away knife, tomahawk, and bow and arrows.

"Cleverly done, Larry," said Dawson, in a whisper, as he ran up; and then going back a few paces, to where they had first seen the Indian on their track, he stood and watched all along the valley without seeing another foe.

"Is he much hurt?" said Dawson, coming back.

"Bedad! an' I don't know," said Larry, rubbing his chin, and staring blankly at the prostrate savage. "He won't shpake at all, though I've thried him twicet."

"The poor wretch is dead," said Dawson, stooping and turning the Indian over.

"None ov yer blarney, now, Misther Dawson, sor," said Larry, looking horrified. "Sure, an' I didn't even thry to kill him."

For answer, Dawson pointed to the savage's indented skull, where, on the bare, smooth surface, denuded of hair, the stroke of Larry's stick showed its deadly trace.

"Bud I didn't mane to kill the poor baste," said Larry, whose brown face looked rather ghastly. "It's puttin' a thrick on a man to timpt him into sthreckin' a blow, an' only havin' a head as tinder as a basin."

"He's dead enough, poor wretch!" said Dawson; "but he would have killed us without mercy had he had a chance. Look at those."

Dawson pointed to seven ghastly trophies hanging at the Indian's belt.

"An' what are them, now?" said Larry.

"Scalps," was the reply—"the proofs of seven lives he has taken."

And Dawson turned over the horrible relics—two being Indian, and the others the locks of whites, one being the long, fair tresses of a woman.

"Look at that, now," said Larry, whose face fast resumed its former colour. "Oh, if that's been his game, an' he would have paled me poor head in that fashion— Oh, bad luck to the baste! I aint sorry at all, at all. Here, let's hide him away."

"It's of little use, if his fellows seek him," said Dawson, as Larry performed the rites of sepulture with bushes and pieces of rock, while he again thoroughly examined the route by which they had come.

"An' d'ye think he would have taken our scalps like that, Misther Dawson, sor?" said Larry, whose conscience was still troubling him.

"Ours, Larry?" said Dawson—"yes, even those of the tender women who are watching for our return."

"Hurroo!" said Larry, "that's satisfyin'. Ye see, Misther Dawson, sor, I didn't feel aisy in me mind, an' niver a praste nowhere near to say a bit ov confession to. Bud all the same, I didn't mane to kill the savage. An' what'll we do now?"

"Wait for night, Larry—it is our only chance."

Through the long hours there they waited, after taking up as commanding a position as they could find, one which gave them just a glimpse of the opening of the ravine where the rest of the party lay. The sun began to decline at length; but still there was no sign of other Indians, and they hoped at last that this was a scout left behind by some roving band.

It was possible; but probably the band was within easy reach—perhaps in the valley at the present moment; and, eager as he was to rejoin the others, Dawson felt that he must watch and wait.

"If I could only have a pipe," said Larry, "I wouldn't mind; bud they'd smell it a mile away, an' wouldn't rest till they'd come and stole me pouch."

The dark shadows at length, seeming to flow along the valley, and fill it up by slow degrees, like a flood of gloom, till it rose higher and higher, and the bright tints that had lingered upon the mountain tops, died away in turn. Then, with cautious steps, the two men started back for the ravine, still taking every precaution, and stopping and listening again and again, till, with breath more freely drawn, they reached the ravine without interruption, and now began to make what speed they could.

Half a mile from the entrance they were challenged by Adams, who had a long tale to tell of the anxiety that had been felt, and how this was the fourth journey

he had made down to the entrance of the ravine to see if they were returning.

He was for returning at daybreak once more, far up into the mountains; but Dawson had another proposal to make, and that was that it would be better to make the best of their way back across the desert with the women, leaving the gold where it had been placed, and returning at some future time without so tremendous a charge.

But this was overruled by Adams; and it was settled, as they returned to the little camp, that it would be well to hold to their original plans, watching the next morning at the entrance from some well-picked post of observation.

The night passed peacefully away, and the morning broke unclouded; and soon after it was light Dawson and Adams were down at the mouth of the ravine, where they had not been ten minutes when from far up the valley came the sound of hoofs, and by the time they had carefully ensconced themselves in a rift which commanded a view along the hollow, it was to become aware of the fact that a body of fifty or sixty Indians was in motion, the men for the most part mounted, with the women walking or riding on other horses laden with their poles and skins. A camp had been broken up, and the tribe was seeking the mouth of the valley, evidently to cross the plain for some fresh hunting spot.

It was a nervous time for the watchers, knowing, as they did, the quick perceptions of their enemies, and the ease with which they could detect a trail when their suspicions were aroused. But they were bound to watch them, and hope that no adverse fate would tempt them to turn aside and come up the ravine, in which case their fate would have been sealed, unless, by a desperate resistance, they could beat them back, while the mules were driven higher up.

On they came, fierce, savage warriors—old men and striplings, painted and bedizened; their hair ornamented with feathers, and their long blankets hung loosely over one shoulder. For the most part they were well mounted; and it was plain to Dawson, after a close study of their feathers, that the man whom they had encountered had formed one of their band.

Perhaps no position is more trying to the nerves of a man than that where, in the face of a deadly peril, he is condemned to inactivity; to wait, every fibre strung, while that danger comes nearer and nearer, as it did here, till at last, to the horror of the two watchers, they saw the leaders of the band rein up in front of the opening and halt, while the whole of the tribe straggled up.

It was evident that they were coming up the ravine, and Dawson's eyes met those of Adams in a look full of anguish and despair.

Even in that time of peril, Adams could not help thinking of the change that had come upon his companion, and how his thoughts were then all centred upon the woman he loved, waiting a couple of miles back for their return.

Then in a low whisper, as they lay there behind the stones, they made their plans, which must be full of bloodshed. From where they lay hid they could pick off one by one the men who approached; and their only hope was that the loss of three or four would so discourage and damp them as to afford time for escape.

It was a forlorn hope: two against forty or so well-armed Indians, some of whom carried rifles; but just at what seemed to be the last extremity, when a couple of Indians rode a short distance into the ravine, and fingers were laid on triggers, aims taken, and a couple of deadly shots about to open the fray, the watchers breathed more freely, for the party was once more in motion, a couple of whoops were given, as if to call up stragglers, and they slowly rode out towards the mouth of the valley, where it debouched upon the salt plain.

The Gaikwar's Gems.

LEAVING the throne-room through a small door on the left hand side, we find ourselves on an extremely narrow verandah, which encircles a small square well which occupies the centre of the palace from top to bottom. Above, we see similar verandahs, and a number of natives looking over the railings. Beneath, are a number of Arab and other soldiers keeping watch over several things, among them a sacred flag which is hung across the well on occasions of high festival. On the opposite side are a number of closed stanchioned windows, which guard the jewel-room, or jemdarkhana. Moving to the right, there are rooms which look like dungeons, and are guarded by sentries.

At the end of the verandah, we enter a little close-smelling room, which would be dark were it not for the light of some wicks thrown in a salver of oil—a light which, we are told, is never allowed to be extinguished, so that it to some extent resembles the holy fire of the Parsees. Here, in a corner on the left, is a door—the outer entrance to the jewel-room.

After some delay, an elderly Mahratta makes his appearance and opens the lock, and we enter a room which is as black as night and awfully stale smelling. One of the grated windows facing the well is thrown open, and by the little light thus obtained we perceive a number of shelves, which are loaded with State archives. Another ponderous black door being unbarred, we enter a dark room—the jewel-room. While a window is being opened, we prepare to be surprised with the flash of a thousand jewels, but are rather disappointed to find only a number of iron-clamped chests of drawers ranged round the room.

But these drawers contain the State jewellery, worth three million pounds sterling, report says; and on the custodian pulling out one of the deep drawers in a central chest, and producing enormous morocco-covered cases, which are opened tenderly, we have no need to be longer disappointed, for a sight of a novel description meets our eyes. Here in one case lies displayed a breast-piece composed of chains of diamonds, numbering seventy-nine in all. All the diamonds are beautiful, but there are three in the pendant of ten which are conspicuously so, while one at least deserves to be called magnificent. This particular one occupies the centre of the pendant, and is, I believe, known as the Star of the South. It is nearly as large as a rupee, and its brilliance would, if you were inclined to be more poetical than covetous, remind you of nothing so much as a mass of Indian sunlight, gathered from the haunts the sun beats upon with greatest intensity, and compressed into the sparkling block before us. This diamond cost Khunderao £90,000, and, like all great dia-

monds, has a history, though not such an interesting one, perhaps, as the Sancy diamond, which, you will remember, was found in the body of a servant of Baron de Sancy, who had been deputed to carry it as a present to the King of France, but, being attacked by robbers on the way, swallowed it in order to baffle their attempts to find it.

According to Harry Emmanuel, one of our standard authorities on the history of great diamonds, the Star of the South was found in 1853 at Bogagem, in the province of Minas Geraes, by a negro. When rough it weighed 254½ carats, but since the cutting it weighs only 125 carats. It is of an oval form, and was cut by—and was, before it found its way to India and tempted the Gaikwar, the property of—Mr. Coster, of Amsterdam. It is not perfectly white and pure; but, nevertheless, it is reckoned one of the finest large diamonds in the world.

The large oblong diamond fixed above the Star is flat, and possesses nothing like the purity and brilliancy of its great rival. It cost £300,000. The whole breast-piece of diamonds cost over half a million sterling, and is one of the most beautiful necklaces of that description extant. When we have finished admiring the Star of the South, and its seventy-eight multi-radiant companions, we are shown a necklace composed of a number of chains of pearls, each of remarkable size and purity. This necklace is valued at £50,000.

I have been told that pearls do not retain their beauty for more than fifty years; and I could not help thinking it a pity that fate would not permit such a thing of beauty as this necklace to remain a joy for ever.

Drawer after drawer is opened, and case after case of jewels displayed, until the miserable dungeon seems to begin to look radiant. Rings, with stones in them large enough to stretch across three of your fingers; necklaces of diamonds, mostly flat and dull-looking, with pear-shaped emerald drops; nose-rings of pearls and emeralds; ear-rings of wheels of diamonds, and chains of gold; these and similar curiosities are displayed in succession before our delighted eyes until we are sated with sights, and leave the old Mahratta, who has watched the goings out and comings in of the jewels for twenty or thirty years, to put the cases back into the drawers, and bar and double bar the doors and windows of the dungeons which compose the Jewel-khana.

OUT OF PATIENCE.—At a famous hotel in Cairo, they are not noted for despatch in fulfilling orders for meals. If a warm dinner is ordered, some time is taken to cook it. Not long since I stopped there, and sat down at a table with an elderly gentleman, who ordered squirrel. I waited some time for dinner, but was almost through, and the old gentleman was still waiting for his squirrel. But his patience was at last exhausted, and he beckoned the steward to him, and said—"Has the man got a good gun?" "What man?" asked the steward. "The man that's gone to shoot the squirrel I ordered," said the old gentleman, with great gravity. Just then I choked, and did not hear the steward's answer; but I saw him disappear, and in a few seconds the old man was devouring his squirrel with apparent relish.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER LIII.—A BROKEN LINK.

SERGEANT HARKER'S miserable tune seemed to grow more miserable as he whistled it—thinner, sharper, and more harsh: perhaps the pipe grew weary of its production.

But whistled the air was, whenever the sergeant was alone. Meanwhile Jenny was brought carefully down to the Burges', wrapped and pillowed and carried; and it might have been thought that no pleasanter task could have been found for a young doctor than that of nursing his mistress back to health and strength. This was a task, though, that Tom Madron dared not undertake; and he merely constituted himself assistant to the medical luminary whom a judicious mingling of money and friendly feeling towards Tom Madron brought down twice a week from the metropolis.

Jenny was unmistakably ill—very ill; and it needed all that skill could do to bring her back to health. All allusion to Harvey Parker was religiously avoided, and his name only rose to her lips once, and then in company with a shudder. Of the grave charge upon which he had been arrested she knew nothing, as she lay pallid and listless upon her couch; and it was well for her that she was spared the shock.

Indeed, matters, in spite of Sergeant Harker's want of links, had rapidly assumed the gravest proportions—preliminary examinations had speedily followed each other, trampling as it were upon one another's heels. Public opinion regarded the prisoner in the light of a paricide, and his fate seemed sealed. Whatever compunction might be felt against capital punishment, there seemed to be none existing here, especially when the last examination took place.

Harvey stood, looking very pale and determined, at the bar; his attorney had whispered to him again and again; had received slips of paper hurriedly written by the prisoner, tightened his lips, and shaken his head, or responded by asking a witness some question, and then made private notes of his own. At this last examination, though, came the evidence of the finding the bank note behind the paper in Tom Madron's room. Sergeant Harker was the principal witness here, and he told his tale, after bringing forward Widow Green to tell how Harvey Parker had been to the house to see Mr. Madron, and waited some time in the room on finding him absent. In addition, the local chemist was brought up to swear that Harvey had procured from him, he thought on that day, a bottle of solution of gum, the said bottle being afterwards found tossed over a hedge near Tom Madron's lodgings; and it was shown that, whereas the rest of the wall paper was fastened up with flour paste, the portion which had concealed the note had been neatly secured with gum.

There was a deep buzz of indignation in the court, and, look which way he would, Harvey Parker only encountered angry and scowling features.

He had borne it all through with a determination that was almost admirable in its display of stoicism. Even when the most damning evidence was brought against him, he remained unmoved; while the slow, dreary examination went on with its accustomed tedium. The only time when he was seen to start was when, during the announcement of the finding of

the note, the hum of angry muttering burst forth, and was followed by a sound—half cry, half groan—as if rent from some agonized heart.

Harvey turned his head in the direction from whence the cry had come, and a pang shot through him as he saw a bent female figure, with hands white and thin, hiding her face from the gaze of those who now made it the object of their regard.

Sergeant Harker was one of those who turned his head—not for the first time, though, for he had searched the court with his eyes on first entering, only settling down in his place when he had made out that shabby figure, and caught the eye of a keen-looking man standing close behind her.

There was no further sound, though, from that part of the court; and, recovering himself, Harvey Parker merely grasped the rail in front of him with one hand, and turned himself a little more from the spectators.

The evidence to be taken had been gone through, and was more than enough to justify the committal for trial. The deposition of the last witness was being read over by the clerk to the magistrates in a dreary, official, sing-song tone, ostensibly for the witness to hear every word, correct it where wrong, and then sign, being at the same time bound over to appear and give evidence at the assizes; but, as far as understanding the reading went, it is doubtful whether any witness comprehended a word. At all events, they signed their depositions one and all, and nothing remained but for Harvey Parker to be committed for trial; when, at the magistrate's first words, there rose a loud shriek from that part of the court where the female figure already alluded to had been seen.

There was a buzz of excitement, and the clerk and police vainly called for silence, merely increasing the noise. The prisoner turned of a sallow, sickly hue as he bent forward, and the great drops of perspiration could be seen standing on his brow.

In the midst of the excitement, and cries of "Give her air," "Take her out of the court," "She has only fainted," a hoarse voice could be heard, at first faintly, but each moment gathering apparently in strength as the noise subsided, crying—

"I will be heard—I will be a witness! Harvey, make them hear me. Oh, sirs, I can tell—"

What?

A deep hush fell upon the court for a few moments, as where the instant before had been seen a woman's form, struggling hard to get forward to the magistrates' table, there was now a limp, helpless burden, giving vent to a faint sigh or two, as it hung over the arm of the man who held it.

The buzz of voices once more arose, and "Water," "Salts," "Air," were suggested again and again.

As for Harvey Parker, he stood now with closed eyes and rigid lips, both hands tightly clasping the rail, till the faint rustling of garments, the hard breathing, and trampling of feet, told him that those who carried out the half-lifeless burden had performed their task.

For Sergeant Harker had somehow forced his way through the crowd—finding time, though, to beckon Tom Madron to his side. The sergeant was one of the bearers, the keen man whose eye he had caught earlier in the day being the other; and soon after Mary Ray was lying in the bed-room of a public-house close by, with Tom Madron in attendance, the sergeant has-

tening back, after posting his man at the door, to the court.

The remaining business was soon disposed of, and Harvey Parker fully committed for trial. But he had not been gone long before dark, lowering-visaged Samuel Drake made his appearance at the public-house door, and asked to be taken to the stricken woman's bed-room.

The sympathizing landlady, as she volubly talked of the seizure, eagerly led the way; but they were confronted at the bed-room door by the keen-eyed man in plain clothes.

"Here's one of the poor dear's friends come to see her," said the landlady.

"Doctor's with her," was the brusque reply.

"I want to see her, and must," exclaimed Drake, sharply.

"And so you shall, as soon as you've permission," was the next remark.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Drake.

"Well, I'm sure!" cried the landlady. "Any one would think the poor dear was in prison!"

"And whose permission am I to ask?" said Drake.

"The sergeant's. He'll be here directly."

Samuel Drake stood for a moment hesitating, and then walked slowly down the stairs, consulted his watch, and made his way with rapid strides to the station, where he was just in time to catch the down train; and as Sergeant Harker went softly whistling back to the public-house, the rapid beating piston was bearing Harvey Parker's old visitor far away.

"Must have links—must have links," muttered the sergeant, for he did not consider his case to be perfect. "Well, sir, and how's the patient?" he exclaimed, as he encountered Tom Madron, who had just descended from the bed-room.

"Better, I should say," was the young man's reply, uttered in strangely measured tones.

"Better!" said the sergeant, starting. "You don't mean to say—"

"Yes," said Madron, solemnly; "the poor creature had ruptured a blood vessel."

"Good God!" said the usually impassive sergeant.

"Dead! And that's another link."

"Yes," said Tom Madron, passing him—"broken!"

CHAPTER LIV.—FANNY'S ESSAYS.

"AND you don't think it unkind of me, miss, for not coming before?" said Fanny.

"Indeed, no, Fanny," said Jenny Riches, warmly, from the sofa upon which she lay. "I have heard all about your devotion from—I mean, I have heard how good you have been."

There was a regular blushing match between the two maidens, ended by Jenny frankly holding out her hand in parting token of amity to her old servant.

"Thank you, miss—good-bye, miss," said Fanny, shyly. "Yes, miss, he's better, miss—at least, he isn't better, miss; but Mr. Madron says he's sure now that he won't die."

And here a little sob half choked Fanny's utterance; but, in response to the extended hand, she clumsily replied by holding out her left, keeping the right hidden in her shawl.

This had been a stolen visit, and she ran panting back to Jack Filmer, whom she had left asleep in the

charge of cook, who had volunteered to stay for half an hour.

But Fanny was only away half that time, and was back at the end of a quarter of an hour, to find that Jack was still asleep.

"And how's poor, dear Miss Jenny?" asked cook, in a whisper.

"Getting better," was the panted-out reply.

"And did she say anything about Mr. Harvey?"

"No. I don't think she knows anything about it at all," said Fanny, divesting herself of bonnet and shawl.

"Ah," said cook, half spitefully, "you seem quite at home here now. Of course you'll never go away again. Seems strange, though, that you should be married first."

The next moment, though, the littleness passed off in a sharp, catching, hysterical sob, and then the true woman appeared, as she flung her fat arms round Fanny, and kissed her again and again. For the sole reply to her little malicious remark had been Fanny's sad, worn, tearful face, turned appealingly to her, as if to say—

"Don't be unkind to me now."

All was smiles and good humour the next moment, and the spirit of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness took flight—cook looking on delightedly as she saw Fanny's acts.

The first was to show why she had not given her right hand to Jenny Riches when the latter held out her own to shake hands. Poor Fanny's was dyed of a deep brown-black all over.

"Why, goodness gracious, child, what's that?" said cook.

"It's silver—nitrate of silver," said Fanny.

"Silver! Well, I never saw silver that colour before," said cook, sniffing.

And then she sat silently watching, while Fanny washed a glass plate, dried it carefully on two cloths, and polished it off with a wash leather.

"Why, whatever are you a-going to do now?"

"I am trying to learn how to do all this, cook, in—in case he don't get well again," said Fanny, with a half-sob, as she kept on busily with her task.

"The Lord ha' mussey!" ejaculated cook, in a profound state of admiration.

"You see," continued Fanny, "it's nice 'n'ht, easy work."

"But it's as black as doin' grates," said cook.

"Not when you know how to do it," said Fanny, smiling. "I'm black because I'm so clumsy, and muddle the things so. And I get puzzled, and don't do things right."

"But how do you know so much as you do?"

"Oh, he shows me when he's able to think about it, only it makes it very puzzling, for his head wanders so from what he's telling me, and sometimes he tells me to do the same thing different ways."

"Poor dear!" said cook, though she did not explain to whom she meant the ejaculation to apply.

In fact, poor Fanny had had a bitter task in hand; for her quiet way of alluding to Jack Filmer's instructions really meant that he talked the most absurd rubbish to her, and that she only picked out one or two grains of sense from amidst bushels of chaff.

"But you know, my dear," said cook, "I don't think as you ought to bind yourself like this to the poor fellow.

It's very shocking for him, and it's very kind of you; but suppose as he never gets well?"

Fanny looked up with a bright flush upon her cheeks, and a keen flash in her eyes. For a moment she seemed to be about to say something very sharp and incisive, but merely resumed her work, and said, quietly—

"Well, suppose he never gets well?"

"Why, my dear, you can't always stop with him, and it wouldn't be fair to you, and——"

Fanny's sole reply was to cross over to her friend, and lay one hand upon her lips, to which cook responded by a sigh of admiration, and sat patiently watching Fanny pouring collodion on plates, focusing objects with the camera, exposing and developing, going through all the varied preparations, till she ceased, with a sigh.

"Well," said cook, "if that's going to be it—and good luck to you, says I, for I never see anything like it afore—you may jist as well take my portrait again, Fanny, and I'll sit for it now, and pay you—there, now!"

"You are very kind," said Fanny, smiling sadly; "but I must practise more first."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said cook. "I say you shall begin at once, so there now!"

Thus adjured, Fanny sighed, but began all the same with alacrity, thinking, after all, that this was the first step towards success; and then she coloured with excitement, as her vivid little imagination suggested to her how helpful she could thus be to Jack.

The plate was covered with collodion, placed in the nitrate bath, and cook posed in the operating chair, where she took some time to settle her fat features into an appropriate smile. But at last even this was arranged, and Fanny covered the properly focused camera with her black cloth, after taking a last aim at cook, and getting her clearly upside down on her ground glass plate.

Out came Fanny again, with her enclosed glass, fitted it in the camera, gave the sitting lady warning, and then removed the cap of the instrument, at the same moment setting in motion an old Maelzel's metronome, which ticked off the seconds with slow and measured beat.

"Mind and wink your eyes well," said Fanny.

Cook winked furiously, staring at a particular place on the door the while, as if she meant to pierce it.

"Quite still," said Fanny, quoting Jack in his better days, as if by instinct, "and don't look so cross."

A sublime smile spread itself like oil upon water right across the broad features of cook, brightening them, as it were, with prismatic tints; and the metronome still ticked off its numbers.

"Four more seconds," said Fanny, brass cap in hand, "and then——"

"Fan—ny-y-y!" came a wail from upstairs; "Fan—ny-y-y!"

"Drat the man!" cried cook, as Fanny clapped on the cap, shook the camera violently, and then rushed upstairs. "Drat the man!—he might have waited another five minutes."

Cook sat with ruffled plumes fuming for awhile, but Fanny soon returned, and continued the process—removed the exposed glass, ran with it into the dark room, closed the door, and began to apply the developing solution, in the midst of which process she was

interrupted by the opening door and entrance of cook.

"Thought I'd come and see how you was getting on, my dear," she said, with the greatest show of veneration for the artist.

"But you'll spoil it," cried Fanny, excitedly; "shut the door, pray! Light must be kept out."

"Why, I thought as it was light as did it," grumbled cook, sulkily, closing the door, and watching the process actively.

"I think that is all I can do," said Fanny, holding the plate up to the pane of orange glass which admitted light to the place.

"Why, you aint finished it," said cook. "It—here, bring it into the other room."

Poor Fanny, with her heart beating, carried the dripping glass into the adjoining place, and displayed it to her sitter.

"Oh, that won't do, you know," said cook.

"No," said Fanny, nervously—"that won't do."

"Why, it aint finished!" said cook.

"No, it isn't finished," acquiesced Fanny. "I can't get them perfect yet, but I'm improving," she said, with some animation. "This is much better than some I have done."

Cook grunted, and stood looking at her portrait; and truly there was great excuse for the lady's show of dissatisfaction. What Fanny's earlier attempts had been like it is impossible to say; the present resembled nothing but a fat nose, surrounded by a dense, cream-coloured fog, broken here and there by cracks and splashes which showed the glass beneath.

"You must do 'em better than that, or else people won't be satisfied," said cook, sagely, as she pressed her finger over the sensitive film, with the effect of—well, not of spoiling—the portrait.

"Oh, cook! as if I did not know that," said Fanny, reproachfully. "But I will try so—so very hard," she cried, sobbing. "I'll—I'll do anything to make me perfect, and—but there, you shall see!" she exclaimed, almost defiantly.

And in reply, cook nodded her head, and went away.

Hullaloo.

A PARODY.

THE eves were as grey as grey embers,
The leaves dirty yellow and sere—
They were yellow, but dusky and sere;
That eve was the worst of November's,
And they are the worst of the year.
'Twas an eve that one surely remembers,
Being out in the dusk with my dear:
For the fire was gone out to weak embers,
So I went out too, with my dear.

Hear then!—Through an alley Satanic
Of hemlock I roam'd with my love—
Of hemlock, with Sarah, my love.
O, my passion was quite oceanic,
With waves like the wind in a grove—
When the wind maketh waves in a grove—
And the leaves with a sort of a panic
Seem taken. I thought of the stove,
And shivering, as if with a panic
Was taken, at thought of the stove.

Our talk at the first had been jolly,
But our words soon were slow as our walk—
Our young memories scarcely could walk;
Then we thought it was right melancholy
To be out in the dark without talk—
For we knew that we came out to talk;
Still we felt in our hearts it was folly
The vast dream of silence to baulk,
Till, whispering at last, I said, "Golly!"
And Sarah back whisper'd me, "Lawk!"

And now as the night was senescent,
And some roosters were hinting of morn—
Foolish roosters then hinting of morn!—
As the night grew more old and unpleasant,
We saw in the distance a horn,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
To the sides of the road was outborne;
'Twas Sal's father's horn lantern there present,
The crescent distinct from the horn.

And I said, "He is better than Dian;
But I wish that his light had more size"—
And the light wasn't much for its size.
"He has guess'd—that's a thing to rely on—
Has father, the way our walk lies;
And he has come out like Orion,
The fellow up there in the skies—
Yes, Sally, those stars in the skies—
Come out like another Orion
To help me take care of my prize;
To take her safe home by and by on
The pathway that fatherward lies."

But Sarah, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Surely that light I mistrust—
That lantern I strangely mistrust.
O, hasten! O, let us not linger!
O, fly! let us fly! for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Voice—"O, he'll make such a dust!"
In anguish she sobb'd, letting sink her
Sweet voice, as if fearing a bust—
"O, but father'll kick up such a dust!"

I replied, "This is nothing but dreaming;
We need but keep out of the light."
But he kept dodging us with the light;
And Sarah would soon have been screaming,
She shook like a leaf with affright—
Like a leaf, or a bird in a fright.
So I lifted her out of the gleaming,
Through a gap in the hedge, out of sight;
And her father went on, never deeming
He left us behind in the night.

Then to pacify Sarah I kiss'd her,
And soon took her out of the gloom—
It was getting quite cold in the gloom.
And she cried; but I said, "Dear, desist, or
I never shall get you safe home."
Then we ran, and in good time got home.
Father said, "How on airth have I miss'd
her?"
She said, "I was never from home.
No, pa, I was never from home.
I have been all the night in my room."



PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.—“TAKE A PILL.”

Now my head is as grey as an ember;
 And my heart is all crisped and sere—
 Like a crisp leaf that's withered and sere;
 And yet I am fain to remember
 Above all the nights in the year—
 Ah, Sally, if you were but here!
 That night of all nights in the year—
 Ah, Sally, if you were but here!
 That cold dreamy night of November,
 That night of all nights in the year;
 That long ago night of November,
 The night we were out in, my dear.

POT-POURRI.

In Scilly.

ALL manner of hard things have been said about Scilly, as a dull, dronish place, with deserted streets and idle boats; but those who have made such assertions could scarcely have witnessed the stirring scene at this time of year to be seen every morning early at St. Mary's Pool, the present being the height of the mackerel season. It is not too much to say that Billingsgate Market is not more crowded or more noisy. Hither flock the whole fleet of fishing boats from Penzance and the Cornish coast, the vessels of which have all through the previous night been plying in the wild waters of these craggy deeps. There are but a very few Scilly boats. No one can explain how it is, but the enterprise of the Scillonians does not take this direction.

It is said by some one, and I have reason for believing it to be true, that at one time the natives, who to a man are as thorough salts as though their whole lives were spent on the wide ocean, saw their interest in manning "home" vessels; but that owing to the peculiar restrictions imposed on them by the authorities of the islands, it was found more profitable to turn their attention to other pursuits. As to its being still worth their while to give their minds to fishing, there can be no doubt of that.

This morning I counted no less than a hundred mackerel boats all clustered together, thick as bees at swarming time, each desperately eager to get its share of the night's fish crop on board of the *Queen of the Bay*, puffing and snorting in their midst. It is not easy to imagine a busier scene. Laggards are of course served last, and the prime purpose is to get the fish off with all possible speed, so that it may catch the train from Penzance to London, or, failing that, the special train, which will, an hour and a half later, be started to overtake the first, and thus ensure arrival at the various cities on the route, terminating with London, in time for the next morning's market. From one morning till the next, and yet the fish arrive at Billingsgate in fair condition; but this is no doubt owing to the fact that, arrived after its five hours' voyage at Penzance, the bulk is there turned 'out, washed and repacked, with a layer of broken ice atop of every "pad"—a covered basketful.

To return, however, to the fishing smacks. There they lie, so close together that nothing would be easier than to step from one to the other over a space as wide as Regent-street; and on board of each is its complement of men and lads, still highly busy. Whether it is on account of having constantly to make its way be-

tween jagged rocks and over troublesome hillocky bottoms is hard to tell, but it is certain that the ocean all about the Scilly Isles appears to be in a chronic state of irritation, and ready at a moment's notice to wake itself to a state of fury should the wind venture to express itself, though but in a mild and moderate voice. Should the disturbance be at all above the average, the fishermen have a severe time of it, and find enough to do to draw in their nets after the final effort without waiting to release the catch. So there lie the heaped-up brown nets, with the buoys, looking like cork muffins, secured along the outer edges, in a great piled-up heap in the hold of the smack; and shining bright as polished silver, flashing in the morning sun, there are the still entangled mackerel. They cannot be shaken out as dabs and flat fish can be shaken out of a trawling net: the meshes of the net have snared every mackerel by its gills, and it is only the experienced hand that can twitch it out instantaneously and without damaging the fish. The fish seem to lie wide apart, but forty fathoms is a good length for a net; and it is curious to watch how rapidly these pluckings of silver from the brown accumulate. The fishermen stand at the net with oilskin aprons on to keep their clothes dry, and their brown faces and browner hands spangled with fish scales, and overhaul it as one could pick blackberries or gooseberries from a bush. Now and then there is a moment's diversion from the steady operation, and a fisherman makes a vicious grab at the net, and plucks forth a fish less lustrous and larger than a mackerel, and with a large, clumsy head, and mouth formidably wide, and with an expression of malicious grinning about the up-curved corners that, under the circumstances, must be extremely provoking. These intruders are the dog-fish—the fisherman's cruellest enemy. Useless himself as a fish that maybe eaten, he is the most ravenous little monster the deep produces. Were he content to seize on a mackerel, convey it to his marine kennel, and there feast his fill on it, the fisherman would not object. But the dog-fish's mode of proceeding is not nearly so reasonable; indeed, were he a mad dog-fish he could scarcely be guilty of more rabid behaviour. He is a scaly cur, constantly seeking what he may make a snap at. He is as terrible a worrier of mackerel as a mastiff afflicted with hydrophobia is a worrier of sheep. He and his brethren are a pack, and should they themselves escape the net, they will attack the poor prisoners, whose heads are helplessly fixed in the loopholes of the treacherous brown wall which pulled them up so disastrously short in their merry careering, and bite them off at the gills; and should they be trapped as the more worthy mackerel are, they will vent their spite on their fellow-captives, running a-muck, as it were, and maiming and destroying in every direction. They must, indeed, be a sore trial of patience, especially to the unlucky fishermen who have been out of the run of the luck, and come in after a hard night's work with but four or five hundred fish.

On every boat of the fleet of a hundred and more lying in St. Mary's Pool, there was not one on which was not to be seen the painful evidence of the fisher's hard night's work in the shape of a heap of ruined mackerel—some just grazed by the marauder's teeth, others with their tails as neatly docked as though the cook's knife had performed the operation, and others

again with their unfortunate backbones stripped at a bite. There appears no reason why it should be so, but these disfigured fish—which, of course, are wholesome and fresh, and good for food as the best—are as nearly as possible wasted. I saw one poor man asking the price of some, on which a fisherman threw up on the quay about five-and-twenty more or less damaged mackerel, and the man threw down threepence. But the purchaser did not want them all: he selected half a dozen of the best, and left the rest to be kicked about by the crowd. As for the makers of the mischief, they may be seen through the blue waters by the quayside, clear as crystal, and counted by dozens, dead on the shingle beneath. They are, of course, dead when the fishermen get hold of them, but this does not prevent them banging the head of each one viciously against the bulwarks ere it is flung back to its native element.

It might be supposed that the mackerel harvest was a source of handsome profit to all concerned in it. I have been amongst the smack men, and learnt differently. In the first place, it is no reason that because a fine mackerel realizes sixpence in London, the man who catches it receives, say, threepence. In times when the fish is plentiful, he does not receive even half that sum. From eight to ten shillings a hundred is now the ruling price, and the average catch would be under a thousand. At ten shillings a hundred, an ordinary catch thus represents five pounds earned; but this has to be cut up into many small parts. The whole "getting" is supposed to consist of eight shares, and of these, one is first of all set aside for the "boat"—that is to say, for the owner of the boat. This will leave four pounds seven and sixpence for division amongst seven hands, or something like thirteen shillings per man. But out of this each man has to supply his portion of the net—five "pieces," as it is called, measuring twenty-five fathoms; and if the net is torn or lost—no uncommon occurrence—the loss falls on the fishermen, and not on the smack owner. I was likewise informed that nothing is more uncertain than mackerel fishing, and that of two boats working within hailing distance of each other, one may catch a thousand fish and the other less than fifty; so that, one way and another, if the mackerel fisherman, in the prime time, earns five and thirty shillings for a whole week of night and day dangerous toil, he considers himself fortunate.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXIII.—WHAT I FOUND ON BOARD THE WRECK.

MY heart sank at this confirmation of my worst fears.

"Not one of my shipmates saved? Not one?"

As I uttered these words out loud in an agony, I saw the fin of a shark rise above the surface of the sea beyond, not far from the vessel, and shuddered with horror. It was like an answer to my question.

How had I escaped? Probably I had been swept away from the others when the raft overturned, and the cruel sea demons had flocked where the prey was most plentiful. I fell on my knees in gratitude for

having escaped that hideous fate; and, rising calmer, prepared to cross to the vessel. The channel was deep in front of where I stood, and peering down into the clear water, I saw one of the monsters waiting for me. It was yet another providential escape, for if I had not seen that fin, I should have attempted to swim across without thinking of sharks. Farther on a connecting ridge of rock led to the reef, and by this I crossed without ever being more than waist deep, and so reached the wreck, from the wounded sides of which a hundred rivulets were flowing, like the life-blood of a mammoth.

There was little difficulty about climbing to the deck, and then I commenced searching, beginning with the superior forward part. She was an Indianan, and of superior tonnage to the *Bos*, as far as I could judge. There were no signs of crew or passengers—probably they had taken to the boats long before she went ashore; or perhaps they had been saved by some other vessel, if that were possible in such a storm.

Nor did I find anything to eat in the fore-cabins, which, indeed, I did not examine very carefully, not being familiar with that part of a ship, while I knew exactly where the steward's snuggery, in connection with the chief cabin, would be. So I made my way aft. The hood which should have protected the hatchway had been broken in, and the steep, narrow staircase leading down to the cabin was choked up with enormous blocks, cordage, and a broken piece of spar.

I set to work to clear this rubbish away—no light task—though by taking advantage of the sloping position of the deck, it was rendered easier; for when an obstructing mass could once be dragged out of the hatchway, very little force was requisite to push it down the inclined plane, out of the way. The splinter of spar was the most awkward thing to get rid of; and yet it was necessary to do so if I was to enter the cabin, as it not only barricaded the way, but pressed against the door at the bottom in such a manner as to prevent its opening.

It was early morning still, the tropical sun had not got its focus on the world yet, and so I could work with a will; and at last I hauled out the obstacle, and had the satisfaction of seeing it glide down the sloping deck towards the stern. But as it so glided I noticed certain horrible signs on the splintered end of it, and on reaching the bottom of the staircase found what that meant. Huddled up against the cabin door, which opened outwards, was the body of a man—literally the body, for the head had been crushed—but there is no need for revolting details. The water had covered him for a considerable time, before it drained down to the hold of the vessel, so that there was not much blood.

I drew the body up the stairs, and laid it on the deck. The dress was that of a gentleman, and on the little finger of the left hand was a signet ring, which I reverently drew off, thinking that if I lived to return home, and discovered his relatives, it might please them to have it. On removing that I saw that it had covered another, a plain gold circlet, a woman's wedding ring. What a story that told! Probably he would have wished that to be buried with him, poor fellow, so I did not touch it. In his breast coat pocket there was a leather letter case, which I secured; and then drew the remains far away forward, and covered them up with the loose cordage and pieces of wreck. It was the only

burial I could give him. As for heaving him overboard from that part of the vessel which overhung the water, the sharks made that too horrible to think of.

The name of R. Mayfield was stamped on the outside of the pocket-book, which contained several letters all in French, and papers representing money to the amount of a thousand pounds, payable at Calcutta. All these were soaking wet, so I spread them out on the deck to dry, laying a rope's end upon them to prevent their being blown away; and returned to the cabin door, wrenched it open with some little difficulty, and entered the saloon. It was a sad scene of desolation. The water had entered, and still lay about in pools. The handsome pier glasses, the costly fittings, were broken up and strewed about in all directions. And yet the place was not so ruined as I expected to see it, for there was no breach in either the sides or the stern. I soon discovered the steward's pantry, and found there a tin of biscuits, a cheese, a jar of water, and an unbroken bottle of Bordeaux, and made a ravenous meal. After that and a rest, I felt like a different being, and commenced a thorough investigation of the ship, in hopes of getting a rig out, of which a civilized European in shirt and drawers stood in considerable need.

The private cabins were on either side of the saloon, and opened into it. In all those on the port side the sea water had spoilt everything. Whether the ship had lain over in that direction before she was finally wedged in her present upright position, or what had happened, I am not competent to judge; but so it was. The first starboard cabin I entered, however, was in a much better condition, and in it I found a light pea-jacket, in one of the pockets of which was a well-filled cigar case; and as there was also a box containing German tinder in a dry condition, I lighted a cigar at once. A trifling matter to mention, perhaps, but I have seldom enjoyed anything so much as that smoke. There was a small portmanteau, which I opened by cutting out the lock with a knife, also found in the pea-jacket, and inside was wearing apparel, so that I was presently attired in trousers of Parisian cut, a clean shirt, stockings, and boots; and then, putting on the pea-jacket, a serviceable garment, though rather a warm one for the climate, I went on to the next cabin.

There were signs of former habitation here, too. On the washing-stand, which formed a table, stood one of those metal cups which are fitted on to flasks, and there was yet a little water in it, and half a biscuit with crumbs lay by it. How strange that these things had not been thrown to the floor! More than strange—impossible. They must have been placed where they were since the storm. Then some or one of the crew or passengers had escaped while I lay senseless. No, for the entrance to the cabin was barricaded.

I had not had many hours' experience of Robinson Crusoe's life, and yet I could already understand the horror he felt on seeing the footprint on the sands. The sense of a mysterious, unseen presence being with you, or near you, when you deemed yourself in utter solitude, has a peculiar paralyzing effect on the nerves, producing a sensation of some power having gone from you.

I looked round the cabin for some further sign of recent habitation, and soon found it. For in the top berth lay a little girl, sound asleep, with her cheek pillowed on one arm, and the thumb of the other hand in

her mouth. She had been crying in her dreams, poor little one, for there were half-dried tears upon her cheeks.

I gazed upon the apparition in utter bewilderment for a long time. How had she been left there? How could her friends, or those who had the care of her, have had the inhumanity to desert her! Why, a wren will flutter about the robber of her young; a very deer will pause if her fawn cannot keep pace with her flight.

And then a theory of what had occurred flashed upon my mind. At the time when the crew and passengers took to the boats, or adopted some method of quitting the ship, this unfortunate gentleman, this Mayfield, had gone below to fetch the child; and while his hand was on the cabin door, the piece of broken spar had been washed, or had fallen, or had swung into the hatchway, and had crushed him.

I stole softly away, and went the round of the rest of the cabins, half expecting to find another child, or a woman, or a sick man, so bewildered and dumb-founded was I.

Two of these cabins had evidently been occupied; but there was no living thing in them now except cock-roaches. There were personal effects, melancholy enough to see, and papers which showed that the vessel was French, and had sailed from a French port.

I appropriated a straw hat which lay in one of the berths, and went up on deck; gathered the letters, &c., which had been spread out and were now quite dry, replaced them in the pocket-book, and stowed that away safely in the pea-jacket. Then I examined the fore-part of the ship more carefully than I had done before, but discovered nothing worth recording. As for the waist, that had been broken in by writhing and pounding on the rocks.

The tide was coming in again now, and it would not be possible to return to the island without swimming the gauntlet of sharks for some hours.

I dragged a piece of old sail out of a corner, and spread it over the heap which covered the body of poor Mr. Mayfield, and then went down again to the cabin where the child lay.

She awoke when I entered, and sat up, rubbing her eyes with her little fists.

"Papa! where have you been, papa?" she cried in French, stretching out her arms to me. "Oh, you have been away so, so long! But you are not my papa!"

And she drew back in fear.

"No, my little one, I am not your papa; but I will love you and be kind to you."

And I tried all I could to soothe her; but for a long time she only cried passionately, and begged to be taken to her father.

Do what I could, I was unable to repress the tears from starting from my own eyes, and that seemed to give her confidence in me, and by-and-by she grew calmer; and then I lifted her out of the berth, and carried her into the saloon, where it was less stifling than in the close little cabin.

"You are an Englishman," she said to me in my own language, though in a pretty French accent, and interspersed here and there with French words. "Papa is an Englishman; mamma was a Frenchwoman. Mamma has gone to heaven."

And she glanced as she spoke at her frock, which was white, trimmed with black ribbons.

"And what is your name, darling?" I asked.

"My name is Cerise, and I am eight years old."

"Eight years old—quite a woman, I declare. I like, Cerise, do you know; it is such a pretty name. But you have another, your family name?"

"Yes, of course; my family name is Mayfield."

Poor orphan! I had guessed it. It was her father who had been struck dead as he came to fetch her from what had probably been the most secure spot up to the last moments, and whose remains lay up there on the deck, hidden away.

I got out the provisions I had found in the steward's cabin, for Cerise was hungry, having had nothing but a few biscuits which her father had brought her during the height of the storm, and some water which he had provided in his flask. She was a remarkably intelligent child; but of how long she had been left she had no idea. All was confusion and terror until she cried herself to sleep, and awoke to find silence and stillness. Then she had got up and gone to the cabin door, which would not open: she was alone and a prisoner. It was a wonder to me that she had not been terrified into idiocy; but every circumstance attending her present position seemed miraculous. I left her at intervals to go on deck and watch the tide; for though the power of the sun was very great, a light breeze had sprung up, and if it threatened to come on to blow at all hard, so that the waves should beat over the reef at the flood, it would be desirable to get on shore as soon as possible, as there was no saying how long the ship would prove a safe refuge; but there was no fear for the present, and I was grateful enough for a moderate wind, seeing that our only hope of rescue lay in the approach of some vessel.

Startling and improbable events had followed one another with such rapidity that I had not had time to think of the future; but now that a period of inaction had arrived, I could look at the prospects ahead; and, faith, they were not very bright. It all depended upon where we were, and of that I had no idea beyond the fact that we were in the portion of the globe called Africa; but whether we were in the Gulf of Guinea or off Sierra Leone was quite uncertain. Nay, the mainland which I took for the African coast might be one of the Cape de Verd Islands for all I knew to the contrary.

If there was any European station within range of telescope, either on the main coast or that island which could be seen from where I stood, the wreck would be made out, and boats would be sent to examine it.

Or natives might see it with the naked eye, and put off for purposes of plunder; and they might be good-natured savages, and transport us to a safe place. But they might also be savage savages, or even addicted to dining off shipwrecked voyagers. The risk of that was better than the certainty of starving out there, but it would be preferable to owe our preservation to Europeans.

A ship sailing past might espy us, and put a boat off to our succour. In order to encourage such a proceeding, I got a shirt out of the portmanteau, fastened it to a pole, and stuck it up as a signal of distress. And oh! how eagerly I strained my eyes towards the mainland, towards the island, towards the sea horizon.

If these three chances failed, and provisions began to run short, I must try to make some description of raft in which we could reach the mainland. If we had the smallest boat, it would be easy enough while the weather was calm—easy, I mean, until we got into the surf. But we had no boat, and the difficulty would be, first to make the raft, and then to propel it. There were plenty of materials, however, and that could be tried before lying down to die.

I could not remain on deck for long at a time, as Cerise got frightened, and came up the stairs to see if I too intended to desert her, if I remained absent for more than five minutes; and I did not like her to stay with me on the deck while the sun was in its full power, fearing lest she should get a sunstroke or a fever, she seemed such a delicate mite. It was true that, if we had to take to the rock, all that must be risked.

That she asked innumerable wondering questions, you may well believe. Where were we? At sea or on shore? What had happened? Where had I come from? Where had all the rest gone? And, above all, where was her father? And I explained matters to her as simply as I could; but evidently without much effect in clearing the mystery.

"I think, most likely, papa has gone to see mamma," I told her.

"And will he come back soon?" she asked.

"No, dear, I am afraid not. But perhaps he is watching over you, though we cannot see him. In the meantime, I am to take care of you."

She thought over this for some time in silence, and then asked, under her breath, and with her large brown eyes open to their widest—

"Are you an angel?"

Which was certainly the most startling and unexpected query I have ever had put to me.

But though thoroughly disabused of all doubts about my humanity, she had perfect confidence in me, and I do think that entire childish faith and trust would have won the heart of a Nero. Being made of considerably softer clay, I loved her at once. Some time before sunset the tide had gone out sufficiently to render the passage on shore easy, and as I was anxious to explore the clefts and crannies of the rock more narrowly for some sign of my late shipmates, as well as to mount to the highest point to get a more extended view around, in hopes of obtaining a glimpse of some saving sail, I prepared to start. An expression of terror and imminent crying came over the face of Cerise at the suspicion of being left alone again on board the vessel, so I helped her down on to the reef, and then, taking her on my shoulders, and carrying in my hand a second impromptu flag, I waded to the shore with ease, now that my feet were protected from the rocks and shells; and then, placing Cerise in a place from which she could see me, I commenced my melancholy, hopeless search. Hopeless indeed: the shore was covered with driftwood from the two wrecks, but of human remains there was not a sign. The rock was too steep and rugged for an inexperienced climber like myself to carry the child up, and it was necessary to leave her; but she could see me from below for the greater part of the way, and I promised to call out to her continually while hidden from her eyes.

So directly I turned an angle of the rock which shut out the beach, I shouted—

"Cerise!"

"Ankey Jack!" replied a little treble voice.

And then I began to sing, to keep her reassured.

The top of the rock was soon reached. I gazed out towards the sea: nothing but water and sky. To the mainland: water again, and the long line of coast. To the island. What? I closed my eyes, and then looked again. There could be no doubt, it was no hallucination: the rays of the setting sun lit up the sails of a vessel. I watched her intently, as you may well believe, and thought I could make out that she was not sailing from us; neither did her course seem to lie towards us; but, judging by a promontory of the island, sideways rather, as if she were tacking.

I waved the flag vehemently, not thinking of the distance. Standing near the edge of the cliff, the feeble voice rose up—

"Anky Jack! Anky Jack!"

I had stopped singing when that sight met my eye, but I now answered Cerise, and, fixing the flagstick in a cleft, hurried down to the beach again.

The little thing was as glad to see me as if I had been away for hours; and no wonder, after the horrors of solitude she had undergone.

I could not help talking about the ship I had seen, and tried to explain to her my hopes that the people on board would see us, and come to take us away.

"Is papa in it?" she asked.

Poor little thing, she little knew that the mangled remains of her father lay hidden away in the wreck, to which we now returned. Fortunately, I had removed them to the fore-part of the vessel, so that we could come and go without passing near the spot. But it was very horrible even so.

"Baby May."

DR. W. C. BENNETT, whose cartoon was one of the first published in the present series, has just reissued, in a handsome form, his old favourite, "Baby May," in company with "Home Poems and Ballads." Dr. Bennett's later productions, "Songs for Sailors," have been read of late far and wide; but there is a pathetic ring in the old lines, and they so often contain an appeal to the homeliest feelings of our nature, that they must ever prove formidable rivals to anything which the author can in future write. To those who doubt, try the sample in praise of Little May:—

"Fine pearly teeth and two soft blue eyes,

Two sinless eyes of blue,

That are dim, or are bright, they scarce know why,

That, baby dear, is you.

And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,

That is priceless, every curl;

And a boldness shy, and a fear half bold,

Ay, that's my baby girl."

THE USES OF SCENT.—Sir George Campbell presented the Ranee of Sikkim, at Darjeeling, with a toilette bottle of scent. Her Highness drank half the contents before she could be stopped; and when informed of the true use for the liquid, immediately poured the remainder on to her handkerchief.

Things New and Old.

Gas Explosions.

* The circumstance that the admixture of even minute quantities of coal gas with air can be at once detected by the unmistakable odour of the gas, should serve as a safeguard against accidents; unfortunately, however, thoughtlessness or want of knowledge frequently causes this very fact to lead to the opposite result. Escapes of gas in comparatively small quantities often occur at the point of union (generally by a ball-and-socket joint) of a hanging burner or chandelier with the gas-pipe, or at the telescope-joint of such gas-fittings; the column of water required in the joints to confine the gas becoming very gradually reduced by evaporation. In such instances, an explosive mixture will accumulate in the upper part of an apartment of which windows and doors are closed, while the air in the lower part will continue for a long time free from any dangerous admixture of gas; and instances are continually recorded in the public prints of the deliberate ignition of such explosive mixtures, by persons who, observing the smell of coal-gas upon entering the room, proceed forthwith to search for the point of escape by means of a flame. It need scarcely be stated that such a test is a perfectly safe one in itself, and that if the acceptance of the warning given by the odour of gas in the lower part of the room were promptly followed by the simple precautionary operation of leaving open for some time all windows and doors, so as to afford ready ingress of fresh air, and thus speedily expel, or very largely dilute, the gas-mixture, the leakage could be looked for with no risk of accident.

Gas explosions, generally of a serious nature, do occasionally occur through no fault of those who are the direct agents in bringing them about, as by a person entering with a light a closed apartment in which there has been a very considerable escape of gas for some time, or a building into which gas has been entering from a leakage in the supply-pipe or the main. A very sad accident of the latter kind occurred in January last at Durham, resulting in the death of two persons. The occupants of a house had noticed on a Saturday afternoon a smell of gas, which was traced to a leakage in the main pipe by the gas company's servants, who stated that it could not be repaired until the following Monday. The man, being satisfied that the gas escape did not occur in his house, lighted a candle some time afterwards, with the result that a terrific explosion nearly wrecked the house, which had become to a very considerable extent filled with explosive gas-mixture. In another recent instance, the accidental ignition of an explosive coal gas mixture issuing from a drain pipe communicating to the sewer, in which gas had leaked from the main, caused the demolition of one house and the partial demolition of another, the inmates, in both instances, escaping fortunately with bad injuries. The first of these accidents, at any rate, would not have occurred if prompt means had been taken for stopping the leakage when its source was discovered; and it may be confidently affirmed that a very large majority of the accidents resulting from coal gas explosions might be avoided by the exercise of ordinary care and intelligence.—*Professor Abel at the Royal Institution.*

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXIX.—LOADING FOR THE JOURNEY.

IF ever prayer of thankfulness was offered up, it was breathed now by these two men, as, utterly prostrated in nerve by the fierce test to which they had been put, they lay back there in the shadow, Dawson with his face buried in his hands. But a short time after he got up with a dash of his old American recklessness of danger, and said, laughingly—

"Well, Adams, old fellow, that was shaving very close."

Adams nodded, and did not speak, looking so serious that Dawson held out his hand, which the other pressed heartily.

"We are earning our gold, I think," said Adams at last. "If there is much more of this sort of thing, I shall turn grey."

"We got on too easily at first," said Dawson, grimly.

"Easily?" said Adams. "I like that. Why, saving our stay at the lake, our lives have been in our hands almost every hour of the day."

"But we have got the gold," said Dawson.

"Have we?" said Adams.

"There, hang it, man! I'm getting strong again now, and a little more ready to do anything that comes in my way. It won't do to fall sick at the eleventh hour."

"No," said Adams; "but reaction will come after these tugs at the nerves. I'm all right again now."

He jumped up and shook himself.

"Now," he said, "what next?"

Dawson dragged him back into the shelter of the rocks, as a couple of Indians came loping by at a long, easy trot, silently, and looking from side to side as they hurried after their companions.

A grim smile passed between the adventurers, who now lay watching for a couple of hours, after which, glass in hand, Dawson climbed up and up to where he could get a view of the mouth of the valley, and also see a part of its length; but though he looked long and anxiously, sweeping every portion with his glass, not a trace of danger could be seen, and a hopeful feeling that they were at last free was allowed to rise.

Returning to where the little tent had been set up, it was settled that they should wait a day or two where they were, so as to give the Indians time to get well on their way; but this necessitated journeys for water, which had to be most cautiously performed, the necessary liquid being obtained from the little stream to which the mules were driven as soon as darkness had set in, and without adventure.

Then followed a day of calm rest, so as to recruit for the coming troubles; and the next day the reconnoitring for danger began once more, before bringing down mules and baggage to the old spot for loading up.

They had not gone far from the ravine before traces of the Indians' occupation grew plainer. They lay on the farther side of the valley, which accounted for their not having been noticed by Dawson in his exploring trip with Larry; but here had been fires, there bones lay about that seemed to be those of bison, besides

other tokens of camping down and a tolerably lengthy stay.

Then they went to the mouth of the valley, and searched the plain with the aid of the glass; but there was the broad track going right off south-west, nearly obliterated by the wind-blown dust—that was all; so an expedition was made in the other direction, with similar results. They were apparently alone in the valley.

On examining the old spot where they had themselves halted so long, it was evident that the Indians had inspected it pretty closely. Part of the hut was torn down, but its ruins lay across the rocks that had been piled over the *cache*, and a few plants that had been stuck in the crevices between with a little soil, and started with a drop of water, had grown and given an aspect of nature to the place, and also plainly showed that it had not been disturbed.

Safe at last, they felt sure now, and, after a final glance round, they returned to the ravine, where the mules were patiently waiting; and, Larry going to the head, the little train moved slowly out, Dawson muttering softly as he walked by the side of the mule which bore Mary—

"Surely fate will favour us now."

A short rest, and then the rocks were attacked, heaved aside, and went rattling and rolling down the steep slope, each making a little avalanche of smaller stones.

There were great drops of perspiration on each man's forehead as he worked, for, in spite of the feeling of certainty, doubt would creep in, and say to each in a sneering whisper—

"Suppose the gold is gone!"

There seemed to be a kind of magnetized attraction and a sympathy of feeling as they paused from their labour, making excuse that they were thirsty; and in that supreme moment, with the treasure lying within their reach, they hesitated to remove the last coverings and lay it bare.

Adams looked at Dawson and wiped his brow.

Dawson imitated the action; while downright Larry looked from one to the other, and exclaimed—

"Ah, bedad! an' suppose there's been thaves!"

Dawson made an effort over himself, uttered a short, pettish laugh, and, stooping down, threw out the last stones, removed a little sand, and then thrust his hands down through the rest.

Then he remained motionless, while in blank despair Adams and Larry both silently formed with their lips the word "Gone!"

"Safe as the bank!" shouted Dawson, hauling out a couple of bags; and then, scraping out the rest of the sand from the rocky hole, he drew forth the little heavy bags of glittering yellow metal, while the others transferred it safely to the sack-like wallets they had contrived for the backs of the mules.

"Don't it feel delicious!" said Larry, hugging the treasure to his heart, as he carried it down to the mule being laden. "Och! it's an illigant-patterned waistcoat I'll be thratin' meself to, along with a blue coat an' brass buttons. Bedad!" he said, after a pause, "brass! I'll have thim ov goold."

The loading went on, mule after mule having his share, the wallet-like bags hanging well balanced on either side, and a light pack being placed on them. It was tempting work, and no little prudence was re-

quired to keep back the desire which prompted them to load the faithful beasts with a heavier burden than they could easily bear. Larry, too, was for making everybody fill his pockets with the glistening ore; but Dawson's voice prevailed when he said they would want all their strength spared for the journey to carry their arms.

There was a fair portion of gold to leave behind, and this was carefully covered in once more with sand and stones, brought down from above to save labour; then a few shovelfuls of earth, and some plants thrust in here and there, completed the task; and, as the sun went down, they partook of a hearty meal; the signal was given, Dawson went ahead as scout, and the little train was put in motion, the mules picking their way through the rocks "like angels," as Larry said, on their way into the rugged desert; then travelling by compass, and continuing their journey, after a short halt or two, right through the night, the day being given up to rest.

It was a long and arduous journey over the alkali plains; and more than once they had to blame themselves for being led by the desire for wealth into risking the loss of all by loading the mules too heavily. Again and again in the weary tramp did they threaten to break down, and the case seemed hopeless, when they were saved by their nearness to water. One breakdown was so thorough that they actually had to unload and leave the hard-won treasures buried in the loose dust and sand while they drove the unburdened mules on some miles to water, and let them rest. And afterwards, when they sought the bags again, the wind had obliterated the track, and Adams and his companion, who had come alone to reload the mules, sat down and stared blankly in each other's faces.

"So near home, too!" said Dawson, with a groan, for he was still weak, and the journey had tried him heavily.

"It must have been here that we placed them—close to that bush," said Adams; and then he stopped, for he saw the folly of his remark—"that bush" of sage brush was repeated all over the plain for miles and miles with a vexatious exactness of resemblance; and on going a few yards farther on, he was just as convinced that the next he saw was the right one.

They rested for a while, and then took another good look round in every direction, but without result; and the fact stared them in the face that all their journey, with its risks and labour, had been thrown away by such an absurd mishap as this.

"I know what we'll do," said Adams. "I think I see how we can manage."

Dawson looked at him despondingly.

"We'll go back to the water without saying a word. You have turned weak and poorly with your journey, so I have brought you back, and come to fetch Larry to help me."

Dawson nodded listlessly, mounted one of the mules, and together they retraced their steps to where the tent was set up, by a spring of water among some rocks, just where a spur of the mountains came down into the plain.

There was plenty of anxiety displayed at their return, but Adams's explanation was accepted without a word, and Larry took charge of the mules after an hour's rest.

"Now see," said Larry to his master, "how cleverly that little baste Pepe will go right away to where we left the loads. It's a wonder, too, whin he can't see his futmarks."

The problem was solved, for, unguided by Larry, the little mule set off as leader, and trudged slowly across the dry, dusty plain, as if marking a bee-line to the spot where it had been relieved of its load, and just at sundown came to a halt by the side of a slight eminence, which Adams knew in a moment as the sand they had heaped over the bags.

He said nothing to Larry, who worked away at the loading in perfect ignorance of the strange problem he had helped to solve. Two hours after, they were back by the water, where they halted for the rest of the night.

A Venetian Serenade.

AS the band generally plays in the Piazza on Wednesday, it was an unusual occurrence to find the Café Florian almost deserted at eight o'clock last evening, and no sound of music to enliven the solitude of the place. But the reason for this soon became apparent when a sort of moving wood, above which were suspended lamps of various colours, was seen advancing over the water towards the quay in front of Danieli's Hotel, where the Crown Princess of Germany is staying, and it was rumoured that a serenade was to be given. The large floating platform, on which a military band was stationed, was formed of two large barges fastened together and planked across. Festoons of drapery covered the sides, and the musicians were almost concealed by shrubs and plants, over which candles, enclosed in glass globes, with the national colours, red, white, and green, were suspended to five large candelabra. Hundreds of gondolas, many of which had strings of Chinese lanterns hung across them, were collecting from all sides. The *Sumatra*, one of the fine ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, anchored in the centre of the stream, exhibited three lines of coloured lamps, which extended from end to end, and every few minutes the whole vessel was illuminated with Bengal fire. The barge that held the orchestra was also frequently lighted up in the same manner by men at the four angles, who held long sticks, on which were receptacles for the red and green fire. Occasionally a rocket rose into the sky, and, after bursting, descended in a shower of golden sparks, that were reflected a thousand times in the dark waters below. The music of the military band alternated with choruses admirably sung by men, with an accompaniment of stringed instruments. By nine o'clock the crowd of gondolas was immense; there were hundreds so closely packed together that without difficulty one might have walked across the Grand Canal upon them.

It seemed quite impossible that such a mass of boats could move, yet the gondoliers, in their variously-coloured costumes, stood leaning on their long oars, quite ready for a start, and the bright steel prows were all pointing in the same direction. At last, the signal was given, and the large illuminated and embowered orchestra, towed by a boat and propelled by men with long poles, slowly moved forward, and with it, in one compact body, the hundreds of gondolas that had collected around it. The moon and the stars were shin-

ing brightly in the deep blue sky, and the effect was indescribably striking and beautiful, as the serried ranks of gondolas, with the five gigantic candelabra in the centre, glided along, whilst scarcely a sound could be heard to disturb the fine harmonies with which the serenading minstrels filled the air.

On the steps of the Church of Santa Maria della Salute rows of coloured fire illuminated the whole of the splendid white marble façade, and throughout this part of the canal almost every house was lighted up with constant displays of red and green flames, that brought into prominence all the fine and, in some cases, elaborate architectural detail for which so many of the Venetian palaces are renowned. At intervals the occupants of the gondolas, lying back upon their luxurious seats, could distinguish and exchange salutes with friends on the opposite side of the canal, so bright was the light—although, perhaps, the ladies did not consider it altogether becoming; the next minute all was in comparative darkness, except where the lofty candelabra were reflected on the shakos of the soldiers, or the Chinese lanterns shed a feeble light upon the gondolas on which they were suspended.

Just before the procession reached the Rialto, a change was made. The gondolas, breaking their ranks rapidly, shot under the bridge, then turned and re-formed in close order on each side under the large and massive arch. The populace now were to have their share of the entertainment. The floating orchestra was drawn up under the bridge, and here the band played and the minstrels sang for half an hour, whilst the crowd on the bridge and the quays eagerly drank in every note. Fresh candles were lighted, and more red and green fire was burnt. And here, perhaps, the strangest effect of all was produced by the number of lamps under the gloomy bridge. The light streaming out at both ends of the arch cut into the deep shadows, and literally seemed to penetrate the massive walls of the houses and the black waters of the canal. The audience was spell-bound by the music. Occasionally the vocalists sang a popular comic chorus.

The return was perhaps the most curious part of the entertainment. Many of the gondolas had withdrawn, but a large and compact *entourage* still remained in attendance upon the central point of attraction. It was scarcely necessary to move an oar; all the boats were so tightly wedged in upon the orchestra that as this was slowly towed along they moved with it. There was now something very melancholy in the appearance of this weird-like procession, as it glided on without perceptible effort, whilst the voices rose and fell in sad and plaintive strains, and the sounds retreated in long-drawn echoes up the adjacent canals. The bright-coloured lanterns on the smaller boats had all disappeared, leaving the more subdued lights of the candelabra standing high above an indistinct mass of black gondolas; and even these lamps were rendered more strange and ghost-like by the pale and steady rays of the moon.

Imagination carried the thoughts back to a former age. It seemed as if a tribute of honour was being paid to the remains of some departed magnate, perhaps a Doge of Venice, or some famous artist; or it might be that the chief of one of the great families whose stately palaces still form the principal ornament of this "glorious city in the sea" was being borne

to his last resting-place. The clocks were striking the hour of midnight as the procession reached the Piazza, and one of the most beautiful spectacles that Venice can afford was over.

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER LV.—OUT FROM THE CLOUDS.

A FORTNIGHT glided by, during which Fanny's time had been equally divided between attending to Jack Filmer's querulous demands, and learning the art of photography. It had been a hard task; for Jack's aid had been on the whole so embarrassing, that Fanny found the best road to success was to ignore his presence altogether; for so confused was poor Jack's intellect, that it seemed as if every idea in his brain-cells had been shaken out of place, and he said that which came first. The consequence was that when consulting him upon his art, poor Fanny sometimes got the most absurd instructions. Once he told her to pour the collodion into the camera, and put it on the fire to boil; at another time to take a tablespoonful of developer in water three times a day; and once again that the surest way to get a film to adhere to a glass plate was to fix it with a hammer and tacks.

Fanny then was left much to her own resources, and she became self-reliant as she found that the advice she received was misleading. All the same, though, Jack could sometimes give her a hint, from which, with natural aptitude, she profited well.

Thanks to Tom Madron, Jack could now get up for a few hours every day. His wounds were thoroughly healed, and there were strong symptoms of amendment in the confused brain. He was sitting in his studio with Fanny, early one bright morning, a poor cadaverous shadow of his former self—hollow of cheek, sunken of eye, and with his closely cropped hair nowhere half an inch in length. There was something irresistibly absurd, as he sat with his old fancy French cap and its gilt tassel cocked on one side of his head; but the aspect of both faces was decidedly serious, as Fanny busied herself at her self-imposed task.

"Who's that?" said Jack, in a piping tone, as a step was heard. "What d'yer want?"

"Only me," cried the familiar, cheery voice of Tom Madron; and Fanny blushed, and popped her hands behind her.

"Physic—physic—physic," piped Jack. "Four quarter plates, and—"

He stopped, with wrinkled brow, gazing helplessly from one to the other.

"Well, Fanny, my little lassie," said Tom, "busy as ever? And how's our patient?"

"Dying," piped Jack; "dying as fast as ever—Smith's collodion's best, and when you go—"

He stopped short again, looking helplessly at his visitor; and then he burst out, piteously—

"Oh, Mr. Madron, sir, there's something left open in my head; and when the senses begin to run out I can't stop it when I like. Oh, do please try!"

"Come!" cried Tom Madron, cheerfully, "that's better—that's getting on. Why, that's the best speech you've made since your accident. You will do yet, Jack. Why, when we get you away for a month you will come quite right."

Fanny glanced keenly at the doctor, as if to read whether this was true, or only meant encouragingly.

"I mean it, Fanny," he said, smiling, "so go on with your task, and never mind me."

"I sha'n't get better," said Jack.

"Well done, better still," cried Madron. "That was plain sense, only it was not true. Has he taken the medicine?"

"Yes, sir," said Fanny.

"I sha'n't take any more," said Jack, petulantly.

"Yes, you shall, Jack," laughed Tom, who seemed in high spirits; "and you shall get well, and be married, and I'll give your little bride away, there now! And I don't know but what I'll go so far as to say that a lady I know will be her bridesmaid—at all events, she will come, I know, if I ask her."

"Don't, please," said Jack, softly.

And Fanny's face flushed with excitement, as she glanced from one to the other; not that she heeded the light talk about the wedding, but because of Jack Filmer's words and ways, and the tone and voice in which he spoke. Tom was earnestly watching him as well, and saw him lean his head upon his hand, turn away his face, and at the end of a minute they could see that he was crying silently, the big tears trickling through his fingers, for now and then one would fall with a soft pat upon the floor.

Fanny would have run to his side, but a gesture from Tom Madron stayed her.

"Let him cry," he whispered; "it will do him good. Talk about something else, and don't seem to notice him."

"How is Miss Jenny?" said Fanny, in a choking voice; and Tom's face was now very serious, as he replied—

"Better—mending fast, Fanny; and I was to tell you to go and see her as soon as you could. But mind this—not a word about her cousin. Do not allude to him in any way."

"I shouldn't have thought of doing so, sir," said Fanny, half reproachingly.

"It was only to warn you," said Tom; and he glanced towards Jack, who remained unmoved, still crying silently where he sat, and apparently not hearing a word that was said. "You see," said Tom, "the trial comes on to-day. But that—I'll tell you all about that presently. First, let's see about our friend here."

For the next ten minutes he was examining Jack's old injuries, and talking to him quietly about ordinary matters. The patient, though, was singularly silent, and hardly spoke in return, ending by seating himself on his chair again, resting his hand upon his head, and turning away his face.

"Oh, sir," whispered Fanny, imploringly, "what does it all mean?"

"Health, Fanny, and strength, and reason reasserting itself," whispered Tom, triumphantly. "Thank God I was made a doctor. My little lass, I'm more proud of this than the greatest general could ever have been over his victories."

Tom said no more then, but stood, flushed and elate, gazing upon his patient, and only brought to himself by the softly uttered sobs of Fanny, who had caught his hand in hers, and was covering it with kisses and her tears.

"There, there!" cried Tom, hastily. And then, glance-

ing at Jack, who did not move, he whispered, "I shall stay here for a while and watch him. Wipe your eyes, and let's talk of indifferent things."

Fanny obeyed in a moment, as Tom said—

"Well, and how goes the photography? I don't see why you should not take me this morning."

"Oh, sir, you're not in earnest," said Fanny, imploringly.

"But indeed I am," he replied. "Now, then, begin at once. It will interest Jack, too, I'm sure," he added, with a glance in his patient's direction; but Jack never stirred.

The preparations were made, Fanny making no further demur, now that she saw her visitor had a reason for all he said or did.

"By the way," said Tom, "has that man from London been to see you any more?"

This while he was being focused, and Fanny's head was beneath a black cloth.

"Yes, sir, he came again—you mean the sergeant from London?" said Fanny, as her head emerged from the cloth.

Tom nodded.

"He asked all sorts of questions, and seemed to be trying to find something out from us; but I didn't like him, when I found out that he was not what he pretended to be."

"Spy, by trade," said Tom, quietly. "Such men are necessary, Fanny; and you see what he has done."

Fanny here disappeared into the dark room, and Tom remained seated opposite to the camera, gazing at his patient, who had remained perfectly still in his old attitude.

Fanny soon returned, and Tom whispered her to go on slowly, whilst he chatted aloud about her progress and the art, evidently expecting to see Jack take some interest or manifest some slight sign; but he remained unmoved for quite half an hour, during which Fanny had taken three several portraits with more or less of success.

Tom praised this, blamed that, and watched his patient keenly the while; but matters that should have been most interesting to Jack fell apparently without impression upon his ear; and, wearied out at length, Tom was beginning to think of going—fully satisfied, though, the while, that there was a manifest improvement in Jack's health.

"Take one more, Fanny," he said, aloud, "and then I must go. Honestly, I congratulate you upon your success. Keep on, and you must succeed, and it will be a great thing for you both. I'm going to ride over to Harvestbury to attend the trial."

"What! Mr. Parker's, sir?" said Fanny.

"Yes," said Tom, with a hardly repressed shudder. "I would not go, but I am compelled to do that."

"Oh, how dreadful it all seems," said Fanny. "Sometimes I can hardly believe it true that poor master's dead, sir; and I seem to hear his voice as plain as can be, scolding Mr. Harvey about wanting money; and even now I'll never believe, with all his faults, that Master Harvey was wicked enough to kill him."

Fanny stopped short, and uttered a faint cry of alarm, as she saw Jack suddenly raise his head, and turn his hollow eyes towards her. Then he rose from

his seat, and took a step forward, with his hand to his head.

"Say that again," he said, in a hollow voice.

"Say what again, Jack, dear?"

"That—that—about—what did she say?" cried Jack, pitifully.

"She said she was sure that Harvey Parker did not kill his uncle," said Tom Madron, loudly.

And Jack remained gazing from one to the other pitifully, with his hand still holding his forehead.

Then, in a strange, eager way, he went to the camera, dashed down the black cloth, and tore out the slide—opened it, and held the blank glass up to the light; dashed it down, shivering it to atoms; shook his head; looked again piteously from one to the other; tried to speak, but failed; and at last stood with both hands clasped to his head.

Tom advanced to take him by the arm, but he waved him off.

"Here—yes—Fanny!" he exclaimed, excitedly.

"The camera—the plate—the dark room—where's the plate that was in the sink?"

He staggered into the dark closet, and ere they could reach him he was back, with a large glass plate in his hand, which he held up to the light, and then extended towards Tom, who took it, turned pale, and then exclaimed—

"And you took this?"

"Yes, yes," cried Jack, as excitedly—"then—then, I remember now—"

"Pray, tell me!" cried Fanny. "Oh, Jack, what does it mean? Mr. Madron, what is it?"

"The truth, as it were from heaven," cried Tom. "A ray of light!"

Sou'-West.

IT was a born and bred fisherman who undertook to show me some of the most notorious spots in this region of treacherous "shelves" and "hidden snags and rocks," on which so many noble vessels have struck and foundered. Previously I had paid a visit to the island of Tresco, and to the residence of the governor; and there, in a nook in the magnificent garden, examined the contents of as curious a museum as could anywhere be found—a collection of figure-heads of ships wrecked in the neighbourhood. I cannot say that it forms an impressive spectacle. A ship's figure-head, especially of the old school, to be seen to advantage should be viewed at a distance. A near inspection is not, as a rule, favourable to the beholder's realization of the carver's intention; but there is that about the battered, goggle-eyed old monstrosities which gives rise to feelings of respect and awe. Indeed, they are not all either old or battered. There is one figure of gigantic proportions, new-looking as when the vessel left the shipyard, and, as I was informed, adorned a magnificent ship which came to grief, and in a few hours was broken up to matchwood, on one of the terrible Scillonian reefs. There are figure-heads still gay in colours, and defiant and sturdy-looking, in spite of broken noses and deep indentations in their wooden images; and others which are beheaded, and warped, and withered-looking, as though they had long lain in a sandy bed in deep water. There is one, seemingly

that of a barque, and the figure-head is the bust of a lady, presumably the owner-captain's sweetheart; and to guard against the possibility of unbelief in the minds of sceptics to be met with on those foreign shores to which the captain traded that such a beautiful creature could really exist, the gallant commander had caused a miniature likeness, such as in the old times ladies wore in brooches, to be painted and framed, and securely set in his beloved's bosom. And there it is now, fresh almost as when it left the hands of the artist, and youthful and blooming, while the figure itself has grown grey with the salt spray of many years. There are cracks in the cheeks, and cutting winds have given a scraggy appearance to the once girlish throat and bust. There are other figure-heads, too numerous to mention, including one of monkish aspect, with a shaven crown, a severe face, and vengefully raised hand; but its days of vengeance are now all over. The monk glares down harmlessly on a croquet lawn, and there are marks on his smooth scone of where the sparrows have departed. I endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain the particulars of the wrecks to which the collection bore testimony. The old fisherman knew nothing of them. He inquired how many there were, never having seen them himself; and when I told him there were about five and twenty, he shrugged his shoulders till his guernsey was wrinkled to express his contempt that a fuss should be made about such a trifle.

"You mean to say that they are not all there?" I remarked to my ancient mariner.

"I mean to say that if they was, there'd be as many in 'em as there are figger-heads in a parish church on Sundays," was his response.

He knew the most dangerous spots like a book. I asked him if there had, in the course of his five-and-forty years' experience, ever before been a wreck on the Retarrier, and he said there had not; but that on the Bishop, half a mile off, there had been the Lord only knew how many. St. Penninis Head was within half a mile of the old church and the old churchyard, and there had last Christmas twelvemonth been a bad one—the *Minnehaha*, which ran ashore in a dreadful gale, ten of her hands being drowned, and the vessel herself quite broken up.

"And talk about the power of the sea, sir," said the old man—"you see that slab of rock that rests on the ledge there?"

It was not difficult to see; the slab in question was about the size of a good-sized room.

"Well, sir, come daylight it was found that the sea had lifted that lump o' rock, and that there had washed under it a beam of timber and one of the drowned crew, and men were sent to try and prize up the bit of rock and set the body free, and nohow could it be managed; and there it stopped for a matter of six weeks, more or less, until the sea washed it away, and that was last Christmas twelvemonth."

He showed me where the *Bordelaise*, a brand-new ship, was wrecked, and where the same fate befel the *Zelda*; and where, but a year or two ago, the *Delaware*, with a general cargo and thirty-eight hands, went down; and where a corn-laden ship, the name of which my informant did not know, struck and sank in the night, the first intimation of the disaster being conveyed to the inhabitants of the neighbouring island by finding the sea sown over with many acres of golden grain. Here

it was that the *Louise Annette* went down, with every poor soul, but that was a long time ago; and over yonder the *Dora* was lost, no man remaining to tell how.

Here, by Santasperry Neck, it was that the *Thames* steamship came to her tragic end. There was a story of peculiarly painful interest attaching to this calamity. Hearing the signals of distress, a boat put off to the assistance of the vessel, and reaching it, the captain put on board three women, telling the men to fetch further aid, which was easy enough, the island of St. Agnes being but a short distance away. But, in the short interval of rowing half a mile and returning, a gale of such fury sprang up as to render it impossible for any boat to live in it; and all communication being thus cut off between the poor *Thames* and those who were only too ready to render her assistance, she gradually beat to pieces and went down, sixty-four lives being sacrificed with her.

We neared Portes Hellicot, where, in the year 1840, occurred an escape from shipwreck of so singular a character that it would be difficult to believe it, were it not vouched for by many witnesses of good repute. The *Nevina*, of Dunkirk, was caught in a gale in the Atlantic, and so furiously beset that she was turned keel uppermost. So sudden was the action, that four men and a boy, part of the crew, were covered over, and contrived, by holding on by the keelson of the cap-sized vessel, to keep their heads above water. In this perilous position, and in the pitch dark, one man worked hard to cut a hole in the roof of this strange ark, but was balked in his design by his knife breaking. So the hapless prisoner floated until the afternoon of the second day, when two pilot boats, perceiving the derelict, made up with it, and endeavoured to tow it into harbour, though all unknown to the poor captives, who could neither hear nor make themselves heard. Night coming on, and a heavy sea running, the pilots were compelled to cast off their prize, and leave it to the mercy of the waves; the waves were merciful, for shortly afterwards the wreck drifted ashore, and those within were released.

INGENIOUS.—Where there is a will there is always a way of finding a rhyme. The following epitaph has recently been placed on the grave of a prominent New York Baptist minister:—

“Put away the steel-bow glasses
That the doctor used to wear;
He no longer needs their assistance—
Tance—he’s climbed the golden stair.”

A BRIGADE OF GIANTS.—The augmentation of the Prussian army was the one great object which Frederick William perpetually kept in view. His strict economy enabled him to provide for sixty thousand regular troops. One brigade was formed entirely of giants; agents were sent to every country of Europe, to the bazaars of Cairo, Aleppo, and other eastern cities, to seek for men above the ordinary stature. This was one of the many whims of this eccentric monarch. Strength is not always in proportion to size; but altogether his army was formidable. The master of such a force could not but be looked upon by his neighbours as a terrible enemy and a desirable ally.—*Louisa, Queen of Prussia.*

Israfiddlestrings.

THE ANGEL ISRAFAEL, WHOSE HEARTSTRINGS ARE A FIDDLE.—
A POKESQUE POEM.

IN heaven a Spirit doth dwell,
Whose heartstrings are a fiddle—
The reason he sings so well,
This fiddler Israfel—
And the giddy stars—will any one tell
Why giddy?—to attend his spell
Cease their hymns in the middle.

On the height of her go
Totters the Moon, and blushes
As the song of that fiddle rushes
Across her bow.
The red lightning stands to listen;
And the eyes of the Pleiads glisten
As each of the seven puts its fist in
Its eyes, for the mist in.

And they say—it’s a riddle—
That all these listening things,
That stop in the middle
For the heart-strung fiddle
With which the Spirit sings,
Are held as on a griddle
By these unusual strings.

Wherefore thou art not wrong,
Israfel! in that thou boastest
Fiddlestrings uncommon strong:
To thee the fiddlestrings belong
With which thou toastest
Other hearts, as on a prong.

Yes! heaven is thine: but this
Is a world of sours and sweets—
Where cold meats are cold meats,
And the eater’s most perfect bliss
Is the shadow of him who treats.

If I could griddle
As Israfiddle
Has griddled—he fiddle as I—
He might not fiddle so wild a riddle
As this mad melody,
While the Pleiads all would leave off in
the middle
Hearing my griddle-cry.

POT-POURRI.

THE CHIFFONNIERS OF PARIS.—A census of this curious portion of the Paris population was made in 1872, by order of the prefect of police, and the results showed that there were 22,500 individuals who live by collecting the refuse of the rest of the population. These 22,500 persons, who mostly make two long journeys and back, collect on the average about 50,000 basketfuls of rags, paper, bones, &c., the value of the contents of the basket or *hette* being fifteen pence, or on the whole about £3,000 per diem. Each is licensed by a badge. The number of master *chiffonniers* is comparatively small—not over 120. They employ 300 workmen, and their annual earnings are roughly estimated at £450,000. This only includes the rags; the smaller rubbish constitutes also a very profitable industry.



DR. PARKER.—BROTHERLY LOVE.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

THE sun was just disappearing as we reached the wreck; so, being without lamp or candle, we had our supper of biscuit, cheese, claret, and water, on the deck. And then we sat and enjoyed the coolness, watching the stars come out, and talking child language, till Cerise was very sleepy, when I took her down, and put her in the berth where I had found her.

"Don't go!" she cried, when I offered to return on deck; but she was sound as a top presently, and then I stole away.

I was very tired myself; and feeling that there might be hard work before me, was very anxious to get a good sleep; so I turned into the cabin where I had found the pea-jacket and portmanteau, and lay down.

But directly I was perfectly still, the thoughts came—Have they seen us? Will they see us? Will they put off to our rescue? Perhaps at this moment they are burning blue lights or throwing up a rocket for our encouragement. At this last improbable idea I sprang up, and groped my way on deck, of course to see no light but that of the stars. Still I stood and gazed for a long time in the direction in which I had last seen the vessel; and, absurd as the idea of any one coming at night was, I could not help listening for oars, and even fancying at times that I heard them. The hours of darkness were incredibly long—would have been longer but for those cigars I had found. Nicotine did something towards composing my nerves.

The wind had died away towards the latter part of the afternoon, though it had never fallen quite calm, and at sunset it freshened again. But there seemed no prospect of its coming on to blow at all hard; and the sea did not rise.

At last, after what seemed three nights following consecutively, the moon rose, and her light was so brilliant that I could see the island off which the ship had been sailing, but not the ship herself. Probably she was behind some headland, or had furled her sails and dropped anchor for the night; or was too far off to be seen from my present low position, or by any light less powerful than that of the sun. Yet my hopes fell, in spite of the arguments adduced by reason, and I became as depressed as before I had been excited. With sanguine expectation the restlessness subsided, and a mental weariness came over me; so I crept downstairs, turned once more into the berth, and fell into a sound sleep.

When I awoke—directly after lying down, it seemed to me—it was broad daylight, and I did not for the moment know where I was.

"*Bon jour, Anky Jack,*" said a little voice; and looking down from my shelf, I saw Cerise, who had come to satisfy herself that I, too, had not run away from her.

I turned out, kissed her, and hurried on deck—Cerise climbing the steps, one by one, after me.

The sun was high in the heavens, the island stood up distinctly, and there, between it and me, were the white sails—nearer, yes, nearer than on the previous evening! I thought, too, that the ship was standing

towards us; and the longer I watched, the more firmly was I convinced of this fact, and seizing the flag, I waved it frantically.

Cerise was frightened at my excitement, and I dare say that my appearance and conduct were such as no inmate of Hanwell need have repudiated. So I forced myself to be calm, and even attended to various domestic matters. I got my little charge her breakfast, and manufactured a sort of turban for her out of handkerchiefs; for, sun or no sun, she could not be kept below now. And then I took a leathern bucket, found in the steward's cabin, filled it with sea water, and made my *début* as nursery-maid—Cerise bringing me her comb, quite as a matter of course. But I broke off from these occupations continually, and recommenced flourishing the flag.

The ship approached nearer and nearer, till I made her out to be a sloop of war; and though I could not distinguish her flag, yet I felt sure she was English. The veriest dullard in naval architecture soon acquires the power of making a good guess about that.

When about two miles off, her speed slackened, her sails flapped. Was she going about on another tack? Did she mean to stand out to sea? Was it possible that no one on board had observed us?

I repeated my signals, and shouted and screamed myself hoarse. Just as I was on the verge of despair, something dark appeared on the sea, close to the vessel's side. A boat!

I dropped the flag, caught Cerise up in my arms, and kissed her passionately; and when I put her down, her face was damp with my tears.

The boat flew on towards us. I noted the elasticity, the life of the stroke, the oars catching the water strongly and all together, and pulled well through; the sailors, with their straw hats on the backs of their heads, their broad shirt collars, and trousers tight round the hips; the two officers in the stern, one of them grasping the tiller. There could be no doubt about the nationality of our deliverers.

I had recovered my presence of mind by the time the officers stood on the deck, and beyond shaking their hands rather heartily, and bidding God bless them somewhat warmly for a first meeting, I do not think I committed myself very seriously. It is not quite the thing to invoke blessings on a man to whom you have never been introduced; but sailors are not so stiff as other folks, and they made allowance for the circumstance, and did not seem offended by the breach of etiquette.

"Have you had anything to eat or drink lately?" asked the lieutenant; "because we have got something in the boat. Or any sick? This is the surgeon. What! only you two? That is a bad job; but it can't be helped you know, can it? Is this your little girl?"

The surgeon took charge of Cerise, and got her into the boat, while I accompanied the lieutenant in a search over the vessel, which he made to secure papers and so forth; and I put him in possession of all I knew, and of what I had done.

The investigation was a rapid one.

"We are in a hurry to get on to Sierra Leone," said the lieutenant, "and the captain is growling over the delay. It is lucky for you that he has got a tremendously powerful telescope to look for slavers with—for he is a poor man, and keen after prizes—or he would

not have made out your signal of distress; and I doubt whether he would have come out of his way to overhaul the wreck if it had not been evident that some one was on board."

And just then the officer's words were confirmed by a thundering boom. The sloop was calling back her boat in her own leonine way.

In a minute we were off, leaving behind with every stroke the lump of lava where I had found safety and the father of Cerise a tomb.

It was not long before we touched the sides of the sloop, and were introduced to the captain of it. Cerise was duly impressed with the awful majesty of the British quarter-deck, and clung to my side timidly, making herself as small as possible, and trying to hide behind my leg.

But the captain had a good-humoured expression blending with the rough firmness of his features, and I suppose she was a physiognomist; for presently she stole out, and went up to him, offering her hand, and they became great friends.

The captain, who was quite a young man, was very civil, and took really great pains to make us comfortable. In a very short time we were sounding each other for mutual acquaintances.

"Do you know Jones?"

"What, cracked Jones?"

"No, not cracked Jones—Nosey Jones, who got into that row about Lady Smith."

"Know Nosey Jones! I should think so. Why, I was at Swisham with him. If you know him, you will have met Brown."

"Brown; oh, yes. Fine voice he has, and a capital hand at private theatricals. What can a man like that want to get into Parliament for?"

"I don't know, but certainly he was awfully sold at not being returned for Lushberry."

And so forth. That is the sort of talk going on at this moment in the ice fields of Norway, on the steppes of Tartary, in the tea-houses of Japan, in the forests of Africa, on the prairies of America. Wherever Englishmen wander—and that includes a considerable bit of the globe—and meet, they will try to get up a sort of excuse for talking to one another without the proper forms and ceremonies having first been complied with; and in default of regular introduction, they try to discover that somebody who is absent might have introduced them if they had all three met together. And if successful they are more comfortable.

Our law supposes every man to be innocent until he is proved guilty; but socially we reverse this system, and conclude every stranger of our own rank in life to be a suspicious character unless he can bring forward some sort of testimonial to his respectability. We seem to be able to judge strangers of higher or lower rank in the social scale than ours with far greater acuteness; I don't know why. So when the captain found I knew something about one or two of his friends, his cordiality increased considerably. He asked me to dinner, and afterwards I gave him all the details of the shipwreck of the *Bos*, and my subsequent discovery of the wreck and Cerise. He declared the whole story to be the most wonderful he had ever heard; and afterwards, when I repeated the tale of my adventures in the gun-room, a like astonishment was excited, and Cerise became a heroine.

Her preservation had been a very strange fact to me; but to these men, who knew all about ships and their behaviour when wrecked and stranded, and the customary conduct of people when deserting a vessel, it seemed nothing short of miraculous. They formed innumerable theories of what had occurred, and each supported his own view with ardour. But whether any of them were right; whether the crew and the other passengers saved themselves in the boats, or were swamped in the attempt, there may be some French sailor living who could say—I have never been able to discover.

Of my personal escape they did not think so much. It was more than a hundred to one against it, good swimmer though I might be; but the long odds did turn up every now and then, and they had, every one of them, known or heard of similar circumstances. But the escape of the child utterly bewildered them, and they could only account for it by supposing that she was reserved for some high destiny.

"She will be a prophetess," said one. "A Joan of Arc."

"Or a *prima donna*," suggested another, whose imagination was of a more practical order.

I asked whereabouts the rock was on which they had found us, and learned that it was off the main coast of Africa, and somewhere near the Cassen-ranche.

The captain asked me where I wanted to go to, and when I replied that my principal desire was to get to England as fast as possible, he expressed himself extremely sorry that he could not take me to the Cape de Verd Islands, but must carry me so far out of the way as Sierra Leone; but duty was duty, and he could not help himself.

Of course, I said I was only too much obliged to him for all his kindness, and only hoped that we should be able to get away from Sierra Leone directly, as I had a particular dread of the place, which was more than doubled now I had a child with me.

"Well, it is not a healthy locality," said the captain; "though I must say that the whites there hardly give themselves a fair chance. Their pharmacopœia is summed up in the words, 'Always keep a bottle of brandy ahead of the fever.' And many of them succeed, too, and never get caught by it at all. Die of d. t., burnt stomach, or spificated liver, before they have time to."

Cerise was a great favourite; and the little gipsy flirted with a small, curly-headed midshipman to a sad extent, and then came and coaxed me, as if fearing lest I should grow jealous. She did not often speak of her father, but seemed to accept me as a sort of deputy acting for him, in a very quiet, satisfied way. Whether she expected him to reappear to her suddenly, in the same mysterious manner as that in which he had gone, or if she fancied that I was taking her to him, I could not make out. And I thought it better never to urge her to speak of what had occurred, not knowing how far the terrible trial she had gone through had affected her nerves and brain, or what healing process was going on naturally. Neither did I discourage her if she asked questions, or referred to her position of her own accord; for that, too, might be soothing and good for her.

Indeed, it seemed better to act as one would towards a

comrade who had received a serious hurt—leave the bandages alone, and fret the wound as little as possible.

How long we were, whether a couple of days or a week, in reaching Sierra Leone I do not remember, my mind and body being both weakened by what I had gone through, and my memory of that time confused by an attack of illness I had. But I remember well and gratefully how kind the captain of the sloop was; for when we arrived he took me on one side, and saying that I must necessarily be in want of funds, placed his purse at my disposal. I thanked him warmly, but said that if he could aid me to negotiate a bill it would not be necessary to trespass upon his generosity. He did this for me, directed me to a house where I got tolerable board and lodging, and gave me his valuable advice and assistance about future movements.

My best plan, he said, would be to make my way to Santiago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, from whence I should be sure to get a speedy passage to Europe.

There was no vessel bound for any of the islands just at present, but he found out that a schooner which traded in palm oil would sail for the French settlement of Goree in two or three days, and from thence I should be sure to get a passage across to Santiago. So by his advice I secured a passage in her for Cerise and myself.

The sloop had to go on to Loanda without delay; so I parted from those who had so befriended me in my sorest need with a sad heart, and regret to say that I never met any one of them again.

That is the way in this world: we are constantly receiving benefits from persons to whom we never have the opportunity of making any return; but our gratitude need not be wasted, we have only to pass them on to others who can make no return to us. I soon escaped, with my little charge, from "the white man's burial ground;" and the fourth day saw us bounding over the waves in a schooner that any yachting nobleman would have coveted. Indeed, she was a perfect beauty, and a reformed slaver.

I cannot say, however, that either Cerise or myself liked the smell of her cargo; but that was a matter of taste—some people are partial to oil.

On the morning after starting I awoke in preternaturally high spirits, which lasted all day, and were succeeded towards night by corresponding depression, accompanied with sickness, headache, and violent pains all over me; and then I became slightly delirious. I had got a touch of the fever which becomes chronic with all Europeans who make any stay on those coasts, and have ever since been able to appreciate the devotion of missionaries and explorers in Africa.

It was not a bad attack; but it sufficed to render my recollection of that voyage—and, indeed, of the events which immediately preceded it—very dreamy and weird.

Little Cerise was so sorry when I was ill, and so pleased when I got better, that she strengthened her hold on my affections immensely. She escaped the fever, thank God.

We arrived at Goree speedily and safely, and, after a fortnight's delay, were taken over to Santiago by a French man-of-war that carried the mails.

We were detained in the Cape de Verd Islands a month; and, in spite of the kindness and hospitality

of the French residents, it was a tedious time for me. For with ease, health, and inaction, my doubts, fears, and hopes about Mary returned; and I was in a fever of anxiety to get to England, and learn my fate, one way or the other.

Cerise was my best antidote to sentimentality. The duty of blowing the clouds off her young life kept up my own spirits, and her pretty prattle acted on my heart like the music of David upon the gloomy Saul.

"Are we going to stay here always?" she asked one day.

"No, dear; only until a big ship comes to take us to England or France."

"England or France! Then aint we going to Calcutty?"

"No, dear; the ship that was going to Calcutta is wrecked, broken, cannot sail any more."

"But is not papa at Calcutty?"

"No, darling."

"Is he in France? Are we going to him?"

"No, he has gone to heaven, to mamma. We shall go to him some day; but not for a long, long time."

She was silent and sorrowful over that mystery for the rest of the evening.

At length a French ship touched at the port, and took us off. There were ladies on board, with their servants; and Cerise got female tending, to my great relief. Of course they took great interest in her sad story, and were very kind to her; indeed, the only fear was lest she should be spoilt.

Fortune seemed to have exhausted her stock of the slings and arrows reserved for our particular pelting; for we had fair winds, and no incidents, during the voyage to Europe, and the ship reached her destination before she was expected.

Then there was a struggle in my breast. Duty said, "Remain in France until you have discovered the relatives of Cerise." Inclination urged me to go direct to England, see how matters stood between myself and Mary; relieve my partner's mind, and settle my private affairs; and then return to look after the orphan's interests.

I compromised the matter thus: I hurried on to Paris; called on the correspondents of the late Mr. Mayfield, whose letters I had found upon him; gave them my address in London, in case they should be able to discover some relatives who wished to claim the orphan; put an advertisement in the newspapers; and then went to England, taking Cerise with me.

CALMUCK HUTS.—We parted with our Calmucks, who were probably bound for a little village, the houses of which clustered upon the eastern bank farther on, looking like a collection of gigantic mushrooms. These cabins are, in fact, nothing but big baskets covered with felt, supported by a pole in the middle; and they are not unfrequently thrown down by one of the sudden whirlwinds to which the steppes are subject. Occasionally they are carried away into the river, when, however, they float, and are soon recovered, dried, and stuck up again. In winter some are warmly lined with skins, and the inmates indulge in the luxury of carpets and rugs. At night they lie with their heads towards the pole, their bodies radiating from the centre.—*Through Russia, by Mrs. Guthrie.*

The Grumbler.

IF it occurs to anybody to suggest a subject more suitable for a good grumble than the weather we have had of late, I should be glad to hear of it. I speak as one who has seen water rising until it entered people's river-side windows; who has looked upon hay cut down and destroyed, if not washed away; who has returned to his den with dripping umbrella, wet legs, and soaking feet; who has entered cabs to find them wet of seat, 'buses to discover that they were vapour baths of a most unwholesome nature; who has ridden outside them, to discover that they were dripping; who has had the rain from his fellow-creatures' umbrella points trickling inside his collar; who has been splashed and annoyed, depressed in spirits, felt as if the lead colour of the sky had gone through him till he was as heavy as well as of the hue of the metal itself. To sum up, your contributor protests entirely against this wet, muddy, soaking, splashing, dejected, unhappy weather. He is suffering from what monsieur calls *le spleen*, and any friend who comes just at this time to borrow half-a-crown—one's friends' wants, by the way, are always limited to that expressive sum, half-a-crown—don't get it.

By the way, has any one seen the Mossos over here for a trip? What will he say of Leecestarr-squarre and Londres when he gets back? Let's hope he has enjoyed himself.

But let us be just, and have a glance at the other side of the question. The prayer for fine weather was offered up in churches last Sunday. Was it necessary? Has the rain been doing so much harm, or has it been more than counteracted by its good?

Let's see.

We know of the mischief, how about the benefits? Let us grumble justly.

Watercourses were very low. For a year past there has been a failure in the average amount of rain, and springs, wells, ponds, lakes were all below their normal condition, so that there has been a benefit here.

Next, we have had our London sewerage circulation treated to such a flushing as must have scoured away the accumulatory sediment of months, with all the latent spores that promised some day to bud into disease.

Next, we can compare the fields of to-day with the burnt-up lawns of many Julys that we have known. Vegetation has been making mighty strides, and when the sun does peer out, the brightly clean-washed foliage of every tree is wonderful in its luxuriance and freedom from blight. The hedges, so often dry and dusty, are perfect pictures, aided by the grassy, wild flowery undergrowth from the moist ditches at their sides; and in the fields, instead of lank, panting cattle wasting for want of good feed, we have the sleepy bovine creatures fat and well fed, lazily picking the best of the grass, in which they stand knee-deep.

Ask Farmer Brown, too, about his root crops—the white and red cattle carrots of the sandy soils, and the turnips and mangolds of the heavier land; roots that swell and fatten day by day, growing to a gigantic size as they sit in the soft soil, with their jaunty plumes of feathery or broad, glossy, green leaves standing out of their clumsy heads. Hay must be dear, of course; but there is plenty of compensation in the pastures and heavy crops to come.

Then what of the corn? Damaged here and there by breaking down, but in the majority of places the ears have swollen out to an abnormal size; and if warm—no, it is already warm—if dry weather sets in, and there is a good season for the harvest, the wains will groan beneath their loads, and the ricks will be mighty in their solidity. If, I say, we only have fine weather, and—by Jove! here's the sun.

This is London; but looking along the backs of the houses, there are green croquet grounds, pretty shrubs, and gay beds of flowers—the scarlet geranium, the yellow calceolaria, and the blue lobelia, all peering out of the rich, ruddy brown surface of cocoa-nut fibre; and these three staffs of the suburban gardener look very gay and bright. Over all these is a peculiar quivering in the atmosphere, as of a clear steam rising from the earth, bathing the leaves with moisture, as it is drunk up by the thirsty sun. There is a look of lush richness in every little shabby patch, for it is almost mockery to call some of the enclosures left by the builders gardens, when one recalls some of the glorious old country places shut in by red brick wall and green hedge. But, after all, there is such a delicious aspect of freshness over all, that were it not one's "nature to," as Dr. Watts has it, one would refrain from grumbling, and say thanks for all. However, under the circumstances, we will do what is the most graceful thing—leave the weather, and grumble about something else.

First, then, let me grumble at the impertinence of the Scotch divine, who, speaking the other day of the mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and the benefits conferred upon humanity, said that he was glad to find that many drunkards and playgoers had been led to see the evil of their ways.

Now, I have no cudgel to take up for the first-named gentlemen; in fact, the sooner they are made enforced followers of Sir Wilfred Lawson and his party the better for them and society at large; but the poor playgoers—are they, then, so wicked? Is it sinful to go and listen to some good play of Shakspeare, or a comedy by a modern author? There is a certain amount of naughtiness in your French drama sometimes, but the rule of your English dramatist in these days is purity itself; and even in the wildest melodramas of the far eastern or transpantine theatres, where often pit and gallery are filled by an audience whose moral code is perhaps not of the best, the pieces represented and applauded to the echo by the loosest of the loose fish present give the triumph of virtue over vice. Go where you will, what English audience would tolerate the spectacle of the bad element in the piece coming to a satisfactory end? There is rarely a play given on our stage—I omit the modern farce and burlesque—that does not contain its good lesson; and yet the poor playgoers have been brought to see the evil of their ways, and many have been converted! Well, let us hope they are better people than they were before; but, sad to state, there are many who go to the theatres still.

By the way, is it possible that the Postmaster-General could be induced to favour suburban residents with a few more facilities in connection with the posting of communications?

Comparatively speaking, quite early in the evening, and before the local post-office closes, one sometimes

walks in or sends for some postage stamps, to be told by the smart maidens who do duty in stamping letters or sending telegrams, that we are too late—no stamps sold after such and such a time, with the consequence that a perhaps important letter cannot be posted till the next day. Surely, while a post-office is open its officers or officeresses ought to be compelled to sell us stamps, even if a line is drawn—needlessly, by the way—at post-office orders.

Again, talking of pillar-boxes. Nowadays, one does a good deal in sending packets by book-post—parcels of printed matter, books, manuscripts, &c. Now, at times we walk to the post-office in the evening, to find the doors open, and we walk in to post our packet in the big slit inside, beneath which hangs a postal bag. We are told we are too late, and we go with it outside, to find the boxes covered over, and a notice up, "Closed, post in pillar-box;" and there is a notification as to where the nearest pillar-box is to be found. But we know that on reaching it we shall find, in neat black letters on an enamelled white ground, a notification that no packets or newspapers must be posted in the pillar; and we have to take our packet back, and keep it till the next day. If we should be rash enough to disobey the mandate written, and insist on posting our packet in the pillar, we know by experience that that packet will be punished by being kept in like a naughty school-boy, and not allowed to go to its destination for one or two more deliveries to come. What, then, can we do under the circumstances but become one who complains—in other words, a Grumbler most morose?

Things New and Old.

Bits of Lamb.

Writing to his friend Dyer, in 1830, alarmed at the news of rick-burning all over the country, Lamb congratulates him on there being "few ricks or stacks worth burning in Clifford's Inn;" and adds, with pleasant satire, "Pray keep as little corn by you as you can, for fear of the worst." Then—

"It was never good times in England since the poor began to speculate upon their condition. Formerly, they jogged on with as little reflection as horses; the whistling ploughman went cheek by jowl with his brother that neighed. Now, the biped carries a box of phosphorus in his leather breeches; and, in the dead of the night, the half-illuminated beast steals his magic potion into a cleft in a barn, and half a country is grinning with new fires."

This was full of heart—

"My poor cousin, the bookbinder, now with God, told me most sentimentally, that having purchased a picture of fish at a dead man's sale, his heart ached to see how the widow grieved to part with it, being her dear husband's favourite; and he almost apologized for his generosity by saying he could not help telling the widow she was 'welcome to come and look at it'—*e.g.*, at his house—as often as she pleased.' There was the germ of generosity in an uneducated mind. He had just reading enough from the backs of books for the *nec sinit esse ferus*. Had he read inside, the same impulse would have led him to give back the two-guinea

thing—with a request to see it, now and then, at *her* house. We are parroted into delicacy."

The following is a merry gird at autograph collectors :

"I am curious not so much for the autographs as for that bit of the hair-brush. I inclose a cinder, which belonged to Shield when he was poor, and lit his own fires. Any memorial of a great musical genius, I know, is acceptable; and Shield has his merits, though Clementi, in my opinion, is far above him in the *sostenuto*.

"Mr. Westwood desires his compliments, and begs to present you with a nail that came out of Jomelli's coffin, who is buried at Naples."

About moving, *apropos* of quitting a house at Colebrook:

"To change habitations is to die to them; and in my time I have died seven deaths. But I don't know whether every such change does not bring with it a rejuvenescence. 'Tis an enterprise; and shoves back the sense of deaths approximating, which though not terrible to me, is at all times particularly distasteful. My house-deaths have generally been periodical, recurring after seven years; but this last is premature by half that time. Cut off in the flower of Colebrook!"

A Long-Suffering Editor.

I happened to be in the *Argus* office the other day, talking with Colonel Bangs, the editor, when a red-whiskered man entered, and saluted the colonel by throwing a chair at him. Then he seized Bangs by the hair, bumped his head against the table three or four times, and then kicked him on the shins. When this exhilarating exercise was over, the visitor shook his fist very close to the colonel's nose, and said—

"You mutton-headed outcast! If you don't put that notice in to-morrow, I'll come round yer and smash you up! Do you hear me?"

Then he cuffed Bangs's ears a couple of times, kicked him some more, emptied the inkstand over his head, poured the sand from the sand-box in the same place, knocked over the table, and went out. During all this time the colonel sat still, with a sickly kind of a smile upon his face, and never uttered a word. When the man left, Bangs picked up the table, wiped the ink and sand from his face, and, turning to me, said—

"Gus will have his little fun, you see."

"He is a somewhat exuberant humorist," I replied. "What was the object of the joke?"

"Well, he's going to sell his furniture at auction, and I promised to notice the fact in to-day's *Argus*; but I forgot it, and he called to remind me of it."

"Do all your friends refresh your memory in that vivid manner? If I'd been in your place, I'd have knocked him down."

"No you wouldn't," said Bangs—"no you wouldn't. Gus is sheriff, and he controls two thousand dollars' worth of official advertising. I'd sooner he'd kick me from here to Borneo and back again than to take that advertising away from the *Argus*. What's a few bumps and a sore shin or two alongside of all that fatness? No, sir; he can have all the fun he wants out of me."

The *Argus*, I believe, is particularly proud of the fact that it exists in a land where the press is free and independent.—*Max Adeler*.



Once a Week.]

THE GLEANER.

[August, 1875.

THE TREASURE-HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

CHAPTER XXX.—IN THE ALKALI DESERT.

ANOTHER bright, clear, scorching day, and by starting early they hoped to reach the entrance of the valley which had proved one of so many perils on their outward journey. After so long an absence, they felt no fear of encountering the rough party who had pursued them; but there was still danger from Indians. They might at any moment find that they were pursued; the trail that had proved so obscure to them after the passage of the wind and dust for a few hours might be an easily read track for the savage.

Arms then were examined, and anxious glances cast around as the little train passed on. Distant bushes were constantly taken for enemies until the glass was brought into use, and the real nature of the object seen.

As they neared the opening to the valley the old dangers were discussed, and plans made for getting the gold safely deposited in one of the banks, such conversation lightening the journey in spite of the hot sun and bitter choking dust which the mules kicked up at every step. The future, too, wore so pleasant and sunny an aspect that it naturally brightened the conversation.

The last stage before reaching the valley more than half crossed, and familiar objects coming into sight—the high ridge under which they stood when the mule driver tried to betray them, the wall-like breastwork of rock under which they passed in the bright moonlight where the desperadoes lay asleep, and the mountains rising up in low ridge above ridge, showing where the long valley lay. Plenty of familiar points, and the next subject taken up was where they should halt that night.

"Get on, will ye!" cried Larry, just in the midst of one of the conversations. He was not addressing the travellers, but the mules, who, poor beasts, were getting very sluggish. "What are ye coughin' an' snazin' about, you Pepe, settin' the other brutes a bad example? I make nothin' ov it to them, yer honour," he said, with a wink, to Dawson; "bud what a place it is! The dust's like bad snuff that's been spoiled, an' I'm about choked wid it intirely. One oughtn't to thravel widout a parish wather-cart to lay the dust. Now, thin, me boys," he continued, turning to the mules, "come along, an' there'll be an extra taste for ye apiece."

Another hour's journey over the hot plain, and still the entrance to the valley seemed very distant, when, leaving the mules to trudge on after their leader, Larry slackened his pace, whistling softly the while, till he was abreast of Dawson.

"Will ye give me a light for me pipe, sor?" he said.

Dawson halted, and the little train went on, Larry taking the offered match, sheltering it in his cap as he struck it, and puffing at his pipe.

"Don't let them see ye, Misther Dawson, sor, bud take out yer glass, an' see what thim blackbeetle-lookin' things is down undher the sun. They was only big as flies last time I saw them; now they're like beetles; an' they seem as if they'd grow into sheep."

Dawson took a rapid survey through his glass.

"Indians, mounted and evidently in pursuit!" he ex-

claimed. "Good heavens! are we never to be out of our troubles?"

"How far is it to the rocks, yer honour?" said Larry.

"Quite a mile, I'm afraid," was the reply.

"Here's for it, thin; only don't say I'm running away," said Larry.

He started off on the instant, and caught up to the mules, speaking an encouraging word, and stroking the ears of each in turn.

"Now, Pepe," he exclaimed to the foremost, "niver mind the load, me boy; come along!"

The leader pricked up his ears and stepped out at a better pace, the others taking their cue from it; and the dust rose thicker, though where it cleared the rocks in front—the haven of safety—grew plainer each moment.

Frank saw at a glance from Dawson that something was wrong, but he said nothing, only looked here and there till he made out the danger, when, without ostentation or fuss, he stood to his arms.

This passed unnoticed by Mrs. Adams; but Mary caught sight of the preparations, and looking back, first saw Dawson and then Larry similarly engaged. A minute after her quick eye caught sight of the Indians in pursuit, the party separating now, a portion turning off a little to the right as if to cut them off from the rocks.

"We shall do it yet, sor," said Larry, cheering on the mules, the tired beasts responding well to the call made upon them; but the Indians were coming up fast.

"Once among the rocks, we shall be pretty safe," said Dawson; "their horses cannot follow where our mules will go. Shall we throw away some of the gold?"

"No!" said Frank, stubbornly; "we've got it, and we've fought for it so far; let's hold by it now."

"But the women!" said Dawson, hoarsely. "Your sister—think of her!" he exclaimed.

"I do," said Adams—"and of my wife. Keep a good heart, man, and a steady hand: they'll be within shot soon."

If they could only have dashed on at a gallop similar to that of their pursuers, the excitement of the flight would have been bearable; but it was so much refined torture to jog steadily on, held back as it were by those plodding mules, whose heavy burdens turned the flight into a sort of nightmare progress that was horrible.

Not a hundred yards away now from the nearest rocks, and the sound of hoofs over the plain, coming with a low, rushing noise, while the enemy were almost hidden in a cloud of dust.

"Will the mules keep on, Larry?" said Dawson, hastily.

"To be sure, if Miss Mary goes to their heads an' encourages thim so."

Mary Adams gave one quick glance at her lover, and seemed as if she would run to his side; but she ran to the head of the mules, and they went steadily on at their old pace.

Not fifty yards now, and they would be among rocks which would preclude the advance of horses; but before then it seemed as if the Indians must be upon them, as they dashed on in two parties—one in the rear, and the other at the flank to cut them off.

Twenty yards—ten yards. The Indians seemed

about to ride over them, when, startled by the coming horsemen, the mules set up a sluggish trot, and were among the boulders. In another minute they were between the high stony walls of the valley gates, plodding along as quietly as ever, too weary to take further notice of the horses; while the three men, who had taken advantage of the first stones they came to for shelter from the charge, now discharged their rifles with low aim right into the coming body of horsemen.

The effect was electric: three horses fell in front, and before those who came behind could rein in, half a dozen more were struggling upon the sand.

This gave the little party of defenders time to run back fifty yards and take up a better position, from which, as the Indians came yelling up, they sent three more shots among them, wounding horses, and effectually checking the attack.

Loading rapidly, they waited for the next comers; but there was a pause, and, pursuing their former tactics, the defenders of the valley again retreated, this time to higher ground, where, well secured from an attack by horsemen, they had those who advanced on foot entirely at their mercy.

Another retrograde movement, after giving the mules time to get some distance, placed them where they could regularly command the entrance, and here they watched and waited an attack which never came; for, thoroughly discouraged, and with five horses badly hurt, the Indians drew off. Theirs was warfare in the plain, not among rocks and chasms, where their horses were of no avail; and the little party of defenders breathed more freely as, from the highest point to which they could climb, they watched the disappearance of the foe right away across the wild plain, where at sundown all that was to be seen with the glass was a faint cloud of dust on the far-off horizon.

The journey through the valley was wearisome and tedious, but unmarked by adventure; for it seemed that now fate was tired of pursuing them with her stings. They had worked hard for their prosperity, and it seemed as if the reward were to come. But they felt far from satisfied as yet. Even when the valley was passed, they had a toilsome journey before them. The loads were heavy, the mules disposed to give up, and provender ran very short. There was still the possibility of the cup being snatched from their very lips.

At last, when the distance to the city was growing short, they held what Larry called a council of war to settle how and when they should enter the place. The ladies, who were tanned and travel-stained beyond recognition, now that they were once more approaching the regions of civilization, were for entering the city in the dusk of the evening; but Adams wisely considered that their valuable convoy must be safer in broad daylight, and was for entering at mid-day.

"What do you say, Dawson?" he asked, as he handed round the last of their biscuits, which they ate with the accompaniment of water from a spring.

"I agree with you," was the reply, though it was evident that Dawson was thinking of quite another treasure than the one he had toiled for so hard.

"And you, Larry?" said Adams—"you have a share in the treasure."

"Sure, sor, I say, shplit the difference."

"Split the difference!" said Adams, laughing. "What, take part in by day, part by night?"

"No, sor; let the ladies shtop back in some place along wid ye till it gets dusk; an' Misther Dawson an' I will dhrive the mules up to the big bank in the middle ov the day."

This did not quite meet Dawson's views; but he saw that it fitted, and he gave way; and so the arrangement was made that morning, Adams staying behind on the outskirts at a place—half hotel, half farm—where they found a respectable host and hostess; and Dawson and Larry, blackened, unkempt, and wild-looking, drove their mule train right into the city, attracting some little attention by their strange aspect, but reaching the bank and seeing their treasure weighed in safety.

"Bedad!" said Larry, as they slowly walked away, "it's horrible stuff that same goold, Misther Dawson, sor. I've felt murderher iver since we've had it."

"Murderous, Larry?" said Dawson, leading the way to the old hotel.

"To be sure, sor; expectin' some one to murder me, or that I should have to murder some one to take care ov it. It's a blissed relafe to be free."

"Well, we'll be free of the mules next," said Dawson; and that freedom was soon arrived at by a settlement with the landlord of the Chesapeake, who was ready to receive them with open arms.

"And so those loafers frightened you away, did they, stranger?" he said. "Ah! they went away on some expedition for a week or so, and then they came back, when two got shot, and two more shut up by the police. The others are skeerce. And where have you been? Making a pile somewhere, I bet."

Anxiety about those left behind was set at rest by their appearance soon after dusk at the hotel, where they arrived without further adventure.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HOW IT ENDED.

IT is needless to say that there was a wedding before many weeks were over, and Mary Adams became the wife of the wealthy American, Caleb Dawson—wealthy, for the treasure weighed out beyond the expectations of the adventurers.

There was a difficulty in the way about Larry and his share—what it should be.

"He has a right to claim his third," said Dawson, bluffly; "for, though I originated the expedition, it was to search for the silver mine, and he found the gold."

"An' is it be such a shneak as take a third?" said Larry. "Bedad! an' I won't. I should fale like a dhirty spalpeen ov a robber. No, I shall go in now for bein' a gentleman, an' I won't begin badly. Father Doolan was the finest gentleman I iver knew—a rигht model. Oh, the way in which he could handle a stick! Well, yer honour, he was a gentleman, an' he knew it; an' he used to say, sez he, 'A gentleman's rights is the tithes.' So that's what I'll have—give me the tithe."

And Larry would not alter his demand; so his share was a tenth of the treasure, with which for a long time past he has been going back to Ireland, but he never starts.

"Ye see, misthress dear," he would say when sitting in the kitchen of Frank Adams's pleasant mansion, built up in the hills close by that of Caleb Dawson and his wife, "it's sich a long journey, an' the say's so salt! I sha'n't go jist yit. An' maybe we'll be goin' across the desert agin some day to work out more goold."

That day seemed distant, though; and the last tidings that arrived in England were that Dawson and Adams held a number of shares in a company that was working at a tremendous profit some large silver mine.

THE END.

"Wine that maketh Glad—"

THE old proverb says, *In vino veritas*. It may be true as to its effect on the human tongue, but in wine itself there is frequently more chicanery than truth; chicanery in this instance meaning jeropiga, potato spirit, and, sad to say, a dash, or perhaps more, of that particular fluid discovered by the celebrated Yankee who first "struck ile." Those who wish to know what it is that, to take a second Yankee expression, they "get outside of" when they drink a glass of wine, should spend a modest shilling in a little Bacchus ornamented book, just issued by Mr. Henry Vizetelly, entitled "The Wines of the World." Mr. Vizetelly was one of the commissioners chosen to judge the wines sent in to the Vienna Exhibition of 1872, and therefore speaks as one having authority. His descriptions of the wines of all countries, their vineyards, and the process of harvesting and pressing the grapes, are most interesting. He describes the adulterations and artificial wines, as well as vintages of all the great known wine countries, from the Imperial Tokay of Hungary, through the Russian, German, Greek, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, to the wines of America and Australia. There are things here worth the knowing; and in his pleasant discourses he touches on soil and the variety of grapes, the sites of vineyards, the peculiarities of the various grapes, the natural wines, of those that improve by keeping, and those that fail, grow poor and thin. Bouquet, aroma, crust, body, beeswing—all have their place. The *pierre d fusil* flavour is touched upon, with interesting descriptions as well of the *Auslesen* of the various vineyards. Some wondrous wines were sent to the Vienna Exhibition—wines that it must have been almost sacrilege to taste, so venerable were they; though many of these ancients, fifty or a hundred years in bottle, had grown out of knowledge, and were poor, thin, and flat. Mr. Vizetelly's book is one to take into a corner, with a few dry biscuits in the pocket, which can be munched as the luscious ruby, topaz, amber, and pale golden liquids are, in imagination, discussed. It is a delightful feast of Bacchus, and brings no after-ill. The bouquet of the various hocks, clarets, burgundies, and champagnes rises to the brain in an unintoxicating way, and the reader rises strengthened by the mental draught. Those who are of modest purse should note the wisdom of the pages, and learn of the wines that are not famed as to brand, but which are to be bought at moderate prices, while equally good with those that are costly because they bear a name. We shall give extracts from the book at times, which is one that can be cordially recommended, for it bears throughout the hall-mark of thorough knowledge of the subject.

QUERY, WHAT IS A DUEL?—This question was asked of a cynical old gentleman the other day, *apropos* of the French press squabbles, and he responded that it was an "ass-assi(g)nation."

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER LVI.—THE TRIAL.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT BURLEY was in ecstasies. His fat person heaved, his ruddy countenance grew scarlet, and the buttons that for weeks past had been free from stress, once more suffered tension, as the stout superintendent rolled and rumbled with delight. Now he stood up; now he sat down; then he took a good look at Sergeant Harker; and lastly he forced his way out of the court, to hide his delight in an inner chamber, where he could laugh, and roll about, and rub his hands up and down his legs in mirth uncontrolled.

It was not once, nor twice, that this occurred; but every time that morning that Mr. Superintendent Burley had cast that potent "hy" of his upon the London sergeant. For in his estimation it was a great and glorious triumph, and his joy and excitement were great.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Superintendent Burley to himself. "Poor fellow!—did he think he was going to put me in the shade like that? London ways, indeed!—go up to London to have a bit of their practice! Ho! ho! ho! Just as if I didn't know that I was right from the very beginning, for when once I get my hy on a man he hasn't much of a charnsh!"

Here Mr. Superintendent Burley had another swelling tide of laughter pass through his ponderous body, and a button—silver-plated, and bearing the regal crown—fell from its broken threads and smote the ground with a loud tap.

This incident seemed to sober the superintendent, who stooped and picked up the button, which he placed in his pocket; and then he rose, and returned to the court, had another look at Sergeant Harker, and then indulged in a little more suppressed mirth.

It was certainly no time for mirth; for there, the centre of all eyes in that dim court, stood one before the judge, charged with a foul and unnatural murder—a crime made worse by the cowardly ingenuity with which the prisoner had endeavoured to fix the guilt upon the man of whom he was jealous. The court was gloomy and hot, and the trial was creeping slowly on, hour after hour—the Crown prosecutor slowly twining round the wretched man's limbs the chain of evidence formed, link by link, by Sergeant Harker. The chain was weak in places, and in more than one part links were missing, and the places were supplied by wire of the thinnest; but here there was no dissembling—the eminent prosecutor acknowledging these deficiencies, feeling, as he did, how strong was his case, and how little need there was for him to trouble himself about these links, when the other parts of the chain served to fetter the prisoner but too well.

Harvey Parker, driven as it were to bay, bore the ordeal well. Confinement had told somewhat upon him; but he stood in the dock bold of front, and at the commencement of his trial had answered firmly, "Not guilty." He had looked restlessly round the court, to see if he recognized any who knew him; but afterwards he confined himself to watching the prosecutor and the witnesses he called, listened to the examinations and cross-examinations unmoved, and hardly exchanged a word with his solicitor as the trial dragged slowly on.

It seemed to all present there, though, that the proceedings were but formal—the guilt of the prisoner was too evident; and more than one jurymen shuddered as he thought of the inevitable verdict and its result.

Trials have been too often described at length in our daily papers to render it necessary here to do more than touch upon the salient points of that of Harvey Parker. The regular old routine that coils the bonds of the law round the limbs of the accused went on, and the prisoner felt that unless a miracle were interposed for his saving, his life was forfeit; and he already saw in perspective the scaffold, the noose, and felt the hangman's hands adjusting those hideous, ingeniously contrived straps which confine the culprit's limbs beyond the possibility of resistance to the dread penalty of the law.

But now came the incident which had excited the risible faculties of Mr. Superintendent Burley, and caused him to swell with excitement and delight. Another link was missing, and this in a part of the chain where strength was wanting, and where no weak tinkering with feeble wire would be of avail. The name of an important witness was called—a familiar name—the name of one who had himself suffered under the odium of the charge—

“Tom Madron.”

There was no response, and the name was passed from usher to policeman, and out of the court; but still there was no reply. The judge frowned, the Crown prosecutor scowled, and the sergeant was snubbed for inattention in not properly marshalling his witnesses. Then followed the customary legal talk of contempt of Court, of escheatment of bail, of warrant for apprehension; and then came the calling of the next witness.

“Bolted, by Jove!” exclaimed Mr. Superintendent Burley, as soon as—rather a slow process, by the way—the fact had worked itself into his brain that the important witness, Tom Madron, was not forthcoming. He could only look at the absence from one point of view—his own. And as he did so, he repeated again and again those words, “Bolted, by Jove!” Then slowly dawned upon his countenance a smile of delight; the sun of triumph shone in upon his disappointed heart, and sitting down, he swayed himself to and fro, and kept on ejaculating, “Oh, my hy, what a lark!” Got up, and had a stare at the sergeant's stern face; sat down again, and then went on thoroughly enjoying himself.

“I always knew he was the man—always; and now here it is, fax as fax! Poor Sergeant Harker, won't he whistle small next time he comes to my place.”

What with his elation and his many absences from the court, Mr. Superintendent Burley drew upon himself a severe verbal castigation when it came to his turn to be examined; and though for four or five hours his triumph was great, he felt somewhat staggered at seeing that, in spite of the absence of one important witness, the trial was going dead against the prisoner, and that towards the end there was but one opinion—namely, that the jury would return a verdict of guilty.

Then came the judge's summing up, wherein he ran rapidly over the various events, commented upon the connection between the prisoner and Drake, who had evidently pressed the prisoner for money, but against whom nothing further was alleged, save that he was a

betting man, who did not bear the best of characters. One way and another, all tended to show the jury that they had but one course to pursue—namely, to find the prisoner guilty of as barbarous and heinous a murder as had ever stained the records of our land; when there was a sudden interruption in the witnesses' entrance of the court, and a stern cry for silence. But the disturbance and buzz of voices increased.

“Silence!” was again shouted by different voices; and the judge stopped, glowering through his glasses, and crossed his hands angrily beneath the manifold plaits of his robe.

There was a buzz here and a buzz there, and Sergeant Harker whispering to the Crown prosecutor. Then the counsel for the defence was taken into consultation, and directly after the Crown prosecutor rose, bowed to the judge, hurriedly alluded to the irregularity of the proceedings, and begged that the missing witness, Tom Madron, might be put in the box.

This was acceded to, on account of the importance of the communication he had to make, the facts of which he was prepared to prove, and all showing the partial innocence of the prisoner.

“Yes,” exclaimed Harvey, excitedly, “I am innocent; I did not strike the blow.”

His further speech was stopped by his counsel; and then Tom explained the reason of his absence. How that a discovery had been made that morning by him; how that one John Filmer, a photographer, living exactly opposite to Bubbley Parva Manor House, had met with severe injuries on the day of the murder, supposed to have been the result of a quarrel at the race-course, close to which he had been found next morning; but the poor fellow had recovered his reason sufficiently to tell that on the day of the race he had determined to stay at home and work; that he had had many inducements to go, but that he battled with them all, till at last he dressed, and made up his mind to run up for a time; that he had got himself ready, when a fit of dejection, consequent upon the state of his affections, seized him, and he cast his hat aside, and determined instead to take advantage of the bright day, and the perfect repose and emptiness of the town, to take a photograph of the main street from the sill of his upper window. He therefore made the necessary preparations, and went upstairs with camera and plate ready; when in the act of choosing a position, he heard a strange noise from the opposite house, and then a cry. That, turning suddenly, he saw, through the open window of the Manor House library, two men struggling beside another who had fallen against a chair. Another moment, and one of the men had thrust the other aside, and struck the prostrate man a frightful blow upon the head with a heavy bludgeon, after which he did not move. That for a few moments the witness remained paralyzed; then, as if urged by a strange power, he had turned the opening of the camera upon the hideous scene, adjusted the focus, placed the prepared plate, and then staggered away with the frightful photograph to his dark chamber, where, in the sickly yellow glare, he had poured on the developing solution, and brought out from the creamy mist, as if limned by the finger of God, the exact representation of the awful scene—the stricken victim, the murderer, the ghastly accomplice—all vivid, and fearful to gaze upon.

That still urged by the same strange impulse, he had washed off and fixed the ghastly scene, placing it upon a shelf among other plates to dry, before hurrying back to the open window, where the scene had changed, and the two men, who, he was ready to swear, were Harvey Parker and Drake—the man whom he had often encountered at night when waiting about to see his sweetheart—were hastily collecting what seemed to be notes and gold, while the stricken man lay motionless upon the carpet.

That, fixed as it were to the window, helpless now as if in a nightmare, he had suddenly caught the eye of the elder of the two men—Drake—and seen him dart from the room as if to escape.

That, nerving himself now, he had turned to go downstairs and give an alarm—or, at all events, as the town was so empty, track the murderer till he could be secured; and with this object he made for his back-door, opening which, it was to see Drake already there, and receive at the same moment a blow across the head from a heavy bludgeon, which sent him reeling back into the house.

That he had a faint misty recollection of fighting desperately for his life, as he felt blow after blow upon his head; that he closed with his assailant, and held to him with all his failing strength, and that then he felt himself dashed down; and, to use his own words, all afterwards was as if he were working beneath the black cloth used with his camera.

That he had no recollection of time or place; only that he was urged by a strong impulse to crawl to where Fanny—his sweetheart—was, and see her before he died.

"And," continued Tom Madron, "the poor fellow must have crawled the whole distance to the Heath—crawled till his strength failed, and he rolled into a ditch close up to where the people were collected; and there he lay till found in the morning."

Moreover, he told in court of the state in which poor Jack had lain ever since, of the struggle between weakness and reason, and how, at last, the latter had triumphed; also of how he should have been in court that morning, but for the strange incidents that he had had to relate; and that it was only by taking time and care that he had been enabled to bring this witness with him; and here he pointed to pallid Jack Filmer, lying upon a little couch, clasping Fanny's hand.

There were two men in uniform close by—the one looking disappointed and downcast, and the other happy and elate.

"If everything don't go again me!" muttered one. "I did think as I'd got my hy upon the right man, and that there was no charnsh for him."

"I knew there was a link in that little photo chap, that I did," muttered the other, smiling; "but somehow I couldn't make it fit."

And now there was a burst of unsuppressed emotion in the body of the court, as Tom Madron drew from its wrapper a dingy-looking glass plate, and had it passed to the judge, who gazed at it for a few moments in silence, and passed it to the jury, from whom it went to the Crown prosecutor and counsel before it was returned to the judge, who, upon silence being once more called, said that, as the hour was late, the Court was adjourned, under the circumstances, until the following day.

It were needless to follow the trial further than to tell how Jack Filmer was carried into the witness box, and, in piping tones, gave clearly the evidence needed of him; and this not next day, but three months later—a date to which the trial had been postponed, in order that the two criminals might stand side by side in the dock.

"Not guilty" was pleaded, but the trial was short. The evidence of the photographer was indisputable, for everything was there; and when seen beneath a magnifying glass, the expression of the actors' faces, and the minutiae of the fearful scene, came out with horrible distinctness. Even the number upon a bank note could be read; and, strangely enough, this was the very one concealed by Harvey Parker in the wall paper of his rival's lodgings.

The case stood out as one in a thousand, and there was not one soul present who did not feel the justice of the sentence, as, in spite of a wall for mercy from black-browed Samuel Drake, the judge pronounced sentence of death upon both prisoners.

Drake soon after made a full confession, in which he acknowledged that he was the sole actor in the murder; that he had intended to throw the table cover over the old man's face, and hold him till insensible, after which he meant to clear the secretaire, and share the plunder with Harvey, who had arranged with him the robbery. Matters had not gone as he had planned, though; for the old man had heard him enter, and made a desperate resistance. He had then called Harvey to his help, and stricken the old man down, Harvey trying hard to prevent him, after the first blow.

The result of this was that Drake suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and Harvey Parker's sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life—a fate from which he escaped; for a newspaper report gave an account, two years later, of the death of a convict, named Parker, by the fall of a mass of rock in the blasting operations at the Government oolite quarries in the south.

FISHING IN AMERICA.—Fishing has been good through most parts of the United States, especially trout and bass fishing, which has given many a pleasant day to American sportsmen through May and June. Jack fishing is quite popular among Wisconsin fishermen. This consists of fishing at night, with spear, and a light at the prow of the boat. As the practice takes the fish directly from the spawning beds, it should not be sanctioned. Fishing with "rod and reel," or with trolling spoon, is the style which delights all true anglers, and is the only really sportsmanlike manner of taking the "finny tribe."—*Land and Water.*

AN APACHE WAR CHIEF.—More than six feet in height, straight as an arrow, his physique splendid; his long black hair hung loosely about his shoulders, and was properly ornamented with eagle feathers; his face was painted with vermilion and ochre, while his sides were striped with green. Upon his feet were a pair of richly wrought mocassins. A heavy red Mackinaw blanket hung from his shoulder, and was fastened at the waist by a silk sash, that evidently had once belonged to some officer of the army. His only weapon was a spear, the head made of opsidian, attached by deer sinews to a pole about eight feet long.—*The Marvellous Country.*

A Sea Monster.

"THERE was one shark," said our host, who wore a red skull-cap, and had a habit of bobbing his head as he spoke, so as to put one continually in mind of a gigantic woodpecker—"there was one shark I mind particular. My two boys and me was hauling in the net, and soon as I felt it, says I, 'Boys, here's something more than common.' So we all hauled away, and, oh my! didn't the water boil when he came up? Such a time! Fort'nat'ly, he come up tail first. If he'd come up head first, he'd a bit the boat in two at one bite. He was all hooked in, and twisted up with the net. I s'pose he had forty hooks in him; and when he got his head above water, he tried to get his head round to bite. If he'd got his head round he'd a bit the boat in two, and we had it right full of fish, for we'd been out all day with hand-lines. He had a nose in front of his gills just like a duck, only it was nigh upon six feet long."

"It must have been a shovel-nose shark," said Picton.

"That's what a captain of a coaster told me," replied Red-cap; "he said it must have been a shovel-nose. If he'd only got that shovel-nose turned round, he'd a shovelled us into eternity, fish and all."

"What prevented him getting his head round?" said Picton.

"Why, sir, I took two half-hitches round his tail soon as I see him come up. And I tell ye, when I make two half-hitches, they hold. Ask captain there, if I can't make hitches as will hold. What say, captain?"

Captain assented with a confirmatory nod.

"What did you do then?" said Picton. "Did you get him ashore?"

"Get him ashore!" muttered Red-cap, covering his mouth with one broad, brown hand to muffle a contemptuous laugh; "get him ashore! Why, he was pretty well off shore for such a sail."

"You might have rowed him ashore," said Picton.

"Rowed him ashore!" echoed Red-cap, with another contemptuous smile under the brown hand—"rowed him ashore!"

The traveller, finding he was in deep water, answered—

"Yes; that is, if you were not too far out."

"A little too far out," replied Red-cap; "why, if I had been a hundred yards only from shore, it would ha' been too far to row or sail in, with that shovel-nose, without counting the set-nets."

"And what did you do?" said Picton, a little nettled.

"Why," said Red-cap, "I had to let him go; but first I cut out his liver, and that I did bring ashore, although it filled my boat pretty well full. You can judge how big it was: after I brought it ashore I laid it out on the beach, and we measured it, Mr. M'Alpin and me, and he'll tell you so too; we laid it out on the beach, that 'ere liver, and it measured seventeen feet, and then we didn't measure all of it."

"What was the reason you didn't measure all of it?" said Picton.

"Well," replied Red-cap, "because we hadn't a measure long enough."

The English Ship, "Three Bells."

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out:
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
"Our stout *Three Bells*, of Glasgow,
Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights—
The lights of the *Three Bells*.

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The *Three Bells* nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down this hopeful cry—
"Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
"The *Three Bells* shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
The tossing light shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The *Three Bells* sent her cheer.

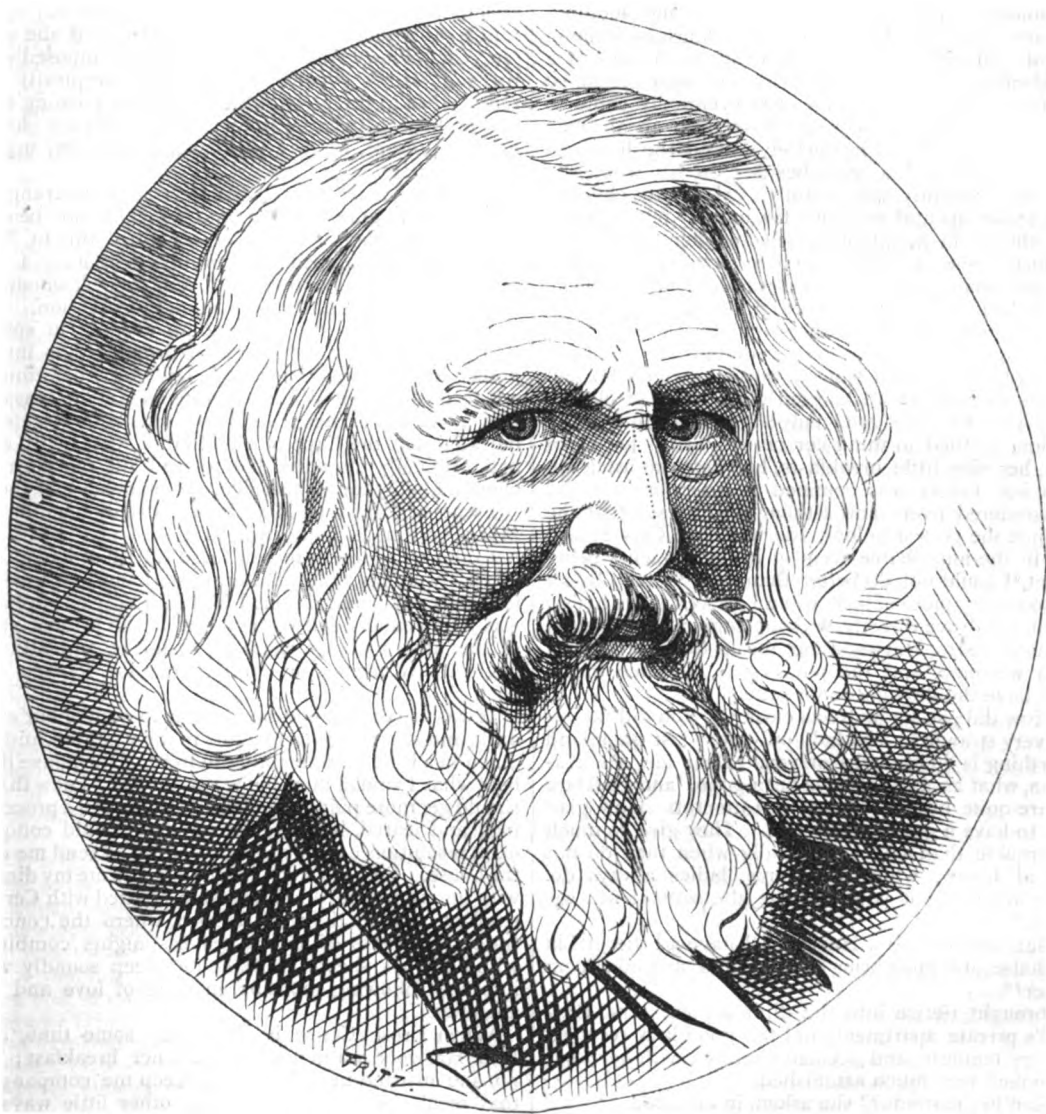
And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, *Three Bells*, for ever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, *Three Bells* of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry,
And tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh!

VERY SHOCKING.—A disconsolate, irreverent, and saturated individual, during the heaviest of July's heavy rains, came up to a friend, and asked him if there was any possibility of Messrs. Cook running an excursion to Ararat this season. On his being asked his reason, his reply was that he thought it possible he might get a second-hand oak chest in the neighbourhood.

THOSE horrid compounds that we formerly swallowed when we were out of order are with us things of the past, for has not Mr. H. Lamplough given to the world his Effervescing Pyretic Saline? We beg to enlighten the ignorant on the subject, feeling that where, through the skill of one man, thousands of poor suffering mortals are relieved of many of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that in so pleasant a manner, it deserves to be chronicled. We speak from personal tests.



LONGFELLOW.—"WE MAY MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLIME."

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXV.—LES ABSENS ONT TOUJOURS TORT.

WHEN staying in London, before going out to the Cape, I had lodged in Audley-street, Piccadilly, at the house of a Mrs. Harwood, a pearl amongst lodging-keepers—a fine pearl truly, of a good fourteen stone in weight. She had once been well off, as the wife of a stockbroker, who was very lucky, but who presumed too far on his good fortune, and eventually came to great grief. Indeed, he would have been an absolute pauper if he had not fortunately settled the house in Audley-street, and a trifle besides, on his wife, who took her calamity very calmly. Her two children were grown up and provided for, and by letting lodgings she could maintain herself and her husband in comfort. She did not lose five pounds in weight over the affair. Mr. Harwood was less philosophical. He missed the excitement of gambling, and sought relief in perpetual small doses of brandy, and, dwindling into insignificance and premature old age, after a few years departed from a world in which he had nothing more to do. I had left some boxes of clothes and papers with the good lady; and now, on nearing London, I called to mind her many merits—her clean linen, her nice little breakfasts, her hen-like attention when her lodger was confined to his room by cold or disordered liver—and I thought to myself that she was just the person to look after the little Cerise; and that, in the improbable event of her apartments being vacant, I could not do better than take them. By an extraordinary piece of luck, when I arrived at the house, to which I drove directly, without stopping to put up at any hotel—Mrs. Harwood met me at the door, with a warm welcome, and the pleasing intelligence that I could have the drawing-room suite.

"How did you know I was empty? You did not?—how very strange! The lady only went last week, and everything is quite ready for you. Dear me, Mr. Hamilton, what an age you have been gone; and I declare you are quite brown—almost a Hottentot. How glad I am to have a gentleman again. They give so much less trouble than ladies, especially when they do not dine at home; which, of course, ladies always do. Never mind about your luggage, the servant will see to that."

"But, my dear Mrs. Harwood, I have a little girl in the chaise, and must bring her in. You can find a room for her?"

I brought Cerise into the dining-room, Mrs. Harwood's private apartment, and the good lady received her very tenderly, and seemed charmed with her; but she looked very much astonished.

"And her mamma?" she asked, in an aside.

"Dead," said I.

"But, good gracious, Mr. Hamilton, you have not been away three years, and the little dear must be seven. Though I have heard they grow very quickly in hot climates, too. And to think of your getting married directly you reached the Cape of Good Hope!"

"Married! I have never been married."

"Oh, fie!"

"You need not be shocked, Mrs. Harwood—Cerise is not my child. I found her on a wreck; the only

living thing there. But I will tell you all the story afterwards. Can you make her comfortable?"

"Bless her, yes."

Mrs. Harwood was a good-natured lady, who was sure to open her heart to an orphan child; but it was a piece of great good fortune that Cerise took at once to her; for she was not a young lady who bestowed her affections lightly on the first comer, but had her apparently capricious likes and dislikes, just as if she were ten years older. And when she nestled composedly on the good lady's capacious lap, a great perplexity was removed from my brain, which had been puzzling over the problem of what was to be done with my charge for the present, while I was busied about my urgent private affairs.

The poor baby's nerves were terribly unstrung by what she had gone through, and she could not bear to be left alone, day or night. I explained this to Mrs. Harwood, who immediately promised to have a bed made up for her in her own room, and, indeed, smoothed away all difficulties attendant upon the situation.

It was towards the close of an evening in spring that we arrived in London, and dropped thus into a home; and as I was exceedingly fatigued, I determined not to go to Clive Waite's private lodging to reassure him as to my existence, and the satisfactory state of our affairs at the Cape of Good Hope, that night, as I had originally intended, but to wait till the morrow, when he had gone to his office, and astonish him there.

I was very near to Mary if she was in London, for Mrs. Courtland's house was in Park-lane. But I did not intend to present myself there till I had had an interview with my tailor, hatter, hosier, and hairdresser; for the ready-made rig-out I had hurriedly got in Paris was by no means satisfactory, and in the present state of the affairs of my heart, it would be impolitic to neglect any means or contrivances for looking my best.

It was a great temptation, though, to wander out after dark, and see if there were lights in the windows, and indulge in a little sentimentality in front of the house that held what I valued most in the world. But I knew that I should get more pain than pleasure from such a proceeding; and feared, besides, lest impulse should conquer calm resolution upon what was wisest, and send me into the house. So I resisted the longing, and ate my dinner with good appetite, drank my wine, chatted with Cerise, smoked, and finally went to bed, where the concentrated weariness of several restless nights combined with delicious sheets to make me sleep soundly well into the following morning, in spite of love and his anxieties.

When I rose, Cerise had been up some time, and Mrs. Harwood wanted her to have her breakfast; but no, she insisted upon waiting to keep me company at that meal. And she took many other little ways of showing that my nose was not to be put out of joint by her new friend.

She seemed to me a wondrous sensible little thing, for when I explained to her that I was very busy that morning, and could not take her out with me, but that I hoped we should be able to get a walk together later in the afternoon, she perfectly understood me, and the little cloud of disappointment which shaded her face for a moment cleared off directly. Probably, I had formed a wrong estimate of miniature humanity, but a

reasonable female child appeared to me, I confess, an anomaly.

During the first days of our acquaintance it had been doubtful what language we should converse in; but her English was so much better than my French, that I believe we should have settled down to my tongue, even if we had been residing in Paris instead of London.

Surely, she was a wonderful baby!

It was past nine when I left the house, intending first of all to visit the necessary tradesmen, and then to go on to the City and astonish my partner. It is a joy worth some banishment from one's native land to get such a greeting as I received from my tailor. His face broke into smiles—he was naturally a grave man, and an elder, I believe, in some dissenting community—when he saw me, like an April sun; and he rubbed his hands, and “feared I was never coming back,” and thought he had better take my measure again. He fancied more room would be required.

“Ah,” said I, as he bound me with tape. “Am I broader across the chest?”

“Well, sir, it is a little lower that I find the difference.”

One man in England, at any rate, was glad to see me, and it was very cheering.

My bootmaker did not recognize me. I determined to withdraw my custom.

It was close upon eleven when I had made all my arrangements for presenting a respectable appearance to the world of London, and then it occurred to me that I might as well look in at my club—a quiet one in the neighbourhood of Hanover-square, to which I had directed Waite, who was a member, to keep up my subscription—and see if there were any letters lying there for me. I found several—one from Claridge, informing me that he was bitten by the tarantula of sport, and had been leading a roving life of war against the *feræ* of various parts of the globe; and others from old school, college, or London friends, together with applications for subscriptions, &c. It did not take me long to glance through these, and then I issued into the street, and looked out for a cab to take me to the City.

It is a peculiarity of cabs that they make at you, and gather round you like colts in a field, when you do not want them, but are rarely visible when you do. I could see no empty cab—nothing but private carriages in a long line, the drivers wearing white favours. There was a wedding going on at St. George's, the party being now in the church, and the usual assemblage of loungers—errand boys, street Arabs, slatternly maids—was gathered to see the bride come out. A wedding appealed to my sympathies just then, for I had been away long enough to take an interest in such everyday matters. To a constant dweller in London, a funeral or marriage procession is a simple obstruction; and he no more thinks of death or life than he does of chemistry when his progress is barred by the gas-pipes being up. But with the country cousin it is different; and I was in that position.

So I instinctively paused by the entrance, and thought of Mary; and wondered whether Mary and I would ever go to church together to get welded, and make a gratuitous show for the benefit of the non-industrious classes.

I feared it was too probable such a blissful event would never come off.

“Did you see the bride, Mary Han?”

“Ah. Twig her wail?”

“My, Bill, warn't she stunning!”

“Well, not fleshy enough for my taste. I likes a harmful.”

“She'd white shoes.”

“Aye, and silk stockings.”

“Oo says she 'ad silk stockings? She 'adn't silk stockings.”

“Yes she 'ad.”

“No, she 'adn't.”

“You're a lie!”

“You're another!”

Scuffle, terminating in a trifling bruise or two, a slight loss of hair, and a roll in the mud. Homely details which the reporter always omits.

What a trouble and expense a mother will be at to have her daughter “properly married;” and how terribly it is all thrown away on a London population. Even a dirty little crossing-sweeper fails to be impressed, and, having no stockings of his own, speculates upon the texture of the bride's.

These practical reflections yielded presently to more sentimental musings. Was it the last chapter of a love story that was enacting within those portals? Or was it but the signing, sealing, and witnessing of a business transaction? Were the happy couple really happy, calmly resigned, or miserable? Was the bride old or young, handsome or hideous?

The idea of a man with important business in the City standing gaping at the entrance to St. George's to see a bridal party come out!

It was very absurd.

I had not to wait long. Presently the few curious spectators who had strolled in to see what was going on issued from the doors, laughing and talking; and the line of carriages was put in motion, one of them drawing up alongside the strip of carpet that meandered down the steps and across the pavement, and a servant opened a door.

There was a murmur of “Here they come!” and looking up, I saw the flutter of a white robe, and then on the top step there appeared, draped in a veil, and crowned with bridal orange blossom, Mary, leaning on the arm of Tempest!

One may fairly assume that every reader of this page has had his or her great disappointments in life. You go to the bank which holds your property, and find the doors closed. The child of whom you expected so much goes wrong; or the frost of death nips your fairest blossoms in the bud. Or, if you escape those patent woes which all can understand and sympathize with, you have had secret schemes thwarted, secret affections bruised and crushed, and your sufferings were none the less bitter for the necessity of concealing or disguising them.

For while man must needs hope, he must needs suffer. Fruition itself is a disappointment; for nothing which is very ardently desired satisfies the expectation if it is attained. The coveted grapes are either sour or tasteless; which would be a consolation for that large majority of foxes who fail to reach them, only they will not believe it.

But there are different degrees of mental as of bodily

pain, and probably every man thinks his own pang the keenest; yet, owning this, I doubt whether many suffer so acutely as I did at that moment. I was so friendless, so lonely in the world, that I think my affection for Mary was more concentrated than can be the case where there are parents or near relatives to share the yearnings of the heart. Since my sister Ellen had gone from me, I had not a hope, a wish, a day-dream of which she was not the object or the heroine who was now—Tempest's wife!

In the days when fear and despotism made men cruel, and it was the custom to torture captured conspirators into treacherous betrayal of their confederates, there was a devilish instrument devised which stopped the flow of a man's blood, and then allowed it to rush through vein and arteries in an agony. I felt something of that. My pulses ceased to throb, my heart to beat. I could not breathe. For a second or two I lost sight and hearing, and when my senses came back, I found myself falling, but recovered with an effort.

They came on down the steps. She tripped slightly, and glanced up at him timidly, confidingly. And he looked down at her with a meaning, triumphant smile. Oh, what a jealous rage possessed me! My fingers felt like steel; the muscles of my arms seemed to harden. The instinct of murder was strong within me, and I longed to fly at his throat, to grasp it with both hands, and throttle the beauty out of his handsome face; to pin him down, and hold him till his eyes started and his tongue protruded, and—oh, horror! has not that spark of hell died entirely out of my heart after all these years? I trust so—I trust so, and that it is memory alone that agitates me as I now write.

Of course, I did nothing of this. I had no right to seek a quarrel with him. He had beaten me at the game of woman-pleasing, that was all. He had a handsomer face, a softer voice, a more graceful carriage, and a superior talent for wheedling, and so he had naturally won the game; and any altercation would only make me ridiculous. It is only the very lowest of the roughs, even at the diggings, who draws his pistol on the man who has won his money fairly. For one who has a spark of self-respect, the only course is to pay up and look as pleasant as he can.

It was not a friendly act to cut me out during my absence, but that was all I could say. And we had not been intimate friends for years, hardly more than acquaintances. Nor had I any reason to suppose that he knew of my engagement to his present wife. If he did, all is fair in love and war.

I was in a mist, a whirl, a ferment of passion; but through it all there was present to my mind the knowledge that any action or speech of mine would produce a scene. There was no generous thought for the bride in all this: the consideration was purely personal. It would be horrible to make a fool of myself. Happen what will, I must not do that.

I planted myself firmly. Feel what I might, I would not move or speak.

I was standing close to the carriage door. As Mary stepped in, she saw me, paused, gazed full in my eyes, with a scared, horrified expression, and cried aloud, as if in pain. Tempest, looking round to see what was the matter, recognized me likewise, and his brows contracted and his lower lip worked in a way I knew in

him of old when he was much agitated. Ha! ha! was he, too, jealous? Had I planted a thorn in his couch?

He thrust Mary hastily into the carriage, sprang after her, and they were gone.

The bystanders began to gather and stare at me; and I dare say I looked strange enough. And, presently, I saw through a mist faces I knew—doubtless the wedding guests, who were passing to their carriages—and I heard my name pronounced. At that I turned; and, elbowing my way through the crowd, walked off.

I did not faint, or I should have fallen down; I did not reel and stagger about, or I should have been taken up; and I must have traversed the streets in a rational manner, or cabs and omnibuses would have jugged-nauted me at the crossings. And yet it is no less the fact that I completely lost either my consciousness at the time or my memory the moment afterwards. I remember turning away from St. George's Church, and after that all is a perfect blank, till I suddenly found myself clear of London, between two green hedges, with fields and trees stretching far away on either side, and by certain landmarks I saw that I was many miles on the road to Brockford.

I have so little idea of how I got there, that if any one chose to affirm that he saw me caught up in the claws of a roc and transported through the air, I could not take an affidavit to the contrary. Such a phenomenon of insensibility of the mind, without the bodily frame being prostrated or the instincts affected, I have never experienced before or since. It was very strange: a species of somnambulism which causes me to yield a half-belief to the existence of mesmeric influences. I looked at my watch, it was past three o'clock—about four hours from the time of leaving the door of the church. What was I doing in that direction? Brockford was nothing to me now. The grave of Mr. Gladstone indeed was there, and I had desired to visit it, but not in my present state of mind—if, indeed, I could ever again bear to go back to that neighbourhood now.

It was too late to reach the City before the hour of closing the office. But what was the City to me? The only object for which I had devoted myself to the drudgery of business was unattainable now.

There was no good in stopping where I stood, or going on; the only rational thing to do was to turn about and walk back to London. It was the most unfortunate road to have to traverse; for every house and every field brought back old memories of happy journeyings to Mary, or sad, yet hopeful departures from her. Yet physical fatigue served in some measure to clear my brain, and I grappled resolutely with facts. The dream of my life was over. Well, it could not be helped. I would not wear the willow for a jilt, but conquer this unmanly grief. Above all things, it must not be allowed to appear. Clive Waite must be seen the first thing on the morrow, and business attended to, or everybody would penetrate my secret, and I should become the object of scornful compassion. Perish the thought! I would seek the society of men who knew how to enjoy life—be gay, jolly, careless. I had tried sentimentality, and found it did not pay—now for realism.

I walked fast, and got back to London before seven. What to do? I dreaded going to my lodgings, and talking to Cerise, for gaiety is much easier to act than

cheerfulness; and I should either depress the poor child with gloominess, or frighten her with excitement. Clive Waite generally dined at the club; I might probably find him there.

A good idea.

I was close by when the thought occurred to me, and I turned in on reaching the door, removed some of the traces of my long walk in the lavatory, and entered the dining-room.

My partner was seated at a table with three other men, two of whom I knew. They pushed their chairs back when they saw me, while Waite rose hastily, and his face grew as pale as death.

"Hamilton!" he exclaimed, "is it possible?"

"Yes, the corporeal Hamilton," I replied. "Do you take me for a ghost?"

"Forgive me, my dear fellow," he said, shaking me heartily by the hand. "The fact is, you did startle me. The *Firefly* came in without you, and—"

"And I look rather unearthly, I have no doubt. But that is lawful when a fellow has been shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, has had the fever, has just come off a journey, and is horribly fatigued. I got a chance of leaving by an earlier ship than I announced, and proved the truth of the proverb, 'The more haste the worse speed;' for she went down with all hands but this, which certainly never expected to shake yours again."

After greeting the others, I sat down at their table, and ordered some dinner, which I could only pretend to eat. But I drank more wine than I had ever done in my life before, and yet without getting drunk.

What with residence in a climate which never agreed with me, subsequent hardship and illness, the emotion of that morning, and the excess of that night, I was in a raging fever next day.

Vineyards.

A VISIT to the vineyards of the Gironde suffices to dissipate any fanciful notion one may have previously entertained respecting the so-called luxuriance of the vine growing at its own sweet will, and bending beneath its load of luscious fruit. On the contrary, the vines, trained for the most part to low espaliers, rarely exceed four feet in height, and are kept as low as even a couple of feet in the Médoc, to admit of the yoke of the oxen employed in ploughing up the ground between the rows passing clean over them. The grapes, moreover, growing invariably in masses, and never in detached clusters, hang quite close to the ground, where the stem of the vine, as thick, perhaps, as one's wrist, is capable of supporting half a hundredweight or more without yielding. The species of vines principally cultivated in the Médoc, and from which the finest red wines in the world are produced, are the gros and petit Cabernet, the fruit of which is highly perfumed, and yields a soft, delicate, fragrant, and brilliant though light-coloured wine. A variety of the same species, termed indifferently the Cabernelle or Carmenère, much less fertile, but producing wine of considerable body and fine colour, is likewise cultivated in this district, together with the Cruchinet rouge, distinguished for the fine bouquet which it imparts to the wines. The two first-named are also the dominant vines in the

Graves of Bordeaux, so called from the pebbly character of the soil, where they are known as the grosse and petite Verdure. In the vineyards of the Côtes the prevailing species is the Malbec, which produces a wine deeper in colour and almost equally soft and delicate, but difficult to keep; while in the vineyards of the Palus it is the Verdot variety to which preference is given. This grape yields a sound, pleasant, rich-coloured wine, with a bouquet resembling the violet, a wine which requires age to develop all its better qualities, and repays any care bestowed on it by keeping for many years.—*Wines of the World.*

Nature's Face.

THE book *par excellence*, to be read now by all those who have any idea of taking a trip abroad for their autumn holiday, is Mr. Baden Pritchard's "Beauty Spots on the Continent." This is a pleasantly written, chatty work, that will prove as useful to those travellers who make their voyages in type, lying at ease on sofa or lounge, while they peruse the journal of some writer, as to the more robust, who, metaphorically, gird up their loins, and set off for a tramp in far distant lands. Mr. Pritchard's book is thoroughly entertaining, and the reader lays it down with reluctance, after wandering pleasantly with him through the woods and valleys of Thuringia and Saxon Switzerland, over the Bavarian Highlands to the Ziller Thal, through the Stelvio Pass, by fjord and fjeld in Norway, amidst the Pyrenees, to the Salzkammergut, till he leaves you dreaming amidst the sweet beauties of the Italian lakes. His descriptions are graphic, and he pictures to you at the same time the beauties and inconveniences; tells of cost, of time, of trouble; gives advice where to go, and how to accomplish your journey in the best manner.

As you close the book for a few moments, you begin questioning yourself as to where you shall go. Mr. Pritchard tempts you to the lotus-eating Italian lakes in one page; but then in another he incites you to deeds of daring in the climbing of mountains and the crossing of glaciers. Anon you are perched with him far up the woody heights in Thuringia, listening to the narrative of some picturesque legend. Again, knee-deep in powdery snow, you toil through one of the grand passes—say the Stelvio, and next you are in the Sogne Fjord, where the scenery "goes beyond the magnificent, it is appalling. Toiling up one arm of the sea after another, you are thankful that you have escaped danger so far. Mighty rocks tower up like gigantic walls out of the green water, appearing, as one looks up at them from the little steamer below, to reach right into the heavens; and sometimes, so perceptibly do the lofty grey crags overhang the water, and threaten one's destruction, that you feel impelled now and again to raise your elbow to ward off the terrible blow." The advice we should give to any one about to visit the Continent in search of the Beauty Spots upon sweet Nature's face is, first to read Mr. Pritchard's book, and secondly to pack it in the knapsack. To those who are going to stay at home, our advice is to read the book all the same, and then to place it ready for reference on the library shelves. We hope to give two or three extracts from this really entertaining work.

Things New and Old.

The Earth's Surface.

New Jersey is sinking, with New York city and Long Island, at the estimated rate of about sixteen inches per century. The coast of Texas is ascending at a comparatively very rapid rate, some observers stating that it is as much as thirty or forty feet in the last half-century.

Combining these observations with the results of the recent deep soundings of the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, in the Pacific Ocean, we find that the bed is evidently a sunken continent, abounding in volcanic mountains some 12,000 feet high, many of them not reaching the surface of the ocean, and others which do so forming the numberless islands of the Pacific. The study of the coral rocks proves that this sinking has continually been taking place during several centuries, and observations of the coast will undoubtedly reveal the fact that it has not yet ceased.

The most eminent German geologists and ethnologists now maintain that the locality of man's primitive origin, the seat of the so-called Paradise, was in the Pacific Ocean, south of Asia, whence the race slowly diffused itself northward to Asia, westward to Africa, and eastward to Australia. When the great Pacific continent slowly sank, so that the ocean commenced filling the valleys, man retreated to the mountains, which, by continued sinking, were transformed into islands, and now form the many groups of Polynesia.—*Scientific American*.

Queer Wills.

There is nothing more singular in the history of testamentary dispositions than the fashion in which the owners of property have seized the occasion to "have it out" with their relatives. There is a fiendish ingenuity of cruelty in the conduct of a man who leaves a certain legacy in his will to fire the imagination of such and such a relative, and then revokes the bequest by a codicil, giving the reasons for his so doing. Attached to other bequests well known in the lore of anecdote, phrases have been used which must have considerably lessened the satisfaction of the legatee. Most people have heard of the will of Mr. Davis, of Clapham, who left the sum of 5s. "to Mary Davis, daughter of Peter Delaport, which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk for the last time at my expense." A member of a great industrial family which has been renowned for generations for its eccentricities remarked in his will, "To my only son, who never would follow my advice, and has treated me rudely in very many instances; instead of making him my executor and residuary legatee (as till this day he was), I give him £100,000;" but then no ordinary person would stop to consider the terms of a bequest which handed him over £100,000. It is on record that another gentleman once directed his executors to purchase a copy of the picture representing a viper biting the hand of the man who had saved it, and to give that to a certain friend of his, in lieu of a legacy of £3,000 which he had left him by a former will now revoked and burned. "I give and devise to my son, Daniel Church," said a certain Mr. S. Church, in his will, "only one shilling, and that is for him to hire a porter to carry away the next badge and frame he

steals." Dying people have often had thus a grin at their friends' expense. A certain magnate of Plymouth once decreed by his will that his wife should cut off one of his toes or fingers to make sure he was dead, adding that he made the request so that "as she had been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second;" though why her cutting off a toe from her deceased lord should have prevented her choosing a successor to him does not clearly appear. A Mr. Swain, of Southwark, we are told, gave "to John Abbot and Mary, his wife, 6d. each, to buy for each of them a halter, for fear the sheriffs should not be provided." A Mr. Darley left to his wife a shilling, "for picking my pocket of sixty guineas." A bookseller in Bond-street is said to have left the handsome legacy of £50 to "Elizabeth Parker, whom, through my foolish fondness, I made my wife, without regard to family, fame, or fortune; and who, in return, has not spared, most unjustly, to accuse me of every crime regarding human nature, save highway robbery." Not the least curious feature, too, in wills and bequests is the extraordinary importance which women more especially put upon articles of household furniture and decoration that have become endeared to them through constant care and pride. Many a friend has thought that a joke must have been in the mind of this or that old lady who, with great circumstantiality, directed in her will that he should have a particular set of sugar tongs, and his wife a knitted firescreen; whereas the old lady considered that these articles were of the utmost value and importance.

The New Forest.

One can give no opinion respecting the antiquarian controversy as to the truth or falsehood of the statements in the Saxon Chronicles ascribing the creation of the New Forest to the act of William the Conqueror, who, in the process of "afforesting," is reported to have destroyed from twenty-two to fifty-six—the Saxon monks do not seem to have been quite sure as to the exact figures—villages and churches. The name by which the forest is known would undoubtedly lend weight to the contention that it was deliberately made at some time. But, on the other hand, it certainly does seem strange that, if even as few as twenty-two churches and villages ever stood upon the ground now occupied by the forest, no trace of them can be found. To form anything like a correct notion of it as a whole, one must wander through it slowly on foot or on horseback. Its great charm is its infinite variety. One passes, from sombre clumps of ancient timber, out upon open heaths lying in the bright sunshine, and gay with the flower of the gorse, which, as the popular saying has it, "is never out of bloom but when kissing is out of fashion." An officer who marched through the forest when the autumn manoeuvres took place in Hampshire corroborates the assertion that no one who has not seen the place can realize its manifold charms. He declares that he had no idea that there was such scenery in England. He dwells upon the striking contrasts presented by the wild, open, rugged heath, and the shade of the primæval woods. "As glade after glade," he says, "was traversed, and the lovely tints of beech, oak, and bracken were viewed from different aspects, the impression created was that of passing through fairyland."

Bubbley Parva: a Tale with a Will.

CHAPTER LVII.—AFTER MANY CHANGES.

TWO years—so long a time to pass with expectancy, so short a time when passed. To the busy man, engaged in the hurry-scurry of life, pushing his way on amidst the struggling crowd, the retrospect of a couple of years is as nothing, and he pauses at times to wonder whether twice three hundred and sixty-five days have really passed, or whether it is, after all, but a dream.

Two years had glided away at Bubbley Parva, apparently without the slightest change. There was Burge's house and Burge's office, with the two sharp clerks peeping out into the street through eye-holes rubbed clear in the painted windows. There was Jack Filmer's photographic studio, with the specimens in the window as of yore; and there opposite stood the old red brick Manor House, just as of old, without a change; nay, there was one—to wit, a very brightly burnished brass plate affixed to the gate, which was not there before, and on the plate the inscription—"Mr. T. Madron, surgeon."

That brass plate and those few letters spoke volumes; for the stranger would have immediately, to use an old phrase, put that and that together, coming at last to the conclusion that either Miss Riches must have left the Manor House, which had been taken by the young surgeon, or else that Tom Madron had taken the Manor House and Miss Jenny Riches at the same time—this latter being the probable result, as a glance at the window would have afforded a glimpse of Jenny, half concealed behind a geranium, at a spot where she could command a good look down the street, and catch an early peep at any one expected.

That brass plate was certainly the only visible sign of change at the Manor House; and, as has been said, there seemed to be none at Jack Filmer's. There certainly was none externally, but inside matters were different; for upon entering the studio one was greeted by two very pungent smells—they were not very particular at Bubbley Parva, where everybody was, as a rule, most homely in habit—one of these odours was formed by a combination of Jack Filmer's chemicals, ether being the predominant; and the other was the familiar one of—of—of cooking; well, there, we must speak plain—it was of cabbage, boiling evidently for the coming meal; and if any doubt existed as to that odour, it was set at rest by an extra burst of scented steam, and the clatter of a pot lid being forced back into its place.

There were sounds, too, at Jack Filmer's: one was the pleasant ring of a musical little voice, relating how its owner "dreamt that she dwe-helt in mar-har-ble 'alls."

That sound came from the kitchen.

The other sound was from Jack Filmer's operating-room, and was also voice-formed—in fact, it was Jack Filmer speaking, adjuring somebody—and was accompanied by the rattling of glass.

"Now, I tell you what it is," said Jack—but stay, he deserves reintroducing, with his new specimen.

Jack Filmer has grown stout, and looks well and hearty, and there is a very severe frown upon his brow, which shows the scar of a cut; but there is, all the

same, a merry twinkle in his eye, expressing unbounded delight, as he addresses a plump little fellow of about ten months old, seated on a sort of dresser in Jack's operating-room. Of course this is Jack's baby, arrived at the stage of feeling feet, and expressing himself in a very small monosyllabic vocabulary; but though slow of tongue and trotters, a perfect wonder with his little fishhook fingers. It would no doubt be a very pretty baby, as babies go, but it is fat; and as to its big round head, it would puzzle a magnifying glass to make out that there was a single hair visible from crown to nape.

However, Jack said that would all come right in time, and we don't see why Jack should not be right about the little one's smooth pate. At the present moment, however, Jack was adjuring "Young Developer," as he termed his offspring—"christened John Ennery," according to Fanny—and Jack adjured him in the following words, as he busily went on toning some prints—

"Now, I tell you what it is, young shaver—if you don't keep your fingers off those bottles you'll be poisoned one of these days, as sure as—"

"Ba! ba! ba! ba! ba!" exclaimed the hopeful scion of the house of Filmer, and he made a dash at some of his parent's work.

"Let it be, will yer!" exclaimed Jack, extricating a likeness from the pudgy fingers that clasped and had conveyed it halfway to a little red, wet, fishy mouth devoid of teeth.

"Ba! ba! ba! ba!" exclaimed the baby again, making a dash in another direction, and this time grasping a bottle, whose destination was also the aforesaid mouth.

"You'll make an end of yourself, I know you will," cried Jack again, as he rescued the bottle.

But the shadowed future prophesied by his parent affected the baby not a whit, unless it caused the sneeze which convulsed his fat frame, and made Jack pause to carefully and elaborately wipe the little fellow's nose, before continuing his task.

"Ba! ba! ba!" cried the baby again, making a fresh diversion, and nearly overturning Jack's nitrate of silver bath, wherein floated divers sheets of paper.

"There, I'm blessed if a fellow can work with this young rip in the way!" cried Jack, dashing down his task, and snatching up the rip, to give it a good shake, and divers punches in its fat ribs, with the effect of making the little rascal crow with delight.

"Here, I say, Fanny; are you coming—aint that dinner done?"

"To a turn, Jack. 'Come down," chirped Fanny's voice.

Whereupon Jack wriggled his fat imp up upon his shoulders; the imp stuck his fat hands tight into his parent's hair, and rode downstairs in triumph to the little kitchen, from whence, besides the scent of the homely domestic fare, there arose the sibilant sound of kissing; but whether it was Fanny kissing the baby, or the baby kissing Jack, or Jack kissing Fanny, or all three joining in one sublime osculation, the ear could not distinguish, and sight was forbidden; for who could intrude upon so holy a scene—holy, even though its actors were these, the homely and the poor?

It is not many hours after that we are at the Manor House, where there is another dinner in progress.

Our old friend cook is panting, and reposing upon her laurels, for she has sent in her last dish, and it is company day.

Mr. and Mrs. Madron have been entertaining the Burges—father, mother, and son; and Burge, jun., who looked very melancholy, who sighed, and abjured billiards for a whole week when Jenny Riches was married, has now quite recovered. In fact, report says that he visits a young widow, a client of his father, and that Mrs. Burge had been heard to say that he might do worse.

The dinner has been a success, and from the time of leaving the drawing-room Mrs. Burge has been most motherly and kind to the little wife, whom she really loves as a child—raising blushes, though, occasionally, as she will persist in uttering warnings, and begging Jenny whatever she does to be careful of herself. Tom enjoys a quiet laugh, as he sees the solicitude with which a hassock is placed for his darling's feet; and once he overhears Mrs. Burge's whisper to Jenny, which began—

"And you know, my dear, when I was expecting—"

Tom did not hear any more; in fact, he started a topic to draw off the attention of the Burges, father and son, from whatever might have been the subject of the conversation of Mrs. B.

The dinner was over, and the gentlemen seated at their wine, when Mr. Burge said—

"Ah, yes, poor old gentleman; and what words we did have over that bit of property over the way. It was a bit of sharp practice; and I heartily beg his pardon," he added, gravely. "By the way, Madron, Filmer is buying that for himself—paid a little down, and it will work out."

"Glad of it," said Tom Madron; and he passed the claret jug to Billiard Burge, who was thinking of his widow.

"Ah," said Mr. Burge again, "how time goes—races again next week. But you said you were going out again—eh?"

"Yes," said Tom. "A change occasionally is good, and I don't think I can choose a better time for absence from here than so terrible an anniversary."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Burge, warmly. "You are right, Madron, you must study her; for if ever man was blessed with as good a wife as I am, it is you."

Tom smiled, and they rose to join the ladies, to catch Mrs. Burge in the act of placing a fresh hassock for Jenny's feet. And as Tom leaned one arm upon the chimneypiece, and looked down upon the sweet face of his young wife, his eyes grew humid as he thought that ere long his happiness would be brightened by another ray of light.

THE END.

MRS. BURTON'S MENAGERIE.—It would not be a "happy family." Captain Burton declares that it was like "the house that Jack built"—the pigeons and domestic fowls picked up the seeds and ate the flowers, the cat ate the pigeons and the fowls, the dogs worried the cat, the leopard killed the lamb and harried the goats, till one sprang into the river out of sheer despair, and was drowned.—*Inner Life in Syria.*

Posting the Letters.

"WHERE are you shoving to?" The words came down through a long narrow slit, in company with the dull roar of cab and 'bus, the trampling of feet upon stone pavements, the gleam of gas lamps, and a perfect shower of letters, little and big. Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, down they came; then there was a whole flake, as a boy held open a black bag, and scooped out handfuls of what seemed to be circulars. "Plop, plop! thud, thud!"—book packets those, and sample envelopes and newspapers pelting down now; for it will strike six in a few seconds, and the slit will be closed, and hurrying and racing down St. Martin's-le-Grand came the clerks of the City to reach the box in time.

It is a busy season, this, at the General Post-office; for during the next two hours the greater part of the country letters will be sorted, tied up, and sent flying, to catch one or other of the mail trains bound east, west, north, or south. Where I stand beneath the slit, men are shovelling up the letters and packets into the baskets, and these baskets they bear away to a huge table, well lit by shaded gas jets. The baskets are emptied pell-mell upon the heaped-up table, which almost groans beneath its weight of thought, and with busy fingers some scores of boys attack the piles for the first step towards distributing the letters of London for one evening. This first step is to arrange all the letters, little and big, face upwards; and they are manipulated like great packs of cards till all the Queen's heads are in the same corner, while, as the rough heaps are reduced to regular long packed lines, the letters are borne off to another table, where the second step is carried on.

This process is the stamping—double stamping of the letters—and takes place upon a table with slate bed, the slate being covered with a half-inch thick sheet of India rubber, and either baize or oilcloth over this. The stamping clerk is provided with a mechanical self-inking stamper, whose spring is formed of vulcanized rubber, and whose two stamps, as they are brought down with almost unerring accuracy upon the corner of each letter, cancelling at one stroke the Queen's head with those inky bars, and also affixing that little circle of cabalistic characters which, if rightly read, indicate where the letter was posted, and at what hour the box was cleared. So far, then, we have the letters faced and stamped at the rate of about two hundred per minute, and many stampers busily at work. All is orderly and quiet here, save a busy hum as of a vast hive; but, turn where you may, there are shaded lights, bent heads, and busy fingers, while here and there through the great halls flit men and boys carrying packets of the stamped letters, now ready for the sorters. These latter stand or sit before long tables, intent upon their task, and the first sorting goes on—a broadcast sorter this of the country letters into as many classes as there are lines of railway having their termini in town, and before each man are shelves and pigeon holes labelled "Great Western," "Great Eastern," "Great Northern," "South-Western," &c., &c., and into each of these classes the sorter separates his rows upon rows of letters. This is for Bristol—it goes to "Great Western;" this is for Colchester—it is placed in "Great Eastern," and so on; while, as he and

his many helpmates sort and arrange like this, others bear the sorted letters to different tables, where a faster separation takes place. The "Great Western" letters have gone to one set of tables, the "Great Eastern" to another. Let us follow the packets that have gone to the "South-Western," and walk along by the tables. Here, over each man, are different labels, and, at a glance, one sees "Southampton road," "Arundel road," "Guildford road," "Chichester road," &c. Why "road"? one naturally asks, to learn that it is a technical term here, and signifies the towns and villages in the district of Guildford or Chichester. In fact, in another part of the building, amongst the sorters of the foreign letters, one sees "Paris road," "Berlin road," and others. But to return to the sorters: the letters are now being fast reduced to order, and being adjusted to their various towns and roads at a wonderfully rapid rate. Now a man glances at a letter, and it is thrust in here; now at another—it is darted in there. Now he hesitates—it is not his eye at fault, but his clever fingers have made a discovery: this letter feels heavy. In a trice it is thrust into a scale at hand. Yes, the fingers were right; it is an overweight, and it goes into a compartment by itself, ready to have a particular brand placed upon it. A few more here and there, and then a letter is dashed into a compartment labelled "Blind." Here go all letters that our sorter cannot place. For instance, he is distributing South-Western letters, and he has by hazard a Great Northern or a foreign letter, and that is a blind one, and has to go back, to be re-sent to its own particular table.

At this table men are tying up the letters in bundles, and placing them in canvas bags; tying up the mouths, and sealing them from the pot of red wax kept molten by means of a gas jet. At this table are men busily re-sealing letters come to hand unfastened, mending broken packets, out of one of which has fallen a skein of scarlet Berlin wool, out of another some stiff black glazed linen. At another table clerks are directing letters which have not a sufficient address, and puzzling out wondrous specimens of caligraphy. A number of letters are placed in one's hand, at which the eyes stare aghast.

"How will they be delivered?"

"Oh, we soon find out where they should go."

Upstairs, passing by a lift which bears basket after basket of newspapers, there is the same process going on with papers and book packets, which are distributed after the same system; but here are some men with a task in hand—the fastening up of newspapers in the covers from which they have broken loose, and trying to restore others to the right covers. I doubt the invariable accuracy of this process, and try to fancy the feelings of the old gentleman who, awaiting his *Nonconformist*, gets a *John Bull*, or of the young lady eager for her weekly budget of romance, who, instead of some thrilling tale, receives the hard politics of the *Examiner*.

Registered letters in this room, valuables these, and the men sorting and entering in duplicate every letter, separated from their fellow-workers by wirework; while here, farther on, are the clerks busy with the *crème de la crème* of registered letters—those sent by bankers, and these are enclosed in little compartments, each clerk toiling in a cage to himself, out of which he never stirs without locking the door—a wise precaution, for some of the letters he manipulates contain

their thousands in notes and cheques. There is rapid business on every side, and the baskets of letters and papers are now in canvas sacks, being slid down shoots, their destination being called out and registered by clerks as they arrive ready for their journey. Up and down a few steps, and instead of heated gas the night wind blows keenly, there is the trampling of horses, the noise of wheels, and the gas lamps lettered after the names of railways shine down upon the scarlet vans in the yard. Bags tumble down the shoots on to the platform; vans are loaded and away at a rapid trot; while now, as eight o'clock is striking, five or six hundred men and boys come trotting out, for the tables are cleared of the last post-card and missive, and the distribution of the night mail is at an end.

Literary Low Life in London.

THE means of making a few shillings with the pen in London (says Joaquin Miller) are many and various; but it is safe to say that ninety-nine in a hundred of the literary men of the great city could make more money and make it easier at chopping wood or following the plough than they do in their present pursuit.

I know one man, an American, who writes tracts for a Christian society, and does very well. I believe he is the wildest and about the wickedest man I ever knew.

There is a house in London that furnishes songs for everybody who applies for them, and on every possible subject. This gives employment for a good number of pens, for the demand for songs is very great in London. When the Shah of Persia came, every music hall had to have a song about the Shah; and so with every event that interests the people. The street singers have to have songs, and so do many of the saloons; so that you may write a song to pay for your breakfast to-day, and to-morrow have it bawled into your ears from the most unlikely place in the town.

It is remarkable that very few men, or women either, who once embark in literature ever abandon it. They may accomplish nothing for years, lose caste, lose character—everything, in fact; but this love for literature they never lose.

The number of beggars to be found in this floating class of writers in London is incredible. If you happen to be at all known, you get letters almost every day from some one of these brothers of the quill, appealing to you for help.

But of all the persistent beggars in London, there is none equal to the beggar who calls herself a "literary lady." Of course these are not really literary persons; but as they profess that calling, and certainly have no other visible means of support, I suppose they must be classed along with the literary Arabs we are now looking in upon. Somehow they find out your address; then they write to you; and, if you do not answer or return their letters, they call in person. They refuse to be put off without an audience, and, once in your presence, they pour out quotations from what you may have written, till you are amazed at your own work. They walk right into your heart by making you believe you are the most fortunate and famous of men. Having once got into your heart, they take various means of

getting into your pocket. They nearly all use the names of literary celebrities and titled persons, in a way that would make a stranger think them hand and glove with the greatest in the land. They are nearly always well-dressed, and often wear jewels. They rarely ask for anything for themselves. It is some one else who is in want. They will tell you they belong to a society for the relief of people who are unfortunate and away from home. They prudently never ask for anything but a very small contribution. They understand perfectly well that a man who has anything to do will give the little sum they require, and gladly give it, to get rid of them. I really believe they are the best talkers in the world. They sometimes make up so good a case that you almost feel that it would be a great privilege to contribute. And yet, ten minutes after one of these persistent and brazen beggars has gone away, you feel as certain that you have been imposed upon as you do of your existence.

The real Dark Horse.

IMPOSSIBLE!

It is very easy to say that, but the thing is possible, and it is done. You send your gloves to be dyed, so you do your old silk dresses and window curtains. I have heard that ladies, when Nature has begun to give their hair a wintry rime, have been known to object, and, turning to hairdresser, obtain his aid in a long name, and change the colour of their locks. It is quite possible that this is a libel and a scandal, quite as much so as the assertion that some dames have made a chemical change in their hair by going to certain cunning coiffeurs, and, by means of gold deposited in the ordinary way, had the metallic sunshiny tint transferred to their flowing locks.

As I said before, I dare say that this is as much a scandal as that moustachios are sometimes tinted; but I can make affidavit about the gloves.

Well, then, supposing it possible to colour the living cranial appendage of the human form divine, why should it be impossible to dye a horse?

It is, then, so far from being impossible that it is done. In fact, when people begin to have doubts as to what is done in horses, they display a wonderful amount of ignorance. The question should be, What is not done in horses? One might write pages concerning the tricks in the equine trade: how some men are quite professors in the art of tricking customers, shoeing a lame horse so cleverly that the halting foot is raised and the failing passes unseen; taking a horse lame in one leg, and crippling him in another to match, and so concealing the halt again; blowing up the old age hollows about the horse's eyes; nicking his tail to make him carry it in a lively, frisky way; filing out the age marks in his teeth; feeding him to give him a glossy skin; and practising, in fine, enough tricks of the equine toilet to make the old look young after a fashion that must make old belles and beaux gaze with envy at the perfection to which such matters are carried.

The little piece of information I am about to impart was obtained by accident, though I have more than once pondered upon the subject of how it was we have so many black horses in this country.

My attention was first drawn to the matter during a visit to the royal stables at Pimlico, where are kept those seldom-used show horses, the creams and blacks, which draw the state carriages upon important occasions. Without wishing to be disloyal or to make unpleasant comparisons, it was impossible to avoid thinking of the animals which are caparisoned with velvet trappings, and wear ostrich plumes at funerals, whether in mourning coach or hearse. Save that they are finer, and in better condition, they have the regular Flanders look: showy, arched of neck, but wanting in the points which a judge of horseflesh would consider necessary to ensure speed and staying powers.

Since seeing these funereal-looking beasts, one took to thinking about them; and seeing how large a number are used in the undertakers' trade—one and all of the same jetty black—the thought occurred that, though evidently bred for the purpose, in spite of care, a great number must show patches of white or grey; and, even if well suited in other respects, be spoiled for their purpose by an unlucky star or "stockinged" leg. One was right. Many are incapacitated by such marks; but there is a way of getting over the difficulty, and I found it out.

I had occasion to go to a mews in the classic regions of Soho upon a summer's day. A lady, very nearly related to me by marriage—in fact, my wife—had taken it into her head that a pony carriage was the one great essential to her happiness; that her health was failing for the want of the said four-wheeler; and that it would be so nice for her to come and meet me at the station on my return from town.

I thought we were better without the pony carriage, but her will is generally my law; and, consequently, led thither by the attractive nature of an advertisement in the *Times* (an announcement setting forth the advantages of the complete turn-out, pony, harness, and trap: the man called it a trap himself—rather weak of him, by the way, but he did it), I found myself in Soho.

"Soho!" was an expression used in the days of chivalry to horses, and therefore it was not such an anomalous place to visit in search of a steed. In fact, Soho has obtained more than once a shady reputation for dark doings in horseflesh; and let the reader bear in mind that this allusion to mews has nothing to do with cats or their meat, but relates entirely to horse-dealing.

I said I went upon a summer's day. I am right in the comprehensive sense of the word day, but it was towards evening; and on finding the dingy mews, across which flaunted on lines the flags of domestic cleanliness—I mean, drying clothes speckled with soot—I came upon a man in very tight cord trousers, made so tightly that it seemed impossible the man could ever take them off now he once had them on. It struck me that he had them made so tight because he was proud of his legs being so wonderfully thin.

I went up to the gentleman, who wore a great deal of white Cashmere neckcloth, as if he was suffering from quinsy, and was in a poultice. His hair was cut very short; and he wore, drawn tightly over his ears, a kind of woollen cap, which seemed to have begun life with the idea that it would some day grow into a Scotch bonnet, but had altered its mind, developed a woollen peak, and settled down into a compromise.

My friend, who squinted horribly and was having an evening meal of straw, tried evidently to look at me; but shot one glance into a window, and the other up at the clean clothes, and said, in answer to my question—

"Pony Kerridge in the *Times*. Oh! The bloke as has to with that's gone 'ome."

"Could I see the pony?" I said.

"Not here, you couldn't," he said, grinning, "arout you've got werry strong eyes; 'cos it's now summers about Kent'sh Town."

"Oh," I said.

"There's a chap down't the bottom o' the mews as 'll give yer his address, I dessay. But hadn't yer best come to-morrer?"

I said I would go and see the chap down at the bottom of the mews, thanked my informant, who growled out something about being dry, and "stan' arf pint"—which I interpreted to mean that sixpence would be acceptable, and I passed over the coin.

"Thenky, guvnor," he exclaimed, brightening up at once. "Blest if I mind if I come and show you where it is. You come along o' me."

His tone was quite protective as he led the way down the mews, which turned off at right angles, and brought us suddenly upon a horse haltered to a ring outside a stable door, and a man busy with a pail containing some hot liquid, and a brush; while the horse capered about and steamed, evidently not liking the application.

"Poor thing!" I said, aloud. "Is that liquid blister?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared my companion, laughing so loudly that I looked with considerable anxiety at the tight cord continuations. "Ho! ho! ho! that is a good un. Here, I say, Noddy, here's a gent wants to know if that there's liquid blister in the pail."

"Wot's he want to know for?" said Mr. Noddy, sniffing, and rubbing his nose with the back of his hand. "It aint no harm, and he haint got no call to come and see."

"It was only from curiosity, my friend," I said. "I came about the pony advertised in the *Times*."

"Curiosity, eh?" said Mr. Noddy, softening down a bit. "Well, that's a curiosity, that is. How Mr. Chewly can sell that there pony, them harness, and the beautiful little trap for seventy guineas, puzzles me!"

"It was advertised for fifty-five," I said, mildly.

"Fifty-five?" he said, gazing at me with astonishment. "Gammon!"

"Fact, I assure you," I replied.

"Poor chap!" said Mr. Noddy, "he must be very hard up, then. I'd come on first thing in the morning, then, if I was you, and nail that lot. Fifty-five guineas!"

"Pounds," I said, mildly.

"Well, pun, then. Lor, if it aint throwing it away. It was giving it away at seventy guineas, but fifty-five pun!"

He could say no more then, being quite overcome by the sorrowful feelings that possessed him; and went on painting the horse's legs with the hot, purple-black fluid in the pail, what time the horse snorted and pattered about on the stones, and objected generally to the process.

As far as I could see, the horse was originally white

about the legs, and had a star upon his forehead; but these marks were now of a dingy black, as were also patches of grey that appeared upon his sides.

"Are you dyeing the horse?" I said.

The man did not seem to hear me, but gave the horse a rap with the brush, and told it to "Get over, then;" and, after a little more capering, the horse got over.

"Fifty-five pun," said Mr. Noddy again, in a stage whisper. "Pore old chap, he must be hard pushed. Hold still, will you?"

Dab and slush went the hot brush down the tender inner skin of the horse's leg, and the pail had a very narrow escape of being treated like those which hold milk given by an angry cow.

This had such an effect upon Mr. Noddy, that he dropped the brush and ran in at the open stable door, to return directly with a half worn-out birchbroom, with which he charged at the horse; which pranced, and reared, and dragged at its halter in its efforts to escape the bangs administered with the broom, which was at last thrown down by the irate Mr. Noddy.

"Them larks won't do for me, so I tells yer," said he.

Then the horse submitted quietly to being punched on one side till he was close once more to the pail, towards which he kept craning his neck and rolling his eyes in a very pitiful way.

"Now, then, holt still," said Mr. Noddy.

And slush went the brush, the horse shivering, but standing pretty firm.

"It's too hot," I said, watching the proceedings with great interest.

"No, it aint," said Mr. Noddy. "If I don't put it on hot, off it all comes agen, and they grumbles. It aint like paint."

"Then this isn't the first you've done?" I said.

"The fust! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed my guide. "I say, Noddy, the fust! Why, guvnor, he colours four or five a week sometimes."

"Don't you be so 'nation fast, Buddy," said the man with the brush. "You aint got no call to let out everything."

"Well, can't the gent see for hisself as you're a touchin' 'im up with a bit o' black?" said my guide. "He won't go and say nothin' about it, I know, specially seein' what a dry sort of a job it is."

Mr. Noddy's face, which was about as hard before as that of a South Sea Island idol, relaxed here a little as he dabbed on a little more colour—if black be a colour.

"Right you are, Buddy; it just is a dry job, and no mistake. The way as that black stuff seems to choke yer's something awful."

"Ah, everything to do with osses is dry work," said Buddy. "I think it's their skins, and the dust in 'em."

I was so interested in the dyeing process that, after looking on for a few moments, I took the hint.

"Do they sell good beer anywhere close at hand?" I said.

Mr. Noddy dropped his brush into the pail, and leaned towards me.

"There aint a better drop 'o arf an' arf anywheres in London than close by, at the Lion, guvnor. You wouldn't mind fetchin' a pot, would you, Buddy?"

"Well," said Mr. Buddy, "I wouldn't do it for any

one; but seeing as the gent's the right sort, I don't mind."

It was so pleasant to find such gracious condescension on the part of Trousers, that I placed another sixpence in his hand.

"Bring a glass, Buddy," said our friend; "the gent mayn't like the pewter."

Buddy winked, and went; and Mr. Noddy shambled into the stable in a half-bent fashion, to return directly after with an empty pail and a horsecloth; the former of which he turned upside down for a seat, and the latter he folded into a cushion.

"There, guv'nor, sit down, an' make yer miserable life 'appy. Take things heasy's my motter. But, I say, five an' fifty pun! Oh, lor, what a charnsh! I on'y wish I'd the money."

Mr. Noddy stared at me as if I were some curious beast freshly imported, as I took the proffered seat; for the place was very quiet and retired. There were the windows of the rooms over the adjacent stables looking down upon us, each window being ornamented with a little painted model of garden palings, with a gate in the centre, and a few pompons and sooty geraniums behind. There was a cat, too, upon a roof; but, saving that and a manure heap, we were alone.

"I'll jest go on till he comes back," said Mr. Noddy.

And he proceeded to carefully paint the horse all over the greyish parts with the dye, till they looked all of a deep, jetty black; but I noticed that the hair looked dull and rough. And the operator seemed to divine my thoughts, for as our "arf an' arf" Mercury appeared round the corner with the shining pewter, he dropped the brush into the pail, and gave the horse a pat on the neck.

"There, old man," he said, "that'll about do for you. Now stand there, and get dry."

The horse whinnied softly, and turned to stare at the pail.

"Ah, he looks dull yet, guv'nor," said Mr. Noddy; "but you wait till he's dry, and had the dandy brush on to him: he'll look a picter then."

Here Buddy arrived with the beer, and a glass having been poured out for me, Mr. Noddy "Looked towards me" over the pewter, took a hearty draught, took a long breath, and handed the vessel remorsefully to his friend; who also looked towards me, and drank in a most astonishing fashion. From the power displayed, he might have been a horse.

The "arf an' arf" had a most mollifying effect upon Mr. Noddy, who proceeded to fill a pipe, giving his head a backward jerk over his right shoulder at the horse; and then winking as he said, in a husky, sepulchral tone—

"Fun'ral's pufformed. Twig?"

I nodded, and lit a cigar, completely winning the heart of Trousers by offering him another.

"Yer see, we're 'bliged to do it," said Mr. Noddy. "There's a great demand for black osses, and you must supply the market. There aint no harm in it, of course—no more'n painting a yaller keb blue."

"Do many?" I said.

"Underds. Lor bless yer, it's wonderful what a lot comes to me reg'lar—cause, yer see," he continued, flourishing his pipe stem as if it were a pen, and he meant to write it all on my white shirt front—"cause,

yer see, as the osses 'air grows as it comes orf in the spring, the noo's the 'riginal colour."

"And do you live by it—is it your profession?"

"Course it is," said Mr. Noddy. "I inwented the colour, which, if the oss aint too rushety and will take it reg'lar, it 'll last wonderfully. I do a bit o' clipping, you know."

"Clipping?"

"Yes, guv'nor, he's a osses' barber—'air cutting, ten bob," said Trousers, grinning. "They only wants their 'air cut onces a year, you know."

Noddy smiled, and then hid the smile's capacity in the pewter.

"I could do a oss any colour if I liked, and it was fash'nable. Scarlet osses, or yaller osses, or blue osses, it wouldn't matter a bit to me—I'm ready for 'em; but as so be as they on'y wants 'em black, why, black they is."

"Did you ever dye a grey one black?" I asked.

"Well, not one as was all grey," said Mr. Noddy, leaning his back against the stable doorpost, and smoking in a contemplative fashion; "not all grey, guv'nor. But I did one as was very nigh. 'Member that skewball o' Tindall's, Buddy?"

"Ah! the kicker," said Trousers.

"Yes, he jest could kick," said Mr. Noddy, scratching the side of his nose with the stem of his pipe. "He was a wunner, he was. Well, they brought 'im to me, and he'd on'y got one brown leg and a patch about as big as four 'ats on one flank. I didn't want the job: fust, 'cause I was afraid on it; and, next, acause of the lot o' stuff as he'd take. But they was 'ot on it; so I takes the job. And I did it to-rights, that I did—making on 'im such a pretty black as'd do your 'art good to see. Why, sir, that there oss didn't know hisself arterwards; and the way as he'd turn that there old head of hisn from side to side, and look round at hisself, as was as good as a play. Ah, it was a rum game, that was!"

"And what do you use?" I said—"logwood chips?"

The wink Mr. Noddy favoured me with was something wonderful. It was the very perfection of winks: so slow, so forcible, so full of meaning.

"Was you a meaning to buy the pony and trap, sir?" he said, changing the conversation.

"Yes, if it suited me," I said.

"Then don't you lose no time, sir. You be here in good time in the mornin', and bid 'im fifty. He'll take it—you see if he don't. He wants money, he do; and it's the best charnsh in the 'ole o' London."

Here he gave me another wink, and I rose from my throne upon the pail, and made to go.

"Don't you forget, sir; bid 'im fifty for the lot, and make him deliver it at your place. He'll take it—you see if he don't."

And then he moved to the ring to unfasten the halter which held the blackened steed.

Seeing that our interview was supposed to be at an end, I turned to go, Trousers having undertaken to return the pewter pot.

"You won't forget?" said Mr. Noddy—"early to-morrow morning."

I said I would not forget, and moved away, hearing above the clattering of the horse's hoofs the words—

"Five an' fifty pun. What a charnsh!"

G. MANVILLE FENN.



MR. DELANE.—THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

Jack Hamilton's Luck,
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—BLEEDING INWARDLY.

I SUPPOSE that if I had taken that opportunity of slipping out of a world which seemed delivered over entirely to the powers of evil, Mrs. Tempest would have flattered herself that I died of love for her. A likely story! Men no longer die of love; though, of course, any very strong emotion will affect one who is otherwise very ill, favourably or the reverse. But so will this or that description of food—a dish of pork or mushroom has given the *coup de grâce* to many a weakly glutton. Pooh! When Love and Gourmandise compare their “bags,” the sentimental boy will be beaten by many a hundred head.

But Mrs. Harwood took good care that I should have nothing unwholesome to eat, and the harpoon thrown by Mary had not touched my vitals.

I thought myself much worse than I was, simply because I saw the doctor frown and shake his head. It seemed a breach of etiquette to recover after that; and I have the greatest respect for the medical profession, and would not hurt the feelings of a member of it wilfully on any account. I am sure I was quite willing to die, if the doctor thought I ought to, on that occasion. I lay and reflected quite calmly upon the matter. I knew that for years I must carry about a gnawing pain at the heart; that I should be subject to paroxysms of despair and hatred, and other unpleasant feelings; that I should never have perfect trust in my fellow-creatures again, only affect it with an inward sneer; that there would be nothing to look forward to, and the pleasure or interest of the hour would fill existence; and it seemed the pleasantest prospect to be quit of the whole affair. But then, on the other hand, after a time all keenness of regret would die out. I was quite young, very young even, and there was a good deal of pleasure and fun to be got out of the world with judicious management, so that there was much to be said in favour of living. What with mental prostration and bodily, I was really indifferent which way it went.

But I was not a quarter so bad as the doctor thought, or pretended to think, or, at all events, made Mrs. Harwood and me think. I expect it was only a touch of the old African fever, which had not quite got out of my system, and presented features to which he was unaccustomed. At any rate, it soon left me, and I did not take long to rally from the effects.

Cerise was very much concerned at the sickness of her protector, and came pattering into the room after Mrs. Harwood, whenever that good lady brought me medicine or broth, with a very solemn expression on her little face. Her great delight was to be allowed to carry something; and it was pretty to see how careful and steady she was.

When I was up and about again, I took her out, and showed her such sights as she was of an age to care for; and I tried to shake off depression, and be companionable to her, but fear that she must have found me gloomy at times. Notably, on one day, when I got a letter from Mrs. Tempest, which I read quickly through, and burned.

There was plenty of business work to be attended to when I was able to go to the office, and I went at it

with a will; but it was very irksome to me now, and I told Clive Waite of my desire to retire from the firm as soon as it could be done without prejudice to his interests.

He thought such a course unwise.

“My dear fellow,” said he, “of course I know the state of the case—it would be absurd affectation to pretend not to. But, believe me, business and hard work are the very best antidotes to a disappointment of the kind.”

“Oh, it is not only that,” I replied. “I always had a strong taste for travel and adventure, and this trip to Africa has matured it. Nothing but a wish to attain a particular object could have induced me to settle down to a sedentary life, and there is now no reason why I should not follow my natural bent. I will leave my capital in the firm, or we will come to some settlement—just as you please. I shall have enough to satisfy my wants either way.”

And he fell in with my wishes, though unwillingly.

There had been no application from Ellen Romney during my absence. Her disappearance was complete; and whether she were alive or dead there were no means of judging.

One day, as I was walking alone along Saville-row, a man whose figure and gait seemed familiar came out of the house of a physician in great repute for his treatment of diseases of the chest. Before I could overtake him, he had hailed and entered a cab, which drove off at once; but I felt sure that it was Langley.

He had been forgotten in the whirl of recent events, but the meeting at the docks just before the *Hottentot* sailed, and the address he had given, together with the invitation to visit him there, now recurred to me; and on the following day I sought out his den in Share-alley.

Battling out of the main stream of the human river which is ever flowing through the City, you steer into a narrow branch, where the force of the current is all the stronger for being compressed. No one ever pauses to look in at the shop windows, or ask his way, or greet a friend: he would be swept away if he attempted it. Each individual member of the crowd seems to have a reprieve in his pocket, and to be hurrying on with the responsibility of a human life's depending on his promptitude weighing on his brain, and making his face serious. That is Share-alley.

I allowed myself to be carried on with the crowd, till I came opposite a low archway, through which a paved court was visible, and then hustled aside into it, knowing that there were several sets of chambers there, one of which it was probable would be tenanted by the man I sought. I was right in this conjecture, for his name appeared in dingy letters on a dingy doorway.

A bowed and feeble-looking clerk, with a pen behind his ear, admitted me into the outer office, and then took my name to his master in an inner room, with the quiet caution of one entering a sick-chamber. Langley tossed aside his pen, and appeared really glad to see me. He had not altered much during the last three years—at least, not so much as I somehow expected. But the light was not favourable for a critical examination of the features.

“Why, what a hole you have got into!” said I, when our first greetings were over. “The walls seem pa-

pered with fog, the furniture made of fog, the glass in the windows ditto. Why, don't you have them cleaned?"

"Because I love consistency. Clean windows would be out of tune with everything else."

"True," replied I; "and besides, the thicker the coating of dust and cobwebs on the glass outside, the richer the wine within, eh? How's business?"

"Pretty well, I may say very well; for my calculations have been surpassed. I have been very lucky in two of my specs. And how are you getting on?"

"Oh, ours is a very quiet, plodding business; but we have been successful in our sober way. However, the life is not to my taste, and I intend to cut it. I suppose you have learned to love money-making for its own sake, and would not like to give it up if you were ever so rich, now?"

"Indeed, my dear Hamilton, you are very much mistaken," said Langley. "I never had a stronger determination to enjoy myself one day than at present. Why, look here. Whenever, in the course of taking the essence out of the daily papers, I see some novel or poem spoken very highly of, I note it down in this memorandum book, to be bought and enjoyed when I am an idle man."

"And when will that be?"

"Directly I have got to six figures."

"Six fig—why, that's £100,000! You will be an old man before you amass that—have what luck you may."

"Shall I? What will you bet I do not do it before forty?"

"Nay, nay," said I, laughing. "You are such a very dark horse that I had sooner back you than lay against you for anything. And do you still live like an anchorite?"

"Yes—I should never succeed 'if I once loosed the rein; for there is a rare tendency to pleasure bottled down somewhere within me, I can tell you. However, I indulge myself in two luxuries. I think I have got some of the finest Madeira you ever tasted, and I am almost sure that you never smoked so good a cigar as I can give you. They are rarely imported, but are reserved by a certain planter for his own smoking."

As he spoke, he produced a bottle and a cigar box from a cupboard; and, by Bacchus, he had not boasted rashly. Certainly, as far as the cigars were concerned, I cannot profess to have such a sensitive palate as to be able to distinguish one brand from another, provided both are good; but about the wine there could be no mistake. Madeira is—or, alas! it is more correct to say was—a wine which often approached perfection, but seldom reached it; when it did, the sensuality of tasting was so exquisite and refined as scarcely to be sensual—like some music, it seemed to reach the mind through the material organs, so that the drinking it was like reading poetry.

Langley's Madeira was of this character.

"Do you know," I said, holding up a second glass of the amber nectar, which had the property of catching and retaining rays of light, and sparkled in the gloomy room like a diamond in a dustbin—"when I came in here, you and your clerk reminded me of an old alchemist and his neophyte secretly working the Philosopher's Stone in a dungeon. I now begin to think that you have discovered the Elixir of Life also."

"Ah," replied Langley, "I wish I had. One can

make money, but not ensure the spending of it. It would be hard to sell youth and not get the price, and I have some nasty symptoms at times. But I shall be all right when I get air, exercise, mental and bodily relaxation. A sedentary life and close attention to business in this stifling City makes one feel hipped at times; that is all. Yes, that is all. And now I am sorry that I cannot ask you to stop any longer, but I have some important matters to arrange."

"Can we not meet somewhere?" said I, rising and taking up my hat. "Come and see me at my lodgings, and make acquaintance with a little friend of mine. No? Well, then, dine with me at my club."

"My dear fellow, I am much obliged to you," replied Langley. "I cannot break through my rule of life. But call upon me here again some day. Perhaps I shall be less busy, and we will have a longer chat over old times."

I left Langley with a foreboding that he was sowing for a stranger to reap.

I had omitted all this time to institute inquiries as to the relatives of Cerise. I learned that Mr. Mayfield was an Englishman who had settled in France, and married a native of the country. He had been engaged in business, and after the loss of his wife had met with reverses which decided him to accept an offer of an appointment at Calcutta; for which place he had sailed with his only living child, a little girl. I knew all this before, and as none of her mother's family came forward to claim her, I would take no steps to force unwilling hands to take charge of her. Poor little thing! it would have been far better to have left her to perish on that barren rock than to expose her to unkindness and neglect. There was an extraordinary resemblance between our fates. We were both cast adrift in the world, orphaned and friendless, at about the same age; and I firmly believed that she had been placed under my protection by a higher power, and that I should have drawn a curse upon my head if I had deserted her. It seemed that there was no property belonging to her beyond the thousand pounds found on her father's body; and that I placed in the Funds, and secured to her.

In my present state of bitter feeling towards my fellow-creatures, I expected no return of affection for my care. I had certainly been very unfortunate in such matters. My school friends had allowed me to suffer for their misdeeds. In after-life, one of them had defrauded me by the meanest of intrigues, and another had robbed me of my bride. My sister had fled from my protection, and had never even written to me since. And Mary—

"Ah," I thought, as Cerise sat upon my knee and played with my watch chain—"you seem fond of me now; but after a year's absence you would turn away and not recognize me. Or even if you grew up in my home, and learned to look upon me as a father, the first good-looking, plausible young fellow who whispered soft nonsense in your ear would steal your heart away from me, and you would value me at just the sum you expected to get at my death."

The great practical difficulty was to know what to do with her. It would not be fair to the child to let her go on living for long in London lodgings, without proper education, and no playmates of her own age, even if I were a quiet, cheerful man of regular habits; and I

was anything but that in those early days of disappointment, when I suffered from a constant craving for the excitement which gave forgetfulness.

And it soon became necessary to make some immediate arrangement for providing her with a home.

From Flushing to Sheerness.

AS for the homeward journey, the progress of the *Stad Middelburgh* was, if possible, a more important ceremony than the outward trip. We had nearly two hundred Dutch notabilities, the same with whom we feasted on the previous evening; we had a Dutch band on board, and a Dutch flag at the stern. To see us off, too, the Prince himself, not now in full uniform, but dressed as a private gentleman, was on the landing-stage. Better than all, the weather was fine, albeit that a stiffish breeze was making the flags flutter ominously, and conveying most unwelcome hints to many a Dutch and English stomach. Those hints presently became more pronounced. The band collapsed, and took up a most unseamanlike position at the stern of the vessel. The brass and reed instruments, with which erewhile English and Dutch National Anthems had been played with such vigour, were left to play of themselves. Officials in uniforms retreated to the cabins, and desolate landsmen struggled hard with the rocking and the rolling; but in vain. Of course more than half of us were successfully defiant, and agreeably passed the time with the adventitious aid of rubbers of whist, smoking, and lunching. And it is possible that so good an example had a bracing and encouraging effect; for presently the band was gathered together, its instruments collected, and a supreme effort made to interpret the music of Dutch and English composers. What matters it if the clarionet did now and then cease to lend his assistance, and preferred to watch the motion of the paddle-wheels? What blame attaches to the cornet if occasionally he ceased from harmony, and sighed piteously? The effort as a whole was a success, and the band richly deserved—as indeed it sadly needed—the brandy which was dealt out with no stingy hand when the last quadrille had been played, and drum and cymbal were silent. It had, at any rate, helped to beguile the journey until we had the English coast in sight; and that, to some of our travellers, was no slight matter. In this way we slowly approached the shore, the sea becoming calmer and the sky clearer, while the Dutchmen gradually emerged from 'tween decks, and “pulled themselves together” for the landing.—*Telegraph*.

IN A HAREM.—The moment we arrive and are announced, the whole family will run to meet us at the boundary gate, which separates them from the world. They will kiss us, and take our hands, and, with all the delight of children, lead us to the divan, and sit around us. One will fly for sherbet, another for sweets; this for coffee, that for narghilehs. They are so pleased with a trifle; for example, to-day, that we are delighted because we are dressed like them, and they consider that we have adopted their fashions out of compliment to them. They find everything charming, and are saying how sweet we look in their clothes.—*Inner Life in Syria*, by Mrs. Burton.

The Vintage.

THE crown of the Grand Ducal collection was unquestionably the Steinberger Cabinet of 1862, a most superb wine, which for bouquet, refined high flavour, combined richness and delicacy, and sub-acidulous freshness, was considered by several of the jurors to be unrivalled by any white wine in the Exhibition. The other samples of Steinberger, comprising all the grand vintages, were every one of them remarkable wines, and fully sustained the world-wide renown of this famous *cuvée*. It is simply within the last fifty years that the practice has prevailed of employing only over-ripe grapes in the production of Steinberger, after the fashion which a doubtful tradition reports to have been in vogue for nearly a century past with regard to Schloss-Johannisberger. The vintage rarely commences until late in the autumn, and is sometimes delayed even into the winter. The pickers, sturdy peasant girls of eighteen or twenty years of age, have their gowns looped up kirtle-fashion, according to regulation, so as not to brush the over-ripe grapes off as they pass between the rows of leafless vines, thus affording them the opportunity of displaying the very brightest printed flannel petticoats and the gayest coloured stockings which money can purchase at Mayence. The season being cold, most of them wear mittens, and have woollen comforters tied over their heads, so as to allow of the ends falling down their necks behind. The men who perform the heavier work occasionally get themselves up in jäger costume—grey suits piped and faced with green, boots halfway up the legs, and tufts of feathers stuck jauntily in their mountaineers' hats.

Singing in chorus some song in praise of the Rhine and its wine, the pickers commence at the foot of the slope, one to each row of vines, and move steadily forward in a compact line, with all the precision of disciplined soldiers. With little spring shears, which they carry secured to their waists, they snip off the ripe bunches as they pass along, picking from them, at the same time, the shrivelled and ripely rotten berries, and throwing them into a separate receptacle. This is what is termed the “auslese,” and from these selected grapes a special and luscious class of wine is made, of fine flavour, and more or less sweet, according as the grapes have attained the stage known as *edelfaude*—in other words, a “noble rottenness”—or are merely ordinarily ripe.

When the pickers have filled their tubs, men go round and collect the contents in oval-shaped wooden vessels called “legeln,” which they carry strapped to their backs. From these the grapes are consigned to the hand-mills stationed by the roadside, and after being thoroughly crushed are emptied, together with the expressed juice, into a large cask, fastened by strong chains to a kind of dray, which requires a couple of horses to drag it up the steep winding roads. The aperture of the cask is invariably secured by a padlock before the dray leaves the vineyard, although the press-house at the neighbouring Valley of Eberlach can be reached within ten minutes, and there is no other habitation beyond a large lunatic asylum within a couple of miles of the spot, so jealously guarded is the produce of the famous Steinberg vineyard.—*Wines of the World*.

Things New and Old.

A Singular Accident.

On the 9th July, 1872, the inhabitants of Glasgow were startled by an explosion which was heard to a considerable distance, and occurred in some very extensive steam flour mills, of which the front and back walls were blown out, while the interior was reduced to ruins, and speedily enveloped in flame, destroying the remainder of the extensive buildings. Several persons were killed, and a number of others were severely burned, or injured by the fall of masonry. That the explosion was not occasioned by the steam boilers employed as motive power in the mill was soon made clear; and by the evidence of persons employed in the mill at the time of the explosion, its origin was conclusively traced to the striking of fire by a pair of mill-stones, through the stopping of the "feed" or supply of grain to them, and the consequent friction of their bare surfaces against each other, the result being the ignition of the mixture of air and fine flour-dust surrounding the mill-stones.

This ignition alone would not suffice to develop any violent explosive effects; such ignitions, though occasionally observed in small mills, being caused either by the striking of fire by the stones, or by the incautious application of a light near the mill-stones, or the meal-spout attached thereto, have not in these instances been attended by any serious results. But in an extensive mill, where many pairs of stones may be at work at one time, each pair has a conduit attached to it, which leads to a common receptacle called an exhaust-box; into this the mixture of air and very fine flour-dust which surrounds the mill-stones is drawn by means of an exhaust-fan, sometimes aided by a system of air-blowers. The fine flour is allowed to deposit partially in this chamber or exhaust-box, and the air then passes into a second chamber, called a stive-room, where a further quantity of dust is deposited. It follows that, when the mill is at work, these chambers and the channels or spouts connecting them with the atmosphere immediately surrounding each mill-stone are all filled with an inflammable mixture of the finest flour-dust and air, and that, consequently, the application of a light to any one of those channels, or the striking of fire by any one of the mill-stones, by igniting some portion of the inflammable mixture, will result in the exceedingly rapid spread of flame throughout the confined spaces which are charged with it, and will thus develop an explosion. The violence of such explosions depends much upon details of construction of the exhaust-boxes and stive-rooms, and upon the dimensions of the channels of communication. It must obviously be regulated by the volume of inflammable mixture, through which fire rapidly spreads, and upon the extent of its confinement. In the case of the catastrophe at Glasgow, the production of a blaze at a pair of mill-stones was observed to be followed by a crackling noise as the flame rapidly spread through the conduits leading to the exhaust-box upon an upper floor, and a loud report from that direction was almost immediately heard. Professors Rankine and Macadam, who carefully investigated the cause of this accident, report that other flour-mill explosions which they have inquired into had been observed to be attended by a similar succession of phenomena to those

noticed upon this occasion. The bursting open of the exhaust-box by a similar though less violent explosion, attended by injury of workmen, the blowing out of windows and loosening of tiles, appears to have taken place on a previous occasion at these particular mills. In the last accident, however, the more violent explosion appears to have been followed by others, the flame having spread with great rapidity to distant parts of the mills through the many channels of communication in which the air was charged with inflammable dust, resulting from the cleansing and sifting operations carried on in different parts of the building, and rapidly diffused through the air by the shock and blast of the first explosion.

Mixed Diet.

The results of both experience and science go to prove that health and vigour are better maintained by a judicious use of mixed diet.

Animal food is the most nutritious, and, used with discretion, causes a more complete development of the body to take place, and consequently increases the energies of different functions. It has the effect of increasing the amount of fibrine with blood, and favouring the growth of the muscular system; but vegetables, though they convey less nutriment to the blood, perform most essential service, as they help to dissolve the albuminous substances of the meat; render the blood lighter by keeping the albumen and fibrine, contained in the blood, in a liquid state. This is why vegetables and fruits are preferred in hot climates, and why we should eat freely of them during summer.

It is found, upon very wide observation, that the people who partake of both animal and vegetable food in due proportion are those in whom the functions of nutrition are most perfectly performed. Every organ or tissue of their bodies is found to be in the most perfect state in which it can exist.

Vegetables are essential in assisting the process of digestion. In cabbage, asparagus, lettuce, cabbage sprouts, potash considerably predominates; in spinach, soda and potash are nearly equal; while in rhubarb a considerable amount of lime is contained. Cabbage sprouts are remarkable for their amount of lime and magnesia; and in the stalks and leaves of lettuce, in asparagus and cauliflower, traces of manganese, a metal very similar to iron, have been found.

"Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners."—*Othello*.

Mr. Truman says "that many persons entertain very different opinions respecting the variety of the simplicity that should be observed in our eating. Some consider that the human race has degenerated, and that diseases have become more numerous and fatal since the variety of our food has been so much increased. Certain authors state in their writings that the ancient Greeks and Romans were mainly indebted for their superiority over their contemporaries to their frugal manner of living, and to the little variety of diet they enjoyed; for they had neither brandy, liqueurs, tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, butter, nor any of the numerous articles of food used at present in Europe, which have been introduced or are imported from Asia and America. Allowing that some of the greatest ornaments of the human race have emanated from among those people, the mass of the population were not at

all in an analogous state of advancement, but, on the contrary, were in a very abject condition, both of mind and body, existing for the most part in a state of slavery. The average length of life was shorter amongst them than amongst us, and they were affected with many diseases more dreadful than anything of the kind known in modern times, which must be principally attributed to defective nutrition of the body."

A Wild Man.

A sort of Orson has been discovered in the great Australian archipelago, whose history positively bristles with points of interest, and, as the strange creature is already well on his way to Europe, the *questiones doctorum subtilissime* of which he is doomed to furnish the fruitful occasion are not likely to be long deferred. It seems, according to such intelligence as has already reached us, that on the 11th of April last the *John Bell*, schooner, engaged in the *bêche de mer* fishery, anchored off Night Island, a small island off the north-east coast of Queensland, and sent her boats ashore in quest of fresh water. The crews despatched on this duty fell in with a party of aboriginal blacks, amongst whom, to their great surprise, they found, living with the natives and speaking their tongue, a man of about thirty, who had once been white, but who, by the long action of the tropical sun upon his perfectly naked body, had become a bright red hue, something resembling the legs of a Barbary partridge. This interesting person was tattooed, or, to speak more exactly, scarred with grotesque devices on his chest and arms, his ears were pierced and had been pulled out to an abnormal length, and he wore an oyster-shell in his nose. Partly by persuasion, partly by fear, he was got into the schooner's boats; and as soon as he was on board, the *John Bell* hoisted sail for Somerset, Cape York. At first the new capture was shy, suspicious, and even sullen. That he was a white man was evident, but he could give no account of himself, and it was impossible to understand his semi-articulate utterances. Little by little, however, his old self seemed to return, and his dim thoughts—to borrow the well-known lines of "In Memoriam"—"rounded to a separate mind, from which new memories began." Then he spoke a few words, which were found to be French; he took a pencil and scribbled "*Narcisse Lepelletier*," with some other weird hieroglyphics after it. An English officer, Lieutenant Connor, was found to talk in French to him; and at last, almost as if by magic, the old recollections started to life, the speech of his boyhood revived, and the wild man of the woods told all his strange, eventful history. When only twelve years of age he had been a cabin boy on board the *St. Paul*, of Bordeaux, which, with a large cargo of coolies on board, was wrecked on a coral reef off Roussel Island, in the Louisiade Archipelago. The coolies, so far as can be gathered, were eaten by the Roussel islanders; the officers and crew of the *St. Paul*, however, after enduring very terrible suffering and deprivation, contrived at last to make their way in boats to New Caledonia, where the captain reported little *Narcisse Lepelletier* as dead. *Narcisse* had, no doubt, been left for dead, his poor child's feet cut all to rags by the razor edges of the coral reef, and his child's strength exhausted with the cruel tropical heat and the terrible thirst. As he lay, however, far more dead than alive, by the side of the little water-hole where

his companions had abandoned him, he was roused by a gentle shaking of the shoulder, and found five or six blacks—men and women together—standing over him. The aborigines, fortunately for the shipwrecked lad, were of kindly disposition, and innocent of any cannibal purpose. They took him by the hand, and led him to their camp, where he was received with a friendly welcome; and for seventeen years he has been a member of their tribe, living their life, speaking their tongue—and, we had almost said, wearing their dress.

Open to Doubt.

From Montreuil there comes a report concerning a disappearance only to be paralleled by the assumption of Romulus. An inhabitant of that peaceful locality, named Deverdon, lately invented a parachute. Mounted on this machine, he felt confident, as did all his friends, that a man might drop with safety from the moon itself. Anxious, above all things, that no jealous rival should steal his discovery, M. Deverdon resolved to make his first trial of it by night-time. Accordingly, he climbed to the roof of his house, posting three friends in the street below. It was clear, but very windy, that night. The friends saw him on the roof, watched him complete his preparations, and heard him call out "Ready!" At that moment came a blast sharper than before. The trees bowed and creaked; the witnesses all clung desperately to their head-gear. Something dark was beheld for a second, flying overhead; the wind passed, and the house-roof was vacant. From this instant, M. Deverdon has been no more seen of men. His parachute is supposed to have been but too successful. Not only did it guarantee him against falling, but it even lifted him in the air. At present they are dragging all the pools round Montreuil. If your readers don't believe this story, I can only say that they show less faith than the sceptical Parisian.

Olives.

In the Balearic Islands, where the cultivation appears to the eye to be so general, one-third of the land actually remains uncultivated. In these islands rather more than 26,838 hectares are occupied in the growth of olives. The olea tree, upon which the olive is grown, originally grows wild in the mountain land as a shrub, producing a fruit which bears no oil. When brought under cultivation, grafting is practised. The ancient historians of Majorca recount that in olden times the olive was unknown in the Balearic Islands, and that the art of grafting was taught to the islanders by the Carthaginians. By the appearance, however, of some of the enormous and ancient-looking olive trees to be seen now in Majorca, one would be tempted to believe that their existence dates as far back as the period to which the historian refers. An intelligent Majorcan farmer, being asked by Consul Bidwell how old he thought some of these trees were, replied, "I believe they may well date from the time of the Flood." It is a remarkable feature in the growth of these magnificent trees that one seldom or never sees two alike. Almost all, in the course of time, assume most grotesque forms; and upon old trees whose trunks are rent open and torn into half a dozen shreds is often to be seen the finest crop of fruit, while in Majorca they have in some places attained proportions akin to those of the forest trees of the tropics.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—IN WHICH I BECOME A POLITICIAN
AND A PARTISAN.

MY great enemy at that time was the night. I might go to bed ever so sleepy, but directly I laid my head on the pillow memory began its Jack-o'-lantern tricks, and repose became out of the question.

So, though I generally dined at home, and spent the evening with Cerise, directly that little responsibility was packed off to bed I went to my club, and played at whist and billiards—games which I could take part in without fear of losing much, and at which I won when my luck was in the ascendant.

Sometimes, however, I sought distraction in other ways; and one night I had a fancy to look in at the Haymarket Theatre, and see a favourite comedy which was being well acted there.

It is probably the knowledge that so many people get in for nothing which makes those who are not in the way of obtaining the orders which go a-begging nightly so economical in theatrical matters; but it is a fact that men who do not habitually grudge money spent on their own amusements make an exception where dramatic entertainments are concerned. I own to having shared this weakness, and seldom visited any other part of a theatre but the pit, and that at half-price.

To my fancy, the best seats in the Haymarket pit are the very last, right at the back; and as the majority of people like to press as forward as they can, it was generally possible to get a place in that favourite situation, even when the house was well filled. It was so on this occasion; and I was soon comfortably settled, with my back against the balcony of the dress circle, my hat on my head or off it at pleasure, umbrella (instrument of applause) between my legs, for which there was stretching room; and when the curtain fell at the end of an act, it was only getting up and turning round to find my nose almost on a level with the elaborate shirt fronts and pearly shoulders of those who had paid a higher price, or nothing, for admission.

On taking advantage of this high privilege, I found myself close to a face which was very familiar to me. It had got broader, indeed, and browner, and was adorned with mutton chop whiskers, "which was not so before;" but still it was impossible that it should belong to any one but Claridge.

He recognised me at the same moment, and leaning forward over the balcony, extended towards me a hand, which I shook, to the surprise of surrounding spectators.

"Of all men living, you are the one I most desired to see," he said, in a deep, mellow voice, which could have been heard half over the house. "Can you meet me outside when this is over? In case we miss, I am at the Old Hummums. I suppose you would like to see the play out?"

"Not a bit," replied I. "I am ready to come away at once if you are."

"Come, then."

With much elbowing of ribs, and trampling of toes, and request for pardon, and incurring of anathemas, I wormed myself out of the pit; and, turning round

to the box entrance, found Claridge standing on the steps.

We shook hands again, and strolled on together to my club.

"Have you been fighting any duels lately?" I asked.

"No, by Jove. I have confined myself to the shooting of game since I saw you last, and have not practised at my fellow-creatures; unless, indeed, a couple of monkeys, and a very peculiar nigger who had a strange taste for making *and eating* dirt pies, and a dangerous habit of shooting at everybody who came near him with poisoned arrows, may be so considered. Ah, that was a serious thing, that duel of mine. It prevented your taking orders, and so deprived the Church of England of one of her brightest—can you deprive anything of what it never possessed, though? You would have been a bishop by this, perhaps."

"Hardly yet," I replied. "I got your letter, announcing the fervency of your sporting mania, on my return from the Cape of Good Hope."

"The Cape of Good Hope? Why, have you been among the lions, too, then?"

"Not I—the Fates forbid. I went on business."

Claridge stopped short, and said, in a tone of disappointment—

"Then you are no longer the boy for a lark."

"On the contrary," I replied, "that is just what I am. I have tried the life of a merchant, and I am sick of it; so that you have got me in the right humour if you want a companion to the Rocky Mountains or the North Pole. But here we are at my club."

We went up to the smoking-room, which was deserted, all the members who frequented it at an earlier hour being now collected in the card and billiard-rooms. This was comfortable, as it rendered it unnecessary for us to talk low; and when we were provided with sodas and brandies, Claridge said, in continuation—

"And you are absolutely a free man?"

"Free as London Bridge, or an emancipated nigger, or a spoiled beauty, or a mountain kid."

"And up to a bit of fun?"

"Yes," replied I—"anything within the conventional limits of pitch and toss and manslaughter."

"Inclusive?"

"Hum! I had sooner, I think, stop short of any absolute tampering with the sixth Commandment. You see, killing folks is an amusement which is so apt to turn out reciprocal."

"And is life so very valuable to you?" broke out Claridge. "'Fore George, you are a lucky fellow, if so! I beg your pardon if I have touched a raw," he hastened to add; for doubtless my face showed the twinge of a keen pang his words gave me, a man in my absurd position being very sensitive and suspicious of banter—"if you have any secret I have not heard a word about it, and do not want to hear. So long as my friends do not cross-examine me as to why I do not care to stay at home and hatch the paternal pheasants' eggs, rear the paternal fox cubs or young rabbits, and otherwise attend to the stocking of the paternal acres with wild creatures, instead of wandering over the earth like a gipsy or a pilgrim father, I am perfectly content to know no more about them than they choose to volunteer to tell me. On my honour, Hamilton, I only spoke in generalities."

"There is no need to apologize, my dear Claridge," said I. "I expect that few men approach the age of thirty without discovering that there are a good many worse misfortunes in life than that termination of it which must come some time. I have no disgust with existence exactly, but have found out that secret a few years sooner than most men, that is all. I expect we are both in the same category. I mean that we like to be engaged in some exciting pursuit which quickens the pulses and lightens the feet, and are willing to risk something for that object."

"You have exactly hit it," cried Claridge; "and what I have to propose to you will just about satisfy this desire. What are your views upon the Salic Law?"

"Upon my word," cried I, as much astonished as if he had consulted me about the Thirty-nine Articles, "I have never given it a thought. It is a law to forbid women from succeeding to the throne, is it not? I thought so. Well, let me see, it is not an English restriction, and therefore it must be a bad one; that is enough for me. A bit of dogma saves a world of bother."

"Just so," said Claridge. "And on the same principle you are an ardent lover of constitutional liberty?"

"To be sure."

"And you hate priestcraft, Jesuitry, tyranny, and bigotry?"

"All right. I cannot tolerate intolerance; my prejudices against prejudice are invincible; and if any man has a faith or a taste which I do not share, I would either argue or thrash him out of it, but simply for his own good."

"You will do," laughed Claridge.

"But," I hastened to add, as a suspicion flashed upon my bewilderment, "I will have nothing to do with plotting against any Government, either at home or abroad. I am no practical republican, and would sooner die of listlessness than lend a helping hand to the stirring up of insurrection or civil war."

"Why, my dear Jack," cried Claridge, "what have you got into your head now? Do I look like a conspirator? Am I a likely sort of fellow to have an assortment of poisoned daggers concealed in my bosom? It is true that I suggest to you a bit of fighting, and that in a foreign quarrel. But our cause is that of order, of right: we propose to put an end to a civil war which has been raging and devastating a fine country for years, not to foment one. Have you ever heard of Spain?"

"Oh, yes, often," I replied. "Some Roman fellow—or was it a Greek?—did something there which we had to construe at Eton. And we had to learn the ancient names of the modern towns in the country on map mornings. Sir John Moore died there—'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,' you know. Wellington gained the thick of his laurels in Spain; sherry—at least, some of it—comes from Spain; they are fond of bull-fights and fandangoes out there, and grow excellent marmalade. Know Spain, indeed! What do you take me for?"

"Well, well; but are you acquainted with the present state of Spanish politics?"

I was obliged to confess a most reprehensible ignorance on that subject—which, indeed, at that time extended to French, German, Italian, and even home questions; for the newspapers had arrived at Cape Town a

long time after date, and I hate a stale newspaper like stale bread; while since my return to England my attention had been entirely absorbed by private matters.

"At least," said Claridge, "you know that Isabella II. is the present Queen of the country?"

"Exactly; but go on just as if I didn't."

"The constitutional Queen, and also the rightful sovereign by law," continued Claridge. "She is supported, too, by the great majority of her subjects, and by all the inhabitants of the towns. But Don Carlos has put forward a claim to the throne; and as he is opposed to all freedom and progress, is a blind bigot, would have no power or authority to exist in the country but that of a despot and the Church, would restore the palmy days of the Inquisition and light up bonfires for Jews and heretics, he has got a good many adherents amongst the priests and fanatics of the wildest and most uncivilized mountain districts; and as there is a strong turn for brigandage amongst the Spanish peasantry, his ranks are also swelled by numbers of rascals who do not care an iota for his cause, but find the sacking of towns and villages an agreeable and profitable occupation, and murder, rape, and arson just suited to their tastes. Well, as the Christians find that they cannot put down the rebellion, they have applied to their allies, England, France, and Portugal, to assist them in settling their unhappy country, and enabling it to get up from the bottom of the European class where it has stuck so long. And the foreign powers have agreed. France and Portugal are to guard their frontiers, and prevent succour from reaching the insurgents in those directions, as also to deny them an asylum when they are defeated and driven towards the borders. England has provided the Queen with supplies, has sent ships to guard a portion of her coasts, and aid certain seaport towns which are threatened with attack. Parliament has also granted permission to the Queen's Government to raise a British Legion at their own expense, just to show them how to fight to some purpose. This auxiliary force is now in process of formation. I have got a commission in it, and I can get one for you too, if you like. Sir De Lacy Evans, a man one can trust blindfold, has got the command."

"A campaign!" cried I. "Why, that is the very thing. I'll make one."

"Nay—sleep upon it, and give me an answer to-morrow," replied Claridge. "I confess myself a partizan; and you ought to hear the merits of the question from some indifferent person before deciding."

"No," said I; "that would be to incur an unnecessary responsibility. So long as the Government of my country authorizes the business, that is enough for me. I could never obtain the opportunities for calm judgment that Ministers have had. There goes my hat into the ring."

"But there is another point," persisted Claridge. "We shall have to look for our pay to the Spanish and not the English Government, mind you; and your Don is a shocking bad hand at ready-money transactions."

"Hang the pay!" was my noble reply. "When you proposed some exciting expedition, I expected that it would cost me a round sum of money. If I get off quite, I shall be, therefore, a clear gainer."

"Poor old boy!" said Claridge.

He must have been suffering from some unlucky love mishap himself, he evidently saw the state of my mind so clearly. If so, it was an extraordinary confirmation of the truth of the old proverb, "Lucky in play, unlucky in love," that we two men, who had won such a nice sum, for undergraduates, together at Newmarket years ago, with so little thought and trouble, should have both since fallen victims to tasteless females.

That last sentence is allowed to stand, not through ignorance of its being silly, but in hopes of giving some faint idea of the state of my mind. I was perpetually bantering myself at that time. It is a remedy which Ovid has omitted, but is not altogether without effect, taken with more powerful medicines.

So, then, Claridge got me a subaltern's commission in the —th Regiment of Infantry—the one to which he belonged; in the *cadre* of it, that is, for the Legion was only a paper force at present. I understood that all the field officers, and probably all captains likewise, would be half-pay officers in the English army—men presumably up to their work.

I certainly entered the service of the Queen of Spain in the most reckless manner, without knowing or caring anything whatever about the justice or injustice, success or failure of her cause, but only seeking a sufficient amount of danger to render safety desirable—a near enough approach to death to make me value life; and if it had so happened that the Melbourne Cabinet were on the other side, and the auxiliary forces destined for the service of Don Carlos instead of his enemy, it would have been all the same to me.

Not but what I soon became enthusiastic; for directly the news spread that a British Legion was to be raised on behalf of Isabella II., such a storm of abuse arose as converted the most lukewarm into violent partisans. It is always difficult to guess how the English people will take anything—witness the great American Civil War, in which it was almost any odds beforehand that our sympathies would go with the North; though, in fact—no one knows exactly why—they certainly tended the other way. And so it was in 1835. Any one would surely have prognosticated that where constitutional government was fighting against the most brutal and unromantic form of despotism; temperate and enlightened forms of religion against monkish superstition; the wealth and intelligence of a country against the poverty, ignorance, and debasement which had reduced it to insignificance amongst nations, that every Englishman would have cheered on the party which was attempting to tread in the steps which had led his own country to greatness. But the contrary was the fact; for party prejudices proved stronger than national instincts. The Legion was sanctioned by and raised under the auspices of a Whig Government, and the Queen's party in Spain called themselves Liberals. That was quite enough for the Tory press; and the Tory press, thirty or forty years ago, held the position in this country that the Liberal press does now, and was quite as il-Liberal where political opponents were concerned.

We of the Legion got it hot and strong. The weak points in our harness were so obvious that the veriest tyro in journalistic scurrility could make good practice at them. We were mercenaries—as we hoped to receive our pay, there was no denying that; and on mercenaries, when they are not on your side, it has always been

the custom to load all the excesses committed by an army; and we were at once denounced for those which we were *going* to commit. Then, almost all the men were recruits, who had yet to be drilled into soldiers; and by comparing their appearance with that of crack regiments in the British army, it was easy for a journalist who had any smartness in him to be very facetious.

I was amused at first to find myself a bit of the object exciting such a ridiculous violence of abuse; but one gets tired of insult and execration, and after a while I became indignant, and then furious. If I had been an Arabian Nights despot for a day, at that time, I do believe that I should have employed it in hanging all the editors and a large portion of the staff of every Tory paper in London—which would have been a pity.

Up to that time I had been very indifferent to politics, having a sort of general idea that the powers of an Administration were very limited, and whether the holders of place called themselves Whigs or Tories it would make no difference to my interests, or those of anybody else, except their own sons and nephews. But now I enlisted under the banner of Whiggism, and—so virulent was the abuse of the other party—have stuck to that side ever since; though I am a little puzzled at elections now, for the Liberalism of my young days is the Conservatism of the present—at least, so far as I can make out.

Claridge and I were anxious to prepare ourselves for our future career as speedily as possible. We bought red-covered books of field exercises, and examined each other in military catechisms. We also engaged a drill sergeant, who attended us daily, and put us through our facings, taught us the goose step, the sword exercise, the manual and platoon, and even contrived to initiate us into some of the early mysteries of company drill.

It was all very much more difficult than we had anticipated, and we were greatly humiliated by that discovery.

"Do you know, Jack," said Claridge, "I had always thought that to fit oneself for a soldier was an operation which made the least demand upon the intellectual faculties. I am now of an opinion that it requires genius. The clodhoppers of England who are eventually converted into rank and file must be men of talent, every one of them."

"Perhaps," said I, "it is easier to learn when you move in a body, and see theory put into practice. That is the case with games. Did you ever try to learn piquet or cribbage from a book?"

"I dare say you are right," he replied. "But, oh! what *is* meant by 'When right is in front, left is the pivot; when left is in front, right is the pivot'?"

I shook my head. That was our Asses' Bridge.

CLEVER.—In a moment of petulance and at a supper the King had given Duc de Richelieu a slap. This, it will be seen at once, was being "driven into a corner." To return it was impossible, to rest under it was disgrace, and, indeed, any serious dealing with the matter must, at the best, have led to retirement from the Court—a self-inflicted punishment which would have been ridiculous where no offence had been given. Without a moment's pause, the nobleman turned to his neighbour and slapped his face, saying, "The King wishes you to pass that on."—*Graphic*.

Fishing in the Shade.

IN the sultry days of midsummer, when the thermometer is too warm to regard without perspiration, and the unclouded sun showers down the burning rays like hot shot, when no drink can satiate the thirsty soul and no artificial shade produce comfort, and when the white roads are tremulous with heat, the idea of fishing in the ordinary way is simply intolerable. The Elysium of the heated fancy is to bask in pleasant green meads, running down with shady slopes to the gurgling stream, and pass the time in some way, unattended by exertion or the necessity for close attention.

Angling for trout in the usual way is far from being what is required. Trolling, spinning, live-baiting, and fly-throwing are insufferably fatiguing. There is the sustaining of a heavy rod, the drawing out of line, the incessant throwing out, the irritating adjustment of the bait, the constant stress of attention; and last, but not least, it is imperative that the angler, in all these styles of fishing, should, for the most part, expose himself to the full blaze of the sun, at the risk of sunstroke, and to avoid the inevitable and hopeless entanglements which would result if he sought the friendly shade of some overhanging tree; and, beyond and above all these, there is another reason for discarding all thoughts of angling successfully by these means, and that is, perhaps, the most important of all—namely, that in very hot weather, ordinary allurements fail to make the trout bite at all.

But there is a bait named by the naturalists *sarco-phaga*, and known to the butcher as the bluebottle fly. This bold, brilliant insect—which haunts the unhallowed precincts of the slaughterhouse, and ever, amid the clamour and tumult of the world, persistently arrests our attention by the roaring of his wings—is the desideratum. Therein lies the secret of easeful recreation during the heat and brilliance of noonday. And this is how the expert fisherman uses the seasonable bait.

Down in yonder glade, through its banks of soft green moss, beneath the close-woven Gothic arches of the trees, runs merrily onward a swift brook, with a cool, refreshing sound, over white shingles, and around and about dainty nooks, inhabited by the meditative and sluggish trout. Through the openings of the boughs fall the golden sunbeams, glinting and flashing on the transparent stream and its snowy pebbles. The lime trees are fragrant with the warmth, and the soft hum of the wild bees from their nest in yonder beech steals on the ear with a soothing sound. All else is still. There is not a breath to disturb the perfect serenity of the scene: the leaves are undisturbed; not even a fish is to be seen, to suggest fatiguing exertion, as it labours with quivering oars against the stream.

The fisherman reaches the umbrageous shelter, pauses with grateful pleasure, and wipes his heated brow. He then parts the foliage to gaze on the stream below. Immediately, probably aroused by the reverberation of his step, out darts the agile form of a fish of a beautiful dark olive colour. Swift as light, he speeds across the water into a recess in the opposite bank. By the lashing of his powerful tail, the iridescent glories of his sides are revealed. He is *Salmo fario*—the trout.

The bluebottle aforesaid is destined to be his death—in this wise. Taking up his position amid the large-leaved alders fringing the bank, and thus out of sight,

Piscator draws from the case a stout, stiff rod, and a noiseless winch, covered with a tolerably stout silk line. These are put together, and a fine gut bottom is attached to the line, connected to which is a very beautifully made, well-tempered single hook of medium size. Just above this is a shot, the use of which will be apparent presently. Then from the mysterious depths of a capacious pocket, a bullock's horn, pierced with holes, is drawn, and the cork lifted. With considerable dignity, and little of its former fire, a bluebottle slowly makes its appearance, to be taken between the fingers, killed, and impaled on the hook.

All is now ready, and the bait is gently dropped in the water, the shot sinking it to just opposite where a trout is supposed to be in covert, probably ruminating on piscine affairs.

The beneficial change in the aspect of the angler is at this juncture worthy of careful notice. From being heated and weary with the intolerable toil of walking, he has become cool, deliberate, and comfortable. He has caught sight of his quarry, and feels certain of its capture. From his lair, into which the stream gently whirls, carrying within reach the seductive lure, the subtle trout watches, and his steady lustrous eyes and poised fins seem to indicate there is no hurry. But Piscator has his bag to fill; therefore, by way of an intimation that such is the case, he softly lifts the pendant bait away from the fish and towards the surface. Like the lightning swoop of an eagle, or the spring of a tiger, Master Trout is upon it, and has turned back again to his abode. But he is hooked, and finds it is to be a fight for mastery. Now the utility of a strong line is observable. No gentle handling is sufficient, for fear of entanglement. Firmly and resolutely his every effort is checked, until he lies exhausted, panting and dying, on the verdant bank. In this state he is perfectly beautiful, and the very agony of his struggles serves the more to reveal that he is truly a triumph of water-life.

Specimen after specimen, in this manner, may be drawn from the purling stream, till the heat is forgotten, and the waning sport indicates the approach of evening. For be it observed that this mode is only effectual during the brightness of the day, and terminates its usefulness precisely when the other ways and means can with comfort be used. If Piscator be wise, however, he is content to put up his tackle for the enjoyment of the river-side walk home. If he has been fortunate, he is exactly in condition to enjoy this. His heart is glad, and he can appreciate the voices of the evening as no other can. The sun has set behind the distant hill in a flood of crimson light. The gloaming comes down, bathing everything in a mystic purple glamour. In the far distance, perhaps, the soft murmur of the weir or rapids can be distinguished above the sighing of the reeds, and the even-song of birds. All things are peaceful, and the fisherman not the least so. The pretty little sedge-warbler trills its tiny song, the bats utter their shrill whine, and the querulous coot calls home her young brood; the lark drops down in the long grass, and the night-jar commences its incessant rattle. Far aloft the ghostly heron utters his harsh, weird cry, as he speeds his way to the happy fishing grounds, secure in the knowledge that he is a better fisherman than any who handle the rod and line. One by one the stars appear, and the day is done.

Verily, that gentle patroness of the gentle craft, Dame Julyana Barnes, writes truly and sweetly when she says:—

"The angler, atte the leest, hath his bolsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the sweet savor of the meade floures, that maketh him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of the fowlls with their brodes, whych to me seemeth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blast of hornys, and the scrye of fowlls, that hunters, fawkeners, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fysshe, surely thenne is there noo merier in his spyryte."

Thus, if the heat be too intense to suit general angling, there is a solace in a readier means of getting sport than one would dream of to whom the innumerable resources of the true fisherman are unknown. Fine weather is too precious to be wasted; hence, the method described may be safely recommended for the realization to a nicety of the latter remarks of the learned prioress of St. Alban's.

The Casual Observer.

AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

IF that very saving individual, Jonas Chuzzlewit, had undertaken the pioneering of his cousins through the wonders of the South Kensington Museum, he would have been sure to have chosen either a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, since upon either of the other days the heavy sum of sixpence is charged, when he would have calculated upon the expense of self sixpence—Jonas would have put self first!—and two cousins at sixpence each—one and six, without reckoning the cost of buns at that refreshment hall whose grand aspect scares away the poorer visitors in shoals, in spite of the enticement hung out in the shape of tariff cards.

If you—the reader—should visit this Museum, go upon a sixpenny or students' day, if you wish to see the handsome building and its well-arranged contents; but if you are ethnologically disposed, and your leanings are towards the many-headed, go upon a free day, and more especially upon that saint day which follows Sunday, when you may study the visitors at your leisure. By the way, though, one thing is evident, and that is, that the South Kensington Museum is not known—not thoroughly known—or, where a score visit now, there would certainly be a hundred; but, after all, the place is comparatively new.

The visitors, though, are many; and you miss the old stolid look that fixes upon their faces in the dismally-oppressive halls of Russell-street. The light, graceful building, the bright blendings of colour, the elegant cases, and capital arrangement of articles on exhibition—all go here to make up a pleasing and attractive whole, whose constituents find plenty of gazers; though matters that should be of the least interest seem to excite the most, and many a unique gem of beauty is left, for the gapers to follow the perambulations of the gasmen when the hour arrives for lighting up the building.

How, though, certain things are picked out to form centres of attraction, and how wonderfully similar is the taste of the mass of the Monday lookers-on. In pictures George Cruikshank carries off the palm, with his well-meaning but excessively ugly "Worship of

Bacchus," in front of which group after group stop to crowd and moralize.

"Ah! don't you see? that there's the gallus, and the workis, and the prison; and that's the end they're a-comin' to," says one, ending with a deep sigh.

"Look at 'em drinkin' the little 'un's health," says another.

"My! aint the undertakers havin' a wet!" exclaims a waggish gentleman in his best clothes, and the laugh which follows spoils, *pro tem.*, the moral of the picture.

Roaming at random through the galleries, a good many different types of every-day humanity are presented to your gaze. Mary Ann, and her cousin the soldier, are encountered again and again; and it is quite surprising to how many different corps that cousin belongs. In one case he is the mighty, strapped, stayed, and buttoned-up Life Guard—wonder whether he will become the guard of Mary Ann's life! Let's hope not, for the poor girl's sake! In another case, it is the stout, sturdy Grenadier; and, again, we have the smart trooper of a light horse regiment, or the uncommonly ungainly, unattractive private of the line. Mary Ann, though only a representative of the servant girl class, is a staunch follower of *La Grande Duchesse*; she loves the military—always did love it—and no doubt always will, save where the policeman exercises a stronger influence; and now that this new helmet has made its appearance, who can say what will follow?

Perhaps there is as much enjoyment in having a good stare at a case of jewels as in being the possessor; at all events, the party grouped round the gems of the Chauncey Townsend bequest are thoroughly enjoying themselves, though whether their mouths water to the same extent as the gems it is impossible to say. One leaves the party, though, with the impression that an appreciation of the value of precious stones is much like the thorough knowledge of Turner's paintings—it requires a special education; for here the great beryls, cairngorms, and aquamarines evidently stand far higher in popular estimation than stones possessing such high-sounding titles as diamond, emerald, ruby, or sapphire.

"Oh, here's a lark; why, it's a hoister. Is that a pearl?" Pearl it is, and oyster it is, preserved in spirits; and beside such a curiosity as an oyster exhibiting the growth of a pearl, what are all the glories of the old china? But the new gallery, with its glazed pillars, tiled floor, elegant cornices, and pedestal after pedestal bearing trophies of ceramic art, is decidedly appreciated, evidently from its attractiveness. As a rule, those great-grandmothers of our grand pianos—the clavi and harpsichords—in spite of their rich ornamentation, are declared to be "no great shakes." The "furrin banjos," as they are termed, and the huge Roumanian horn, are great attractions; and one youth looks as if he would give all he possesses for a good blow.

Hideous carvings and graceful sculptures obtain their share of attention, notably the handsome marble memorial presenting a life-like statue of the late Prince Consort, its destination being Bombay. Mosaic and enamel, filigree jewellery and fans, all have their examiners; but, as a rule, the latter do not find much favour; and then, after a wander, one comes upon an admiring crowd about the Newfoundland Dog and the

Serpent. Another group is wondering over the gay suit of Japanese armour—or set of harness, by the way, for an ass—for surely no human being could expect protection therefrom.

A peep here and a peep there, and in spite of many visits, there is always something attractive. Now one has a glance at the great court from the central gallery, a glimpse of the bright ferneries, or a moment's shuddering look through glazed doors at fierce, hard-featured, blue-stockish young ladies in libraries, turning over the leaves of huge tomes; and one sighs, and thinks how much nicer they would look at croquet, croquet, or even engaged in that humblest of embroidery—darning stockings.

From pictures to statues, with fathers of families pointing out the perfections. Here, too, is a bronzed sailor, in his loose, blue, easy clothing; a Minotaur he, as his gilt legended cap tells; while close by, and certainly deriving no educational benefit, is one who must be a tailor out of work, and as drunk as the proverbial fiddler. He is quiet, and taking in everything with a stare that might mean superior wisdom. It is evident, though, that he has not yet come within the scope of the policeman's eye.

Hall, court, gallery, all have their visitors; but, comparatively speaking, they are few in number, probably from the fact of the Museum being so little known; for, startling as the remark may seem, there are those in the far east of London who hardly know where South Kensington lies; but to use the remark of one spectator—

"If this was out our way, Tom, wouldn't it be crammed!"

Pity it is not, say we, for we have no investments in music-halls.

"Our Seamen."

THE following letter, which shows the engrossing and exciting characteristics of the work now being carried on by the hon. member for Derby, was sent some time ago by Mr. Plimsoll to Mr. Edward Baines, ex-M.P. for Leeds:—

"35, Victoria-street, S.W., March 13, 1875.

"DEAR MR. BAINES—I am in receipt of your kind letter, but I really can't—every day brings me so many, many letters about ships and seamen that, with all the help I can get, my life is almost a burden to me. Only last night, for instance, I reached home from the House soon after midnight, and when I went to bed, there was a telegram came from a seaman, saying, 'For God's sake, do your utmost immediately; they are sending us to sea with only three inches of side below the main deck.' I dressed myself and drove to Whitehall, and rang up the porter. He gave me the private address of the Marine Secretary, four miles off. I drove, but could not find the house, so knocked up one sleeping household, then another, then a third, for which I got anything but a kind reception; then tried the nearest inn, but could not rouse them; then returned to Whitehall and rang up the porter again, and took him with me and found the house—this brought us to nearly four o'clock a.m.—rang up the secretary, and got authority to stop the ship. He then opened a telegram which had reached Whitehall before my second visit, and exclaimed—

'Why, here's another!' Then he opened two others which the porter had brought with him, and they, too, were both of them cases of gross overloading. So he wrote telegrams to stop all four; and, having overcome his natural disgust at being roused out of bed, he told me, in reply to my expressions of regret at being obliged to get him up, that a case had just occurred where the owners of a ship loaded with maize in bulk had discharged the captain for insisting upon shifting boards to keep the cargo from shifting, and engaged another, and forced the vessel to sea; that the discharged captain's warning had been vindicated by the vessel turning over and drowning the crew—seven men. These things are happening every night, and nobody cares, nobody takes it to heart; and brave and hardy men are going to almost certain death every night, while we all lie soft and warm. What can I do? Can you speak a word for me to Mr. —? You know him; he might possibly be induced to help me. It was piercingly cold coming home, for I had forgotten my overcoat; but we had the telegrams which would save four crews from almost certain death, and that made up for all. It was after five o'clock this morning before I got home and to bed, well satisfied with the results. Can you help me with Mr. —? I have thought much lately how greatly a man of his powerful influence could assist in putting a stop to this wholesale murder. —I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

"SAMUEL PLIMSOLL."

A Tyrolean Legend.

PRECIPICES and glaciers are not the only difficulties that the chamois hunter has to contend with. Now and then an ugly dwarf or hobgoblin will spring up in their path, and threaten them with destruction. There is a story of a hunter who was waylaid by an irascible little being of this sort, who snappishly demanded of the sportsman what he did up there, killing all the chamois. The hunter pleaded poverty, and justified his conduct by the circumstance that he had a wife and family to feed at home. So the dwarf told him that if he gave up killing the animals upon the mountains, he should find a fat chamois already slaughtered hanging before his door once a week. So the huntsman went home, and sure enough, when he opened the cottage door next morning, there hung a fine chamois upon one of the trees. The man was delighted with his good fortune, and for some time lived contentedly upon the food provided for him. But after awhile he became tired of doing nothing, and yearned to spring about the mountains, as before, with his gun. So one morning he bade his wife farewell, and went off to his accustomed hunting-ground. From a jutting rock, upon which he could just balance himself, he spied a plump chamois feeding in the green valley below. He steadied himself as well as possible to take aim, when, just as he pressed the trigger, the dwarf's laugh was heard behind him, and at the same moment his foot was slipped from the rock, and he fell headlong into the abyss below.—*Beauty Spots of the Continent.*

PITHY.—It was the old Prince de Metternich who said that, individually, all Englishmen are mad, but together they are the most reasonable people in the world.



H. J. BYRON.—COMEDY.

Our Water House.

CHAPTER I.

FOR some months after our marriage, Euphemia and I boarded. But we didn't like it. Indeed, there was no reason why we should like it. Euphemia said that she never felt at home except when she was out, which feeling, indicating such an excessively unphilosophic state of mind, was enough to make me desire to have a home of my own, where, except upon rare and exceptional occasions, my wife would never care to go out.

If you should want to rent a house, there are three ways to find one. One way is to advertise; another is to read the advertisements of other people. This is a comparatively cheap way. A third method is to apply to an agent. But none of these plans are worth anything. The proper way is to know some one who will tell you of a house that will just suit you. Euphemia and I thoroughly investigated this matter, and I know that what I say is a fact.

We tried all the plans. When we advertised, we had about a dozen admirable answers; but although everything seemed to suit, the amount of rent was not named. (None of those in which the rent was named would do at all.) And when I went to see the owners, or agents of these houses, they asked much higher rents than those mentioned in the unavailable answers—and this, notwithstanding the fact that they always asserted that their terms were either very reasonable or else greatly reduced on account of the season being advanced. (It was now the fifteenth of May.)

Euphemia and I once wrote a book—this was just before we were married—in which we told young married people how to go to housekeeping, and how much it would cost them. We knew all about it, for we had asked several people. Now the prices demanded as yearly rental for small furnished houses, by the owners and agents of whom I have been speaking, were actually more than we had stated a house could be bought and furnished for!

The advertisements of other people did not serve any better. There was always something wrong about the houses when we made close inquiries, and the trouble was generally in regard to the rent. With agents we had a little better fortune. Euphemia sometimes went with me on my expeditions to real estate offices, and she remarked that these offices were always in the basement, or else you had to go up to them in an elevator. There was nothing between these extremes. And it was a good deal the same way, she said, with their houses. They were all very low indeed in price and quality, or else too high. She assured me several times that if we could find any office on the second or third floor, we should certainly be suited. But we never found such an office.

One trouble was that we wanted a house in a country place, not very far from the city, and not very far from the railroad station or steamboat landing. We also wanted the house to be nicely shaded and fully furnished, and not to be in a malarious neighbourhood, or one infested by mosquitoes.

"If we do go to housekeeping," said Euphemia, "we might as well get a house to suit us while we are about it. Moving is more expensive than a fire."

There was one man who offered us a house that almost suited us. It was near the water, had rooms enough, and some—but not very much—ground, and was very accessible to the city. The rent, too, was quite reasonable. But it was unfurnished. The agent, however, did not think that this would present any obstacle to our taking it. He was sure that the owner would furnish it if we paid him ten per cent. on the value of the furniture he put into it. We agreed that if the landlord would do this, and let us furnish the house according to the plans laid down in our book, we would take the house. But unfortunately this arrangement did not suit the landlord, although he was in the habit of furnishing houses for tenants, and charging them ten per cent. on the cost.

I saw him myself, and talked to him about it.

"But," said he, when I had shown him our list of articles necessary for the furnishing of a house, "it would not pay me to buy all these things, and rent them out to you. If you only wanted heavy furniture, which would last for years, the plan would answer; but you want everything. I believe the small conveniences you have on this list come to more money than the furniture and carpets."

"Oh, yes," said I. "We are not so very particular about furniture and carpets, but these little conveniences are the things that make housekeeping pleasant and—speaking from a common sense point of view—profitable."

"That may be," he answered, "but I can't afford to make matters pleasant and profitable for you in that way. Now, then, let us look at one or two particulars. Here, on your list, is an ice-pick: twenty-five cents. Now, if I buy that ice-pick and rent it to you at two and a-half cents a year, I shall not get my money back unless it lasts you ten years. And even then, as it is not probable that I can sell that ice-pick after you have used it for ten years, I shall have made nothing at all by my bargain. And there are other things in that list, such as feather dusters and lamp chimneys, that couldn't possibly last ten years. Don't you see my position?"

I saw it. We did not get that furnished house. Euphemia was greatly disappointed.

"It would have been just splendid," she said. "to have taken our book and have ordered all these things at the stores, one after another, without even being obliged to ask the price."

I had my private doubts in regard to this matter of price. I am afraid that Euphemia generally set down the lowest prices and the best things. She did not mean to mislead, and her plan certainly made our book attractive. But it did not work very well in practice. We have a friend who undertook to furnish her house by our book, and she could never get the things as cheaply as we had them quoted.

"But you see," said Euphemia to her, "we had to put them down at very low prices, because the model house we speak of in the book is to be entirely furnished for just so much."

But, in spite of this explanation, the lady was not satisfied.

We found ourselves obliged to give up the idea of a furnished house. We would have taken an unfurnished one and furnished it ourselves, but we hadn't money enough.

We were dreadfully afraid that we should have to continue to board.

It was now getting on toward summer—at least, there was only a part of a month of spring left; and whenever I could get off from my business, Euphemia and I made little excursions into the country round about the city. Sometimes we had only an hour or two of an evening, but on Sundays we had all day. One afternoon we went up the Harlem river, and there we saw a sight that transfixed us, as it were. On the river bank, a mile or so above High Bridge, stood a canal-boat. I say stood, because it was so firmly imbedded in the ground by the river-side, that it would have been almost as impossible to move it as to have turned the Sphinx around. This boat, we soon found, was inhabited by an oyster-man and his family. They had lived there for many years, and were really doing quite well. The boat was divided, inside, into rooms, and these were papered and painted, and nicely furnished. There was a kitchen, a living-room, a parlour, and bed-rooms. There were all sorts of conveniences—carpets on the floors, pictures, and everything—at least, so it seemed to us—to make a home comfortable. This was not all done at once, the oyster-man told me. They had lived there for years, and had gradually added this and that until the place was as we saw it. He had an oyster-bed out in the river, and he made cider in the winter, but where he got the apples I don't know. There was really no reason why he should not get rich in time.

Well, we went all over that house, and we praised everything so much that the oyster-man's wife was delighted, and when we had some stewed oysters afterward—eating them at a little table under a tree near by—I believe that she picked out the very largest oysters she had to stew for us. When we had finished our supper, and had paid for it, and were going down to take our little boat again—for we had rowed up the river—Euphemia stopped and looked around her. Then she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, in an ecstatic undertone—

"We must have a canal-boat!"

And she never swerved from that determination.

After I had seriously thought over the matter, I could see no good reason against adopting this plan. It would certainly be a cheap method of living, and it would really be housekeeping. I grew more and more in favour of it. After what the oyster-man had done, what might not we do? He had never written a book on housekeeping, nor, in all probability, had he considered the matter, philosophically, for one moment in all his life.

But it was not an easy thing to find a canal-boat. There were none advertised for rent—at least, not for housekeeping purposes.

We made inquiries and took many a long walk along the watercourses in the vicinity of the city, but all in vain. Of course, we talked a great deal about our project, and our friends became greatly interested in it, and of course, too, they gave us a great deal of advice, but we didn't mind that. We were philosophical enough to know that you can't have shad without bones. They were good friends, and by being careful in regard to the advice, it didn't interfere with our comfort.

We were beginning to be discouraged—at least, Euphemia was. Her discouragement is like water-cresses,

it generally comes up in a very short time after she sows her wishes. But then it withers away rapidly, which is a comfort. One day we were sitting, rather disconsolately, in our room, and I was reading out the advertisements of country board in the *Herald*, when in rushed Dr. Heare—one of our old friends. He was so full of something that he had to say, that he didn't even ask us how we were. In fact, he didn't appear to want to know.

"I tell you what it is, Arden," said he, "I have found just the very thing you want."

"A canal-boat?" I cried.

"Yes," said he, "a canal-boat."

"Furnished?" asked Euphemia, her eyes glistening.

"Well, no," answered the doctor, "I don't think you could expect that."

"But we can't live on the bare floor," said Euphemia; "our house must be furnished."

"Well, then, I suppose this won't do," said the doctor, ruefully, "for there isn't so much as a bootjack in it. It has most things that are necessary for a boat, but it hasn't anything that you could call house-furniture; but, dear me, I should think you could furnish it very cheaply and comfortably out of your book."

"Very true," said Euphemia, "if we could pick out the cheapest things, and then get some folks to buy a lot of the books."

"We could begin with very little," said I, trying hard to keep calm.

"Certainly," said the doctor; "you need make no more rooms, at first, than you could furnish."

"Then there are no rooms," said Euphemia.

"No, there is nothing but one vast apartment, extending from stem to stern."

"Won't it be glorious!" said Euphemia to me. "We can first make a kitchen, and then a dining-room, and a bed-room, and then a parlour—just in the order in which our book says they ought to be furnished."

"Glorious!" I cried, "no longer able to contain my enthusiasm. I should think so. Doctor, where is this canal-boat?"

The doctor then went into a detailed statement.

The boat was stranded on the shore of the Scolds-bury river, not far below Ginx's. We knew where Ginx's was, because we had spent a very happy day there during our honeymoon.

The boat was a good one, but superannuated. That, however, did not interfere with its usefulness as a dwelling. We could get it—the doctor had seen the owner—for a small sum per annum, and there was positively no end to its capabilities.

We sat up until twenty minutes past two, talking about that house. We ceased to call it a boat at about a quarter to eleven.

The next day I "took" that boat, and paid a month's rent in advance. Three days afterwards we moved into it.

We had not much to move, which was a comfort, looking at it from one point of view. A carpenter had put up two partitions in it which made three rooms—a kitchen, a dining-room, and a very long bed-room, which was to be cut up into a parlour, study, spare-room, &c., as soon as circumstances should allow, or my salary should be raised. Originally, all the doors and windows were in the roof, so to speak; but our landlord allowed us to make as many windows to the side of the boat as

we pleased, provided we gave him the wood we cut out. It saved him trouble, he said, but I did not understand him at the time. Accordingly, the carpenter made several windows for us, and put in sashes, which opened on hinges like the hasp of a trunk. Our furniture did not amount to much, at first. The very thought of living in this independent, romantic way was so delightful, Euphemia said, that furniture seemed a mere secondary matter.

We were obliged indeed to give up the idea of following the plan detailed in our book, because we hadn't the sum upon which the furnishing of a small house was therein based.

"And if we haven't the money," remarked Euphemia, "it would be of no earthly use to look at the book. It would only make us doubt our own calculations. You might as well try to make bricks without mortar, as the children of Israel did."

"I could do that myself, my dear," said I; "but we won't discuss that subject now. We will buy just what we absolutely need, and then work up from that."

Acting on this plan, we bought first a small stove, because Euphemia said that we could sleep on the floor, if it were necessary, but we couldn't make a fire on the floor—at least, not often. Then we got a table and two chairs. The next thing we purchased was some hanging shelves for our books, and Euphemia suddenly remembered the kitchen things. These, which were few, with some crockery, nearly brought us to the end of our resources; but we had enough for a big easy-chair, which Euphemia was determined I should have, because I really needed it when I came home at night, tired with my long day's work at the office. I had always been used to an easy-chair, and it was one of her most delightful dreams to see me in a real nice one, comfortably smoking my cigar in my own house, after eating my own delicious little supper in company with my own dear wife. We selected the chair, and then we were about to order the things to be sent out to our future home, when I happened to think that we had no bed. I called Euphemia's attention to the fact.

She was thunderstruck.

"I never thought of that," she said. "We shall have to give up the stove."

"Not at all," said I, "we can't do that. We must give up the easy-chair."

"Oh, that would be too bad," said she. "The house would seem like nothing to me without the chair!"

"But we must do without it, my dear," said I; "at least, for awhile. I can sit out on deck and smoke of an evening, you know."

"Yes," said Euphemia. "You can sit on the bulwarks, and I can sit by you. That will do very well. I'm sure I'm glad the boat has bulwarks."

So we resigned the easy-chair, and bought a bedstead and some very plain bedding. The bedstead was what is sometimes called a "scissors-bed." You could shut it up when you didn't want to sleep in it, and stand it against the wall.

When we packed up our trunks and left the boarding-house, Euphemia fairly skipped with joy.

We went down to Ginx's in the first boat, having arranged that our furniture should be sent to us in the afternoon. We wanted to be there to receive it. The trip was just wildly delirious. The air was charming. The sun was bright, and I had a whole holiday. When

we reached Ginx's, we found that the best way to get our trunks and ourselves to our house was to take a carriage, and so we took one. I told the driver to just drive along the river road, and I would tell him where to stop.

When we reached our boat, and had alighted, I said to the driver—

"You can just put our trunks inside, anywhere."

The man looked at the trunks, and then looked at the boat. Afterwards he looked at me.

"That boat aint goin' anywhere," said he.

"I should think not," said Euphemia. "We shouldn't want to live in it, if it were."

"You are going to live in it?" said the man.

"Yes," said Euphemia.

"Oh!" said the man.

And he took our trunks on board without another word.

Mark Twain.

WHILE sitting in front of the Southern Hotel, talking to a future great citizen about the old steam-boat days of St. Louis, when captains, clerks, and pilots ran the town, and ran it under a full head of steam, an ancient mariner let up on whittling the arm of the next chair, turned towards us, and remarked—

"You was speaking of the old river days?"

"We was," I replied.

"Perhaps, now, you have been reading some of Sam Clemens' yarns?"

I held up a copy of the *Atlantic*, open at Mark Twain's article, which had really brought about the conversation.

"Yes, I thought so; well, he don't tell all he knows," said the social riverman, reaching over for a tobacco pouch which a gentleman was passing to a friend. "There's one little affair he hasn't worked into print yet, and it isn't likely he will."

The social quit off on his reminiscence at this point, and talked generally about the bad outlook of the crops and the universal disadvantage of dryness. Seeing that nothing but gin and sugar would start him anew, he was persuaded into a convenient bar-room, and, after hoisting in three fingers (held vertically), a handful of crackers, and several chunks of cheese, he proceeded with his anecdote, interrupting himself a number of times to remark to the bar-keeper—

"The same, pard."

"I was first engineer of the *Alexander Scott* when Sam Clemens (Mark Twain) was a cub in her pilot house. He was a chipper young chap, with legs no bigger than a casting-line, and fuller of tricks than a mule colt. He worked off jokes on everybody aboard, from the skipper down to the roasters (dark deckhands); but they were all taken in good part, only I lay by two or three to pay back. About the time Sam got the run of the river well enough to stand alone at the wheel, the *Scott* went into the lower river trade, carrying cotton from Memphis to New Orleans. Perhaps, now, you never see a boat in the cotton trade burn? Well, you may cover your cotton from stem to stern with tarpaulins, and keep your donkey-engine steamed up, but if a spark of fire touches cotton enough to fill a

tooth, your boat's a corpse. It's quicker'n gunpowder to burn, and no pilot can reach the lower deck from the texas in time to save himself, let alone his Saratoga. So, you see, everybody in that trade is on the watch, and an alarm of fire in a boat loaded with cotton will turn a man's hair grey quicker'n an alligator can swaller a nigger.

"Sam being a young pilot, and new to the cotton trade, was told over and over again how the profession would lose a promising cub if ever a fire broke out on the *Scott*, and the boy got nervous. My striker and me always managed to be in the lunch-room when Sam came off watch, and as he came in we would talk about the number of cotton boats that burnt in such a year, and how such a cub would have made a lightning pilot if he hadn't got burnt up in the cotton trade; and we always noticed that Sam's appetite failed him after that, and, instead of going to bed, he would go prowling around the lower deck, and peering about the hatchway, smelling at every opening, like a pup that has lost its master.

"One day, when we backed out of Memphis with a big cargo of cotton, I complained, in Sam's hearing, that the mate had loaded the boat too near the engines. The boy followed me into the engine-room, and, without seeming to notice him, I told my striker I would do my level best to keep that cotton from catching fire, but that it was a slim chance with the bales piled up right before the furnace doors.

"Sam got whiter'n a bulkhead, and went up to the texas, where he packed his Saratoga ready for any business that might come before the meeting. When he went on watch I posted the second clerk to keep an eye on him. He hid behind a smoke-stack, and saw Sam alone in the pilot-house, his hair on end, his face like a corpse's, and his eyes sticking out so far you could have knocked them off with a stick. He danced around the pilot-house, turned up his nose like he was smelling for a polecat, pulled every bell, turned the boat's nose for the bank, and yelled 'Fire!' like a Cherokee Indian on the war-path.

"That yell brought everybody on deck. We had a big cargo of passengers, and the women screeched, and the men rushed for cork pillows, and the crew yanked the doors off their hinges and rushed to the guards, ready to go overboard at the first moderation of weather. The skipper had hard work to make the crazy passengers believe that there wasn't any fire; but he brought them to reason finally.

"I paid no attention to Sam's frantic yells, so the boat did not run her nozzle against the bank he aimed for. The captain and first pilot, and a lot of passengers, after hunting all over the boat, couldn't find a sign of fire anywhere outside the furnaces, and then they went for Sam. He swore up and down he smelt cotton burning; no use talking to him—he knew the smell of burning cotton, and, by thunder! he had smelt it.

"The first pilot said, kind of soft and pityingly to Sam—

"My boy, if you'd told me you was so near the jim-jams I'd stood double watch for you. Now you go and soak your head in a bucket of water, and take a good sleep, and you'll be all right by to-morrow."

"Sam just biled over at this; and when a pretty young woman passenger said to the skipper, loud enough for Sam to hear—'So young and nice-looking, so—

how sad it would make his poor mother feel to hear how he drinks!' he fairly frothed at the mouth.

"You never see a fellow so touched down as Sam was after that, and though the boys never quit running him, he never talked back, but looked kind of puzzled—as though he was trying to account for that smell of cotton smoke."

"And what was the cause of the smell?" I asked my ancient.

He chuckled a full minute, and said—

"You see, there's a speaking-tube running from the engine-room to the pilot-house. I had in mind the tricks Sam had played on me, and having worked him to a nervous state about fire, I waited till he was alone in the pilot-house, and then set fire to a little wad of cotton, stuffed it into the speaking-tube, and the smell came out right under his nose. A little sugar in it, pard."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Honour is Satisfied.

DUELLING is carried on in a most bloodthirsty manner at Jena, which has, indeed, quite a reputation for the reckless, dare-devil character of its students. But, with all the blood-shedding, there are not many students killed annually. Probably the authorities set their faces against too great a number being slaughtered at a time, for fear of thinning the ranks of the university. Anyway, deaths are not so frequent as one might imagine from the numerous meetings that take place. An epithet applied in public to a brother student is sufficient for recourse to be had to the murderous *Schlagers*, or fighting swords. The two combatants proceed—in secret, of course—to a secluded spot, accompanied by their seconds and a large contingent of the university, and prepare to defend their honour before this populous gathering. Instead, however, of stripping for the fray, as most people would do under the circumstances, they are encased in an armour of padding wherever the weapons would have a chance of scratching them. Their chest, sword-arm, and neck are all wrapped in thick swaddling clothes, and their head stoutly protected as far down as the nose. When the gallant principals stand up to fight, therefore, there is not a possibility of their wounding one another, except where the face is uncovered to the extent of a couple of inches between the nose and chin. Having thus made everything snug and comfortable, the word is given to close, and if either of the two combatants should happen to be very awkward or unskilful, he receives in course of time a cut on the lip or a puncture of the chin, whereupon honour is at once declared to be satisfied, and the doctor, if there is the faintest excuse for so doing, proceeds to sew up the wound, the patient never objecting to such a course, as there is the more chance of a visible scar remaining, which will, of course, redound to his everlasting honour.

—*Beauty Spots of the Continent*.

From the French.

From love down to friendship
One glides without pain;
But then back to loving
One ne'er mounts again.

Things New and Old.

Dining on Horse.

I have just left, neither sick nor sorry, a great "horse, mule, and ass" banquet at the Grand Hotel. It was the third, and by far the most complete and important, dinner given by the Paris Society of Hippophagi. About seventy people sat down. There were four ladies, of whom one was Madame Blatin, widow of the Dr. Blatin who founded the society. The chair was taken by Mr. A. S. Bicknell, a zealous English hippophagist. I have never to my knowledge tasted horseflesh before this day. I say advisedly to my knowledge, because he must be a bold man who would pretend to know what is the composition of Lyons, Arles, or Lille sausages. I certify at once that every dish was very good. In no one was there anything disagreeable in the slightest degree, either in taste or smell. The one thing contrary to anticipation was the absence of anything like a new flavour. Had I not known beforehand, I should have supposed throughout the dinner that I was eating various preparations of beef—I don't say mutton, because neither horse, ass, nor mule are at all like mutton.

Several changes were made in the bill of fare published by anticipation. Instead of a soup of the "three discredited ones"—horse, mule, and donkey—there was served a *consommé* made from boiled horse alone. It was simply as good a soup as I ever tasted, without any characteristic differing from an ordinary first-rate *pot au feu*. Following the bill of fare, we had next, as *hors-d'œuvre*, ass-milk butter, good enough, but rather insipid, and horse sausage from Beaucaire, which nobody could distinguish from the ordinary spiced pork sausage of the neighbouring town of Arles.

Instead of "sea horse," which would have been a more appropriate dish of fish, we had some excellent turbot, upon which the weak brethren, if there were any, might regale themselves. There was then horse fillet roasted. It was toothsome and tender; not so good as the very best sirloin I have tasted, but far better than the average beef served in restaurants. I did not much like the donkey's liver, which seemed to me rather strong. The tongues of horse, ass, and mule, served with different sauces, could not be distinguished from tongues of beeves, muttons, or goats. It is no disparagement to the "Filets de mulets piqués au truffes" to say that I thought the truffes the best part of the dish. Again, there was a dish for faint-hearted guests, to ensure a good dinner for everybody. There were truffled capons. There was a salad, said to be prepared with horse oil, which, notwithstanding the surroundings, calculated to overcome all prejudice, I could not bring myself to try.

The chairman, Mr. Bicknell, delivered, in English, a most able speech, under the disadvantage of not being understood by the greater part of his audience, who were Frenchmen. In answer to the question, which he said was often asked, How long has horseflesh been thought fit for food? he said, "from the earliest history." Hippocrates, whose name, he observed, seemed made to patronize a hippophagic society, had certified that the flesh of horse was more nourishing than that of the ox. In the early ages of Christendom,

horseflesh was common. St. Boniface had written against it on account of certain horse feasts, which he looked upon as impediments to the conversion of barbarians to Christianity, and thereupon the Pope interdicted the use of it. Hence the notion that the flesh of horse was not good for food. The society desired now to react against this prejudice, not to furnish an additional luxurious dish to the rich, who did not want one, but seriously to augment the necessary diet of the poor. There were hundreds of families in a deteriorated state of health for want of animal food, while there were thousands of horses left to rot or given to dogs, which but for prejudice might benefit humanity. In answer to the objection that the horse was more valuable to keep than to kill, he said there was a very large average number of healthy horses disabled by accidents which would be good eating; that as to horses worn out with labour, although their flesh might be too tough for the spit, it would make excellent soup; and that medical science had ascertained that even if a horse were attacked with glanders, farcy, or greasy heels, his flesh, when cooked, would not be unwholesome. The *larvæ* which in pigs engendered the dangerous disease called trichinosis were never found in horses. Mr. Bicknell, in conclusion, expressed the opinion that, although the society might make great progress in France, the prejudice was so strong in England, that he did not see his way to the proximate setting up in London of so much as a single horse butcher's stall.

On coming away I was presented with a handsome photograph of the horse, mule, and ass which had been slaughtered to furnish the banquet. I am glad I did not see this picture sooner. It is no doubt sentimentalism not justifiable by reason; but I should have resisted from tearing with my teeth the flesh of such pretty creatures. No doubt an ox munching grass is sympathetic; but somehow the horse has affinities nearer to our human hearts.

The Solar Spots.

The theory of Zöllner as to the constitution of the sun and its spots has been thus described by him. The sun is a glowing liquid body, surrounded by a glowing atmosphere; in the latter, at a certain distance above the fluid surface, there floats a covering, constantly renewing itself, of shining clouds, like our own cumuli. At those places where the cloud-canopy is thinned or dissipated there arise on the glowing surface, by reason of powerful radiation, the slag-like products of cooling. These, therefore, lie deeper than the general level of the shining clouds, and form the nuclei of the sun spots. Above these cooled regions there are formed descending currents of air, which give rise to the circulation of the atmosphere around the edges or the islands of slag, to which circulation the penumbra owes its origin. The cloud-like results of condensation, which are formed within the region of this circulation, have their form and temperature determined by the nature of the circulation itself, and must, therefore, in consequence of their lower temperatures, appear less brilliant than the other portions of the cloud-canopy of the solar surface, and seem depressed like a funnel, by reason of their descending motion above the spot. The exterior edge of the penumbra is at the level of the shining canopy.

Jack Hamilton's Luck.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—I PUT MY HOUSE IN ORDER.

I LEFT my capital in Clive Waite's hands, at five per cent. and a certain share of the profits; not, of course, half, but a larger share than I wished, a good deal. But Waite was a man of scrupulous integrity, and made his calculations with reference to the advantage my money had been to the business at a critical time, and the successful issue of my labours at the Cape. There were, likewise, considerable sums to my credit, the accumulation of my share during my absence; so that I was a rich man in the sense that I had a larger income than I wanted to spend, though almost a pauper according to the estimate of men like Langley. I arranged a provision for my sister Ellen, in case anything should be heard of her, and made my will, leaving everything I had—subject to the payment of that annuity—to the one being who was dependent upon me, Cerise. I could think of no one so well fitted to advise me what to do with the child as Mrs. Courtland, so I conquered the cowardice which had caused me to shrink from opening all my recent wounds by meeting that lady, and called at her house, which proved to be shut up, and in charge of a charwoman, who directed me to Cheltenham. So I visited that town of physis-water, and was shocked to find Mrs. Courtland in a very failing state of health, suffering severely from rheumatic gout—a very cripple indeed. She was sorry to see me in so reckless a state of mind, and would fain have entered into explanations about Mary. But I stopped her, and refused to hear anything. I should get over the infatuation in time, I told her, and then I should be glad to talk upon the subject; but at present I wanted, as much as possible, to forget. I imputed no blame. I had distinctly set Mary Glading free, and she had taken advantage of her freedom, that was all. As for herself, I knew that she had stood my friend, and was grateful to her for it. I did not broach the first object of my visit. She might have offered to take charge of the orphan, and I did not think it would be for the child's happiness to be domiciled with a confirmed invalid—one, too, suffering from so painful a complaint. So I was driven back upon my landlady, good Mrs. Harwood, who was always very fond of the little girl, and, what was of equal importance, Cerise had taken strongly to her. That would do for a few years, till she was old enough to be sent to school. Of course I made it well worth Mrs. Harwood's while to accept the charge, but am certain that it was a pleasure to her, independently of all pecuniary considerations. I was also confident that she would adhere to the written directions I left her as to what was to be done about Cerise's education, in the very probable event of my death in Spain. And when all this was settled I felt easier in my mind, and was quite ready to sail for San Sebastian at the time appointed. The child was apparently heart-broken at my going away from her, quite astounding me by the depth of feeling she showed. She was the only tie I left behind me—the one thing I regretted, and had any wish to see again. Friends, so called, of course I had; and perhaps I might reasonably hope that one or two of them on hearing of my decease might say—"What! Jack Hamilton? I am sorry for

that. He was not half a bad fellow!" But they would not eat any the worse dinner. I had neither dog nor cat belonging to me. My horse had been jobbed. Cerise and I were, in a manner, isolated still, even as we were when I first found her; and so we clung together. I was surprised to find how dear she had become to me; though perhaps it was her childish dependence on me which suddenly called my affection into play. At any rate, I could not keep the moisture out of my eyes when she sobbed herself to sleep in my arms; and Mrs. Harwood having softly transferred her to her own lap, I was cautious not to disturb the little thing, and have to part from her over again. Once clear of the roof, my feelings of compunction vanished. "Bah!" I said to myself; "she is a human child, and not an angel, and if I came back at the end of a year, I should find that she had forgotten all about me. Or if I remained at home, she would soon learn to value me merely for what she could get out of me. Much better to break away before I grow so fond of her that her indifference would torture me."

How different were my feelings now to those with which I quitted England before, when sailing for the Cape. Then I lived in the future; now the present was all to me. Claridge was in a precisely similar condition of mind. As we leant over the bulwarks of the quarter-deck, watching the shores of England recede, he said—

"I wonder if many of our fellows are as indifferent about returning as we are?"

We were almost as intimate, he and I, as we had been in the old Paris days. Almost, not quite; for then there was nothing which we would not freely talk of one to the other. No woman with her confessor could be more unreserved than we were. But now we each had a subject of secret brooding which the other never approached; and reserve is as bad for friendship as for love—perhaps worse, for passion does much towards filling the gap in the latter case. Besides, we had been hit so hard that our affections were still numbed.

I laughed, and replied—

"If all the officers and men of the Legion were as reckless as I am, and as brave as you are, I expect that the expedition would not content itself with devouring the Carlists without salt, it would go in for the conquest of Spain."

"Filibuster!"

When we came to know our brother officers well, we found out that they did not at all share our indifference to the future. The majority of them were officers in the army who were anxious to see active service, and had accepted the offer to go on half-pay and take Spanish commissions for the mere purpose of gaining a knowledge of their profession. They went out to the seat of war exactly as medical students flock to the operation theatre. They would have preferred an expedition in which it was possible to gain a little honour and glory, and they had rather their own Government had guaranteed their pay. Still, an unpopular service, with short commons and promises for cash, was better than kicking their heels in garrison towns, doing nothing. For the rest, they were excellent comrades. Abuse and injustice from the outer world made us cling the more closely together. Claridge and I found in the regiment the family which was denied us at

home, and were once more happy, as human happiness goes. I own that when we first landed at San Sebastian, and were quartered in a large deserted convent outside the town, I despaired of the mass of our raw recruits—ignorant, slouching, hunger-stunted lads, as hundreds of them were—I despaired, I say, of their ever being licked into anything like soldiers; but, day by day, drill and discipline did its work, and the confused mob began to take form and consistency. Claridge said, one day—

"I often think, that if Governments were to take as much pains to train the poorest classes for civil uses as they do to prepare them to be blown respectably into smithereens, what an advance the human race would take in a couple of years!"

"I don't know," I replied. "Civilization would be hurried on; but civilization means cultivating the mind and pampering the body, and then decline commences. We are in a vicious circle."

"You talk like a Tory."

"There is a deal of truth, I fear, in Toryism, as applied to first principles; only we should make believe to hope, even if we cannot really manage it, in human improvement, or else we should become so very swinish. Better to follow an *ignis fatuus* than sink in the bog without resistance."

"You are not very clear."

"I have not long begun to think."

Claridge and I, with all the other officers who had not served before, had to shoulder our muskets in the ranks until we were dismissed to our duty—which, in the case of us two, was very soon, thanks to our previous studies. It was a pleasant time. No leisure for unwelcome musings; drill, drill, drill, from early morn till evening; new duties, new scenes—a fresh life altogether. The mere study of a new language, when undertaken in earnest, by word of mouth rather than dictionary and grammar, is a distraction, especially when there are large black eyes to laugh at your mistakes, and rich red lips, with perhaps just a *soufflé* of down above them, to catch the pronunciation from. If you want to pick up a foreign tongue quickly, flirt in it. But the balls, banquets, and love-making with which we commenced our campaign did not last very long.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE SPANISH CHESTNUTS.

DOES not the cowl make the monk? I know that when first I donned the "livery of blood," as Cowper somewhere calls it, I felt that the uniform goes a long way towards making the soldier, and I said so to Claridge as we walked through the streets of San Sebastian together, one hot summer's day in 1835. The scene was bright enough: the vendors of fruit, water, and lemonade—so much more picturesque than the corresponding itinerants of London or Paris; the gaily caparisoned mules, with their jingling bells; the varieties of costume, from the dark-robed, shovel-hatted priests to the gold-laced Lancers or the jaunty Chapelgorris (Red-caps), all combined to give it a theatrical aspect. And then the clear, brilliant sunshine: that had nothing in common with footlights, certainly—no rouge or pearl powder could have hidden the wrinkles exposed to that. Why, you could detect a bit of mortar which had fallen out of a house wall, or a lizard fly-stalking along it, on the third or fourth storey; and

in looking after the lizard you might catch a glimpse of something more attractive—a flash of eyes, namely, and a wealth of black hair, with a red flower set in it. But if you let your gaze rest there, slap to went the jalousie, which had been held ajar.

"I don't know about the uniform," replied Claridge. "I have worn so many different costumes during the last few years, that I never think what clothes I have got on; but the carrying of this sword makes me feel extremely military. I have got something of the same restlessness which used to come over me as a boy when any one gave me a new knife—I want to use it. My own fingers generally suffered first, I remember."

"*Absit omen!*" cried I.

We were on our way to head-quarters, at a convent which was used as a fort, to report ourselves, and make official acquaintance with the Spanish Chestnuts. That was the nickname already attached to the regiment, and it originated in nothing worth telling. It was merely that the recruiting sergeant most successful in getting up the corps proclaimed, amongst other advantages—such as that the best sherry wine was cheaper than beer, and that sticks of liquorice were to be picked up in the woods by armfuls—that starvation was at any rate a sheer impossibility, seeing that, if the worst came to the worst, people could always live on the chestnuts, which grew in wild luxuriance on all the hedges. This gave an idea of profusion and wealth to the adult London Arab, I suppose, for it certainly proved an attractive bait; and, as fresh recruits came in, those who had already joined cried—

"Here's more for the Spanish Chestnuts!"

And the title somehow stuck.

At the entrance gate of the fort there paced a sentry, who bore about the same resemblance to a British soldier that a pantomime Peeler does to a real policeman.

His clothes were ill-fitting, his shako stuck at the back of his head, his belts badly pipeclayed, his buttons and ornaments dull, his pouch and bayonet-sheath unpolished. When he saw us coming, he halted and stood to his front with shouldered arms, but with distended legs, which marred the effect.

"Why, he has got a foot between his feet!" cried I.

"Like a Manxman, that sounds," said Claridge; "never mind, he will learn to close his heels in time, I have no doubt."

A few steps farther on, under a cool archway, several of the guard were sitting or lounging about a bench. They, too, tumbled up, settled their stocks, and began buttoning their jackets on our approach. And they saluted, some with the right hand and others with the left: there is but one word to describe them, and that is slouching. To make them look worse, there stood the sergeant—heels touching, knees braced back, head erect; broad across the shoulders, lithe about the waist, straight as his ramrod: a combination of rigidity and suppleness—the pattern of a man. Him we accosted.

"Where's the orderly-room, sergeant?"

"In the clawsterr, sir; it's rayther intrikkitt to find; the drummer had best show you the way. Dub!"

Dub, the drummer boy, came out of the guard-room at a run, led us to the cloisters, and pointed out the orderly-room, outside the door of which were gathered two or three non-commissioned officers, several men

without arms or belts, and others with drawn bayonets guarding them.

"Ten-shun!" cried a sergeant as we approached the group.

Down went all the hands to all the sides—back sprang all the knees. I felt an inch taller at causing such a commotion.

We stopped in the doorway, for the colonel was adjudicating upon some case, and we forbore to interrupt him. I just got a glimpse of him round the door—a large-featured, weather-beaten man, with bushy, grizzled eyebrows—poring, spectacles on nose, over some document. By his side sat a young man, the adjutant, leaning over the same sheet of foolscap, and pointing out a particular clause with his pen. On one side stood the sergeant-major, looking conscious that if he got out of order, the whole regimental machine would be considerably tangled; on the other, a sergeant and a corporal, probably witnesses. In front of the table there was a dirty man, who looked as if he had been very drunk indeed the night before; and a little in rear of him were a file of the guard. An officer stood near the door, with a brass-bound book under his arm.

"Well, William Higgins, have you anything to say for yourself?" the colonel presently inquired.

"I ask your worship's pardon—"

The sergeant-major darted at the man, and said, in a loud whisper—

"You must not call the colonel 'your worship.'"

"Your honour," said the miserable culprit, correcting himself. "I'll tell your honour just the very truth of it. I met one of the black men, which we come out of the same alley—Rag-alley, your honour—"

"Black men?" asked the colonel.

"He means one of the Rifles, sir. It's the ignorant way they have of talking. Uniform's dark, sir."

It did not seem that the case would be over quite immediately, so Claridge and I drew back, and walked in the cloisters till the last prisoner was marched off. Then we went back to the orderly-room, and shook hands with the colonel, who said he was glad to see us.

"For we are very busy," he observed, "and want all the help we can get; though I fear it will be some time before either of you can give us much, as you have never served. You will have to fall in with the men till you know your squad drill. You will see to that, Roberts?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are their companies, Roberts?"

"I have attached Mr. Claridge to the Grenadiers, and Mr. Hamilton to No. 2 Company," replied the adjutant.

"Good, then let us go to the mess-room and lunch. You are oldish subs," continued the colonel, as we walked along; "but I don't mind that, if you don't. Most of them are boys, and that is best in a regular regiment which has been formed for centuries. But here, with the whole lot of the men recruits who have to be licked into some shape, and who have not got the remotest idea of military duties, traditions, or observances, or of what they owe to officers as officers, gentlemen of an age and position to command respect, from a civilian point of view, are not without their value."

We entered a large, stone-walled apartment, destitute of any furniture but chairs and a long table; but the

walls were garnished with swords and forage caps, the table was laden with eatables and drinkables, and the chairs were occupied by a set of as good-looking, merry, frank young fellows as you will often meet in one room; and when the colonel introduced us they were cordial in their greetings.

"I see that you are posted to my company," said a man of about my own age, making a place for me to sit next to him. "Glad for my own sake, of course, but sorry for yours. Worst company in the regiment. Pay-sergeant an idiot; though as the men don't get their pay, it doesn't matter so much."

"Not get their pay!"

"Not much of it: a trifle now and then, and the balance in promises. You do not expect Queen Isabel to make your fortune, I hope? I wonder why any fellows have come here. I wonder why I have. Suppose because I was bored so at home. More bored here, though. Some fellows like drill. Eight hours a day of it ought to satisfy them—that's what we get."

"And not an hour too much, Mortimer!" cried a vivacious, florid little man on the other side of the table. "How healthy it is to get up every morning at half-past four, to be on parade by five, and breathe the fresh morning air: to teach the young idea how to shoot—"

A stout man with a rosy nose and full lips interrupted the speaker.

"Oh, oh, Adams, that's a pun; and not only a pun, but a very stale pun, and a bad one too. You really must be fined."

"You judge others by yourself, doctor, that's why you are a misanthrope. I never quibble. But, as I was saying, to fit a lot of fellows to be exterminated is a delightful task, and gives one a glorious appetite for breakfast. And then a siesta in the middle of the day—how refreshing it is; how it renovates one for four more hours' drill in the evening! And yet it certainly is heart-breaking work to make these clumsy, uncouth brutes into soldiers; and it is rather trying to the constitution to turn out of bed too early; and the evening ought to be devoted to relaxation after a hard morning's work. Besides, little and often is the correct maxim for drill: the men get listless when they are kept too long at it."

"So that we do not differ so very much, after all," said Mortimer, with a quiet chuckle. "There is one consolation," he added, turning to me; "one thing cannot be a much greater bore than another thing."

This used-up captain of mine looked his sentiments all over. He had regular, rather feminine features, weary eyes, a delicate complexion, a slight figure, and small hands and feet. Presently he got up, lit a cigar, and announced his intention of trying to forget the weariness of the world in sleep. But the rosy-nosed doctor intercepted him, and pulling a leather case out of his pocket, cried—

"No, no—I want you."

I naturally suspected surgical instruments, and an operation; but the case, when opened, proved to contain a pack of cards, with which the doctor and Mortimer forthwith proceeded to play piquet, and for rather high stakes.

I was glad to see that one vice, at any rate, had not deserted my *blasé* captain: it is sad to find oneself utterly reformed by satiety before thirty.

I confess that the laying aside my sword, shouldering a musket, and falling in with the men, had not formed part of the programme I proposed to myself on accepting a commission in the gallant Chestnuts; and as many of them were unsavoury Chestnuts, colonized by fleas of a migratory tendency, the ordeal was not pleasant. Happily, the sergeant who instructed the squad I was attached to was a character, and diverted me. Nothing could be more amusing than the contrast between his way of correcting my awkwardness and that of the privates, especially in the manual.

"Now, at the word 'Two,'" he would say, "let me see you cut those right hands away sharp. Two! Now, you Jones, there, you blunder-headed fool! I'll cure your butter fingers. I'll teach you to go to sleep over it. Cut the hand away sharp, I said, curse you!"

Then turning to me with a polite inclination, he would say, in the blandest tones—

"Try and remove the right hand with a leetle more rapidity, if you please, sir."

But our previous lessons told, and neither Claridge nor I were kept in the ranks long, but were soon dismissed to do duty with our companies.

Our Water House.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IT was not very easy for the driver to get the trunks into our new home. In fact, it was not easy for us to get there ourselves. There was a gang-plank, with a rail on one side of it, which inclined from the shore to the deck of the boat at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When the man had staggered up this plank with the trunks (Euphemia said I ought to have helped him, but I really thought it would be better for one person to fall off the plank than for two to go over together), and we had paid him, and he had driven away in a speechless condition, we scrambled up and stood upon the threshold, or rather the after-deck, of our home.

It was a proud moment. Euphemia glanced around, her eyes full of happy tears; and then she took my arm, and we went downstairs—at least, we tried to go down in that fashion, but soon found it necessary to go one at a time. We wandered over the whole extent of our mansion, and found that our carpenter had done his work better than the woman whom we had engaged to scrub and clean the house. Something akin to despair must have seized upon her, for Euphemia declared that the floors looked rather dirtier than on the occasion of her first visit, when we rented the boat.

But that didn't discourage us. We felt sure that we should get it clean in time.

Early in the afternoon our furniture arrived, together with the other things we had bought, and the men who brought them over from the steamboat landing had the brightest, merriest faces I ever noticed among that class of people. Euphemia said it was an excellent omen to have such cheerful fellows come to us on the very first day of our housekeeping.

Then we went to work. I put up the stove, which was not much trouble, as there was a place all ready in the deck for the stove-pipe to be run through. Euphemia was somewhat surprised at the absence of a chimney, but I assured her that boats were very seldom built with chimneys. My dear little wife bustled about,

and arranged the pots and kettles on nails that I drove into the kitchen walls. Then she made the bed in the bed-room, and I hung up a looking-glass and a few little pictures that we had brought in our trunks.

Before four o'clock our house was in order. Then we began to be very hungry.

"My dear," said Euphemia, "we ought to have thought to bring something to cook."

"That is very true," said I; "but I think perhaps we had better walk up to Ginx's, and get our supper to-night. You see, we are so tired and hungry."

"What!" cried Euphemia, "go to a hotel the very first day? I think it would be dreadful! Why, I have been looking forward to this first meal with the greatest delight. You can go up to the little store by the hotel and buy some things, and I will cook them, and we will have our first dear little meal here all alone by ourselves, at our own table and in our own house."

So this was determined upon; and after a hasty counting of the fund I had reserved for moving and kindred expenses, and which had been sorely depleted during the day, I set out, and in almost an hour returned with my first marketing.

I made a fire—using a lot of chips and blocks the carpenter had left—and Euphemia cooked the supper, and we ate it from our little table, with two large towels for a table cloth.

It was the most delightful meal I ever ate!

And when we had finished, Euphemia washed the dishes—the thoughtful creature had put some water on the stove to heat for the purpose, while we were at supper—and then we went on deck, or on the piazza, as Euphemia thought we had better call it, and there we had our smoke. I say we, for Euphemia always helps me to smoke by sitting by me, and she seems to enjoy it as much as I do.

And when the shades of evening began to gather around us, I hauled in the gang-plank—just like a delightful old drawbridge, Euphemia said, although I hope, for the sake of our ancestors, that drawbridges were easier to haul in—and went to bed.

It was lucky we were tired and wanted to go to bed early, for we had forgotten all about lamps or candles.

For the next week we were two busy and happy people. I rose about half-past five and made the fire—we found so much wood on the shore, that I thought I should not have to add fuel to my expenses—and Euphemia cooked the breakfast. I then went to a well belonging to a cottage close by—where we had arranged for water privileges—and filled two buckets with delicious water, and carried them home for Euphemia's use through the day. Then I hurried off to catch the train, for, as there was a station near Ginx's, I ceased to patronize the steamboat, the hours of which were not convenient. After a day of work and pleasurable anticipation at the office, I hastened back to my home, generally laden with a basket of provisions and various household necessities. Milk was brought to us daily from the above-mentioned cottage, by a little toddler who seemed just able to carry the small tin bucket which held a lacteal pint. If the urchin had been the child of rich parents, as Euphemia sometimes observed, he would have been in his nurse's arms—but being poor, he was scarcely weaned before he began to carry milk around to other people.

After I reached home came supper and the delightful



JOHN OXFORD.—DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

evening hours, when over my pipe—I soon gave up cigars, as being too expensive and inappropriate, and took to a tall pipe and canaster tobacco—we talked, and planned, and told each other our day's experience.

One of our earliest subjects of discussion was the name of our homestead. Euphemia insisted that it should have a name. I was quite willing, but we found it no easy matter to select an appropriate title. I proposed a number of appellations intended to suggest the character of our home. Among these were—Safe Ashore, Firmly Grounded, and some other names of that style, but Euphemia did not fancy any of them. She wanted a suitable name, of course, she said, but it must be something that would sound like a house and be like a boat.

Partitionville she objected to, and Gang-plank Terrace did not suit her, because it suggested convicts going out to work, which was naturally unpleasant.

At last, after days of talk and cogitation, we named our house Rudder Grange.

To be sure, it wasn't exactly a grange, but then it had such an enormous rudder that the justice of that part of the title seemed to overbalance any little inaccuracy in the other portion.

But we did not spend all our spare time in talking. An hour or two every evening was occupied in what we called "fixing the house," and gradually the inside of our abode began to look like a conventional dwelling. We put matting on the floors, and cheap but very pretty paper on the walls. We added now a couple of chairs, and now a table or something for the kitchen. Frequently, especially of a Sunday, we had company, and our guests were always charmed with Euphemia's cunning little meals. The dear girl loved good eating so much that she could scarcely fail to be a good cook. We removed our bed to the extreme bow-part of the boat, and put up muslin curtains to separate it from the parlour.

We worked hard, and were very happy. And thus the weeks passed on.

In this delightful way of living, only one thing troubled us. We didn't save any money. There were so many little things that we wanted, and so many little things that were so cheap, that I spent pretty much all I made, and that was far from the philosophical plan of living that I wished to follow.

We talked this matter over a great deal after we had lived in our new home for about a month, and we came at last to the conclusion that we would take a boarder.

We had no trouble in getting a boarder, for we had a friend, a young man who was engaged in the flour business, who was very anxious to come and live with us. He had been to see us two or three times, and had expressed himself charmed with our household arrangements.

So we made terms with him. The carpenter partitioned off another room, and our boarder brought his trunk and a large red velvet arm-chair, and took up his abode at Rudder Grange.

We liked our boarder very much, but he had some peculiarities. I suppose everybody has them. Among other things, he was very fond of telling us what we ought to do. He suggested more improvements in the first three days of his sojourn with us than I had thought of since we commenced housekeeping. And what made the matter worse, his suggestions were generally very

good ones. Had it been otherwise, I might have borne his remarks more complacently; but to be continually told what you ought to do, and to know that you ought to do it, is extremely annoying.

He was very anxious that I should take off the rudder, which was certainly useless to a boat situated as ours was, and make an ironing table of it. I persisted that the laws of symmetrical propriety required that the rudder should remain where it was—that the very name of our home would be interfered with by its removal; but he insisted that Ironing-table Grange would be just as good a name, and that symmetrical propriety in such a case did not amount to a row of pins.

The result was, that we did have the ironing table, and that Euphemia was very much pleased with it. A great many other improvements were projected and carried out by him, and I was very much worried. He made a flower garden for Euphemia on the extreme forward-deck, and having borrowed a wheelbarrow, he wheeled dozens of loads of arable dirt up our gang-plank, and dumped them out on the deck. When he had covered the garden with a suitable depth of earth, he smoothed it off and then planted flower seeds. It was rather late in the season, but most of them came up. I was pleased with the garden, but sorry I had not made it myself.

One afternoon I got away from the office considerably earlier than usual, and I hurried home to enjoy the short period of daylight that I should have before supper. It had been raining the day before, and as the bottom of our garden leaked so that earthy water trickled down at one end of our bed-room, I intended to devote a short time to stuffing up the cracks in the ceiling or bottom of the deck—whichever seemed the most appropriate.

But when I reached a bend in the river road whence I had always the earliest view of my establishment, I didn't have that view. I hurried on. The nearer I approached the place where I lived, the more horror-stricken I became. There was no mistaking the fact.

The boat was not there!

In an instant the truth flashed upon me.

The water was very high—the rain had swollen the river—my house had floated away!

It was Wednesday. On Wednesday afternoons our boarder came home early.

I clapped my hat tightly on my head, and ground my teeth.

"Confound that boarder!" I thought. "He has been fooling with the anchor. He always said it was of no use; and taking advantage of my absence, he has hauled it up, and has floated away, and has gone—gone with my wife and my home!"

Euphemia and Rudder Grange had gone off together—where I knew not—and with them that horrible suggester!

I ran wildly along the bank. I called aloud. I hailed each passing craft—of which there were only two—but their crews must have been very inattentive to the woes of landmen, or else they did not hear me, for they paid no attention to my cries.

I met a fellow with an axe on his shoulder. I shouted to him before I reached him—

"Hallo! did you see a boat—a house, I mean—floating up the river?"

"A boat-house?" asked the man.

"No, a house-boat," I gasped.

"Didn't see nuthin' like it," said the man; and he passed on—to his wife and home, no doubt. But me! Oh, where was my wife and my home?

I met several people, but none of them had seen a fugitive canal-boat.

How many thoughts came into my brain as I ran along that river road! If that wretched boarder had not taken the rudder for an ironing table, he might have steered in shore! Again and again I confounded—as far as mental ejaculations could do it—his suggestions.

I was rapidly becoming frantic when I met a person who hailed me.

"Hallo!" he says, "are you after a canal-boat adrift?"

"Yes," I panted.

"I thought you was," he said. "You looked that way. Well, I can tell you where she is. She's stuck fast in the reeds at the lower end o' Peter's Pint."

"Where's that?" says I.

"Oh, it's about a mile further up. I seed her a-drifting up with the tide—big flood tide to-day—and I thought I'd see somebody after her afore long. Anything aboard?"

Anything!

I could not answer the man. Anything, indeed! I hurried on up the river without a word. Was the boat a wreck? I scarcely dared to think of it. I scarcely dared to think at all.

The man called after me, and I stopped. I could but stop, no matter what I might hear.

"Hallo, mister," he said, "got any tobacco?"

I walked up to him. I took hold of him by the lapel of his coat—it was a dirty lapel, as I remember even now, but I didn't mind that.

"Look here," I said. "Tell me the truth. I can bear it. Was that vessel wrecked?"

The man looked at me a little queerly. I could not exactly interpret his expression.

"You're sure you kin bear it?" said he.

"Yes," said I, my hand trembling as I held his coat.

"Well, then," said he, "it's mor'n I kin," and he jerked his coat out of my hand, and sprang away. When he reached the other side of the road, he turned and shouted at me, as though I had been deaf.

"Do you know what I think?" he yelled. "I think you're a darned lunatic."

And with that he went his way.

I hastened on to Peter's Point. Long before I reached it, I saw the boat.

It was apparently deserted. But still I pressed on. I must know the worst. When I reached the Point, I found that the boat had run aground, with her head in among the long reeds and mud, and the rest of her hull lying at an angle from the shore.

There was, consequently, no way for me to get on board but to wade through the mud and reeds to her bow, and then climb up as well as I could.

This I did, but it was not easy to do. Twice I sank above my knees in mud and water; and had it not been for reeds, masses of which I frequently clutched when I thought I was going over, I believe I should have fallen down and come to my death in that horrible

marsh. When I reached the boat, I stood up to my hips in water, and saw no way of climbing up. The gang-plank had undoubtedly floated away; and if it had not, it would have been of no use to me in my position.

But I was desperate. I clasped the post that they put in the bow of canal-boats; I stuck my toes and my fingernails in the cracks between the boards—how glad I was that the boat was an old one and had cracks!—and so, painfully and slowly, slipping part way down once or twice, and besliming myself from chin to foot, I climbed up that post and scrambled upon deck. In an instant, I reached the top of the stairs, and in another instant I rushed below.

There sat my wife and our boarder, one on each side of the dining-room table, complacently playing checkers!

My sudden entrance startled them. My appearance startled them still more.

Euphemia sprang to her feet and tottered towards me.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed; "has anything happened?"

"Happened!" I gasped.

"Look here," cried the boarder, clutching me by the arm, "what a condition you're in. Did you fall in?"

"Fall in!" said I.

Euphemia and the boarder looked at each other. I looked at them. Then I opened my mouth in earnest.

"I suppose you don't know," I yelled, "that you have drifted away!"

"By George!" cried the boarder, and in two bounds he was on deck.

Dirty as I was, Euphemia fell into my arms. I told her all. She hadn't known a bit of it!

The boat had so gently drifted off, and had so gently grounded among the reeds, that the voyage had never so much as disturbed their games of checkers.

"He plays such a splendid game," Euphemia sobbed; "and just as you came, I thought I was going to beat him. I had two kings and two pieces on the next to last row, and you are nearly drowned. You'll get your death of cold—and—he had only one king."

She led me away, and I undressed and washed myself, and put on my Sunday clothes.

When I reappeared, I went out on deck with Euphemia. The boarder was there, standing by the petunia bed. His arms were folded, and he was thinking profoundly. As we approached, he turned towards us.

"You were right about that anchor," he said. "I should not have hauled it in; but it was such a little anchor that I thought it would be of more use on board as a garden hoe."

"A very little anchor will sometimes do very well," said I, cuttingly, "when it is hooked around a tree."

"Yes, there is something in that," said he.

It was now growing late, and as our agitation subsided we began to grow hungry. Fortunately, we had everything necessary on board, and, as it really didn't make any difference in our household economy where we happened to be located, we had supper quite as usual. In fact, the kettle had been put on to boil during the checker-playing.

After supper, we went on deck to smoke, as was our custom, but there was a certain coolness between me and our boarder.

Early the next morning I arose, and went upstairs

to consider what had better be done, when I saw the boarder standing on shore, near by.

"Hallo!" he cried, "the tide's down, and I got ashore without any trouble. You stay where you are. I've hired a couple of mules to tow the boat back. They'll be here presently. And, hallo! I've found the gang-plank. It floated ashore about a quarter of a mile below here."

In about ten minutes the mules and two men with a long rope appeared, and then one of the men and the boarder came on board (they didn't seem to have any difficulty in so doing). Then we carried the ironing-table on deck, and shipped it into its place as a ruder.

We were then towed back to where we belonged.

And we are there yet. Our boarder remains with us, as the weather is still fine, and the coolness between us is gradually diminishing. But the boat is moored at both ends, and twice a day I look to see if the ropes are all right.

The petunias are growing beautifully, but the geraniums do not seem to flourish. Perhaps there is not a sufficient depth of earth for them. Several times our boarder has appeared to be on the point of suggesting something in regard to them, but, for some reason or other, he says nothing.

The Maiden of the Sea.

A PRETTY little mermaiden there lives beneath the sea—

Her hair is golden sunshine, and of azure blue each e'e;

Her skin is pearly, soft, and cool, but where her legs should be

She wears a scaly fish's tail, so bright and silveree.

She sits in groves of wondrous weeds, and sleeps in coral caves;

She peeps at brave old Neptune as with razor shells he shaves;

She keeps a dogfish for a pet, and an octopus so wee—
And still she is not happy, this sweet maiden of the sea.

"Oh, grandmamma—oh, grandmamma!" she said one sunny day,

When round her lithe and tender form the little fish did play—

Her grandmamma looked somewhat old, her hair was thin to see,

As she sat upon a rock by this mermaiden of the sea—

"Oh, granny, dear," the maiden said, "I've seen such lovely men;

With legs to walk, and lips to talk, I want to go again."

"You wicked girl," the old one cried, "how can you be so free?"

And there she sat and lectured this mermaiden of the sea.

An octopus he winked his eye; a monstrous crab he grinned;

Some shrimps and lobsters sat about, and longed for stormy wind;

For they loved men *au naturel*, and with their bones made free—

They could not take the love borne by this maiden of the sea.

She sat her granny's lecture out, then whisked her pretty tail,

And to the surface rose at once, in open air to sail.

It was near Brighton beach she rose, and saw one Henry Lee,

To cry with joy, "I know he'd love a maiden from the sea."

She laid her plans upon the spot, while listening to the band;

She said, "I'll let them catch me when I'm sporting on the sand.

The pet of the Aquarium I'm sure that I shall be,
For all the men will visit this mermaiden of the sea."

She gave a frisk, and down she went, but yet she's not been seen

In one of Lee's pellucid tanks, to show her tail's bright sheen.

The turtle sopping in his soup, quite out of joint will be
When friend H. L. can show to us this maiden of the sea.

Things New and Old.

The Last New Robbery.

Some days since two men called upon a wealthy tradesman of the Palais Royal, and invited him to send gold chains for approval to the Hôtel Viollet. Here, as in other cases of fraud by Americans, there was evidence of thought, of cautious boldness, and of cunning, to which we are little used in the proceedings of their European kindred. The jeweller went, but no business was done on the first occasion. He found the gentlemen comfortably installed, and in no hurry for negotiation. They passed as representatives of Messrs. J. D. Conover and Co., of Philadelphia, and no suspicion could be roused by their manner. The next day the jeweller brought seventy-two gold chains, all of which were approved and purchased. The Americans sorted them with apparent intelligence, and arranged them by groups in a tin box. The vendor looked on, and when all was finished, he put the box beside him, and wrote out his bill. The strangers moved about and talked, but without any suspicious action. The account complete in duplicate, they asked to have the box tied up and sealed. This also was done leisurely, the bill discussed, and discount settled. It came to nearly £400. Then the Americans gave back the parcel of chains, requesting the jeweller to take it at a certain date to Messrs. Munroe, bankers, Rue Scribe, when his bill would be discharged. Thereupon he left. It was mere chance that led him, some hours after, to call upon Messrs. Munroe, where he learned that no such persons as those described were known to the bankers. Filled with sudden alarm, he reopened the tin box, and found in it rolls of lead. On going to the Hôtel Viollet the Americans had vanished, leaving their baggage, which contained many more boxes of the sort, wax, ribands, and other paraphernalia, the use of which had just been demonstrated.

A SPEECH.—“Gentlemen of the jury,” said a Kentucky advocate, in defending his client, who was charged with stealing a hank of yarn, “do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, of Muddy Creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o’ stealin’ a hank o’ cotting yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I reckon not—I s’pose not. By no means, gentlemen—not at all. He are not guilty. Tom Flinn! Good heavens! gentlemen, you all know Tom Flinn; and, on honour, now, gentlemen—do you think he’d do it? No, gentlemen, I s’pose not—I reckon not. Thomas Flinn! Why, great snakes and alligators! Tom’s a whole team on Muddy Creek, and hose to let. And do you think he’d sneak off with a miserable hank o’ cotting yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s’pose not. When the wolves was a-howlin’, gentlemen, on the mountains o’ Kentucky, and Napoleon were a-fightin’ the battles o’ Europe—do you think, gentlemen, that my client, Mr. Thomas Flinn, gentlemen, could be guilty o’ hookin’—yes, hookin’, gentlemen—that pitiful, low, mean hank o’ cotting yarn? Onpossible! Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s’pose not. Tom Flinn! Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Thomas Flinn! He’s got the fastest nag and purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississippi. That, gentlemen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, that are a fact. You kin bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you kin bet your bones on that! Now, ’pon my honour, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s’pose not. Why, gentlemen of this jury, my client, Thomas Flinn, am no more guilty o’ stealin’ that are hank o’ cotting yarn than a toad are got a tail—yes, a tail, gentlemen! Than a toad are got a tail!” Verdict for defendant—case dismissed. Court adjourned.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—J. OLVER, Wig Maker, 76, Borough, London—Artistic Hairwork, Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Guards, &c., &c., made to order. I beg to assure my customers that the same hair sent shall be used. Estimates and designs given. Black or Brown Hair Dye, instantaneous, harmless, perfect, permanent, does not stain the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d. Superfluous Hair:—Oliver’s Devilatory removes hair from face, arms, &c., without the least harm to the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d.—The cheapest house and the largest stock of real hair.—The fashionable Coil Plait, 30s. The Oil Twist, 36 in. long, 21s. The Coronet Plait, 8s. 6d. All other Hair Work equally cheap (by post to all parts), and exchanged if not approved. The above in return for P.O. Order. Estimates and designs given. Important:—False Hair when faded restored to its Original or any Colour. (Send Hair with Pattern.) Also, Ladies’ own Hair and Comings made up, 3s. 6d. per ounce.—[ADVT.]

EXPERIMENTING.—M. Rauvier shows that in the rat and the rabbit there are two kinds of muscles, one of which is white and the other red. When the whole animal is injected with Prussian blue, the colouration is much stronger in the red than in the white muscles. This is explained by the fact that in the former the capillaries are larger, and provided with pouches or dilations. They also contract more slowly than the white, this movement in the latter being almost instantaneous.

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.—The *Scientific American* contains a description of a new contrivance for flying in the air without the aid of a balloon. The car has the shape of an egg cut lengthwise in half; it contains a small steam engine that communicates motion to two large screws made of canvas stretched on a frame formed of light, rigid materials. These helixes are fixed to a long pole that is supported by two up-rights, and may be pushed backwards and forwards, and turned so as to give at will a vertical or oblique direction to the screws, according as the aeronaut may wish

to move upwards, or else backwards and forwards. A second and still longer pole is fixed perpendicularly on the former, so as to form a cross with it; and on this frame a sort of lozenge-shaped sail is stretched. The branches are kept steady by means of ropes secured to a mast that rises vertically from the centre of the car to the height of a few feet; and another set of ropes fixed to the lower face of the branches meet in a central point, supporting an enormous bag of ballast, which serves to steady the whole system. In short, the latter is so contrived that the sail and screws are completely at the command of the aeronaut for any direction he may choose to follow. At the poop there is a third screw propeller, that is independent of the others, and may perform their duty in case of need, or help to increase the speed of the apparatus. Here there is also a broad rudder, also made of canvas, and worked by means of ropes for the purpose of shaping the course either to the right or the left. In case of any accident to the engine the sail acts as a parachute, and the passengers in that case leave the cage and mount on the platform supported by the cross above the sail, so that they run no danger whatever during the descent, which is by no means precipitous. Nothing, however, of all this has yet been tried, the great obstacle being, it appears, the weight of the engine.

“We state with the heartiest goodwill that these Pens are nothing less than a literary indulgence, which makes the very act of writing a pleasure.”—*Hereford Journal*.

“They come as a boon and a blessing to men,

The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.”

Another blessing to men! The Hindoo Pen. Sold by every respectable stationer. Post 1s. 1d. Patentees, MACNIVEN and CAMERON, 23 to 33, Blair-street, Edinburgh.—[ADVT.]

POSSIBLE.—Recently the local paper at Grass Valley said—“The prettiest girl in Grass Valley doesn’t carry herself straight enough when promenading.” For a week after all the Grass Valley girls stalked about like so many bean poles, and every girl said, “That horrid paper! Ma, don’t I walk straight?”

SOUND WRITING.—A very simple instrument for writing sound has been christened the *opeioscope*. It consists of a tube of any metal, one or two inches in diameter, and from two to twenty inches long. Over one end is pasted a piece of tissue paper, or thin rubber, or goldbeater’s skin, and in the centre of this a bit of looking-glass an eighth of an inch square. Hold this end in the sun and the other end in the mouth, and sing or speak in it. The ray of light reflected from the mirror, falling on a white surface, describes curves and patterns differing for every pitch and intensity, while the same conditions give uniform results. The credit of this contrivance is due to Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of England.

AHEM!—At a meeting in London to receive a report from the missionaries sent to discover the tribes of Israel, Lord H— was asked to take the chair. “I take,” he replied, “a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall very much obliged.”

COVERINGS FOR BALD HEADS.—The hair having the appearance of growing on the head, so closely imitating nature as to render detection impossible.—UNWIN and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, are the manufacturers of these perfect specimens of perukian art.—17, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, and 6, Belgrave-mansions, Pimlico.—[ADVT.]

SLEEPLESSNESS.—To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because, says *Scribner's Magazine*, it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of probable headache, or of nervous or other derangements the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than one should lie down after a very full dinner; the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, a cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and to restore the tone of the system—is all that is necessary. We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bed-time. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not awake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescription has generally been attended with happy results.

A SUBMARINE RAILWAY.—In addition to the schemes for tunnelling and bridging the Channel, a most extraordinary proposal, made by a Dr. Lacomme some five or six years ago, has been again brought forward. Dr. Lacomme's project might, perhaps, be more fittingly termed a marine railway, or a railway for the marines. He proposes to lay a submarine line of rails at the bottom of the Straits, upon which a weighted chariot or platform is to run, and upon this platform is to be placed a submarine boat, composed of galvanized iron and hermetically sealed, propelled by compressed air, and furnished with the same fluid in a condensed state for the use of the passengers. There is a provision, says *Iron*, for renewing the supply of air from the surface in case of accident, and halfway a submarine station on the same plan as the ship, which will probably become a favourite place for fish dinners. Dr. Lacomme claims several advantages for his plan over all others, several of which are, it must be confessed, self-evident. The passengers, for instance, will not suffer from fogs or the east wind. They will be able also to appreciate to some extent the position of the prophet Jonah, while most readers will at once admit that the doctor's boat is very like a whale.

CIVILIZATION.—In emulation of the Japanese, the Chinese have constructed several ironclads and other ships of war. Some of these are to convey Chinese products to the great Exhibition at Philadelphia, and at the same time astonish and terrify the western barbarians.

THE ARM ROUND THE WAIST.—Mr. Lathrop says that Trollope has but one method of indicating a man's affection for a woman; that is, by making him put his arm around her waist. Mr. Lathrop seems to think this superficial in Mr. Trollope; but whether superficial or not, I can imagine an author's getting to be very much of this opinion by frequenting unduly the squares of large cities. It may be, however, the other way; it is barely possible that this is what comes of reading the works of a superficial author like Trollope. Really when you once become as unabashed in the contemplation as these young people are in the enjoyment, there is something delightful in the simplicity and sincerity of this method. They sit there for an hour at a time, saying little or nothing, either with his arm around her waist, or else hand-in-hand, and looking you serenely in the eye, without the slightest self-consciousness or disturbance, as you pass backward and forward between their bench and the fountain. There is a sort of freemasonry among them; for you will observe that when a couple become tired of walking, and sit down, the couple at the other end of the bench not too pointedly move on, and leave the coast clear.

ALEX. ROSS.—Grey Hair.—248, High Holborn.—Alex. Ross's Hair Dye produces a perfect colour immediately it is used. It is permanent, and perfectly natural in effect. Price 3s. 6d., sent for stamps or P.O.O.—Alex. Ross's Hair Destroyer.—Alex. Ross's Depilatory removes superfluous hair from the face, neck, and arms, without effect to the skin. Price 3s. 6d., sent for stamps or P.O.O.—A Fact. Hair Colour Wash.—By damping the head with this beautifully perfumed Wash, in twenty-four hours the hair assumes its original colour, and remains so by an occasional using. Price 10s., sent for P.O.O.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London, and all Chemists.—[Adv.]

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Here is a letter from a wife to her husband in California:—"MY DEAR HUSBAND—As it is now some time since you left for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small-pox. With trifling exceptions we are all well, and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us. I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week. Poor girl! She's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance, and I'm glad she's married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope, though; for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find that baked beans don't go off now near so fast as they did. The way that girl would dip into pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family. The cow took it into her head yesterday to run away, which was very fortunate, I'm sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes the house would go too, for it's very inconvenient; but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive much injury. Some boys broke into the orchard the other day, and stripped all the fruit trees. I am very glad of it, for if they hadn't, I presume the children would have made themselves ill by eating too much fruit. Hoping you enjoy yourself in California as well as we do at home, I remain your affectionate wife."

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TO THE

Manufactory and Show Rooms,

93, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

THE TRUTH.—A Wisconsin clergyman has been found guilty by a church council upon a charge that is thus precisely stated: "Not always handling the truth with sufficient carefulness to meet the demands of veracity."

NATURE IN CARPETS.—What we desire in a carpet is something that shall be to our parlour what a well-kept lawn is to our grounds—something so complete in itself, so in harmony with its surroundings, that we shall scarcely notice it, though always agreeably conscious of its presence. For such a carpet we would choose but one colour in two or more shades, and no set figure save an arabesque border, if the room is large enough to admit of it. The delicate tracery of wood and sea-mosses forms the most pleasing of designs, and may be of any colour that will harmonize with the walls and furniture of the rooms. Especially beautiful are the shaded crimsons of the sea-mosses found on rocky, tropical coasts; the many-flecked browns and greys of those found on the Atlantic shores; the softly-blending drabs of the so-called white mosses which edge the weather-stained rocks in New England sheep pastures; and the rich dark and light greens of the dewy mosses which fringe mountain banks, or carpet the cool, damp recesses of oak and maple groves. If more distinctness of figure is desired, let us go no farther than the pattern furnished us by the carpet of the pine woods, where the creeping, feathery prince's pine mingles with the small, dark, glossy leaves of the wintergreen and the chequerberry, and the lighter green plumes of low-growing, delicate ferns. This sort of carpet will give us something to look at, if we choose, without obtruding upon us any of those startling colours which (as the keen French phrase has it) "swear at each other" in so many parlours around us.

NOUS.—A genius proposes that the British Channel be turned into a ford. For this purpose he would place a platform 500 feet long on wheels 150 feet in diameter. This apparatus he would tow across by a wire cable.

ABSENT.—"Old Bumblebee" was the cognomen of Mr. Thoms, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee one day, as he was shingling his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old fellow on the same barn. In one of his abstractions, he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane, as being economical, and not likely to be broken. Uncle Thoms, in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets, with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

COVERINGS FOR BALD HEADS.—The hair having the appearance of growing on the head, so closely imitating nature as to render detection impossible. — UNWIN and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, are the manufacturers of these perfect specimens of perukian art. — 17, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, and 6, Belgrave-mansions, Pimlico. — [ADVT.]

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.—An uninstructed Bridget, armed with a broom, is about as charming an occupant of a parlour, or a library well stocked with the pretty little knick-knacks which cultivated people like to have about them, as the celebrated bull in the china shop. Before Bridget's entrance, all fragile movables should be stored by careful hands in some neighbouring closet; and the furniture, as far as possible, protected by covers and slight draperies, kept for the purpose. Then, after doors have been closed and windows opened, Bridget may be called in and instructed. Almost hopeless the task may seem at first; but after a little she will learn to spread the moderately damp coffee-grounds and tea leaves, or, still better, the slightly moistened bran, evenly over the floor; to brush the corners of the room, and under and back of the heavy articles of furniture, with a parlour brush; then to take her broom, being careful lest its handle shall prove destructive to mirrors or window glass; and instead of digging into the hapless carpet, wearing off the nap, and raising clouds of dust by her short strokes, to take long, smooth, straight strokes, the "right way" of the carpet. This manner of handling the broom, together with plenty of the moist bran, will prevent the whirlwinds of dust which otherwise rise, and, penetrating the best arranged coverings, settle everywhere upon books and furniture.

GRAPHIC.—The following note was sent us by one of the young men who write copy for ONCE A WEEK. Whether he intended it to be published or not, it is hard to say:—"In the grand marches of progress, the greatest march of all is that of the pen over paper, when it travels so easily that thoughts flow free; and the mind, unharassed by sprinks, blots, digs, dives, kinks, catches, and the other million troubles of a bad nib, lends brightness to the verbal notes:—

"Then march, march, march, Macniven and Cameron pen,
'Tis the march of the Cameron pen."

—*Scotch song, slightly altered.*

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—J. OLVER, Wig Maker, 76, Borough, London — Artistic Hairwork, Rings, Brooches, Broomsticks, Guards, &c., &c., made to order. I beg to assure my customers that the same hair sent shall be used. Estimates and designs given. Black or Brown Hair Dye, instantaneous, harmless, perfect, permanent, does not stain the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d. Superfluous Hair:—Oliver's Dechloratory removes hair from face, arms, &c., without the least harm to the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d.—The cheapest house and the largest stock of real hair.—The fashionable Coil Plait, 30s. The Coil Twist, 36 in. long, 21s. The Coronet Plait, 8s. 6d. All other Hair Work equally cheap (by post to all parts), and exchanged if not approved. The above in return for P.O. Order. Estimates and designs given. Important:—False Hair when Faded restored to its Original or any Colour. (Send Hair with Pattern.) Also, Ladies' own Hair and Comings made up, 3s. 6d. per ounce. — [ADVT.]

THE GAIKAWAR OF BARODA.—The palace was thronged with buffoons and dancing girls, all of whom enjoyed a liberty allowed to no other subjects. The most exalted officials and ministers had to bear with the rudest practical jokes from the court fools, and the more humiliating they were, the more the Gaikawar was amused. As to the dancing girls, to make up for the enforced absence of the numerous women of the harem, they were present even at the Councils of State, and much to the detriment, one would suppose, of business, they danced and played before the Prince, who turned every now and then to chat familiarly with them. Besides enjoyments of this kind, the Gaikawar is passionately fond of soldiers, of hunting, and gladiatorial shows. His army, part of which was drilled and uniformed after the European model, and officered by Englishmen, amounted in all to about fifty thousand

men. One regiment of Guards was dressed exactly like the Scots Fusilier Guards; another, an artillery corps, rejoiced in silver cannons; while a third was composed entirely of nobles in splendid costume. The augurs, in whom the Gaikawar placed great faith, had day after day given their verdict against the good luck of the chase, and the bad weather supported them, so it was the end of July before a great hunting party could be organized. A whole month was spent in the chase, the Prince being accompanied by a complete army of attendants of every kind. A less legitimate amusement were the games of the amphitheatre. The single combats between men whose fists were covered with sharp spikes, and which only ended with the death of one or both of the combatants, had been forbidden. But the Gaikawar kept large bodies of pugilists and athletes, not to speak of "torreadors," if we may so call the fighters of wild beasts, elephants, tigers, wild boars, and other animals, to offer him continual entertainments of the most exciting but revolting kind. Like a well-known Emperor, he boasted of his own skill as an athlete, and every morning after his bath he tried his skill as a muscular pagan with one of his professionals. An English gentleman could not attend more carefully to his stud than this Prince did to the training and feeding of this regiment of wrestlers. No pleasure was dearer to him than to make two of these black Herculese almost mad with liquor, and then with knuckledusters of horn upon their fists, hurl one against the other. Not even an English prize-ring could present a more disgusting sight, and M. Rousselet tells a story which is simply a reproduction of the worse features of the old Roman games. One of the combatants had shown the white feather, and tried to fly from his assailant; the other followed and threw him, and both together were soon down on the sand rolling at the feet of Khundi Rao. When the weaker cried for mercy, his victor turned to the Prince to know his will. "Strike! strike!" was the answer, and before long the head of the poor man was one mass of wounds and bruises, and he was quite insensible when he was removed.

HOW DOES IT GET IN?—It seems, from a communication made to the Royal Horticultural Society of England, by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, that the growth of minute fungi may take place beneath the shell of a fresh egg. Mr. Berkeley himself has found cladosprium herbarum in a fowl's egg.

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FOR INDEPENDENCE.—Jones went to a theatre the other evening. The play was bad, the acting worse. On all sides Jones's friends were hissing both. "You take it comfortably," said a friend to Jones. "I came in with an order, and I don't feel at liberty to express an adverse opinion," was the reply. Presently, however, Jones rose hurriedly, indignation in every line of his face. "By Jove! I must go out and pay," he exclaimed.

A COMFORT.—A form of grate has been lately patented, to which is attached a feeder for supplying the fuel from below. It is said that more heat is utilized by keeping the hottest fire at the top, thus also preserving the bars from being burned out; coal is saved, because it ignites more gradually, and leaves after burning no residue except a fine powdery ash, which falls without raking; no cold air is admitted in feeding, and the heat is uniform.

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STRANGE.—When the Arkansas census-taker next goes around he will find Peter Drayton missing from the earth. The old man found a package, and threw it on the fire to see if it was powder or sand. It wasn't sand.

CORRUPTION.—A coloured preacher in South Carolina put his foot on excessive bribery at elections and crushed it. "Dis ting," he says, "ob gitting a hundred dollars for a vote is all wrong; ten dollars is as much as it's worth."

A BELLICOSE DITTY.—Many and strange are the stories told of bells. Some are credited with a supernatural origin, others with supernatural gifts, and almost a life and soul. There is a small Walloon town, the clock of which is always kept an hour fast, in commemoration of an event which is said to have occurred in one of the civil wars which a few centuries ago desolated the Netherlands and Belgium, those wars of a sturdy rising people, to whom modern liberties owe so much, against feudal prescriptive tyranny. The legend runs thus:—A hostile force besieged the town, in which dwelt a traitor who had covenanted for gold to betray it. He had charge of one of the gates of the city, which he had arranged to open to the foe when the town clock should strike midnight. All was in readiness within and without—the traitor to admit, the foe to enter. Time passed; but that night the hour of midnight did not ring from the tower. And when the great bell at last struck, one in the morning was proclaimed from its brazen throat. The besiegers, thinking they had been betrayed, in their turn, by the traitor, hesitated to attempt an entrance, and the town was saved.

"We state with the heartiest goodwill that these Pens are nothing less than a literary indulgence, which makes the very act of writing a pleasure."—*Hereford Journal*.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,

The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

Another blessing to men! The Hindoo Pen. Sold by every respectable stationer. Post 1s. 1d. Patentees, MACNIVEN and CAMERON, 23 to 33, Blair-street, Edinburgh.—[ADVT.]

AUSTRALIAN MEAT.—We have been favoured with a copy of the second annual report of the committee appointed to aid Mr. D. Tallerman in his efforts to popularize Australian preserved meats, from which it is very gratifying to find that their exertions have been most fruitful. During 1873, dinners were given to the representatives of the principal metropolitan working class associations, and met with such well-merited success that the committee were induced to extend their sphere of action to the leading provincial cities and towns, for the purpose of disseminating a knowledge of the preserved meats imported, with the view of overcoming the prejudice against their use. The bill of fare at the dinners given in the provinces included corned beef, spiced and corned mutton, boiled beef, spring lamb, seasoned beef, collared head, brisket beef, minced collops, &c., all of which were specially served cold as imported, in order that they might be subjected to the severest test; the diners on each occasion unanimously pronouncing them to be of the most excellent quality. The publicity thus given by the committee in visiting the great seats of industry, and appealing directly to the masses, will undoubtedly do much to dispel the existing prejudice and ignorance against which the committee have to contend; and the day, we hope, is not far distant when these excellent and nutritious Antipodean products will become articles of general consumption, and thus form a valuable addition to our present food supply. Mr. Tallerman is to be congratulated for his indomitable energy and unflagging enthusiasm in seeking to popularize Australian meats, and thus cheapen food by increasing the supply.

"THE BRIGHTON LAMP."—The very many evils hitherto inseparably connected with oil lamps have been successfully combated by those Genii truly of the Lamp, Messrs. King and Browne, of 93, Wigmore-street, who have in their patent Brighton lamp achieved an undeniable success. Among the very many excellent features of these lamps are the ingenious construction of the burner, which gives a particularly pure, brilliant white light, and from its circular form equally distributes the heat, thus reducing the breakages of chimneys to a minimum; the prevention of explosion through the heat of the flame being shut off from the oil by a non-conductor; and the utter absence of that unpleasant odour which formerly attacked one's olfactory nerves where lamps were used, the fluid prepared and supplied by Messrs. King and Browne being of the purest, and absolutely free from smell. The best test is that we have tried the lamp and found it excellent, the light being brilliant in the extreme.

A FUNERAL SUBJECT.—There is no more flagrant exhibition of the gross luxury of the time than a funeral, and our undertakers' warerooms are assuming a gay and festive air, which promises ere long to make them places of elegant resort. Where we used to be content with a coffin, we are now expected to pine after a "casket;" and indeed, casket is a sweet and soothing word, implying that we are jewels. The rosewood and the silver plate, the draperies and the flowers, do indeed accomplish much towards the laudable end proposed to himself by a well-known personage who officiates with importance on all occasions, grave or gay, in New York society, and who in a time of panic said—"There are very few parties now, but we try to make the funerals as pleasant as possible."

Doubtless it has soothed many souls dying in the very odour of fashion to know that the funeral would be in the very last and highest style of elegance. Of the undertakers' warerooms—where, by the way, even white caskets are now provided, with the laudable purpose, we suppose, of making the occasion when they are used as much like a wedding as possible—there is at least one the sign of which announces "Every Requisite for a Funeral." So copious a promise tempted a person, who shall be nameless, to step into such a richly provided place. "You advertise every requisite for a funeral; do you have them on hand?" "Certainly, sir, always." "Every requisite?" "Every important requisite," with a solemn smirk, "for the most resher-shy style of funeral." "Indeed! that's an interesting fact to know. Do you keep a corpse always in stock?" That's surely a very important requisite for a funeral." There was no reply; but the countenance of that undertaker assumed such an inhospitable expression that, lest the lacking article should be immediately provided, this N. P. took a Hebraic form; that is, his nebulousness resolved itself into a Jew—in a word, he "left."

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IMITATION SILVER.—In several stores in Munich various objects of art have lately been displayed, which are remarkable for their brilliant silver hue. It appears that they are mere plaster models covered with a thin coat of mica powder, which perfectly replaces the ordinary metallic substances. The mica plates are first cleaned and bleached by fire, boiled in hydrochloric acid, and washed and dried. The material is then finely powered, sifted, and mingled with collodion, which serves as a vehicle for applying the compound with a paint brush. The objects thus prepared can be washed in water, and are not liable to be injured by sulphureted gases or dust. The collodion adheres perfectly to glass, porcelain, wood, metal, or *papier mâché*. The mica can be easily tinted in different colours, thus adding to the beauty of the ornamentation.

HARD ON THE ICE.—The latest advertising dodge is in the form of a patent stamp to be attached to the seats of boys' trousers when they go out skating. When they get a fall, the advertiser's name and business will be neatly stamped upon the ice, so that all who skate may read.

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IMPROVEMENT IN MINERS' SAFETY LAMPS.—In speaking of sounding and sensitive flames, Mr. A. S. Herschel states that in the application of them to the construction of miners' safety lamps, which shall make an audible noise on the approach of dangerous gases, we must avoid any vibrations except the extremely small oscillations of a high-pitched note, otherwise elements of danger may be apprehended from the sounding action of the flame. According to Dr. Irvine, the state of musical sensitiveness in Barry's wire gauze sensitive flame is due to increased inflammability of the burning gas mixture. The gas current, before reaching the wire gauze, will naturally entangle and mix with it a larger quantity of air when it is disturbed than when it issues smoothly. Such a disturbance is produced by the action of external sounds, under whose influence the appearance of the flame is more contracted and boisterous than when the gas-jet burns in a surrounding atmosphere of quiescent air.

A QUESTION.—Has current literature any connection with the great gooseberry paragraphs that appear during the recess?

NEW PROCESS OF GILDING ON GLASS.—Professor Schwarzenbach, of Berne, has recently devised the following new method of gilding on glass: Pure chloride of gold is dissolved in water. The solution is filtered and diluted until, in twenty quarts of water, but fifteen grains of gold is contained. It is then rendered alkaline by the addition of soda. In order to reduce the gold chloride, alcohol saturated with marsh-gas and diluted with its own volume of water is used. The reaction which ensues results in the deposition of metallic gold and the neutralization of the hydrochloric acid by the soda. In practice, to gild a plate of glass, the object is first cleaned and placed above a second plate slightly larger, space of about one-tenth of an inch separating the two. Into this space the alkaline solution is poured, the reducing agent being added immediately before use. After two or three hours' repose the gilding is solidly fixed, when the plate may be removed and washed.

NO TRUST.—The villagers of a little town in France, to which a pilgrimage was lately made on account of a certain "holy relic," availed themselves of the occasion to do "a little business." They turned their houses into wineshops, and displayed a placard: "*Vivent les pèlerins! La consommation se paie d'avance.*" "Long live the pilgrims! Wine must be paid for in advance."

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RETORT.—A noted actor, who flourished just one hundred years ago in Dublin and London, was Henry Mossop, a man of whom Tate Wilkinson said, "His port was majestic and commanding, his voice strong and articulate, and audible even in a whisper, and a fine, speaking hazel eye." He always spoke in heroics. A cobbler in Dublin who once brought him home his boots refused to leave them without the money. Mossop returned during the time he was disputing, and looking sternly, exclaimed, "Tell me, are you the noted cobbler I oft have heard of?" "Yes," says the fellow; "and I think you are the diverting vagabond I have often seen."

BEING FUNNY.—Mathews may be cited as an instance of natural gifts being in harmony with success on the stage. In social circles he was generally hilarious, witty, and most entertaining, especially whenever he felt himself at ease, and no demands were made on him for exertion. I remember him at Mrs. H. Siddons' dinner table, overflowing with witty sallies, with anecdotes and jokes, causing quite as much laughter as when "at home" on the stage. Charles Mathews, the son of this celebrated comedian, has owed a great part of his popularity to having inherited his father's temperament. Although he was brought up to be an architect, his natural bent led him to give up that profession for the stage. I recollect Mrs. H. Siddons asking the elder Mathews about his son, then a pupil to an architect. "Oh," he replied, in his humorous way, "Charley can now draw a house almost as well as I can." I also heard Mathews give Mrs. H. Siddons an account of a party in the house of a rich writer of the Signet, a kind of northern Mæcenas, with whom he had dined the day before. In the drollest way, Mathews, speaking of this dinner party, said that neither host, hostess, nor any of the guests knew how to promote conversation. With the dessert, he added, came in a body of young children, who arranged themselves, according to their size, on each side of their mother. After this the conversation flagged more than ever, and the eyes of young as well as old became fixed on the unhappy comedian. At length the lady of the house, in her eagerness to have her darlings amused, turning to Mathews, said, "Oh, dear Mr. Mathews, pray begin to be funny, for the children soon must go to bed." This, added Mathews, was the climax; so, pleading indisposition, he made his escape from the party as soon as he could.

DESSERT.—The head waiter in one of our hotels was a few days since made the recipient of a young pig. Never having had a "party" of that sort to take care of before, he was at a loss to know how to feed it, but finally concluded that the leavings of the table would answer the contract. These he supplied in liberal quantity, and, as a consequence, piggy soon got very sick. One day, after having served to it the usual collation, the coloured gemman was observed filling a large can with ice-cream, and on being told that that was no food for a pig, replied, "Golly! he's jes got to learn to eat dessert, or die!"

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THE YIELD OF INDIA-RUBBER.—The best india-rubber comes from Para, in Brazil. In that country the yield begins towards the month of August, and continues quite abundant till January or February. The milky juice of the *hevea*, which furnishes the greatest quantity, becomes rather too thin and watery during the rainy season to be worth the trouble of collecting it then. At other times this juice, as it flows from the incisions made in the trunks of the trees, is about as thick as rich cream, and very nearly the same colour. After a while the gummy substance separates from the rest, and consolidates in one single mass that floats in a sort of opaline liquid. Usually it is in the evening that the aforesaid incisions are made to obtain a supply of the juice, which is allowed to run all night into vessels placed for the purpose at the foot of the trees.

A DISCOVERY.—The commandant of the old Castle of Saguntum (now Murviedo) has, during some excavations within its precincts, discovered the arm of a marble statue, and some remnants of pottery made from Saguntum clay; further search has revealed a circular vault, covered with a deep layer of gypsum, beneath which a considerable quantity of human remains were collected; these have been carefully removed to the cemetery. The excavations have been continued, and a mosaic pavement has come to light; the mosaic is without apparent set pattern or order; but the colours are extremely rich and vivid. The excavations are still going on, and further important discoveries are anticipated.

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FALLING OFF.—The Wesleyan Conference at New-castle was held at the time of a great boat-race on the Tyne. The day after the race, two travellers in a railway carriage were overheard commenting thus:—First traveller: "Has t'u seen t' *Chronicle*?" Second traveller: "Noa! What for?" First traveller: "Times is changed! There's three columns to t' Conference, and nobbut one and a half to t' boat-race."

STEALING ROMANCE.—Some one has sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* the following *exposé*:—"Lightly she lifts the large, pure, luminous shell, and poises it in her strong, shapely hand. 'Listen!' she says—'it has a tale to tell, spoken in language you may understand.' Smiling, she holds it to my dreaming ear: the old, delicious murmur of the sea steals like enchantment through me, and I hear voices like echoes of eternity. Let her poise. She may also lift the convoluted univalve in a 'strong and shapely hand,' and her biceps may swell out like a musk melon. But the antique swindle touching the 'old, delicious murmur of the sea' is a humbug. For, reader, if you will hold a beaver hat, or a goblet, or a pickle bottle to your ear, you will hear the same delicious murmur."

QUERY.—Why should the Arab silently steal away? Had he no right of way?

SITTING UPON HIM.—A pert young man once said to Swift: "Do you know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit?" "Do you so?" answered Mr. Swift; "take my advice, and sit down again."

THE CREAM OF A COMPLIMENT.—"Why did you pass yesterday without looking at me?" said a beautiful woman to Talleyrand. "Because, madam, if I had looked I could not have passed."

OLD AND GOOD.—For a "startling metaphor" we will draw upon Sydney Smith. His daughter tells the story. "We were all assembled to look at a turtle that had been sent to the house of a friend, when a child of the party stooped down, and began eagerly stroking the shell of the turtle. 'Why are you doing that, Belle?' said my father. 'Oh, to please the turtle.' 'Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the dean and chapter.'"

ORNAMENTING IVORY.—A new process of producing designs in relief on a block of ivory, of sufficient thickness to sustain the design without a backing, has been patented in America, consisting in first softening the said block by means of nitric acid or equivalent softening solution, then pressing the same with dies while within a ring or cup-shaped holder, for preventing lateral expansion of the block, afterwards drying it in wrappers, and finally bleaching.

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WASTE.—Mr. P. L. Simmonds, the author of "Waste Products," says:—"One of the great works which science has to accomplish in this utilitarian age is to apply economy in the use of the world's products. Seeing the increasing population of our globe, which has now reached nearly 1,300,000,000, and the unavoidable waste by fires, shipwrecks, wars, &c., it is high time that science should step in and teach how to transmute the waste and refuse materials, elements of pollution, into sources of economy and wealth. The utilization of the sewage of great cities, for agricultural ends, has virtually been a demonstrated success. The same success, by patient experiment, is obtainable in many other waste products, which, in ignorance of their value, we suffer to defile our streets, pollute our rivers, and taint the air we breathe."

HOW TIMES ARE ALTERED.—Money in the fourteenth century was so differently valued than it now is that £10 or £20 a year was reckoned a competent income for the lord of a manor. A knight, who had £150 per annum, was esteemed a very rich man.

SELFISH TO THE LAST.—A French dramatic author was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his last moments; but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to hear it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not above an hour to live." "Ah," replied the author, "but this will only occupy half the time."

THE GREAT TROUT.—I am a firm believer in Humbug, and am ready to maintain that there is no trade, profession, or business—nothing in the world, in fact—which is free from its taint. The following story, which I have just heard from a friend, is calculated to confirm me in that belief: “A week or two ago a country fishmonger purchased at Billingsgate a twelve-pound Lough Neagh trout, at ninepence per pound, it having been refused by West-end fishmongers as out of season. The trout was taken to Ware, and given to a bargeman to catch in the river Lea. The bargeman accordingly caught the trout, and it was then sold to an extensive brewer at eight shillings per pound, as having been caught in his water! The fish is now being stuffed in Piccadilly, as a curiosity, to be placed inside a glass case in the hall of the worthy owner. Some of my readers, I dare say, will agree with me that, as a ‘curiosity,’ the fish will be very incomplete unless there be attached to it a short history of its career subsequent to its first capture in Lough Neagh.”—*Man about Town.*

FAR-FETCHED.—A Hartford man found one of his hens laying in his newly-filled bin of coal. Why, he does not know, unless she thought it was egg coal, or was following the dictates of prudence in laying in a good supply of coal.

THE DISH.—A French master, when going on horseback to an academy for ladies, was thrown into a ditch. When he made his appearance before his mistress, in order to apologize for the dirt which besmeared his habiliments, he said, “Ah, madame, I have fallen into the *dish*.” “Yes, monsieur,” she replied; “I see it, since you are covered with the *gravy*.”

THE ONLY CONSOLATION.—A lady returning from an unprofitable visit to church, declared that “when she saw the shawls on those Smiths, and then thought of the things her own poor girls had to wear, if it wasn’t for the consolation of religion she did not know what she should do.”

IMPOSSIBLE.—A wit, seeing a book publisher tipsy, remarked that it seemed as though a wine cellar had been emptied into that bookseller.

NO SPECTACLES.—A near-sighted man was riding in a Woodward-avenue car the other day, when a lady opposite bowed to him. He returned the bow, raised his hat, smiled sweetly, and was just wondering who she was, when she came over and whispered in his ear: “Oh! I’ll fix you for this, old man!” Then he knew it was his wife.

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A NEW NAIL.—This is a new form of nail, the peculiar features in which are its screw shank, and the head concave underneath, and provided with teeth. In using it, a hole is first bored in the wood as for an ordinary screw; the nail is then driven in by a hammer, when the teeth about the head will readily catch in the surface of the adjacent wood. The nail thus secured can neither be turned nor withdrawn without destroying in whole or in part the fibres of the wood. The invention will doubtless be of advantage in fastening packing cases for shipping, as, in addition to forming a strong connection, its removal, in case of any tampering with the contents, can be at once evidenced by the condition of the box. Patented March 17, 1874, by Mr. Joseph Lowensohn, of Berlin, Prussia.

PRETTY.—A sweet poetess says “that kisses on her brow are the richest jewels her soul aspires to wear.” If she is as pretty as her sentiment, we’ll agree to keep her forehead supplied with diadems the year round.

A PROMISING LAWYER.—A city in Western New York is honoured by the residence of a young sprig of the law, who thinks he possesses the combined legal knowledge of all the eminent jurists of the century. At the inquest on the body of a man who, while intoxicated, was run over by the cars, our promising young lawyer astounded the doctor, who had examined the body, by gravely and pompously uttering the following:—“Doctor, you have given it as your opinion that the man was drunk at the time of his death. Now, I wish you to inform the jury if you think he drank the liquor *prior* to his death?”

ALL!—Sometimes a good thing happens even in Oregon, as we are told by a correspondent in that region. Lawyer B— called at the office of Counsellor F—, who has considerable practice in bankruptcy, and said, “See here, F—, I want to know what the practice is in such and such a case in bankruptcy.” F—, straightening himself up and looking as wise as possible, replied, “Well, Mr. B—, I generally get paid for telling what I know.” B— put his hand into his pocket, drew forth half a dollar, handed it to F—, and said, “Here, tell me *all* you know, and give me the change.”

SWEET INNOCENCE.—Little Johnny wanted to go to church. His mother was afraid he would make a noise, but his father said, “Johnny knows better than to make a noise in church.” So he went. He kept very still till the last prayer. By that time he had grown tired of sitting still, and was standing on the pew cushion with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the next seat bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying. He leaned over, and said to the lady in a tone that was meant for a whisper, but which was only too plainly heard, “Poor lady! What ee matter? Do oo stummutt ache?”

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—An American interviewer stops short after writing the words “Prince Demetrius Tschawtschawadze,” and utters this remark: “Imagine such a name on an umbrella handle. It would hang over the ferule.”

COVERINGS FOR BALD HEADS.—The hair having the appearance of growing on the head, so closely imitating nature as to render detection impossible. —UNWIN and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, are the manufacturers of these perfect specimens of perukian art.—17, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, and 6, Belgrave-mansions, Pimlico.—[ADVT.]

"SOME sermonizers," said Sydney Smith, "preach as if sin were to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam—by casting them into a deep sleep."

TENDERNESS.—A doating mother, being satisfied that her child merited flogging, insisted on his taking chloroform first.

CROCODILE RACES are the latest sport in Paris. The reptiles are the property of an American, and are three in number, being named respectively Jonathan, Billy, and Ontario. The course is about 170 yards in length, and the jockeys are—monkeys.

A HINT WORTH TAKING.—A wealthy London merchant is reported as having said: "I always feel happy when I am advertising, for then I know that, waking or sleeping, I have a strong though silent orator working for me; one who never tires, never sleeps, never makes mistakes, and who is certain to address the dealers from whom, if at all, my trade must come."

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TAKEN BY SURPRISE.—Poor Mr. Pickersgill was a favourite with the late Duke of Wellington. After a week's sojourn at Strathfieldsaye he was leaving, and the duke having kindly asked if he had enjoyed his stay, said, "Is there anything that I can do for you?" Pickersgill hesitated. "Well, your grace, I should like much to know if you were taken by surprise at Waterloo." A slight frown, and it passed away. "Well, Mr. Pickersgill, I was never more surprised than I am at this moment." It was a neat thing, and Pickersgill used to tell it as if it settled the question rather than himself.

THE TOWER TREAT.—We move very slowly in the way of improvement, and till the last few weeks the national collection of weapons of war, at the historical old Tower of London, has only been accessible to the public by payment. To get this thrown open, after the fashion of the museums, has been the object of several public meetings held under the chairmanship of Mr. Hepworth Dixon; and after appeals to the proper quarter, the great concession has been made; but how mildly! The public are to be admitted on two days in each week free, and after the old custom—namely, in batches of about twenty each, marched round, at his own pace, by a beefeater, who surrenders his guidance at the jewel-room to a mournful woman in black bombazine. She seems to have suffered imprisonment in the Little Ease, so melancholy are the recitations in which she describes the regalia; in fact, so doleful is her tone, that the lustre seems to depart from the gems, and holiday-making 'Arry comes out, saying: "I don't think much o' them crown jewels, arter all." Fancy being taken through the British Museum, one of a batch, and listening to a portly old soldier descanting upon stuffed animals and Nineveh bulls. Verily, we are a strange people!

HIS WALK.—"Is your intended husband in his conversation and carriage a consistent Christian?" asked a Wicklow priest of a young lady who was soon-to-be married. "In his conversation he is pious, but I never saw him in his carriage," was the innocent reply.

A CURE.—A celebrated physician was called upon recently by a person suffering from rheumatism, who insisted upon his doing something for him. The physician wrote a prescription, and, as the patient went out of the room, said to him, "I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have myself been very much troubled with rheumatism lately."

SOMETHING TO LOOK FOR.—Talking of Bedford-square, have any of my readers noticed at the top of a house, closely abutting upon Streatham-street, a curious relic? It consists of a silver watch and black stand, riveted to the wall just at the cornice. It commemorates, I am told, an incident in the life of a former inmate of the house. He was climbing along the roof—for what purpose deponent sayeth not—when his foot slipped, and over he went; but his watch chain caught in a bar or nail, and sustained him in mid-air until he was rescued. In grateful acknowledgment of this singular deliverance, he had the watch and chain fixed on the spot as a monument.—*Man about Town.*

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PALE AND GOLDEN HAIR. Sol Aurine in one or two days produces that pretty tint now so much admired. Perfectly free from objectionable ingredients.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.—Sent for stamps.—[ADVT.]

PREHISTORIC INHABITANTS.—An interesting discovery has, according to the *Journal Officiel*, been made at Les Corbières, on the top of the mountain overhanging the village of Padern, of a grotto containing, among other relics of prehistoric inhabitants, pieces of shells carefully cut into hooks, and pierced with a hole for suspension from the neck, which evidently were the knives used in remote ages. The use of shell instruments is an almost novel fact in diluvial caves, and would seem to lead to the supposition that the vast plains of Roussillon, from Perpignan to the environs of Estagel, once formed part of the sea, and are comparatively recent deposits of the Tet and the Agly.

FAVOURITE SERMONS.—There are two sermons preached every Sunday in St. Mary's Church at Oxford, and, as there are very many preachers, every school of theology is represented. "You hear a great many sermons," said a Don once to the beadle. "I've been here ten years," said the beadle; "I've heard two sermons every Sunday—High Church and Low Church and Broad Church—but, thank Heaven, I am still a Christian." That man got to be as good a judge of the value of a sermon as a porter at Christie's might be of the value of a picture. They used to ask his opinion about them. "What did you think of the sermon to-day?" "Well, sir, I never liked that sermon. I did not like it the first time I heard it, and I did not like it the last time; and I did not like it this time."

IGNORANCE.—Mark Twain says the Sandwich Islanders are generally as unlettered as the other side of a tombstone.

HALVES.—There is a purple half to a grape, a melon half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to the man that is so fortunate as to have a good wife.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A Mademoiselle Lapiney has lost £20,000 by the burning of a house in Place Vendôme, Paris. The lady is an ex-actress, and her loss is occasioned by the burning of her dresses, some of which were worth between £700 and £800. The ceiling of her bed-room was lined with costly lace, which embodied a pictorial representation of the triumph of Actæon; and, of course, articles of *vertu* abounded in this prize apartment.

GOING THE OTHER WAY.—An old Englishman, too drunk to perceive what he was doing, while trying to saddle his horse, was interrupted by a German standing by: "What for you do dat? You got de hind end before." The saddle had been placed on the horse with the cantle in front. Stepping forward, officiously, and offering his services to put the saddle on right, the German spoke up: "By shinks! let a man do some tings what knows some tings." Amazed at the meddlesome friend, the Englishman replied: "How the deuce do you know which way I am going?"

ENTHUSIASTIC.—It was in the coldest part of last February, when the snow was on the ground, and the skies were bleak and wintry, and the wind keen and cutting, that a certain stalwart rector, of Brobagnagian proportions, and reckoned the best shot within a radius of fifty miles of his rectory, went out pike fishing in a certain well-known midland stream. He was fishing with a live bait, not trolling, when he hooked a monster. The line snapped just above the float, and he had the mortification of seeing his quarry escape him, and dash down the stream. The float, however, showed his whereabouts, and thereupon, without more ado, our plucky parson headed him, stripped, plunged into the stream, fringed with ice though it was, and thereupon ensued an exciting chase in the water. At last the indomitable angler secured the line, twisted it firmly round his wrist, swam to the shore, landed his fish—a noble twelve-pounder—and dressed on the bank, with the snow falling thick around him. It is not all sportsmen, however keen they might be, who would go through so much rather than lose their quarry.

A STRANGER.—A man who was arrested for stealing at a fire the other day, pleaded in extenuation of his conduct that he had been in the place but a few days, and hadn't learnt the rules.

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON THE FLAVOUR OF FLESH.—The taste of the flesh of animals is generally influenced by the food upon which they live. Fieldfares have a peculiar taste after they have eaten juniper berries; ducks, gulls, and other aquatic birds, which feed on shails, crabs, and fish, have a peculiar taste referable to their food. The flesh of swine in Tahiti, fed on fruit only, resembles veal. Game owes its savoury taste, in a great measure, to its large proportion of kreatine. Partridges lose their taste, if cooped and fed like domestic fowls. Tame ducks, if left at liberty, become lean, but acquire the flavour of game. Hence it will be found that the taste of the flesh of various animals arises from their organization, the food upon which they live, and their habits of life.

THE COAL SCUTTLE.—Whatever may be in store for our coal-beds in England, we need not despair of a plentiful supply of the useful mineral when the Chinese fields are fully developed. In Sze-Chuen, coal occupies an area of 100,000 square miles. Starting from the great plain of China on the west, there is a plateau of coal, overlying a limestone formation, extending to Shensi and Kansu for a distance of about 200 miles. These beds lie horizontally, have an average thickness of 30 feet, and an area of 30,000 miles. According to Baron Richtofen, to whom we are indebted for the preceding information, the coal is of excellent quality. We hope, however, that no one will waste one ounce of coals because we may get a supply at some distant day from China.

HOMES FOR THE POOR.—It is remarkable that no scheme has yet been devised for providing, on any adequate scale, improved dwellings for the poor classes. The Peabody trust has been expended for the benefit of the working classes, it is true; but the really poor—the labourers, and workers at ill-paid and casual industries—never rise to the respectability of such rentals as are demanded. The Waterlow scheme just stops short at the same point. Shaftesbury Village, in South London, is all very well for skilled craftsmen and mechanics, who can afford to live away from their work, and take advantage of cheap local railway trains; but what are the poor inhabitants of crowded neighbourhoods to do, when the pulling-down process commences, and whole families are evicted? It is not easy to say. At any rate, model lodging houses on the present pattern will not supply the deficiency. To begin with, the rents are too high, and must be kept up in order to pay interest on capital invested; then the people themselves won't live in them. The bare corridors, the smooth brick walls, coloured or plastered, in which no nail must be driven, even the modern scientific contrivances, the dust shoots, laundries, and lavatories, rather appal the poorer class of tenant, who fancies that he sees in such a vast community a similitude to the workhouse and the gaol.

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METAPHYSICS.—An indignant lady describes metaphysics as "two men talking together, one of them trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other unable to understand him."

THE "PATENT EDITORIAL STOVE."—It should have been discovered last fall, and not just now, when we are feeling something of the warm and grateful breath of spring. It is a "Patent Editorial Stove," warranted to burn only one basket of original poems a day. Our own complete caloriferes render stoves quite unnecessary upon our premises, but we think of ordering one of the new burners for special use. Very few poems have in them fire enough to render their spontaneous combustion probable; but we believe that an amalgam or conserve of poems, sawdust, and tar would make excellent kindling. A cremation of this kind has in it a more romantic propriety than the lacerations and reduction to pulp of the paper-mill: it is fit that the end should be like the beginning, and that what was born of fever should perish of fervour. We suppose that the new stove will not be expensive to begin with, while it will be, no doubt, economical in the using. Why not buy one, dear young master or miss? Why not have large ones for boarding schools and colleges? Why not offer them as prizes in rhythmical compositions—a stove to the writer of the longest offering?

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THE LOAN OF AN UMBRELLA.—Seldom has a case of more importance to the public been heard in a court of justice than that of *Cooper v. Luchstein*, tried in the Shoreditch County Court a few days ago. The action rose out of an umbrella which the plaintiff had lent to the defendant, but which the other did not return, and the sum of 15s. 6d. was therefore claimed as the value thereof. The plaintiff's father-in-law distinctly proved the loan of the umbrella to the defendant on "one rainy day." "It was valued," he said, "at 15s. 6d., and the defendant had paid 5s. 6d. on account. He (the defendant) had been called upon several times for the balance, but it could never be got." The defendant admitted having borrowed "an old worn-out umbrella," worth about 3s. 6d., from the plaintiff, "but lost it, where he could not say." He reported the loss to the plaintiff, who said, "Never mind; it was not up to much." The melancholy affair took place, it was stated, about four months ago, and the defendant had paid 5s. 6d. instead of 3s. 6d., his own estimated value of the umbrella, "to save a bother." The judge, commenting on the fact that the plaintiff was only represented by his father-in-law, and did not himself appear in support of his claim, nonsuited the parties; but the case illustrates a wholesome and growing tendency on the part of not only owners of umbrellas but even of their relatives to apply the ordinary principles of honesty to the loan of these useful articles, and exact from borrowers their full value when not returned.

DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS.—A remarkable discovery of human remains, the *Medical Press and Circular* says, was recently made in a bog in the townland of Drungallon, near Drumquin, county Tyrone. Some men, cutting turf, accidentally came on the skeleton of a man, seemingly fully dressed, and tied with ropes to some boards, with two handspokes on each side, and two hooped sticks in which the hands apparently rested. The body was enveloped in what had the appearance of a large military cloak, while round the waist was a belt in which had been stuck a knife, a horse-comb, a common comb, and some other articles whose uses are now unknown here. On the legs were tight trousers reaching to the knee, over which stockings seemed to have been drawn, and then strapped on and buckled. On the feet were curiously made shoes and silver buckles, and the hands had gloves; while on the head—the hair of which still remains, and must have reached to the shoulders—was a long cap.

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OUR VILLAGE.—A society, in its report, says that "London is the greatest city the world ever saw. It is the heart of the British Empire and the world. It covers within the fifteen miles' radius of Charing Cross nearly 700 square miles. It numbers within these boundaries four millions of inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself; more Jews than the whole of Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotchmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff; more country-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire, and Durham combined. Has a birth in it every five minutes; has a death in it every eight minutes; has seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets; has on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets opened, and 9,000 new houses built in it every year; has 123 persons every day, and 45,000 annually, added to its population; has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in its port every day; has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 3,000 per annum; has more than one-third of all the crime in the country committed in it; has 23,000 persons living in its common lodging-houses; has as many beershops and gin palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of 73 miles; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has as many paupers as would more than occupy every house in Brighton; has upwards of a million of habitual neglecters of public worship; has 60 miles of open shops every Lord's Day; has need of 900 new churches and chapels, and 200 additional City missionaries; has an influence with all parts of the world, represented by the yearly delivery in its postal districts of 238 millions of letters."

AN inebriate precipitated himself downstairs, and on striking the landing reproachfully apostrophized himself with—"If you'd been a-wantin' to come downstairs, why in thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a come with you, an' showed you the way."

A FERN PARADISE.—A rude rustic bridge crosses the stream, and gives access to a narrow, steep, and winding path, which leads up into the dusky recesses of the wood. On the right of the rustic bridge, and almost overshadowing it, a large hawthorn bush was white with blossom and scented the air all round with its delicious fragrance. Below us the stream was rapidly eddying, waving the weeds and wild growth that sprung up from its bed. Just in front, a sudden fall in the level of the stream caused the gurgle and splash of a tiny waterfall. A sloping bank led down on the right from the road to the water's surface, covered—in such splendid luxuriance as is everywhere to be seen in Devonshire—with tall, rich, delightful green grass, intermingled with the dark green fronds of the hart's-tongue and the handsome shuttlecock-shaped fronds of noble specimens of the male fern. The left banks of the brook hung far over the water; the rushes, ivy, and moss-covered branches of trees which crowned them affording cool, dark, and moist nooks for the ferns, whose exquisite fronds, dropping gracefully over the stream in splendid clusters, lapped it with their beautiful tips. Beyond the bridge the stream flows for a short distance under the dark shadows of the wood, winding, falling, splashing, and foaming as it hurries along out of sight. The peep in this direction is delightful. Trees above—moss-covered, ivy-covered branches, some gnarled and others fresh and vigorous; trees on each side, all densely clothed with their fresh and glorious May dress. The clear brook reflects the shadows of trees and shrubs, and becomes dimly seen as it disappears under the dark vista of the wood. This vista, formed of the delightfully intermingled branches of the trees overhead, presents the most charming peep. The matted branches, green limbs and twigs, would fairly exclude the light, were it not that at the darkest and densest part of the canopy slight openings afford a view of the sky, and whilst they admit the softened sun-rays, give the prospect of a beautiful wood-crowned hill, rising upwards beyond the delightful canopy which hangs so gracefully over the clear and glancing waters of the brook.—*F. G. Heath.*

ROMAN KITCHEN UTENSILS.—A paragraph in the *Journal de Genève* mentions the acquisition by the museum of that town of a set of Roman kitchen utensils, found in a field near Martigny, having probably been buried on account of some sudden alarm. There are thirty articles, mostly in bronze, some of them elaborately worked, reminding one of the beautiful shape and ornamentation of Pompeian vessels. The shovel and pot-hanger do not differ much from modern articles, and there is an earthen mould shaped like a shell, several plates in various sizes, a saucepan with the bottom worn away, a large boiler, a funnel, two ladles, a stewpan, and vases, or ewers, with two handles, one of which bears the representation of two gladiators, and apparently awarded as a prize. There are also two silver ornaments, seemingly of later date, and believed by Dr. Gosse, the curator, to have been used in Christian worship. He attributes the find to the third century. Three bronze coins were discovered in the same spot, two of them bearing the effigy of Augustus, and the third that of Antoninus.

DR. JOHNSON'S WALK.—One of the most charming features of the Alexandra Palace and Park is the Grove, bordering on the road to Highgate, which contains what is called Dr. Johnson's Walk. Its trees are among the oldest and finest in the county of Middlesex. The Grove has been described by an able writer as "a wild natural garden, clothed with the utmost beauty to which the luxuriance of our northern vegetation can attain. On one side a low, thick hedge of holly, pillared by noble oaks, flanks a great terrace walk, commanding a noble view over a slope which descends rapidly from the prickly barrier. Very few such oaks are to be found within this island: lofty, sturdy, and well-grown trees, not marked by the hollow boles and distorted limbs of extreme old age, but in the very prime of vegetable manhood. Turning at right angles, at the end of this semi-avenue, the walk skirts a rapid descent, clothed with turf of that silky fineness which denotes long and careful garden culture, and set with a labyrinth of trees, each one of which is a study in itself. A noble cedar of Lebanon rises in a group of spires like a foreshortened Gothic cathedral. A holly, which, from its perfect and unusual symmetry, deceives the eyes as to size, and looks like a sapling close at hand, has a bole of some fifteen feet girth, rising for twenty-four feet before it breaks into branches. Towering Scotch firs look down from a yet loftier height. Farther on, the walk is bordered by laurel hedges, and overlooks a wide sweep of country, undulated, wooded, and studded by many a spiry steeple to the north; and here we meet with an elm, standing alone on the turf, as perfect in its giant symmetry as the holly we have just admired. Then, perhaps the monarch of all, we come upon a gigantic chestnut, which seems as if, like the trees once in the Garden of Eden, no touch of iron had even fallen upon its limbs. Its twining and bowing branches droop to the very ground and rise again; resting, not drooping, to emulate the vegetable peristyle of the banyan."

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REST AFTER A HEAVY MEAL.—Why rest is advised after a heavy meal is because active exertion calls away the blood from the stomach, which, for the purposes of digestion, requires a free circulation in its coats, a full heat, and plenty of muscular vigour. Dr. Harwood, Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge, took two dogs, which were equally hungry, and fed them equally well. One, which he suffered to follow the promptings of instinct, curled himself round till he was comfortable, and went to sleep, as animals generally do after eating. The other was kept for about two hours in constant exercise. The two dogs were then killed. In the stomach of the one which had been quiet and asleep, all the food was digested; in the stomach of the other, that process was hardly begun.

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A LONDON ROMANCE.—In Norfolk-street, Strand, there is a curious commemorative monument. An observant spectator will notice that the first floor windows of a large house at the corner of Howard-street present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust; whilst through the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust, and mouldering away with age. Those shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, untouched, for more than forty years. During that time no human foot, I believe, has entered that room. And the reason is this. Forty years ago—or, I suppose, nearly fifty years now, for it was more than forty when I first heard the story, and that is some years since—a certain nobleman was engaged to be married; the day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the breakfast was laid out in that spacious and handsome room, the bridegroom was ready to proceed to church, when it was discovered that the bride was missing; a note in her handwriting was found addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his best man, a gay and gallant captain of Dragoons. The jilied bridegroom did not say much, but he went alone to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out, with his own hands put up the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door, and took the key. He gave orders that the door should be nailed up, and barred with padlocked bars, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let, it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and a sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant to compensate him for the deprivation of the use of the room. The nobleman has been dead some years, but I believe the room has never been entered since the day he closed it; and there are the "wedding meats" mouldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbling into dust in the funereal gloom. And what do you think of that for one of the silent romances of the London streets?—*Man about Town.*

SCIENTIFIC FACT.—A singular case of death from vapour arising from an explosion of dynamite has occurred. Two labourers were sinking a shaft in connection with a new reservoir, and when at a depth of 120 feet they fired three shots. They remained on the surface twenty minutes, and then resumed work. Both complained of the vapour and were taken ill. One, despite all medical aid, died in twelve hours.

FAST LIFE.—At a late meeting at the Royal Institution, the lecturer asked whether the rapid race for worldly wealth and social precedence was good—whether the results, as expressed in human happiness, were worth the price paid for them. Atlantic steamers, to save forty-eight hours between Queenstown and New York, went too far north, and thus encountered fogs and icebergs, and sometimes even sank fishing boats and their occupants off the banks of Newfoundland. High speed on railways killed scores and injured thousands, yet to only two of those so injured in the year was high speed a necessity. Men drudged at their work in the counting house and elsewhere, spending their days, for instance, in a dismal life in the City, exchanged in the evening for a dismal life in the suburbs; but they never thought of the unhappiness of the career, nor how it unfitted them for higher and nobler objects of existence, nor how they were injuring their children. If the higher classes would lead simpler and less expensive lives, and if society would vote wealthy ostentation to be "vulgar," a remedy to a great extent would be found for present evils.

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NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—Cast-off silk dresses are to be converted into velvet. We are informed as follows:—For many centuries ladies' dresses were cast away as completely useless, but recent chemical and industrial discoveries have furnished the means of employing in a useful manner scraps of woollen, linen, and silken materials. Linen and cotton rags have long formed the bases of the manufacture of paper. Woollen rags are now unwoven, and the wool, after having been cleansed by chemical processes, is once more employed in the manufacture of stuffs of an inferior quality; and finally, when it is too much worn to be of any use, it serves as a powerful manure. But until lately but little use could be found for silk rags, or cuttings, the most precious of all. A very small quantity served to make the thin, fine paper known as silk paper, and the rest was thrown away as worthless. A wealthy manufacturer of Manningham resolved to solve this problem, and after many years of fruitless efforts, in which he expended a large amount of capital, he at last arrived at a satisfactory result. He then established an immense manufactory, in which about 4,000 workmen are employed daily, and here, by a new process, all the old silks are converted into rich, glossy velvet, of a texture as soft and regular as any velvet woven out of new silk.

PAINTING PICTURES ON GLASS.—The following are the methods employed by the artists whose profession is the painting of magic lantern slides:—1. Use transparent colours, like Prussian blue, gamboge, and carmine. These will give the three primary colours, and brown mixture the other tints. Apply with a brush and a transparent drying varnish, like dammar varnish. Allow one coat to dry before applying a second. Considerable aid can be derived from stippling, the colour being strengthened, where necessary, by applying it with the point of a fine brush. The colours must not be used too thin. 2. Flow the glass plate with albumen, after the manner of photographers, and paint with aniline colours. This process gives great softness and brilliancy to the pictures, but they are apt to fade. 3. Paint with water-colours, and then flow the entire surface with Canada balsam, covering the painted side with a glass plate. 4. Use water-colours, but mix them with turpentine instead of water, and work rapidly.

BOWLES'S BARBEL.—The word was passed that Bowles had hooked a monster barbel. The news penetrated into the town, ascended to the workshops, ran along the meadows up and down, and caused intense excitement. Looms, counters, tea tables, business and pleasure, were alike forsaken, and there was a regular stampede in the direction of Nottingham Bridge. Sure enough, Bowles was engaged in a mighty struggle. The old man perspired, but never blenched. The crowd became immense. Bowles would winch the monster in within a few yards of the shore, when whew! out it shot into the stream like an arrow from the bow. The superb skill and practice of Bowles were audibly commended. He was too wily to check the monster in those furious rushes, but waited till the line slackened, to winch him cautiously and proudly in, amidst such cries as "Bravo, Bowles!" or "He won't get over you, guv'nor!" or "Give him time, Georgy!" The noise of the crowd hushed at last; for young Badger had, by direction, gone down to the water's edge to use the landing net. Bowles was bracing himself up for a final effort. Wind, wind, wind, went the winch; in, in, in, came the monster. "Be careful, Badger—be careful!" cried the crowd. "Now, then, nip him! nip him!" shouted Bowles. Ah, me, what a tremendous roar there was when the monster was landed—a drowned retriever, with whose blown-out carcass the wind had been playing unkind pranks.—*Waterside Sketches.*

THE CAT AND THE BAG.—Vermont clergymen are never permitted to kiss the ladies they have just made brides. The dear creatures put up their hands, with the remark, "There, that'll do! I've seen you fellows afore!"

SATIRE FOR LADIES.—The "Nothing to Wear" controversy bids fair to be revived in the publication, by G. W. Carleton and Co., of another book by the young lady who claimed the authorship of that clever poem. The new work, which is entitled "The Woman Zoe," carries the same stinging, satirical rebuke as did the poem "Nothing to Wear."

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.—The manner in which powder is often dealt with by those in charge of the stores or magazines in quarries or mines, and who have to issue supplies to the men, may be illustrated by one or two examples from a report to the Home Office by Major Majendie. At a quarry in Scotland he was conducted by the man in charge to a magazine containing about six cwt. of powder. For this purpose the man lit a naked candle; as they entered the door it was blown out by the draught, but the man produced some matches from his pocket and rekindled it. When asked how he issued the powder to the men, he held the candle with his left hand, and ladled the powder out with the other hand. The practice of smashing in the head of a powder barrel with an iron crowbar is stated to be a very common one, or else a large stone is used, or a hole is bored into the head with a steel bit; and as an extreme instance of recklessness, the case of a man is quoted who was in the habit of boring into the barrels with a red-hot poker; on one occasion, the lid of the barrel being thinner than usual, the heated iron was thrust into the contents of the barrel, and the man fell a victim to his very original mode of dealing with packages of gunpowder.

AN OLD FRIEND.—The willow pattern plate has again come before the public in a question of copyright. It seems to have a perennial vigour as a design, and is, as the geologists say, always "cropping up" in literature and art. Albert Smith advertised his portrait and a pun by presenting a "piece of plate," willow pattern, with his hirsute face upon it, to each of his friends; and a magazine, which sprung into fame as quickly as it died out, created a wonderful success with the story of the two lovers who are escaping over a bridge on the mystic plate. Lately, those who have been lucky enough to be bidden to feasts, may have found a tiny willow pattern plate, of cardboard or china, with their names inscribed in the centre, to mark their respective places. Mr. Page, engraver, of James-street, Haymarket, claims this happy design, and summoned a Mr. Bellam for infringing his copyright. But it was proved that Mr. Mortlock, china manufacturer, of Oxford-street, had issued "delf cards" of the same pattern some eighteen months ago, and supplied them to his customers; and so the copyright in the quaint little notion fell to the ground. The design had been known in England, Mr. Page says, "at least a hundred years."

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CURIOUS FOSSIL.—Recently, while a party of navies in the employ of Messrs. Logan and Hemingway, the contractors for the doubling of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway from Grange-lane to Chapeltown, were making some excavations in the side of the cutting, about 150 yards east of Chapeltown Station, they came upon a very interesting geological specimen in the shape of a tree. It is a fossil about four feet six inches long from the roots to the top of the stump, and of an average girth of about twelve inches. It was standing in a growing position, in the midst of a mass of rocky marl, and from the roots to the present surface of the ground is about fifteen feet. Mr. Logan has been to see it, and offered the men a reward if they could remove it intact to his residence at High Hazles, Darnall; and with this view it has been very carefully handled, and now lies by the side of the railway awaiting removal.

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RESTORATION OF OIL PAINTINGS.—Oil paintings are made, we know, with siccative linseed oil colours, and when dry covered with a thin, resinous varnish. Aside from the incurable darkening by age, they are subject, in the course of time, to two diseases, conditioned by the oil employed, and which are capable of improvement. By too hard drying the paint contracts, and covers the picture with numerous cracks, which can be rendered invisible by tediously filling them up with fresh paint. Besides this, it also happens that the film of varnish, which was originally strong and transparent, is traversed by innumerable fine cracks, which render the picture indistinct. Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, was the first to devise a simple method to render the varnish transparent again. He placed the picture, painted side down, on a vessel containing absolute alcohol. The ascending vapours condensed on the surface of the picture, and rendered the varnish to a slight degree soluble, so that the parts flowed together, and the flaws disappeared. The operation was somewhat inconvenient, since it was impossible to watch the operation directly, and the picture had to be frequently turned over to ascertain the point at which the restoration seemed complete. Eimerling, of Augsburg, conducted warm alcoholic vapours directly upon the picture. This action is frequently too strong, and may injure the paint. The writer has devised a third method, which does not act so violently as the above, yet, like that, permits its direct observation, and can be conducted just as far as desired. A vessel filled with alcohol is gently warmed, and air is blown through it with a bellows or other contrivance. The air is impregnated with alcoholic vapour, and is conducted through a tube directly upon the picture. In this way much less alcohol is brought upon the picture than in the preceding method, and the results are excellent.

ABSENT.—A man is said to be absent-minded when he thinks he has left his watch at home, and takes it out of his vest pocket to see if he has time to return home to get it.

A JUDGE OF WINE.—A well-known London coroner was dining the other day with a commissioner of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, who rather prides himself on his cellar. The coroner also considers himself a connoisseur of wines. Hence the following dialogue. "Do you like that wine?" asked the commissioner. "Very much indeed," replied the coroner. "Ah!" said the host, "I thought, as a coroner, you would like it: there's a *body* in it, isn't there?" And in this pleasant fashion the commissioner performed the function of a jury, and "sat upon" the coroner.—*Man about Town.*

A QUIET DARKEY.—A gentleman in Germantown has a hitching-post in front of his residence, representing a bare-footed darkey boy, with sleeves rolled up, one suspended on his shoulder and one hanging down. About four years ago, just after it had been put in place, an officer, the oldest in the district, and rather near-sighted, was patrolling the lane about twelve p.m., when, seeing the figure, he shouted, "What are you standing there for, you little black imp?" No motion being made by the darkey, the officer was amazed. "If you don't get away from here in a hurry, I'll take you to the station." The little nigger remained quiet as death. The officer then made a rush at him, and struck him with his cane. The cane was broken in pieces, and the man with the star went into the poor little nigger with full force, peeling the bark off his knuckles. He soon tired of beating the immovable figure, and was heard to say, "Well, that's the meanest sell of which I was ever the victim."

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SHAM SILK AND WOOLLEN GOODS.—Goods composed entirely of cotton may (says a contemporary) be called merino, and have the appearance of merino, but still, for all that, consist of cotton only, notwithstanding the raised "woolly" surface they have. Such goods are commonly sold both in the United States and in the Spanish South American market in large quantities, especially in men's under-shirts and drawers. To cause the cotton to resemble wool, it is scratched, and the surface raised by a particular process. If you will draw a thread or two out, and burn them in the flame of a taper, if the material be cotton it will consume to a light, impalpable white ash, cotton being a vegetable fibre; but if, on the contrary, it is wool, and therefore an animal fibre, it will twist and curl in the flame, and show a black ash, accompanied with a smell which will speak as to its origin. Cotton is now so cleverly treated that it is frequently taken for silk, also an animal fibre; and this test is resorted to when there is any doubt upon the point.

MODERN YOUNG MEN.—We are in a drag, proceeding to some sports; there are some young ladies, and two young officers, guests of a gentleman and lady who are on duty as chaperones. The young officers are, of course, occupied with the young ladies, and conversation is carried on freely, rather too freely, we conclude, as we listen to the remarks, and hear how particularly slangy is the tone, and how the young ladies seem rather to make advances to the other sex than to be the retiring parties in the affair. "It is nearly eleven o'clock!" exclaims one of the subs, "and I have not had a pipe yet. Miss A., you don't mind smoking, I know. Do you, Miss B.?" "Oh, no, Mr. C., I like it!" Straightway, without reference to the host, without even a word to the lady chaperone, a pipe is lighted, and the smoke is freely puffed into the faces of the elders, who, after a moment's hesitation, politely ask that the pipe may be put out. "Young men are not what they used to be," remarks the lady. "A few years ago, a man who acted like this would be set down as a snob." "I'm not certain but what he is now by the right-thinking men of the regiment," was the reply.—*Broad Arrow.*

NUTS TO CRACK.—We borrow from the *Echo* the following amusing notice of a new book:—"What Hostess Quickly would have called 'very bitter words,' being considerably longer and less intelligible than any of Pistol's coinage or uttering, may be found, with much else that is amusing if not instructive, in 'Nature's Revelations of Character; or, the Mental, Moral, and Volitive Dispositions of Mankind, as Manifested in the Human Form and Countenance' (Fowler), by Joseph Simms, M.D. Not to attempt full justice to Dr. Simms's vocabulary, but merely to indicate the direction and scope of his verbal power, we select a few such specimens as Factimemorative-ness, Ordinimentality, Polyerotocity, Huntativeness, Autohegemony, Tonoreceptionality, Demolitiousness, Solicitireputativeness, Assaultativeness, Pathognomonic, Characterioscopcity, Mentimitativeness, Philomonotopicalness, and Morivalorosity. We have looked in vain for Slantendicularity through the brilliant and profound pages of 'Nature's Revelations,' and have found nothing nearer that pure American word than Curvativeness; but, waiving this slight disappointment, we may venture to congratulate Dr. Simms on the Sublimativeness of his Sesquipedality."

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DUELLING.—It cannot be said that the record of American duels for the year 1874 is distinguished by much romance. The causes of the encounters were often frivolous; and the combatants, though they all seem to have possessed a fair amount of brute courage, were, for the most part, far from being of the heroic type. In Mexico two women fought a duel (in which one was wounded, the other killed) for a man who is said to have deceived them both. This is the only duel which seems to have been fought from love—unless we make a doubtful exception in the case of a harmless exchange of shots which took place on the banks of the Hudson River, in the State of New Jersey, between two youths who had quarrelled about a young lady at a ball. Colonel Mosby, of Virginia—apparently the Colonel Mosby who commanded a regiment of irregular partisan cavalry during the civil war—had a "splurge" with Captain Payne, which, however, was arranged without a hostile meeting; and no other man of the least eminence appears to have got so far in a quarrel as that stage which, in duelling countries, precedes either an arrangement or an appeal to arms.

SINGULAR CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.—A case of murder, which for some time baffled the ends of justice, has at last been disposed of by the assizes of the Seine-Inférieure. On the 30th of November last year the body of one Edouard Florence, cashier in the service of M. Adam, money-changer, at Havre, was found in a deserted spot on the coast of Ste. Adresse. The deceased was only twenty-one years old. On examining the corpse, it was discovered to be pierced with four revolver bullets—two in the head, one in the neck, and the other in the chest. At the same time a robbery was committed at the offices of M. Adam. Suspicion fell on a man named Jodon, of the 87th Regiment of the line, then on furlough at Havre, and who was known to be on intimate relations with the murdered cashier. This man had already a bad character, having been convicted of theft in 1870. Search was made for him, and he was arrested in the midst of his family, where he was living in his usual style, and where no change had been remarked in him. He denied the crime, and, moreover, got up a very plausible *alibi*. The police were baffled for some time, but at length the charge was clearly brought home to him. In addition to some pieces of Chilian money found in the possession of his mother, and recognized by M. Adam as part of the property stolen from his premises, a gunsmith proved that the balls in the victim's body corresponded exactly with a revolver he remembered having sold to Jodon. It was shown, during the trial, that Jodon inveigled the young cashier into the deserted spot where his body was found, shot him, rifled his pockets of the keys of the office, and then proceeded at midnight to rob M. Adam of what money remained on the premises, amounting in all to about sixty pounds sterling. The trial lasted three days, and resulted in a verdict of guilty. Jodon was condemned to death without extenuating circumstances. He professed his innocence to the last.

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MOUNT ARARAT.—As we were eating our last morsel of *paté de foie gras*, out came the sun, a vast gap of blue showed itself in the misty curtain, and Ararat's conical summit appeared sharply cut on this clear background, towering aloft above a sea of clouds and vapour. In an hour's time the sky was cloudless, and the great mystic mountain stood before me in all its symmetrical beauty, rising solitarily from the plain in its giant pride (for the hills at its base are barely worthy of the name), and sloping away gradually and majestically up into two summits, Greater and Lesser Ararat, both perfectly conical in shape, and so gracefully and harmoniously blended together, that the effect of the whole is perhaps more striking than if the mountain had terminated in a single peak. The two cones softened, to my eye, its huge masculine grandeur, and gave it the soft charm of feminine beauty; for the lesser one nestles in the bosom of the greater, like a beautiful flower in the breast of a fair lady. The extreme summit appeared slightly flattened, as if expressly designed for a resting-place for the Ark. It is some 16,000 feet above the sea level, and, when the rains ceased, and the waters of the deluge began to subside, must have been the first land in this part of the world to appear above the surrounding flood, and probably long remained an island in the watery waste.—"*Journey through the Caucasus and Persia*," by A. H. Mouney.

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ELECTRIC RAILWAY BATTERY.—The French have lately introduced a system by which a stationary electric battery is made subservient to blow the whistle of an approaching locomotive, in case the road is not clear, without the engineer having to give any attention to it. Such an arrangement is, of course, exceedingly valuable at night, and especially during a fog, when signals cannot be seen at a distance. It is the reverse of the system introduced on the Hudson River railroad, by which every approaching locomotive sets a stationary electro-magnetic alarm bell at the dépôt in motion. In the French system referred to, the obstruction at the dépôt starts the steam whistle on every approaching locomotive when the train is still far enough away to slacken speed and stop. It has now been in uninterrupted operation on the line of the Northern Company of France for some time, and has been found practically successful in use, regularly informing the engineer whether the way is clear or not. The signalman turns a disc, and sends an electric current in the direction of the coming train to a bar placed between the rails; when the engine reaches the spot, a metal brush, placed between the wheels, sweeps the bar, the current passes to the engine, and, by means of an electro-magnet, presses upon a lever which opens the steam whistle, thus making it blow automatically. The rapidity with which the danger signal can be sent appears to be much in its favour.

COLLIERY ACCIDENTS.—Recklessness among colliers is proverbial, and a strong instance is to be recorded. At Aberdare, a collier, of Cwmaman Pit, was charged with unlocking his lamp, contrary to special rule 229. The date of the offence was April 15, on which day a "blower" was struck in the colliery. The men were immediately ordered to withdraw, and for a few minutes the whole were in the most imminent peril. The man was working within twenty yards of the "blower," and was seen to coolly withdraw the top from his lamp in order to light his pipe. This is the "sort of man" who would make a candlestick of a powder barrel.

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TURNING YOUR BACK.—It is related of a Frenchman, Count Jaubert, who died recently, that he once attacked Marshal Soult with a number of epigrams. The marshal, meeting him at a reception of the court of Louis Philippe, turned his back on him, just as the count was coming forward to speak to him, and this in the presence of thirty people. "Monsieur le Maréchal," said Jaubert, quietly, "I have been told that you considered me one of your enemies. I see with pleasure that it is not so." "Why not, sir?" said Soult. "Because," said Jaubert, "you are not in the habit of turning your back to the enemy." The marshal held out his hand, and the count's success was complete.

THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY.—Take a Channel steamer crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne; notice two young men, whose incipient moustaches and general appearance proclaim them to experienced eyes as young English officers. A name on a bag tells us that one at least belongs to a marching regiment. There is much in an attitude; and one of our specimens is leaning back, with his arms spread widely out on each side of him, occupying much room. His legs also are widely spread; whilst his head thrown back and half-closed eyes indicate that this young gentleman is excessively well pleased with the figure he thus cuts. A lady and an old feeble gentleman approach the seat, and look for room; but the gallant youth, immovable, gazes at them; so they walk past him, and, avoiding with difficulty his outstretched legs, seek a seat farther in. Now listen attentively to that young man's remark when at length he deigns to speak, in reply to some words of his companion: "Not if this child knows it," is the deliverance of the oracle; and both individuals maintain a most rigid expression of countenance. Our impression is that a few years ago such a specimen of the youth of England did not exist—that formerly no gentleman would allow a lady and a feeble old man to stumble past him in search of a seat, whilst he sat immovable, occupying a double space, with the attitude and style of a man of unbounded conceit and selfishness.—*Broad Arrow.*

BEWARE.—A charity sermon had been preached in a well-known West-end church last Sunday, and the collection boxes or plates, I forget at this moment which they were, were being handed round for contributions. The person in charge of one of these plates or boxes arrived in due course at an eminent Q.C., seated in the corner of a pew, who had not awoke from his sermon nap. A vigorous nudge aroused the somnolent Q.C. He glanced sleepily at the box, then smiling blandly, said, in an audible tone, "Thank you, I don't smoke," and quietly dropped off again. The faces of the gentleman who was soliciting contributions, and of the immediate neighbours of the Q.C., for the space of about forty seconds, afforded an interesting and amusing study.—*Man about Town.*

A PERSIAN SCHOOL.—A Persian school is a very funny affair. The room is generally open to the street. Looking in, one sees a lot of boys squatted on their heels on the floor round a Mollah, all rocking themselves to and fro, and all repeating aloud the tasks they have to commit to memory. The result is a little Babel of sounds—a jumble, to those who understand the language, of verses from the Koran, drinking and love songs from Hafiz, and heroic lines from Firdousi. These are the books most studied; and a Persian's education is pretty well complete when he can quote freely from them and talk a little Arabic. Hafiz is the favourite poet, and he is quoted and recited by all classes, as was Tasso some years ago by the gondoliers of Venice.

LOOK TO YOUR SILKS.—The practice of giving weight to cotton fabrics by means of China clay is tolerably well known. M. J. Person, in Dr. Quesneville's *Moniteur Scientifique*, has a paper "On certain Properties of Weighted Silks," in which he states that an increase of weight is produced in silks by treatment with salts of iron and astringents, with salts of tin and cyanides; this factitious increase of weight being carried to the extent of from 100 to 300 per cent. It cannot be too widely known that by this adulteration silk is rendered very inflammable, burning like tinder if touched with flame, and that, under certain circumstances, it becomes spontaneously inflammable. Let us hope that this adulteration is confined to French silks.

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STOLEN NOTES.—The holder of a bank note is *prima facie* entitled to prompt payment of it, and cannot be affected by the previous fraud of any former holder in obtaining it, unless evidence be given to bring it home to his privy. This rule of law is clear; but, as with other rules, difficulty arises in applying it. A case occurred in the last century, in which a bank note for £500 had been fraudulently obtained, and the person from whom it had been obtained gave notice to the Bank of England, where, some time afterwards, the note was presented and stopped. The person presenting it was informed by the bank of the circumstances, and required to give an account of how he came by it. He stated that he had received the note from his correspondents, Jews at Middleburg, who, when applied to, gave an unsatisfactory account of how the note came into their hands. It was held that this was sufficient evidence to be left to a jury of the privy of this firm of Jews to the original fraud; and thus far the case presents no difficulty. But the Court further held that the person presenting the note at the bank must be regarded as agent for this firm, and therefore as entitled to stand in no better position than they did. There was an allegation that this person had received the note in reduction of a balance due on his correspondents' account, but the evidence was not clear upon this point; and the jury might, if they pleased, come to the conclusion that the alleged balance was non-existent. The jury seem to have thought that the note was obtained by fraud, and that it came to the hands of a firm who knew of the fraud. If that firm had remitted it to a creditor, it may be that the creditor would be entitled to it; but on the facts of the case it was held that the person presenting it was not a creditor, but an agent, and being an agent he had no better title than his principal. This case was followed by another, in which a note which had been stolen was sent over from Paris to London, to be presented at the Bank of England, where it was stopped. An action being brought against the bank, it was held that the house in London which presented the note must be regarded merely as agent of the house in Paris which remitted it, although the Paris house was indebted to the London house in an amount larger than the value of the note. It became, therefore, necessary to prove that the Paris house gave full value for the note. This was the case on which Lord Coleridge principally relied, and we should think it strongly in his favour if we did not see that the adverse judges were determined to disregard it. As against a *bona fide* holder for value, the bank cannot refuse payment of a stolen note.

BRIC-À-BRAC.—The most suitable specimens of china for wall decoration are dishes and plates. A simple plan to make suspenders is to cut four pieces of tape about two inches longer than the radius of the plate. Three pieces are joined at one end to radiate from the centre, like the legs of a Manx penny, and hooks sewn to the other ends. The fourth piece of tape is sewn to the centre of the others, in a direction to be used as a suspender.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The following are a few names of post-offices in the United States:—Ti Ti, To To, Why Not, Pipe Stem, Stony Man, Sal Soda, Shich-shinny, Snow-shoes, Overalls, Look-out, Last Chance, Back-bone, Marrow Bones, Sorrel Horse, Tally-ho, and Tired Creek.

TRADE WITHOUT CAPITAL.—One of the new branches of industry that demands no capital and no special endowment is the mat trade. The way to obtain a stock-in-trade is to walk up to the front door of a dwelling, take a mat, go home and wash it, and then go back and sell it to the former owner. The profits are immense.

PRIDE.—The pride of mankind is great. Recently a family in New York was awakened by unusual noises in the house, and, on turning out, saw the eldest hopeful rushing about in his suspenders, brandishing a new Wesson, and shouting, "There's a man in the house!" A long search failed to show any foundation for the young man's warlike demonstration, when he mildly informed the breathless and exhausted tribe that it was his birthday. He was 21.

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VENTILATION.—In a recent physiological work, a very simple method of ventilating sleeping rooms is mentioned, which is said to prevent a draught from being felt—an inconvenience often experienced when rooms are ventilated by the windows. A piece of wood three inches high, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, the slip of wood placed on the sill, and the sash drawn closely upon it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and between the two bars perpendicular currents of air, not felt as draught, will enter and leave the room.

THE UTILITY OF INSECTS.—Great Britain pays annually 1,000,000 dols. for dried bodies of the insect known as the cochineal; while another, peculiar to India—gum chellal, or rather its production—is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the fibres spun by the silkworm, of which the annual circulating medium is about 200,000,000 dols. In England alone, to say nothing of the other parts of Europe, 500,000 dols. are spent every year for the purchase of foreign honey. Besides, there are nut-galls, used in making ink; the cantharides or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In fact, nearly every insect known contributes in some way to swell commercial profits.

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FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.—In describing a woman, aged 104, who has been discovered in Warren, the explorer remarks:—"The agitators against smoking can get no encouragement from the old lady, as she has smoked 93 years, and enjoys good health." All we can say is that this lady, who is now 104, might be now 108 if she had not smoked.

LENGTH OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.—The total length of all the separate wires is now more than 1,000,000 miles, placed on a road of about 400,000 miles; the submarine cables are, together, 50,000 miles long. The number of offices is 25,000, and the yearly number of telegrams forwarded is estimated at 100,000,000, for which over £12,000,000 are paid.

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MR. RUSKIN ON RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—Of modern machinery for locomotion, my readers, I suppose, thought me writing in ill-temper when I said, in one of my letters on the childhood of Scott, "infernal means of locomotion?" Indeed, I am always compelled to write, as always compelled to live, in ill-temper. But I never set down a single word but with the serene purpose. I meant "infernal" in the most perfect sense the word will bear. For instance, the town of Ulverstone is twelve miles from me, by four miles of mountain road beside Coniston Lake, three through a pastoral valley, five by the seaside. A healthier or lovelier walk would be difficult to find. In old times, if a Coniston peasant had any business in Ulverstone, he walked to Ulverstone; spent nothing but shoe leather on the road, drank at the streams, and if he spent a couple of bats when he got to Ulverstone, "it was the end of the world." But now he would never do such a thing. He first walks three miles in a contrary direction to a railroad station, and then travels by railroad twenty-four miles to Ulverstone, paying 2s. fare. During the twenty-four miles' transit he is idle, dusty, stupid; and either more hot or cold than is pleasant to him. In either case he drinks beer at two or three of the stations; passes his time between them, with anybody he can find, in talking without having anything to talk of; and such talk always becomes vicious. He arrives at Ulverstone jaded, half drunk, and otherwise demoralized, and 3s. at least poorer than in the morning. Of that sum 1s. has gone for beer, 3d. to a railway shareholder, 3d. in coals, and 1s. 6d. has been spent in employing strong men in the vile mechanical work of making and driving a machine, instead of his own legs, to carry the drunken lout. The results—absolute loss and demoralization to the poor on all sides, and iniquitous gain to the rich. Fancy, if you saw the railway officials actually employed in carrying the countrymen bodily on their backs to Ulverstone, what would you think of the business? And because they waste ever so much iron and fuel besides to do it, you think it a profitable one.

STEADY.—The chief partner of an energetic mercantile firm happened to be staying overnight at a famous hotel in London whilst travelling on business; and in the morning the Boots, on going his round, tapped at his bed-room door, and called out, "Are you up, sir?" to which the business man replied, having just awoke from a sound sleep, and evidently fancying he was somewhere else, "No, no, by Jove!—steady at former quotations."

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.—The fearful recklessness with which gunpowder and other explosive agents are handled and used by uneducated persons, such as these small firework makers, of which there are large numbers in the mining and manufacturing districts, and by the most extensive consumers of powder—namely, the miners and quarrymen—can scarcely be realized by any one who has not had opportunity to acquire by personal observation a knowledge of the state of things. A miner may be seen with his naked lamp or tallow candle fixed in his hat, or plastered against the rock close to the blast-hole he is about to load, pouring the powder into his rough measure, or his cartridge case, from the flask produced from a pocket which is often also the receptacle of lucifer matches, and at times of a half-finished pipe of tobacco (if he has not the pipe actually alight in his mouth). Having inserted the charge into the hole, he will proceed with the operation of tamping, which consists in ramming *débris* of the rock into the hole as tightly as possible by means of a heavy iron tool and a hammer. Grains of powder lying upon the sides of the hole, and sometimes forming a train to the charge at the bottom, are thus frequently submitted to most violent friction, and it is wonderful that accidents in this process of loading are not more frequent; but when, in spite of oft-repeated cautioning, the miner proceeds to submit to the same, and sometimes even to more violent, treatment a cartridge of gun-cotton, dynamite, or other explosive agent ignited more readily than gunpowder by friction (and which is tightly confined in the blast-hole by the act of ramming with a heavy tool), it is not a matter of surprise that fatal accidents should occur during the employment of these substances by the miner, although he is exposed to less danger with them when carrying them about his person or handling them for actual use, because they are not violently explosive in small quantities when unconfined.—*Professor Abel.*

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HOW TO TURN PEOPLE'S HEADS.—Come into a concert late, and with creaky boots.

MAKING A WILL.—A poor old man in a country village had been in the habit of receiving from the parson of the parish a pint of milk daily. At his death the old man left a will, in which he bequeathed the daily pint of milk to his brother.

A BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE.—The paper has been made since 1749 at Laverstock, Hants. Note—1, its peculiar whiteness; 2, its thinness and transparency; 3, its crisp and tough feel; 4, its water-mark—made in the paper, and on the same side as the printing; 5, its three uncut edges; 6, its strength—made of new linen or cotton. A bank note will support 36 pounds before being sized, and afterwards support a man for years if it is only for the right amount.

ANECDOTE OF NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—I once attended a negro church service in Virginia, where a large chapel was filled with slaves of every age. One of their fellow-members had died a week before, and a coloured brother on the platform was "improving the occasion." He had gradually brought the congregation to a certain level of emotion by his simple and pathetic tribute of affectionate regard for the deceased. When he had raised them to a sympathetic point, from which they would have easily subsided to a calmer feeling without new explosive force on his part, he turned himself half round from the audience, and uttered the simple words, "Jimmy lies dere in he grave." Could those maimed words live? a classical scholar might ask. Yes, they did live, with a vitality and power that might well have astonished the prophet who saw the dry bones stir with animation. They filled the walls of the house as with a mighty rushing wind of human emotion, with sobs of sympathy and ejaculations of intense feeling. Half the audience rose to their feet, and several men and women waved their arms, with uprolled eyes, as if swimming up to heaven in their ecstasy. "Jimmy lies dere in he grave!" were the simple words through which he produced this effect. They were the veins through which he transfused three hundred human hearts with the vital fluid of the feeling which filled his own to this passionate outburst. How cold they look in type! Who would read them with any interest above the general sentiment which the bare statement is calculated to inspire? They come to the reader's mind in their bald and isolated meaning, abstracted from every accessory or surrounding circumstance that affected their utterance. No printed words could convey an idea of that outburst of feeling which forced itself into that simple exclamation, of the tremor of his voice, of the expression of his countenance, as the white tears ran down his black face. He stepped to the left edge of the platform, as he half turned from the audience. He bent his form, and placed a hand on each knee: he stretched out his neck as if to look over the sharp edge of the grave. For a silent moment he trembled from head to foot, in every joint, and in every hair of his head; then, in a voice tremulous with melting pathos, as if his tears were dropping upon the dead face of their dear departed friend, he sobbed out, "Jimmy lies dere in he grave!" Never did I hear before six words uttered with such projectile force of feeling, or that produced such an effect upon an audience.—*Ten Minutes' Talk on all Sorts of Topics, by Elihu Burritt.*

THE "BEAKER OF BORAGED BADMINTON."—Fashions change, and the days of croquet as a pastime seem to be numbered. If it should finally disappear, it will owe its annihilation to its most enthusiastic partizans, who, by summoning congresses and hedging the game round with intricate rules and bye-laws, have converted what was merely meant to be a pleasant social amusement into one of the most wearisome and uninteresting of all scientific games. Champion matches and cup contests may in some degree help to keep croquet alive; but they also serve to encourage the strong-minded and strictly scientific race of players, who, whether male or female, are wrapt up entirely in their pursuit, and think of nothing but a clear field and the "rigour of the game." The poet of the croquet lawn, who was candid enough to acknowledge that—

"Though for croquet, the game, I have no admiration,
No man in his senses would ever refuse
Just to hammer his toes in a quiet flirtation
With one of those daintily booted *croqueuses*."

—would now incur the risk of being hammered, both metaphorically and physically, over the knuckles, by conscientious damsels for neglecting his play. So that lawn tennis, the weirdly named *sphairistike*, and the Anglo-Indian pastime Badminton—all simpler, and at the same time more exhilarating—are rapidly supplanting croquet. Certain features, however, in the whole of these pastimes, as practised at pleasant summer retreats, mean invariably the same. The versifier already quoted notifies—

"A part of our game I will give you a hint on—
If you're thirsty and hanker for something and ice,
There's a bountiful beaker of boraged Badminton
In the shade close at hand, and uncommonly nice."

The institution of the "two-handed, dew-clouded chalice" still flourishes, and the question how it should be filled is one of no common moment, especially as the ladies have to be considered in the matter. The satisfactory solution of the problem may be safely left to the Apollinaris Company, whose pleasant-tasting, sparkling water forms the best possible basis for every kind of "cup," and who, with a view to its purity and softness not being inarred by incongruous combinations, have lately introduced a selection of light pure wines of the highest character, comprising clarets and hocks, purchased with judgment on the spot, as well as champagnes and sparkling Moselles, the exhilarating qualities and the fine full flavour of which render them especially suitable for mixing with the Apollinaris water. Liqueurs of repute are likewise vended by the company, and a glass or two of curaçoa or maraschino forms a piquant addition to the cup, and contributes to the production of a beverage over which the rosiest and daintiest lips will linger approvingly.

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GETTING HIS PICTURE TAKEN.—A ruralist went into a Saratoga photograph gallery the other day, and was apparently happy viewing the pictures that covered the walls. He was asked if he desired his picture taken. "Don't mind if I do," he replied; and he was placed in charge of the operator. Being questioned as to the kind or quality of picture, he believed "that it makes no difference to me." He was seated in a chair, and seemed highly amused in having "my head drove back into that pitchfork." The operator told him that it was a head-rest, and said, "Sit quietly, for I'll be back in just a moment." The ruralist took a chew of tobacco, and then inspected the head-rest to see what kind of a "consarned thing it was, anyway." Hearing the operator returning he shot back into the chair, and bent one ear double trying to get his head back into the rest; but he wouldn't mind if the operator didn't miss it. The camera was pulled around, and about one-quarter of the operator and a mysterious black cloth disappeared for a moment in it. The ruralist feared that it was dangerous to be safe, as "Look out there, Cap, you've got that pointed right at me." It took five minutes to prove to him that his life was not in danger. Everything being in readiness, the operator said, "Now, look right here; raise your chin a little; look your pleasantest; you can wink, but you must not move—now hush!" He also told him it would take a trifle longer than usual, as it was cloudy. The photographer, with his back turned, was looking at his watch; while the one being photographed, immovable as a rock, gazed into the camera's disc. But what thoughts ran through his head, and what he suffered, none but he can tell. That ear throbbed with pain, and he would have given a dozen of eggs to scratch his head—would have sacrificed five cents to have a chance to spit. The toe that he froze in February suddenly woke up, and he was afraid that a buzzing fly he heard would promenade down his nose. His heart seemed to burst, and he would take his oath that each eye was on fire. What if he had lost his pocket-book, or should miss the train? Years of thoughts whirled round his brain, and he wondered if there was the least spark of compassion left in that operator. It was almost a living death; but, at last, at the end of just thirty-five seconds, the operator "shut that thing up, and impudently told me 'That'll do.'" The picture was shortly mounted and in the pocket of the ruralist, who started to go without settling for the same. In answer to a question, he said he had forgotten nothing; and was completely thunderstruck when the picture was referred to, exclaiming, "You asked me, didn't you? I s'posed it was your treat all the time." The picture was made a present to him, as he had just money enough to take him home.

SANDY AND HIS STEED.—In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, but when the animal came to a sheep drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, turned him round, and applied the whip—thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain before he knew it. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking his beast straight in the face, said "Verra weel pitched; but then hoo are ye going to get ower yersel'?"

FASHION GOSSIP.—The ladies have all got the neuralgia in their shoulders from wearing spring clothes, and many new dresses are supplemented across the back by porous plasters, and next to a vest front a mustard poultice is generally most worn. Young ladies alternate between a necklace for street wear and a flannel rag for the house. Diamonds are worn in the ears with much effect abroad, but a lock of cotton and a little roast onion are the usual adornment at home. Pearl powder is applied to the shoulders for full dress, but camphorated oil and hartshorn liniment are considered very pretty also by the sufferers. Silk stockings, with coloured clockings, are the things for low-slashed shoes; but pails of hot mustard water and warm bricks are also much worn on the feet.

FOOTPRINTS IN SOLID ROCK.—Considerable interest has from time to time been excited by announcements of the discovery of supposed human footmarks in the solid rock; the latest being an account in the *Nashville Union*, of their occurrence at the narrows of Harpeth. It may not be amiss to state here that there can be no question of the artificial origin of all these marks, the similitude of the human foot being a favourite form of picture-writing among the aborigines. Several well-executed specimens are in the National Museum at Washington; and others are to be found elsewhere. They are usually executed in limestone, slate, or sandstone, and are of very rude workmanship, notwithstanding all encomiums upon their marvellous perfection. On close examination, they will be found cut through the lamination of the rock, instead of indenting it, as would be the case if produced by a naked foot traversing a surface in a plastic condition.

FAR GONE.—At the close of a tavern dinner, two of the company fell downstairs, the one tumbling to the first landing-place, and the other rolling to the bottom. Some one remarked that the first seemed drunk. "Yes," observed a wag; "but he is not so far gone as the gentleman below."

KEEP OUT OF THE WAY.—A labouring gentleman of Arbroath beat his wife after his champagne. In the morning he forgot all about the quarrel, and called to his wife, "Jean, gie me some water." "Ay, will I, gudeman." Rising and seeing his wife's face in such a state, he said, "Heaven preserve a', lassie, whaur hae ye been?" So he was told that it was himself did it last night, on hearing which, he exclaimed, in agony, "Oh, dear! oh, dear me! it's an awfu' thing ye winna keep oot o' harm's way!"

AN OFFICIAL SWEEP.—*Apropos* of a late race, a good tale hails from one of the West-end Government offices. Like the clubs, they often get up what is familiarly known as an official sweep, to which the highest as well as the lowest clerk may subscribe. The head of a department which shall be nameless took two shares, and then went out of town for a few days. On his return, the day before the race, he found on his table two cards, on one of which was written "The Duke of Parma," and on the other "Lord Clifton." He rang the bell for the messenger. "When did the Duke of Parma call here?" he inquired. "Don't know, sir." "Well, when did Lord Clifton come?" "Can't say, sir," said the messenger. "Very odd," said the chief, and forthwith went to the second in command, and asked him whether he knew when the distinguished visitors had called. "Duke of Parma?" observed the second in command, after a little consideration. "It must be the *ex-Duke* of Parma. I am sure I haven't a notion when they came." Thereupon the head of the department sent for his private secretary. "Mr. Jones," said he, "do you know anything about this? When did these gentlemen call? I have asked everybody, and nobody seems to have seen them." I am given to understand that for some moments the private secretary's life was in danger: the betting was ten to one on his splitting his sides. At last, when he had somewhat recovered, he whispered, in a faint voice, "It's the sweep, sir." "Sweep, sir! What sweep, sir?" exclaimed the head of the department, getting angry. "The official sweep, sir." "The official sweep, sir!" said the chief, fairly losing his temper. "And how dare the official sweep, sir, come into my room and put cards upon my table with these names upon them?" At this juncture the betting was a hundred to one against the recovery of the private secretary, and for a second or two, at least, life was supposed to be extinct. At last he came round, and the matter was explained. Of course, the names on the cards were simply those of the horses which had been drawn in the sweep. But the head of that department has looked a trifle sad ever since, and it seems very doubtful at present whether he will try his luck next year.

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HARD EGGS.—The master of a negro in Virginia threatened to give his sable attendant a flogging if he boiled his eggs hard again. "You rascal," shouted the enraged planter, "didn't I tell you to cook these eggs soft?" "Yes, massa," said the frightened negro, "an' I got up at two o'clock dis mornin', an' biled dem five hours, an' it seems to me I never kin get dese eggs softer."

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A THRILLING SCENE.—An incident occurred on a recent trip (says an American correspondent) which I made over the Union Pacific that may be of interest to your readers. We were rolling along between Salt Lake and Omaha when I made my way into the smoking car to enjoy a cigar. I noticed a group gathered in the centre of the car, and crowding my way up, saw two men gambling. One was a well-dressed man, but bearing the general appearance of a blackleg; the other was a veritable miner, just as he came from the mountains, with long, grizzled beard, rough, coarse, and dirty clothes, but with lots of gold. The play was for quite large stakes, and I heard whispers that the gambler was about to fleece the miner, and much sympathy was manifested for him. The game—draw-poker—still went on, with hardly a word spoken by the players; till finally, when a large sum was on the board, the gambler, being called to show his hand, threw down three aces and two queens, and reached for the money; the miner stretched over and held his hand, and laid down two aces, showing, of course, five aces in the pack. He then reached back, and drew a large navy revolver, cocked it, placed the muzzle directly between the eyes of the gambler, still holding his hand. Not a word was spoken, but each looked steadily into the eyes of the other. Soon the hand began quietly to move from the money, the form of the gambler to draw back, and still the revolver followed. He stepped into the aisle, and here the scene became so uninteresting to me and several others that we dropped under the seats. The gambler slowly backed towards the door, with the revolver following till the door was reached, and he passed out. The miner coolly let down the hammer of his revolver, replaced it in his pocket, swept the money from the board into his pouch, quietly lighted his pipe, and settled back in his seat as if nothing had happened. The strangest part of the whole business was that not a word was spoken from the time the gambler laid his three aces on the board till he passed out of the car door. I took a seat near the miner afterwards, and chatted with him about his experiences in the mountains, and he seemed pleasant and intelligent. We did not refer to his little episode with the blackleg. I have never witnessed such a thrilling scene, or one in which such extreme coolness was manifested by the miner, and, for that matter, by the gambler.

HOSPITALITY.—There is an amusing traditional story of Bishop Warburton still preserved at Gloucester. Warburton was a warm-hearted, impulsive man, who loved to enjoy himself, and see others around him do the same. A young curate was dining with him, who was too modest to take any wine, and too awestruck to enter into conversation. The bishop passed the bottle freely, and made various attempts to draw his guest into conversation. All his endeavours were fruitless, and at last the bishop quite lost patience. "Sir!" he shouted, "if you're a man, talk; and if you're a fish, drink." Bishops do not always imitate the Warburton hospitality. There was one prelate who succeeded him, who gave a very poor dinner and very little wine. It was assize time, and some barristers on circuit were invited to dinner at the place. Etiquette led them there, but their own tastes would have kept them away. In the drawing-room a serjeant-at-law was, or affected to be, very ill. "Ah, poor fellow!" said the leader of circuit to the host, "he is always made ill by a little wine upon an empty stomach."

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—J. OLVER, Wig Maker, 76, Borough, London—Artistic Hairwork, Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Guards, &c., &c., made to order. I beg to assure my customers that the same hair sent shall be used. Estimates and designs given. Black or Brown Hair Dye, instantaneous, harmless, perfect, permanent, does not stain the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d. Superfluous Hair.—Olver's Depilatory removes hair from face, arms, &c., without the least harm to the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d.—The cheapest house and the largest stock of real hair.—The fashionable Coil Plait, 30s. The Coil Twist, 36 in. long, 21s. The Coronet Plait, 8s. 6d. All other Hair Work equally cheap (by post to all parts), and exchanged if not approved. The above in return for P.O. Order. Estimates and designs given. Important:—False Hair when faded restored to its Original or any Colour. (Send Hair with Pattern.) Also, Ladies' own Hair and Combing made up, 3s. 6d. per ounce.—[ADVT.]

A SKETCH.—What struck me as very odd was, that although we were standing on some high place in a most populous quarter, with a battle raging within sight from the Bois de Vincennes to Maisons-Alfort, not one of the natives knew where any point was, nor could agree with his or her neighbour as to what it was probable to be at or near. "Ah! there is Charenton." "Pardon, madame, but it must be Creteil." "It is Ivry," says an old gentleman with a stick, a snuffbox, and a telescope. "Ours are firing jollily!" "Bah! those are the Bismarckians." "Mais, monsieur!" "Look," cries a lady, who is drinking coffee at a stall, to her husband, a National Guard, who is consuming a "grog" at his canteen—"Look, dear, there is the little Charles;" and as a train rushes by on the circular railway, innumerable good wishes and kisses were sent to the passengers by those above whose heads they were passing. Every train—that is to say, four an hour—was crowded like the boxes at the Porte St. Martin; numerous family carriages, and one or two real Greenwich Fair vans, were driven and plied up the "fighting quarter." A great trade was done in sweet cakes and sirops (it was freezing). At the end of every street was a man with a telescope crying out with all his might, "Who'll see the Prussians? Prussians in position, two sous the division." All was joy, harmony, noise, and reminded one chiefly of a 15th of August under the Empire.—*Whitehurst's Diary.*

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A PEACE PRESERVER.—Peace is preserved in an Iowa household by a long, withy raw-hide hung up in the bed-room of the juvenile portion of the family; the hide bears upon its handle, "Boys, please be kind to your mother."

ORATORY.—A man dressed in sailor costume was in a criminal court upon a charge of stealing a pair of boots. As he had no counsel, the Court appointed a young lawyer to take charge of the defence. The lawyer opened the case with a speech, in which he spoke of his client as "a child of the sad sea waves, a nursling of the storm, whom the pitiless billows had cast, a forlorn and friendless waif, upon the shores of time, after a life spent in fierce and heroic contest with the raging elements." Then an acquaintance of the defendant was put in the box, and the fact was revealed that he was cook upon a canal boat, previous to which he had hawked fish in Whitechapel. The "nursling of the storm" is now in gaol for six months.

THE NEW YORK DANDY.—"Shirt bosoms," an authority tells us, "are very plain; the only ornamentation allowed is a three-cord plait." But although the "bosoms" may be plain, there is endless variety in wristbands. There is the "Wallack" cuff, and the "Kenilworth," and the "English," and the "Creed-moor." In collars, too, there is plenty of choice. There is the "Granville" and the "Tudor," both of which stand up, and the "American" and the "Farragut," both of which lie down. We next come to the "suspenders," which is New York for "braces." These are made of watered silk, pearl-coloured, white and delicate blue; and they are rendered very durable with dressings and straps of white kid, and they only cost between five and six dollars a pair. How any man can bring himself to hide such lovely shoulder-straps under a "vest" we cannot imagine, but apparently the Americans have this fortitude, for we read that "vests are cut without collars." Having got on his "vest," or perhaps before he puts it on, our New Yorker will think of his "tie." He may choose the "Windsor" or the "St. James," in "purple and blue, two shades of purple, two of blue, or stripes of French grey, blue and grey, two shades of brown, and *café au lait*." But if he be a youth of showy tastes, he will, we think, prefer the "Hartington Scarf," which sweet thing is either "in light colour and large broken plaids," or "in dark silk with satin finish, over which are scattered white rings, triangles, and small sprigs."

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KEEPING THE CROWN.—When Louis Philippe was staying at the Star and Garter, Richmond, he walked one day by himself to Twickenham, for the purpose, as he said, of seeing some old tradesmen who had served him when he resided there. As he passed along the road a man met him, pulled off his hat, and hoped his Royal Highness was well. "What's your name?" inquired the King. "What were you when I lived here?" "Please, your Royal Highness," replied the man, "I kept the Crown"—meaning an alehouse close to the entrance of Orleans House. "Did you, indeed?" said Louis. "Why, my good fellow, you did what I was unable to do."

SELF-WONDER.—There was an amiable modern archbishop who could hardly contain his astonishment and surprise at finding himself in that exalted position. We are informed that he would lie back in his chair after dinner, and innocently chuckle, saying, "Only fancy, I'm an archbishop—only fancy it now!"—There was a popular prelate who had an equally amiable but more picturesque propensity. He had longed in early life to enter the navy, but through family inducements he entered the Church instead, and made a very good thing of it. He contrived, however, to gratify his early nautical propensities by occasionally climbing up the spire of his own cathedral.

SLIGHTLY IMPROBABLE.—"I have said that the captain was a crack shot, as sure perhaps as myself, but slower. This I had often remarked in shooting with him. He invariably fired after the word 'two,' or if he attempted to pull trigger sooner, always shot wide. Upon this rested my whole chance of safety. Having determined upon my plan, desperate as it appeared, I felt sure of success. Should Geyer fire before his usual time, I was confident he would miss me, and I should fire in the air. But otherwise—and I did not think he would pull too soon, for he knew his point as well as I, and was cool and full of nerve—I had but one chance, and eye and hand were to carry me through. They never had failed me before—why should they then? So there we stood, the ground stepped, ten paces, pistols lowered, waiting the signal. It was given. I raised my weapon a fraction of a second quicker than Geyer—a pause of a couple of heart-beats—Geyer would *not* fire hurriedly—I saw my only chance—flash!—both triggers pulled at the same instant of time, as I intended—a single double report—the smoke cleared away, and there we both stood untouched! I had done it!" "Done what?" exclaimed every one at the table, with eager voice, as Symmes paused a moment, while his eyes once more gleamed merrily. "Simply stopped the captain's bullet," said Symmes, quietly. "I took advantage of Geyer's slower aim, fired directly at the mouth of his pistol, taking care to pull trigger exactly when he did, and consequently my ball met his half-way, and saved my life."

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A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Charles Lavender: "Now, my dear Jane, how do you think these spectacles become me? They are my own invention." Affectionate Wife: "Oh, any invention that hides so much of your face must be very becoming to you."

PUNNING.—Hood's early punning propensity was shown in the "Lion's Head" of the *London Magazine*—wherein one writer is informed that his "Night" is too long, for the moon rises twice in it; the "Essay on Agricultural Distress" would only increase it; the "Tears of Sensibility" had better be dropped; "'B' is surely humming;" "the Echo will not answer;" also it is suggested that the "Sonnet to the Sun must have been written for a Lark."

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JAPANESE LACQUER.—It is stated in the *Scientific American* that the well-known and much-admired Japan lacquer-work, the secrets of which were supposed to be known only to the Easterns, has been successfully reproduced, or rather imitated, in Holland. The lacquer is prepared from Zanzibar copal, coloured black with Indian ink. The articles are painted with several coats of this lacquer, in which the pieces of mother-o'-pearl, or other substances used for ornamentation, are placed before it becomes hard. The lacquer is then dried by placing the articles in a heated oven or furnace, after which another coat of lacquer is applied, and when dry smoothed with pumice, which is repeated until all cracks are filled up, and the surface has become perfectly smooth, when the whole is polished—or rather burnished—with tripoli.

FRENCH FASHIONS.—Ambulances, when well managed, are very good things; but the competition system does not suit such institutions. There are ten times too many ambulances, and two hundred times too many ladies to manage them. At evening receptions—such as exist now—Deputy Bandage Mistress taunts First Poulitice with having less "serious cases" than she has at her place. "I don't know," says First Poulitice; "we lost three last night, and we have had five legs." Then First Linen Lady says, "Fifty-five metres of bandage, and ten kilos of lint." "Two tubs full, all alive," says our Lady of the Leeches; and this I wish to assert as having occurred last week. A charming young girl said, "Look in that basket, and you will see the most delightful little foot you ever saw, just cut off a drummer." On the battle-field there is a rush, not to succour the suffering, but to fill ambulances; the consequence is, that a severely wounded man is carried past—let us say, to save susceptibilities—the Timbuctoo ambulance, which stands close to where the poor fellow fell, and is taken half a mile on to the Feejee Island waggon, as he was captured by a member of that society; and all this in order that the next day Madame — may say, "Eh! eh! I got more than you."—*Whitehurst's Diary*.

DR. PARR.—When people were once discussing the character of a certain bishop, Dr. Parr turned round and said, "Sir, he is a poor, paltry prelate, proud of pretty popularity, and perpetually preaching to petticoats." Dr. Parr's language here, as so often, is exaggerated, and let us hope that, for the sake of alliteration, his phraseology has been peculiarly paradoxical and parabolical. Whatever else a bishop may be, he is generally an astute man of the world. He studies society and character. He is as well read as any novelist in the love of the human heart.

PETER PINDAR'S ANNUITY.—Sometimes, though rarely, authors get the better of their publishers in business arrangements. When the poems of Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcott) were first published, they proved very popular. The publisher desired to buy the copyright, but was in doubt as to whether he should pay a round sum or an annuity for it. While he still hesitated, Dr. Walcott had a violent attack of asthma. The publisher eagerly offered him an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds, which was accepted. The asthmatic author immediately improved, and survived the publisher.

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AMBATCH CANOES.—Here we came across numbers of Shillooks fishing in their light canoes of ambatch; darting through the water almost as swiftly as the fish themselves. This speed does not, however, prevent them from having a waddling movement, something like a duck, in their light craft. So light are these canoes, that one man can carry three of them on his shoulder, although each boat is capable of holding three men. For a few dozen shoots of ambatch, of about three years' growth, a canoe of this kind can be easily produced. At about six feet high the stem goes rapidly off to a point, so that a bundle of them need only be tied together at the extremities, and there is at once attained a curve that would grace a gondola. To use these canoes adroitly requires considerable practice, as the least shifting of the centre of gravity is made at the risk of a capsize. Nevertheless, they afforded me good service by taking me to the bank with dry feet, and by enabling me to make botanical collections from the floating bushes. When the Shillook has come to the end of his voyage, he seizes his gondola like an ancient warrior might his shield. He carries it, partly to ensure its safety, and partly to allow it to dry, because the ambatch wood easily imbibes moisture and becomes saturated.—"*The Heart of Africa*," by Dr. Schweinfurth.

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RIGHTS.—At Salisbury Point, Massachusetts, there are three churches, the minister of each rejoicing in the name of Wright. One lives in the upper part of the town, one in the lower, and the third at the mills; so that the people have dubbed their spiritual guides as "Upright," "Downwright," and "Millwright."

CLEVER BOY.—"Fighting again, eh?" inquires the Detroit father. "Well, I'll see you in the wood-shed after dinner." "Father," replies the boy, tears in his eyes, "it was that Johnson's boy. He came along and called me the son of a cross-eyed sheep thief; and, father, I couldn't stand by and hear you spoken of in that manner!" The father feels in his vest pocket for a nickel, and nothing further is said about the wood-shed business.

NOT SEEING IT.—A lumberman out here being poorly provided with materials of sustenance for his men, fed them with pork cooked with the rind upon it. A young man of the company, not liking that outer portion of the food, was observed by the host to be carefully removing the outside covering, whereupon mine host said, "Young man, we eat rind and all here." To which the youth replied, "All right, old man, I'm cutting it off for you."—*Appleton Post.*

FLING AWAY.—Dislike of Dissent reached its climax, perhaps, in the humorous ferocity of a story which is told of Dr. Johnson. Happening to be staying at Oxford, he found his host picking up slugs and rubbish in the garden, and flinging them over the wall into the next piece of cultivated ground. Scandalized by such an outrage, the moralist rebuked his friend with his usual frankness. "The fellow," was the reply, "is only a Dissenter." "Oh, then," said the Doctor—no doubt he said so with a twinkle in his eye—"fling away, fling away."

A SPECIALITY that will soon become widely known and appreciated, as it deserves, is Lamplough's Concentrated Lime Juice Syrup, a preparation made from the fresh fruit of the lime, and by itself most enjoyable, without counting its medicinal value. Now that the summer days are upon us, and cooling drinks in great demand, we would say, in the words of the cookery book:—To a tumbler of water put one dessert spoonful of Lime Juice Syrup, then add one tea spoonful of the Pyretic Saline, and stir; and you will have a cool, invigorating draught, possessing all the salubrious freshness and piquancy of bottled soda or potash water, and, what is greatly to the point, at one-third the cost.

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SLIGHTLY BULLESQUE.—A man went home and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife—"I have gone out. You will find the door key on one side of the doorstep."

BREAD AND BUTTER.—A matter-of-fact philosopher asserts that "love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantial a grand relish, without which they would sometimes be hard to swallow."

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—One Sunday, as a citizen entered the post-office, hat ruined, coat wringing wet, and the water pouring down the back of his neck, he was met by another citizen, who pleasantly remarked—"Beautiful shower, isn't it?" "No, sir—not by a long sight, sir—you're a liar, sir," was the reply.

SPIRITED REPLY.—A noted temperance advocate, who is also a critic, being asked "why the Roman word commence is so generally taking the place of the English word begin," replied that "it was probably because the latter is compounded of three-fifths gin, and so people don't like to be caught with it in their mouths these temperance times."

LARGE WORDS.—A Providence lady was recently overheard at an evening assembly, speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just passing: "Why, she is a perfect paragram of a young lady!" "I think you mean parallelogram, do you not?" suggested the waggish gentleman addressed. "I said parallelogram, Mr. —," exclaimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to describe.

HOW TO RECOVER BAD DEBTS.—A new way of collecting bad debts was most effectively tried in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard, with the words, "Monsieur C — owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge*. I am waiting until he pays for them." He did not wait very long.

A PEG.—One Sabbath morning an English gentleman watched a Scotch lassie on the high road from the village to the kirk, and observed that she looked hither and thither, this way and that, upon the road, as if she had lost something. The gentleman accosted her with—"What are you looking for, my lass?" "Aw, sir, I am scanning if the maister has gone to the kirk." Her master had a wooden leg.

CUNNING.—An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two young ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, so laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen, and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful?

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THE LOVE OF MORE.—Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

A WELCOME.—During one of the recent soaking days, a tram-car was bearing its load of steaming passengers down the muddy incline of the Camden-road, when, cheered by a faint, watery gleam from between two clouds, emitted by our long absent luminary, some one exclaimed—"Oh, here's a little sun at last!" when like an echo from the other end of the car came the words—"Welcome, little stranger!"

REMEDY FOR THE HEADACHE.—While refreshing the inner man with one of Joe's savoury stews, I could not make out what Beecham was about. He was lying down at full length on his back, and pouring a green slime into one of his eyes, the liquid being spooned into his optic by means of a leaf folded into a V shape. On asking the meaning of this, he said his head ached, and that he was putting medicine into it. This was an example of Ffon doctoring. In spite of the medicine, he had not recovered sufficiently to allow him to accompany me to the palace when I returned, about one p.m.—*Dahomey as It Is.*

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RABELAIS' ABSENCE OF LOVE.—Not a single woman, save poor Badebec, in all Rabelais! A whole half of humanity absent from his mind. For this, too, we must thank the monks. Love, the source of all human joys and all sympathies, the mainspring of self-denial, the bond of society, the chief lever of civilization, appears in the accursed monastic system nothing but corruption and natural depravity. The discipline of the convent succeeded in killing all this side of their victim's nature. Rabelais never loved. He never even contemplated the possibility of love. He had no more respect for women than an Australian native for his "gin;" no higher idea of women than the chief officer of the Sultan's seraglio. More than this, there has even dropped out of him that divine love for a mother which makes a Frenchman the best son in the world. Alone among French writers, he has no filial piety. As the old galley-slave may be known by the dragging foot, on which was once the fetter, so when the long years have eaten away his youth, imprisoned with its blind instincts and objectless passions, the ex-monk is known by his sexless mind. On this side, and this alone, Rabelais has no sympathy, no perception, no discoverable trace of humanity.—*The French Humourists, by W. Besant, M.A.*

COVERINGS FOR BALD HEADS.—The hair having the appearance of growing on the head, so closely imitating nature as to render detection impossible.—**UNWIN and ALBERT,** Court Hairdressers, are the manufacturers of these perfect specimens of perukian art.—17, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, and 6, Belgrave-mansions, Piccadilly.—[ADVT.]

SIR PETER LELY AND HIS SITTERS.—When the Duke of York had given Lely a commission to paint the Duke's flag captains, one of those heroes, Sir William Penn, accompanied Pepys to arrange for a sitting. Lely was so "full of work" that "he was fain to take his table-book out, to see how his time is appointed; and appoints six days hence for him to come, between seven and eight in the morning." At a later period, Lely's hours for work were from nine till four; and he was very independent in his bearing with the noblest and proudest of his sitters. If the most imperious duke or most wayward duchess failed to appear at the time appointed, Lely, or Lely's porter, would transfer the name of the offender to the bottom of the artist's list of engagements, and the transgressor had to wait for a new turn till that list had been duly worked out. On this point Lely was inexorable.

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A FAMOUS STAGE ILLUSION.—In an opera called "Les Amours du Diable," performed in Paris some years ago, the heroine of the piece was borne on the stage in a light palanquin, constructed in such a way as to show there was no possibility of a double bottom, and resting on the shoulders of slaves. Arrived at the front of the stage, the palanquin was set down in full view of the audience. The actress drew together the two silk curtains of the palanquin, which were almost immediately thrown open by the slaves, but the actress had disappeared. Where had she gone? This trick took place in the brightest light, on the front of a stage brightly illuminated. The audience could see under the palanquin: she had not gone down a trap. The marvel remained for a long time unsolved, and people crowded night after night to see the inexplicable thing. The explanation is simple enough. The supports of the palanquin were of frail appearance, but they were, instead of four wooden columns, four metal tubes, hollow, with ropes running through them and passing over little pulleys at the top. These ropes descended again inside the palanquin, and were fastened to a frame, which formed the top of the silk cushion on which the actress was lying, and the other ends of the ropes connected with a make-weight. One of the palanquin-bearers was a machinist in slave's costume, and when the actress drew the curtains, this machinist let go a rope, which caused the make-weight to fall, and the frame on which the actress lay to mount up to the dome, actress and all. There she lay, as neatly fixed as a fly in amber; but with a wire gauze over her head, permitting her to breathe comfortably. Care had been taken in the building and painting of the palanquin to make it appear frail, while it was in fact very strong; and the bearers, men selected specially for their strength, were trained to pick up the palanquin with an air of lightness after the actress had disappeared, and trot out as if it were empty.—*Harper's New Monthly.*

PAYMENT.—A man called on a dilatory debtor, and politely said, "If you'll pay me the amount of your bill immediately, you'll oblige me; if not, I shall have to oblige you."

NEW ARRIVALS.—Two distinguished strangers have chosen the present month for making their *début* in London. They can afford to arrive at the fag end of the season, since they are likely to remain here for the rest of their lives, the probable duration of which is so long that they may confidently look forward to several hundreds of these festive periods. One of them has, indeed, already seen 100 summers; but as he is still growing, and is, in short, a mere hobbledohoy, he ought not, on the ordinary scientific estimate of the relation between the period of development and that of natural decay, to make his final bow to the public until 400 years have passed over his head. He is, in fact, a tortoise; one of the sole survivors of a race of gigantic tortoises which were formerly abundant in the Mascarene and other islands of the Indian Ocean, and has been brought over with his partner from Aldabra Island, in the same latitudes, to form what may, with unusual propriety, be called a "permanent attraction" to the Zoological Gardens.

DAHOMAN "BLOOD DRINKERS."—Four men, the Menduton, or Cannibals, stationed themselves before the platform, each being furnished with a sharpened stick, by way of a fork, and a knife. In their left hand they carried a small calabash filled with salt and pepper, and they at once commenced to cry out to the king to give them meat to eat, for they were hungry. These were the "blood drinkers" mentioned by Duncan, who are supposed to devour the flesh of the victims of the Customs. When the captives are beheaded, they take one of the bodies and cut off pieces of flesh, which they rub with palm oil, and roast over a fire kindled in the square before the platform. The human flesh is then skewered on the pointed sticks, and carried round the market place; after which the Menduton parade before the state prisoners, and go through the action of eating the flesh. They chew the human meat before the terrified captives, but do not swallow it; and when they have worked upon the fears of the poor wretches for a sufficient time, they retire, and spitting out the chewed flesh, take strong medicine which acts as an emetic; and I sincerely hope the dose is by no means stinted. This is the nearest approach to anthropophagy in Dahomey.

A RED-NOSED gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits? "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE OLD CLOTHES?—One of the largest dealers in London once said to us, seeing a Guardsman going along the street, "A thousand to one that coat comes into my hands." Really, the inevitability there appears to be about the destination of these regimentals, if known to their wearers, should make them very uncomfortable. The dealers would, if they could, strip them off their backs, just as an eel-woman skins an eel. A Lord Mayor's footman's full-dress livery is viewed by these gentlemen with wolfish eyes. These are the great prizes of the profession, and their barbaric splendours are destined for a special market—the West Coast of Africa, where Nature puts on her most gorgeous apparel, and the great ones of the land are determined to have something to match. Travellers often tell us of the marvellous appearance of the chiefs of those parts when in full mufti, but we scarcely expected to find our old clothes dealers the regular costumiers of these sable dignitaries—transmitting regimentals, laced liveries, and cocked hats as regularly to them as a London tailor sends his clothes to his country customers. And Mumbo Jumbo will not be put off with inferior articles; the slightest blemish in colour or inferiority in cloth is instantly detected and rejected by these semi-savages. Hence the greatest care is necessary in catering for their wants. The vast majority of the scarlet coats of our officers that are a little worn find their way to the great annual fair at Leipsic. There is a belief in the trade that the destination of this bright scarlet cloth is the cuffs and facings of the civil officials of the Russian Government. However this may be, the fact of second-hand regimentals finding their way to the great German fair is undoubted. The pepper-and-salt great-coats of our infantry go to our agricultural districts and the Cape, but the heavier and more valuable artillery cloaks find their way to Holland; and that country and Ireland absorb between them the cast-off clothes of the police. There is one odd item of old clothes that has a singular history. There is still a certain class in the community addicted to the use of silk velvet waistcoats. This class is generally to be found among the well-to-do tradesmen of country towns. The longevity of a black silk velvet waistcoat is proverbial: it will not wear out. After adorning the respectable corporation of a provincial grocer until he is thoroughly tired of it, what does our reader think is its ultimate destination?—the pate of some street German or Polish Jew! In obedience to a Rabbinical law, it is not considered right by some of the more conscientious Hebrews to go uncovered, and these second-hand waistcoats are bought up to make skull-caps for their use.—"*Waste Products*," by P. L. Simmonds.

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THE CAT.—It is a fact that is not generally known that the whipping-block now made use of is the same instrument that was used more than half a century ago, when prisoners, for certain offences, were flogged in public in the yard of the Sessions House in the Old Bailey. That punishment having been abolished, the whipping-block was laid by as useless, and stowed away for more than sixty years, till, under the recent change in the law as regards the offence of garotting, it again came into use.

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ARCTIC COLD.—It is unwholesome to use snow to quench the thirst, as it brings an inflammation of the throat, palate, and tongue. Besides, enough can never be taken to quench the thirst—as a temperature of 30° or 40° below zero makes it taste like molten metal. Snow-eaters in the North are considered as feeble and effeminate, in the same way as an opium-eater in the East. The groups of travellers who traversed the snow-fields were surrounded by thick vapours formed by the emanations from their bodies, which became condensed, notwithstanding the furs in which the travellers were enveloped. These vapours fell to the ground with a slight noise, frozen into the form of small crystals, and rendered the atmosphere thick, impenetrable, and dark. Notwithstanding the humidity of the air, a disagreeable sensation of dryness was felt. Every sound diffused itself to a very long distance. An ordinary conversation could be heard at a hundred paces off, whilst the report of guns from the top of high mountains could scarcely be heard. M. Payer explains this phenomenon by the large quantity of moisture in the Arctic atmosphere. Meat could be chopped and mercury used in the shape of balls. Both smell and taste become greatly enfeebled in these latitudes; strength gives way under the paralyzing influence of the cold; the eyes involuntarily close and become frozen. When locomotion stops, the sole of the foot becomes insensible. It is somewhat curious that the beard does not freeze, but this is explained from the air expired being immediately transformed into snow. The cold causes dark beards to become lighter; the secretion of the eyes and nose always increases, whilst the formation of perspiration altogether ceases. The only possible protection against the cold is to be very warmly clothed, and to endeavour as much as possible to prevent the condensation of the atmosphere, whilst the much-vaunted plans of anointing and blackening the body are pronounced to have no real value.—*London Medical Record.*

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LOCUSTS.—Do you hear that strange noise like a rustling in the air, and the shouts of the people? and do you see how darkness comes on? Do not be frightened, it is a flight of locusts coming. In ten minutes they will be here. Down they fall, like a hail-storm. It is very unpleasant to be covered with them; they will not bite us, but they will strip every garden in an hour. If you do not fear a few nestling in your hair and hat, and running about your throat, you may watch that tree covered with blossom; it is already alive with locusts, and you will see them strip branch after branch, as if somebody were using a knife. Poor people! no wonder they shout. These dreadful insects will destroy all their crops, produce a kind of famine by raising the price of provisions, and often in the hot season announce cholera.—*Inner Life in Syria*, by Mrs. Burton.

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A POLAR BIRD.—The most powerful and active, as well as prompt and intrepid as a bird of prey, is the Iceland falcon (*Falco gyrfalco*), which comes over in winter to Iceland in whole flights from Greenland and the Arctic regions, where they probably breed and pass the summer, as Sir Edward Parry saw them there frequently in his last voyage. They were always esteemed the best for sport, both on account of their size, activity, and endurance, and from early times were imported by the kings of Denmark, who prized them so much that they punished with death any person found guilty of destroying them. Those engaged in taking them were bound, under heavy penalties, to deliver them to no one but the king's own falconer; and even so late as 1758 the spirit of the law had not much changed, as we may judge from an account of a writer on Icelandic history, in which he says that the King of Denmark sent every year a falconer with two attendants to Iceland, who on landing repaired to a house, called the king's falcon house, for the purpose of receiving the birds caught by the native Icelanders, who were licensed to do so. About midsummer, these catchers brought their birds on horseback, holding a pole with another fixed across it, on which ten or twelve sat, all capped—that is, with their heads covered with caps or hoods. This pole was held in their hand and rested on the stirrup. The falconer examined them very carefully, retaining only the best to send to Denmark. During the voyage they were arranged between the decks, tied to poles, two rows of a side. These poles were covered with coarse cloth, over a stuffing of straw, and lines were strung on either side, pretty close, that they might have something to catch hold of in case of the ship's rolling. The catchers received a written testimony of their respective good qualities, by virtue of which they received sums from the king's receiver, generally varying from three pounds for the best.—*Land and Water.*

THE Apache method of procuring meat for a feast is thus described:—Walking towards a crowd which had gathered at one end of the village, the writer saw “a number of the braves engaged in throwing a mule, which they had lassoed. Inquiry revealed the fact that they were about procuring the meat for their feast. After throwing the animal, and securely tying his feet, two of these devils incarnate then advanced, and commenced with knives to cut the meat from the thighs and flesh parts of the animal in large chunks, while the poor creature uttered the most terrible cries. After cutting the meat clean to the bone, they proceeded to pierce the jugular vein, thus ending his misery, the squaws catching the blood in huge gourds.” This process, Mr. Cozzens heard, was resorted to from the fact that the meat taken from a live animal was considered more tender. The blood was given to the children to make them brave, and was also used as a delicacy in their stews.—*The Marvellous Country.*

GYMNASTICS.—It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of early physical training, and considering we somewhat pride ourselves on being a nation of athletes, it is somewhat surprising that so little account is taken of this part of our education. True, every school almost has its cricket and athletic clubs, and where opportunity offers, as at Eton and Westminster, its boat club likewise. But the joining these clubs is perfectly optional; and many a weakly youngster, who might grow up into a strong and hearty man, is left out in the cold from shyness or indisposition to join in the sports. It is desirable, if only on the well-known principle of developing the *mentem sanam in corpore sano*, that every school in England should have attached to it one or more skilled instructors in physics—not the physics with which the medical practitioner supplies us, or the physics which some reverend or irreverend wrangler does his best to instil into our feeble boy minds, but the proper use of the limbs with which Dame Nature has furnished us. This necessity is recognized abroad in countries which, athletically speaking, are far behind us. In Germany and Holland especially, whose cricket and rowing would raise a smile of mingled pity and contempt in the average schoolboy, physical training is a part of the system. To nearly every school a gymnasium is attached, and a high standard of proficiency in gymnastic exercises is pretty generally attained.—*Land and Water.*

EPITAPHS.—The learned counsel in a late trial, in order to show how little interference was exercised over the inscriptions upon tombstones, referred to some, amongst which was the following, which was found in the churchyard of St. Leonard's, Foster-lane, Cheap-side, bearing date 1750:—

“Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.”

The judge thought that the existence of such epitaphs as that only went to show the laxity of those who were the guardians of the churchyards.

UPHILL AND DOWNHILL.—A band of schoolboys were conducted to the Geographical Exhibition, and treated to a lecture on the maps. One of the youngsters, evidently *un enfant terrible*, annoyed the professor by contending that it took longer to go from Paris to Lille than to come from Lille to Paris. “How can that be, since the distance is the same?” inquired the master. “I will tell you,” replied the boy, maliciously; “the journey to Lille is uphill, whereas the journey from Lille is downhill, and that makes all the difference.” The professor was nonplussed, and declared the boy too learned for his country.

ROMAN ALTAR FOUND NEAR THE TYNE BRIDGE.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, the Rev. Dr. Bruce stated, says the *Builder*, that a fine altar to Neptune had been found in the river, near the new Tyne Bridge. It has been broken in three parts, but each part has been brought up by the dredger. It was peculiar in its appearance. On the capital they had the dedication to Neptune by the Sixth Legion, “Neptuno, Legio Sexta victrix pia fidelis;” and the face of the altar was occupied by a trident, on the handle of which was a spirited and extremely handsome representation of a dolphin. The altar was unlike anything he had ever seen. Only two or three traces of the god Neptune had been found in the north of England. One of these was a figure of Neptune found at Carrawburgh; and the other was a small altar, inscribed “Neptuno Sarabo Sino,” found at Chesterholm. The present was a much finer piece of sculpture than either of these. He did not know that there was another altar to Neptune found on the whole line of the wall; but the one coming from Pons Elia was exceedingly interesting. It was a pity that instead of the name of the Sixth Legion, whose head-quarters were at York, the altar had not contained the name of the cohort located in the Roman garrison at Newcastle. The first cohort of the *Cornevii* is stated to have had their head-quarters at Pons Elia, but no inscriptions have been found stating the fact. The altar would have been very precious if it had given the name of the cohort which was located in this garrison.

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UNBIDDEN GUESTS.—Not long ago a large ball was given in the immediate vicinity of London. Hundreds of guests were invited. The givers of the ball were warned that, unless they were careful, they would certainly have more guests than they counted upon entertaining. The hint was taken, and it was arranged that all the really invited should bring their cards of invitation with them. This precaution was well understood, and acted upon. Nevertheless, at least thirty persons, entirely uninvited, who did not even pretend that they had lost their tickets, presented themselves during the evening—only, of course, to be refused admittance.—*Queen.*

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PALE AND GOLDEN HAIR.—Sol Aurine in one or two days produces that pretty tint now so much admired. Perfectly free from objectionable ingredients.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.—Sent for stamps.—[ADVT.]

WILD FOOD.—Among the more remarkable esculents of this class may be mentioned the "beefsteak fungus." It is very juicy and fleshy, and its sections resemble beef in appearance. A botanist found lately one of five feet in circumference, and weighing exactly eight pounds; and another was found nearly twenty feet in circumference, and weighing thirty pounds. This species is particularly found in Germany, where it is sliced and eaten with salad, and is highly esteemed as a nutritious food. Another species, botanically known as *Lycoperdon giganteum*, when young is of a cream-like consistence, and is an excellent addition to the breakfast menu. A single one is large enough to feed ten or twelve persons, and some members of the species are a good substitute for truffles. A specimen lately found weighed ten pounds, and was three feet four inches in circumference.—*National Fuel and Food Reformer.*

THE POOR DOG.—The *Live Stock Journal*, dealing with the question of "Homes" for lost animals, says:—"The Dogs' Home was avowedly established, and we believe asked, and still asks, for subscriptions, on the plea of humanity to the dogs; and this, we must say, appears now a pretence that will not bear investigation. A valuable and fashionable dog may indeed find a purchaser and a kind master; but for the rest, let it be remembered what it is the Home does. If the dog were only let alone, he would, in nine cases out of ten, be all right; if he goes to the Home, he goes to death within three days. This may be policy, or necessity, or protection to the public; but humanity it is not, and should not even ask for support on that ground. If the police must kill every stray dog they find, why they must, and there is an end of it; but this was not precisely the idea the public had formed concerning such institutions."

COVERINGS FOR BALD HEADS.—The hair having the appearance of growing on the head, so closely imitating nature as to render detection impossible.—UNWIN and ALBERT, Court Hairdressers, are the manufacturers of these perfect specimens of perukian art.—17, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, and 6, Belgrave-mansions, Fimlico.—[ADVT.]

MARK TWAIN ON MORMONISM.—Mark Twain says that he went to Mormonism with the idea of exterminating polygamy. "But," he adds, "my heart was wiser than my head. It warmed towards the poor, ungainly, and pathetically 'homely' creatures; and, as I turned to hide the generous moisture in my eyes, I said, 'No—the man that marries one of them has done an act of Christian charity which entitles him to the kindly applause of mankind, not their harsh censure; and the man that marries sixty of them has done a deed of open-handed generosity that is indeed sublime!'"

SEA BATHING.—As to the hour for bathing, some make it a point only to bathe when the tide is coming in; if so, they must change their hour constantly. But, for the great majority of people, bathing before breakfast, observes the *Sanitary Record*, is most convenient. The strong do not require to take anything before bathing, but weak and nervous people may be allowed a light breakfast first, or a cup of tea or coffee will do no one any harm. In the case of some delicate people, or of those who have an inveterate prejudice against early rising, it may be better to bathe in the forenoon, when the air is warmer, and the difference of temperature between the air and the water is less. When we talk of sea bathing, we are thinking of its more purely curative action, and do not allude now to the general hygienic action of bathing and swimming combined, when the exercise of swimming keeps up the heat of the system, and makes it safe to prolong a bath. Those who are going to bathe should warm themselves by a short walk, and should never enter the sea feeling cold. Patients should commence bathing, if possible, on a fine day. As a rule, baths should be made as short as possible. Patients, if they like bathing, are almost sure to err on the side of staying in too long. The first effect of a cold bath is to repel the blood from the skin, and to produce congestion of the internal organs. When the bath is over, the blood returns to the surface, and this is what is called reaction. The more prolonged the bath is, the longer will reaction be in taking place, and nothing can be more disagreeable than the shivering feeling, when reaction is slow and imperfect. If you are to be very prudent, you should, on the first day, quit the sea after a single dip, gradually increasing the duration of the bath each day by a few seconds, till it lasts three to five minutes. The duration of the bath should be proportioned to the particular case, and to the state of the weather. If the sea is rough, and there is much wind, the bath should be curtailed. You should speedily regain your bathing machine, and have the skin well rubbed. It is not unusual, especially among the French, to take some slight stimulant on returning from the sea, or to bathe the feet in hot water; neither practice is necessary nor desirable in ordinary cases.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—J. OLIVER, Wig Maker, 76, Borough, London—Artistic Hairwork, Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Guards, &c., &c., made to order. I beg to assure my customers that the same hair sent shall be used. Estimates and designs given. Black or Brown Hair Dye, instantaneous, harmless, perfect, permanent, does not stain the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d. Superfluous Hair:—Oliver's Depilatory removes hair from face, arms, &c., without the least harm to the skin. Sent for 2s. 9d.—The cheapest house and the largest stock of real hair.—The fashionable Coil Plait, 30s. The Coil Twist, 36 in. long, 21s. The Coronet Plait, 8s. 6d. All other Hair Work equally cheap (by post to all parts), and exchanged if not approved. The above in return for P.O. Order. Estimates and designs given. Important:—False Hair when Faded restored to its Original or any Colour. (Send Hair with Pattern.) Also Ladies' own Hair and Comings made up, 3s. 6d. per ounce.—[ADVT.]

ANCIENT STONE COFFINS.—A few days since three stone coffins of great antiquity were found in Dundee. One contained a skeleton, the body having apparently been buried in a reclining position. Cord had been wound round the limbs, which, with the skull, were in excellent preservation. The second coffin contained nothing; the third coffin was six and a-half feet long, and in it were human remains. No clue to the dates was obtained, but antiquaries who were present regard the discovery as being very important. Two urns—one rough and the other artistically formed—were picked up in the neighbourhood.

WIVES AND HOUSEWIVES.—If young men whose incomes are under five hundred pounds a year were bound over not to marry any one who had not earned a diploma in domestic management and elementary physiology, a race might be produced by a process of artificial selection who would be able and willing to do all that is required of them. This new race could not marry before five and twenty; for, having to learn so many things, they would have to continue their education much longer than at present. This would, however, have the advantage of giving their constitution time to harden. But love, that unfortunate disturber of the best-laid schemes, steps in, and men marry pretty little nonentities without diplomas for the foolish reason that they like them. They must be prepared to take the consequences, and must not expect the pleasant girl they met at a ball to turn into the housewife of the Proverbs, with the accomplishments thrown in. In households where there are grown-up spinsters, it is most desirable that they should help in the work of the house. They should spare no pains to add to the comfort and elegancies of their home. They ought to learn cooking and nursing, plain sewing, and everything that is useful. On the other hand, it can scarcely in reason be expected that a young married woman with children, and with only the assistance of a raw girl, should cook for hours every day, dust her rooms, nurse her babies, keep up her accomplishments, and retain her hold on society and her husband. Perhaps a little wholesome simplicity, and war to the knife with Mrs. Grundy, might do more for the happiness of young couples with limited means than an attempt on the part of the wives to do the work of three servants, and to keep up an appearance of having nothing to do but to amuse themselves.—*Saturday Review*.

THE LADIES' DARLING.—Occasionally he receives a prompt and decided check from ladies who have no wish to be made fools of or to suffer in reputation, however slightly, in order that he may be glorified; while not a few females play up to him before his face, and pour unmeasured contempt upon him behind his back. Nor is it surprising that they should do so, for he gives them every reason to think that he is a shallow and egotistical fool. His conversation consists of a series of dreary inanities, ridiculous compliments, which are as insincere as they are in bad taste, and melancholy jokes, which consist, for the most part, of ill-natured speeches at the expense of some unfortunate victim or other. He seldom assumes that his lady friends have brains enough to understand anything except the most superficial matters; and when he does venture to touch on the last new book, new picture, new play, new parson, or new sensation, he merely repeats the cant jargon which is current in the set in which he moves, and which frequently condemns what is good and praises what is bad. Besides, his manner is affected, he wears on his face an everlasting grin, and he is dressed up in such a fashion, and has such a slinking way about him, that he appears altogether as much unlike a genuine man as he could well do. For the rest, he lowers the moral tone of those with whom he associates, and scoffs at everything in which people of correct feeling take an interest.—*Liberal Review*.

GRAPE CURE.—Meran, in the Tyrol, has become famous as the head-quarters of what is known as the Natur-therapie, or grape cure, and the medical journals contain long accounts of the mode of life and dietary habits there pursued for various ailments. It appears that invalids suffering from chest affections—bronchitis, or consumption in its pretubercular stage—are the chief subjects of this grape treatment. Less than three pounds of grapes a day is not enough for efficacy. The patient begins with one or two pounds per diem, dividing the quantity into three portions—one taken an hour before breakfast, the next before dinner, which comes off between twelve and one o'clock, and the last in the afternoon or evening. The grapes are eaten *sub fove frigida*, and after two or three days the quantity is increased by half a pound, until it reaches three or four pounds. This amount often suffices the patient, who finds, as a rule, that he gains in weight and in strength also. Chronic liver complaints, especially when due to excesses in wine drinking, are, it is said, notably relieved by this means, the potash salts in the fruit supplying the element which the wine loses in the process of manufacture. Hepatic dropsy has been known to be mitigated in this way. One special point mentioned in favour of the "cure" is this, that no exclusive diet in particular is prescribed—indeed, the grapes themselves become so satisfying that indulgence in other food is hardly necessary.

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DR. HASSALL'S FOOD.—We have been favoured by Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., of Leeds—the manufacturers of the celebrated Yorkshire Relish, Baking Powder, and other household specialties—with a sample of their latest production—to wit, “Dr. Hassall's Food,” and, from personal tests, can honestly pronounce it thoroughly good, and unhesitatingly assert that for invalids and children it will prove invaluable.

THE GREAT “PORPOISE.”—Mr. Lee writes as follows to *Land and Water* about the great porpoise that was “very like a whale.”—“Being in a different part of the country at the time, I had not the pleasure of seeing it alive, and when I went to Brighton to examine it, it was already in the hands of Mr. Brasenor, the taxidermist, and in a somewhat unsavoury condition. I was greatly pleased, however, to find that this ‘bullhead porpoise,’ as the local fisherman called it, was a grampus of a species extremely rare in Britain—namely, *Grampus griseus* of Professor Flower, *G. Cuvieri* of Dr. Gray. Only three specimens are known to have been taken on the English, and eight on the French, coasts. In the stomach, undigested, were many horny beaks of the common squid (*Loligo vulgaris*), and seven or eight small stones. The animal measured 8ft. in total length, and 3ft. 8in. in girth. As I wish to verify the accuracy of some of the other measurements, I will postpone giving a more minute description till next week.”

A CLEAN TRICK.—The Liberator, O'Connell, was once defending a prisoner who was being tried for a murder committed in the vicinity of Cork. The principal evidence was strongly against the prisoner, and one corroborative circumstance mentioned was that the prisoner's hat had been found near the place where the murder was committed. A certain witness swore positively that the hat produced was the one which was found, and that it belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. “By virtue of your oath,” said O'Connell, “are you positive that this is the same hat?” “Yes,” was the reply. “Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?” “Yes.” “Now, let me see,” said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began to examine the inside of it with the greatest care and deliberation, and spelt aloud the name of “James” slowly—thus, “J-a-m-e-s.” “Now, do you mean those letters were in the hat when you found it?” demanded O'Connell. “I do,” was the answer. “Did you see them there?” “I did.” “This is the same hat?” “It is.” “Now, my lord,” said O'Connell, holding the hat up to the bench, “there is an end of this case; there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat.” The result was the instant acquittal of the man.

J. OLVER, Wig Maker, 76, Borough, London.—**BEAUTIFUL HAIR.**—Artistic Hairwork, Rings, Brooches, Bracelets, Guards, &c., &c., made to order. I beg to assure my customers that the same hair sent shall be used. Estimates and designs given.

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J. OLVER.—Important:—False Hair when Faded restored to its original or any Colour. (Send Hair with Pattern.) Also, Ladies' own Hair and Combs made up, 3s. 6d. per ounce.—[Advrt.]

POWERFUL.—Martin Fullerton fell off his furniture truck the other day in Myrtle-avenue, but his ears acted as a parachute, and he reached terra firma without injury.—*Brooklyn Review.*

MR. A. T. ADAMS, Accountant, Auditor, and Trustee, 1, New Inn, Strand, W.C., is prepared to advance Money to any amount on eligible security of Freehold, Leasehold, or Copyhold Property, or on Policies, Dock Warrants, Farm or Trade Stocks, Household Furniture, Plate, &c., at moderate Rates of Interest, without any unnecessary delay. £100,000 on a landed estate, at £3½ per cent., and other large sums on Freeholds, Leaseholds, &c., at £4 to £6 per cent., now ready. Reversions and Annuities under Wills, Settlements, &c., purchased, or advances made on same. Interest may remain till reversions fall in. Immediate advances made on shares or marketable securities at low rates of interest, or on personal security with life insurance for short periods. Arrangements made for persons in embarrassed circumstances with their creditors for the settlement of their affairs without publicity. Trustees and Partnership Accounts arranged, settled, or adjusted, at moderate charges. Agent to the Law Union Fire and Life Insurance Company.—[Advrt.]

THE Sunday question is no doubt a very difficult and complicated one. With the exception of the more extreme adherents of Mr. Baxter Langley on the one side, and of Mr. Terry and the Reverend Mr. Bee Wright on the other, there are probably no two people who are exactly agreed as to the precise point at which the line ought to be drawn; while every one is anxious, as far as possible, to see his own especial view enforced upon his neighbours. There are persons who object to boating on the Sunday, but see no objection to a swim; and others who regard bathing as a desecration, but find no harm in a drive. One gentleman draws the line at wild beasts, but holds it perfectly legitimate to look at fish; another objects to fish, but sees no sin in flowers. The whole question of Sunday trading is beset with similar difficulties, and it will probably be several years before any really bold and statesmanlike legislation is attempted upon so thorny a subject.—*Observer.*

THE MODERN MOTHER.—From the first the mother, in the well-to-do classes, acts too much the part of the hen ostrich with her eggs. She trusts to the kindly influence of external circumstances, rather than to her own care, to make the hatching successful. Nurses, governesses, schools, in turn relieve her of the irksome duties of maternity. She sees her little ones at their stated hour, and for the other twenty-three leaves them to receive their first indelible impress from a class which she is never tired of disparaging. As the children grow older, the women by whom they are moulded and coloured may become higher in the social and intellectual scale, but they are no more than before subordinated to the mother's personal supervision. She is mainly anxious that the girls should be taught the correct shibboleth of their station; and for the rest, if she thinks at all, she cradles herself in a generous trust in the goodness of human nature, or the incorruptibility of her brood beyond that of any other woman's brood. When they come under her own immediate hand, “finished,” and ready to be introduced, she knows about as much of them as she knows of her neighbour's girls in the next square; and in nine cases out of ten the sole duties towards them which are undertaken by her are shirked when possible, as a *corvée* which she is too wise to bear unnecessarily. When she can, she shuffles them off on some kind neighbourly hands, and lets her daughters “go about” with the first person who offers, glad to have a little breathing time on her own side, and with always that generous trust in Providence and vicarious protection which has marked her maternal career throughout.—*Saturday Review.*

A SMART COACHMAN.—A coach and four came driving into Union Town at full speed, and just as it drew up in front of the hotel one of the horses dropped dead. "That was a very sudden death," remarked a bystander. "Sudden!" replied the driver; "that horse died nine miles from here, but I never let him drop until I got him into town."

RELICS.—At the excavations now being made for the foundations of the Thames Embankment extension, to the south of the Houses of Parliament, some interesting relics of a probably pre-historic age were discovered by the workmen employed there. These consist, for the most part, of bones, supposed to be those of extinct species of quadrupeds and birds; but among them was found the under-jawbone, retaining all the molar teeth, of a man, apparently belonging to an early type of the human race. Some of the bones discovered have adhering to them small fresh-water shells, and other fresh-water shells of various kinds were found near to them in great abundance. One of the most remarkable objects found in these excavations is the upper jaw, palate, facial bones, and eye-sockets of an animal of the *rodentia* or gnawing order. This is only wanting in two teeth—namely, those belonging to the centre of the front of the mouth, which the sockets show were, like the rabbit's, gnawing teeth.

A DELICIOUS REPAST.—A Paris paper narrates a terrible story, of which a Parisian, recently returned from the Cape, was the hero. One day, having strayed away with two companions for a long distance from the town, he, with his friends, came upon a cabin, which, being very hungry, they entered. In it was an old negress, who was making and cooking a sort of omelette. They made her understand by signs they were very hungry, and particularly wanted that omelette, and would pay a good price for it. She, by signs, assented readily. Then, pointing to a string of mushrooms hanging by, they intimated that these would make a savoury addition to the meal. The woman, with a scream of horror, abandoned her cooking, and took refuge in a corner. They, without more ado, added the mushrooms for themselves, and found the whole delicious. As they finished, a cry of despair was heard at the door. The negro husband had returned, to see the last of the ears of his deceased enemies vanish down a Parisian throat. The three friends were ill for fifteen days, and cannot hear a mushroom mentioned without turning pale.

A PUZZLE.—A Detroit judge propounded an awful conundrum the other day. Said he: "If Christopher Columbus had got drunk on the morning he was to sail for America, and had been led to the station-house, where would America have been to-day?"

THE SHARK FISHERY.—The recently revived shark fishery of the Northern Ice Sea in the Bay of Tereborskya and the Peninsula Kola is, says the *Academy*, the subject of an interesting article in *Das Ausland*, April 5. Two kinds of shark are found in this region, *Scymnus borealis*, the Greenland shark, and *Selache maxima*, or basking shark. It is stated that these sharks specially frequent places where sea currents meet, and, contrary to the assertions of many naturalists, assemble in shoals, so that boats engaged in the fishery are often surrounded by a hundred or more of these sea hyænas, greedy for prey. The boats employed for fishing in deep water are from twenty to thirty tons burden, and carry five or six men, who obtain from one to two hundred kilogrammes of oil from a single fish. Forty years ago, one Paschin received a subvention from the Russian Government to pursue this fishery, which went on slowly till 1851, when a Norwegian emigrant, Sul, took to the business. In the autumn of that year, he began his shark hunt in Tereborskya Bay, throwing into the water kitchen-waste and excrement. This attracted a thousand sharks, and many were caught with hooks baited with sea calves' flesh, and despatched with harpoons. Sul was prosperous for some time, but at last he was robbed, and his tackle sunk. His example, however, excited the people of Kola to take up the occupation. The Russians fish near the coast with small boats, which can scarcely hold four men. Anchoring at a certain distance from the land, they sink a vessel pierced with holes, containing oil, tallow, or other fat, which the sea currents distribute in the neighbourhood. This causes the sharks to assemble, and they are caught with baited hooks, attached to iron chains, as they could instantly bite through the strongest rope. Three of the men watch an opportunity of pulling the fish towards the boat, and the fourth stands ready with a wooden hammer, weighing twenty pounds, to strike with all his force the moment the head appears. The fish is then cut open by means of a knife with a very long handle, the oil taken, and its swimming bladder inflated by a long pipe. It is then cast adrift to float. If allowed to sink, the men say the other sharks would eat it, and not care for the other bait. The long handle of the knife is to secure the safety of the operator's hands from a bite by other sharks that keep swimming round the boat. Sometimes the sharks surround a boat so thickly that it cannot escape, and the crew fall victims to their intended prey.—*Land and Water.*

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WHILE on her way to leap into the river, a Minneapolis girl met a man, who proposed marriage, and she turned back, and was happy. Almost any day now, one can count four or five Minneapolis girls wandering along the river banks.

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J. OLVER.—Important:—False Hair when Faded restored to its Original or any Colour. (Send Hair with Pattern.) Also, Ladies' own Hair and Comings made up, 3s. 6d. per ounce.—[ADVT.]

A CERTIFICATE.—The colonist's opinion of a Red Indian is by no means high. It is very fairly reflected in a racy story Dr. Robert Brown tells in his charming description of the North-Western tribes, in his recent work on "The Races of Mankind." A noble but unlettered savage once produced to the doctor, with an air of great pride, a certificate of character, as if to say "That's the sort of man I am." On it was written:—"This is to certify that the Bayrer is one of the All-fireddest scoundrels in the Kuntry, and wood steel the ears off your hed—not to say the hed itself—if they waz not fastened. Kick him behind with the kind regards of The Lord High Dook of Nookastel, the writer of this"—his Grace—whose name, it may be assumed, was somewhat freely used in this matter—being at that time her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies.

A RECENT DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—The *Pungolo* of Naples reports an interesting discovery at Pompeii, consisting of a number of wooden tablets, with writings. They were found carefully arranged in an ivory box. The backs of the tablets are smooth and unwritten upon, and their faces, upon which the writing is found, are surrounded with a kind of frame or border. They are either separate, or tied together, book-shape, with twine, in bundles of three and four. On the tablets thus bound together the writing is almost always in ink; but the characters on the single ones, which had been covered with wax, were engraved, and are still legible, though the wax has disappeared, as the sharp point of the style had cut into the wood beneath. The separate tablets contain receipts for payments of money, and bear the consular date, with the name of the day and the month, and the amount paid. On the outside edge of the centre tablet of those bound up in book-form is written an index of the names contained in the volume. It is entitled *perscriptio*, and is followed with a name in the genitive or dative. The tablets are evidently accounts, and, from the way in which they are kept, there can be no doubt that the spot where they were found was the site of a Roman banker's house. They were discovered in excellent condition, though the damp to which they had been exposed has rendered them very fragile. Those bound together are in the best state of preservation. Signor Fiorelli has given an account of the discovery to the Archaeological Academy of Naples, and it is expected that it will throw much light upon the conduct of business transactions under the Empire.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' GRATITUDE.—In gratitude for former favours, when the Duc de Montpensier had been expelled from France with his family, Dumas engaged the prince's box at the Théâtre Français, kept it unlet, and each time a new piece was produced had it brilliantly lighted for the occasion, and forwarded the tickets to Madrid. The duke's secretary coming to Paris, Dumas inquired of him—"By the way, did the duke receive his box tickets regularly?" "To be sure he did." "And what did he say?" "Why, he burst out laughing, and said, 'Just like that merry-andrew, Dumas.'" "Odd," answered Dumas; "I should have been more inclined to cry."—*Memoirs*.

A GOOD JUDGE OF A SERMON.—There are two sermons preached every Sunday in St. Mary's Church at Oxford, and, as there are many preachers, every school of theology is represented. "You hear a great many sermons," said a don once to a beadle. "I've been here ten years," returned the beadle; "I've heard two sermons every Sunday—High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church—but I thank Heaven I am still a Christian." This man got to be as good a judge of the value of a sermon as a porter at Christie's might be of the value of a picture. They used to ask his opinion about them. "What did you think of the sermon to-day?" "Well, sir, I never liked that sermon. I did not like it the first time I heard it, and I did not like it the last; and I did not like it this time."

Mr. A. T. ADAMS, Accountant, Auditor, and Trustee, 1, New Inn, Strand, W.C., is prepared to advance Money to any amount on eligible security of Freehold, Leasehold, or Copyhold Property, or on Policies, Dock Warrants, Farm or Trade Stocks, Household Furniture, Plate, &c., at moderate Rates of Interest, without any unnecessary delay. £100,000 on a landed estate, at £3½ per cent., and other large sums on Freeholds, Leaseholds, &c., at £4 to £6 per cent., now ready. Reversions and Annuities under Wills, Settlements, &c., purchased, or advances made on same. Interest may remain till reversions fall in. Immediate advances made on shares or marketable securities at low rates of interest, or on personal security with life insurance for short periods. Arrangements made for persons in embarrassed circumstances with their creditors for the settlement of their affairs without publicity. Trustees and Partnership Accounts arranged, settled, or adjusted, at moderate charges. Agent to the Law Union Fire and Life Insurance Company.—[ADVT.]

AN HOTEL PUFF.—"It's not often," says a "friend" from Pennsylvania, "that I puff an hotel; but when I pay my bill at the rate of four dollars a day for sleeping in the 'milky way' and feeding on a bill of fare, it's a privilege and a pleasure to mention such an institution. The Atalanta, Ga., is the largest hotel, I presume, in the world. Many people who go up in the sky parlours to repose, never come down, but go right on through to heaven without change of elevators, and those who have written back say they could smell the hair oil on the hair of the clerks all the way up. The halls are so long and winding that many waiters get lost while going after a pitcher of water, and are never heard of until their remains are found years after. I went in there one morning, and ordered breakfast. A small coloured boy took my order, and it was so far out to the kitchen, that he was grown old and grey-headed when he got back. The hotel is a very large hotel, and everything about it is large, from the feet of the clerks, the mouths of the waiters, to the bills. It is provided with all modern conveniences, hot and cold water, bay windows, idiots, dirty sheets, everything to make the traveller happy, including an undertaker's establishment for the accommodation of such boarders as starve to death while waiting for the waiters. It is a very large hotel, and everybody stops there just once."

VERSATILE.—There was an American candidate for Congress who, in the peroration of his speech, observed: "These, gentlemen, air my sentiments; they air the sentiments of a honest man; but, gentlemen, they kin be altered."

AN ECCENTRIC MOTHER.—A strange burial has just taken place in Paris. At the death of a lady well known for her wealth and eccentricity, the heirs resolved to sell her furniture, and it was duly lodged in the Hôtel Drouet. Amongst other articles they found a small box, which contained papers and a zinc case firmly soldered. Examination of the papers revealed rather a ghastly tale. The lady had given birth to one child only, which died in a few hours. For more than forty years the mother had kept constantly by her its little corpse, enclosed in a double box. With it lay the certificates of its birth and death, and a letter addressed to her son-in-law, instructing him to get the child buried at length. Accordingly he procured the necessary witnesses, and in their presence opened the box, wherein lay a few small bones. *Procès-verbal* was drawn up, and tedious formulas of law fulfilled, and the corpse was buried, after forty years' wandering.

PREPARATION OF EBONITE.—The use of ebonite, one of the newer preparations of india-rubber, is constantly increasing, on account of its better applicability to many purposes in the arts than its near ally, vulcanite. The two substances are quite similar, being composed of india-rubber and sulphur, with some preparation of gutta percha, shellac, asphalt, graphite, &c., although these latter are not essential. In vulcanite the amount of sulphur does not exceed 20 to 30 per cent., whereas in ebonite the per centage of sulphur may reach as high as 60. An increased temperature is also required for this preparation. The approved formula consists in mixing together 100 parts of rubber, 45 of sulphur, and 10 of gutta percha, with sufficient heat to facilitate the combination. In manufacture, a sufficient quantity of this mixture is placed in a mould of a desired shape, and of such a material as will not be affected by the sulphur contained in the mass. It is then exposed to heat of about 315°, and a pressure of about twelve pounds to the square inch for two hours. This is done most readily by placing the mould in a steam pan, where the requisite pressure and temperature can easily be kept up. When cold, the ebonite is removed from the mould, finished and polished in the usual manner.

INDEPENDENCE.—The other day, when an old fellow got in the way of some labourers at the levee, one of them called out—"Come, trot out of this, old bald-head." The old chap looked up, scowled, and remarked, "Why, man, I own more acres of ground in this State than you've got hairs on your head." "Can't help it if you own the whole State and a half of Louisiana," was the brusque reply. "When I'm rollin' bar's everything's got to stand back or bust."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

BORES.—It is not right that Brown should constantly fall a victim to Smith. Smith, be it understood, is a gentleman who has always got a dreary story to tell, of which he or some one in some way connected with him is the hero. This is not all. He will persist in telling his story his own way, and a very long way his is. There is no use in interrupting him, with the view of diverting him from his purpose; and unhappy Brown knows this very well. Experience has taught him that Smith is not to be shaken off, and so he makes the best of a bad job: he smiles as Smith plods heavily along; he eulogises "points" which to him are simply contemptibly dull to the last degree, because he fancies Smith would be offended if he did not do so; and he never thinks of hinting that Smith's stories, when they are worth telling at all—which is not often the case—might be better told in half, nay, a quarter, of the words which Smith employs to tell them, for he knows that Smith has invariably rehearsed his tale, and flatters himself that it is a very good one, and neatly got up. Nor does he condemn the palpable exaggerations into which Smith is led, in order that he (Smith) may create as much sensation as possible, though the exaggerations are often absurd, and always uncalled for. Yet Smith is extraordinarily careful that Brown shall not bore him, which shows that he lacks the feelings of gratitude as he does other good things. Brown may have remarkable servants, cats, dogs, horses, &c., and may have performed what are in his opinion remarkable feats; but Smith does not care about hearing of them, and will show this in a very unmistakable—not to say, rude—manner. Poor Brown may now and then attempt to talk on a matter in which he is himself interested, but he soon discovers the futility of doing so, and abandons the attempt in despair. Then, until he finally resolves to give up Smith, he is made the receptacle into which Smith mercilessly pours his dreary prosings. Now, if Smith could have his mantle of egotism torn from him it would be well both for him and Brown, for he would then acquire an amount of knowledge which he now seems unlikely ever to obtain, and Brown would be saved a great deal of suffering, besides which, he might be enabled to retain a friend whom he is otherwise compelled to throw away.—*Liberal Review.*

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